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JULY to DECEMBER, 1962

203147

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JULY 14, 1962 . . 25c

Wire Tapping:

THE SILENT INTRUDER

Senator E. V. Long

CONGRESS vs. KENNEDY

Ted Lewis

Blacklisting:

THE FAULK DECISION

David Cort

LETTERS

'The Ultras'

Dear Sirs: I read with interest, amusement and amazement the mixture of memory and imagination of my old pathology professor, Jimmy Duhig [see "The Ultras," June 30 issue]. His imagination worked overtime when he stated that both my parents were orthodox Jews and that a considerable bitterness was left in the Jewish community when they broke with the Jewish faith in the late 1930s. If the truth is of any interest, it is as follows:

My father, Paul Schwarz, was born in Austria of poor Jewish parents. He left home when a boy and went to England. He was converted to Christianity when he was about twenty years old. He emigrated to Australia and, as a fervent young open-air preacher, met a young Methodist church worker called Phoebe Smith. They married and established a Christian home of which I am the product.

This is an indication of the accuracy of the memory of Dr. Duhig.

Fred Schwarz, President
Christian Anti-Communism Crusade
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I want to thank Mr. Cook for his wonderfully comprehensive article on creeping fascism.

There are here at Penn an assortment of students and faculty who have long opposed the strong bond which seemingly exists between the university and the Foreign Policy Research Institute. As much as the university might deny that Strausz-Hupé ideas are not by definition its own, the university's political science department is composed mostly of members of the FRPI. . . . Certainly at a university, the cradle of learning, all sides of a problem should be offered the student so that he may choose the one which seems to make the most sense to him. Not so at Penn; at least not in the political science department.

I would like to ask people who are purchasing bulk orders of Mr. Cook's article to mail several to me care of *The Daily Pennsylvanian* so that I might distribute these in places throughout the university where they will do the most good.

Benjamin H. Natelson
Business Manager
The Daily Pennsylvanian
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Until I read "The Ultras," I as well as many other liberals tended to dismiss the Radical Right as consisting of small groups of harmless fanatics. Fred J. Cook and *The Nation* have performed a great service in alerting individuals to the great power and influence the Ultras wield in our society and in exposing the nature and danger of their threat. You have my gratitude and deserve that of the country.

Ronald G. Rosenbaum
Brightwater, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: May I, in order to give credit where credit is due, make a minor correction in "The Ultras"?

The reply to Hollywood's Answer to Communism was planned by and produced on the channels of the Crown Stations (Portland, Seattle, Spokane). These stations had carried the original broadcast and felt that "in the public interest" they were bound to transmit other approaches to the subject. . . .

When I heard that Station WPIX was going to transmit the Hollywood answer, I notified its program department that the Crown program existed. I was told later that the Crown program was offered to WPIX, which found it uninteresting. This is a proper judgment for a station to make and one which, since I was a participant, I cannot challenge.

The significant fact is that of the thirty-odd stations carrying the first program, only one group of three recognized the simple meaning of the law under which all broadcasting operates and had the courage to say, in effect, that there are many ways — not one way — to oppose communism. I do not in any way want to dissociate myself from this principle. I want only to be

(*Continued on page 13*)

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The Nation, July 14, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 1

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 1

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Beginning

Premier Benyoussef Ben Khedda of the Algerian Republic is right: independence is only a beginning. Yet for the moment it is a happy consummation, and perhaps it is also an augury of peace and prosperity for North Africa. All men of good will, especially Frenchmen, rejoice with the Algerians. The "dirty war" with its casualties and costs and moral squalor is over. As Robert C. Doty wrote in *The New York Times*, a diplomatic millstone has been removed from the necks of France and the West.

Many illusions have gone by the board — contrived and calculated illusions, as we point out below. One is the assertion that the Algerians had no desire for freedom, that the rebellion was all the work of agitators and Communists. The Algerian electorate can hardly be expected to rate as the most enlightened in the world at this stage, but 92 per cent of those eligible went to the polls and of these, 99.6 per cent voted for independence.

If there is trouble ahead, it can hardly be as bad as the trouble that has been left behind. A revolution normally ends with the revolutionists falling out among themselves: the French Revolution was more nearly typical than the American, one of the happy exceptions. But the Algerians must be sick of bloodletting, and the desire for peace and reconstruction should favor the forces of moderation. Then, also, this is a disciplined revolutionary movement, tried in the years of struggle against superior forces. The military side of the Algerian achievement has been widely praised as a remarkable demonstration of organizational ability. It is now time to devote the talents of the organizers to the welfare of the Algerian people. "The most urgent problem," Ben Khedda says, "is for the state to rest on solid and democratic institutions."

The United States, so given to misalliances with dictators and losers who deserve to lose, in this case has backed a winner. The occasion is a personal triumph for President Kennedy. His statement of July 3, addressed to the Algerian people, concludes: "We look forward to working together with you in the cause of freedom, peace and human welfare." Mr. Kennedy began doing that five years ago; as Senator Kennedy, he submitted resolutions in Congress urging the Eisenhower administration to "recognize the independent personality of Algeria." In its issue of July 20, 1957, *The Nation* endorsed this effort as "timely and sensible," even as Robert Lacoste, the French proconsul in Algeria, was deriding Mr. Kennedy as the spokesman for "old maids and Quakers," while John Foster Dulles decried "overt interposition." The Algerians freed themselves, with their own blood and suffering, but President Kennedy's congratulations are not the empty words of one who waited to see who would come out on top.

THE NATION'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated July 28.

The Information Gap

In the June 14 BBC *Listener*, Martin Harrison discusses the role of the press in war. "Freedom of information," he writes, "was an early victim of the Algerian war. At the root of the chronic failure of Algerian policy lay an irrational insistence on taking wish for reality. Governments assiduously cultivated fictions of which they were as much the prisoners as the public: the rebellion was the work of a handful of foreign agitators, 'the last quarter of an hour' was at hand," and so on. "To close the gap between myth and reality," Harrison concludes, "progressively tighter control of information seemed essential."

Without the change of a syllable, the lesson can be applied in South Vietnam. There is, however, one difference, which Jack Foisie's article in this issue (see page 12) brings out. The French publicists deceived no one but themselves; the South Vietnamese deceive no one but the Americans, a majority of whom still seem to believe that an arduous but ultimately victorious war is being waged on the guerrillas. This fiction is dissipated almost daily by Homer Bigart, but relatively few Americans read *The New York Times*. For the most part, the Saigon government discourages visits of correspondents to the scene of action, since the results are usually so meager, but it was finally forced to put on a show battle to justify the hundreds of millions of dollars that Uncle Sam is throwing into the fray. The outcome was reported by Bigart and Conrad Fink of the Associated Press on June 27. "A four-day major land-air-water offensive against pro-Communist guerrilla strongholds," according to Fink, "ended . . . in exhaustion and frustration for government troops." The action took place fifty miles south of Saigon and involved ten South Vietnam battalions (2,300 men), thirty U.S. Army and Marine Corps helicopters, various American amphibious craft and plastic boats and forty or fifty U.S. military advisers. The South Vietnam public-relations staff reported forty-three guerrillas killed in action and twenty-six taken prisoner, but the reporters saw neither the dead guerrillas nor the live ones. South Vietnam arithmetic is notoriously unreliable. We may assume that some rebels were killed — and some government troops as well — but most of the rebels simply ran for it, as guerrillas do whenever they are attacked in force.

The Algerian war is over, at a ghastly cost to France and to Algeria. The Vietnamese war, by all indications, will go on and on, with Asians fighting Asians (in General Eisenhower's phrase), the United States transporting and supplying the troops and the American taxpayer footing the bill. All this is made possible by the curtain of lies behind which the South Vietnamese government operates. Occasionally the truth breaks through. The American press should bring these fragments to the attention of the American people, who are being bamboozled by both the Saigon and Washington administrations.

Prayer and Hysteria

When the Supreme Court, in a six-to-one opinion, decided that the prayer recommended by the New York State Board of Regents violated the First Amendment, some politicians and a large section of the press went all-out in a verbal auto-da-fé. We do not refer to the measured dissent of Herbert Hoover, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Bishop James A. Pike and other reasonable men, but to the frenzied outbursts which were themselves a travesty on the spirit of religion and on common decency in controversy. The New York *Mirror* accused the Court of "an attempt to expel God from American life" and suggested that the six Justices had perjured themselves, for when they took the oath of office, did they not say, "So help me God"? The *Journal-American* ran a cartoon showing a black-robed figure chiseling "God" out of "In God We Trust." The rector of an Episcopalian church in Northport, Long Island, put a sign on his outdoor bulletin board beginning "Congratulations, Khrushchev," and ending, "God Help America." Representative George Andrews of Alabama declared that the Court had put the Negroes into the public schools and driven God out. Representative John Bell Williams of Mississippi, in an extension of remarks in the *Congressional Record* (June 30), quoted a long prayer-editorial in the *Vicksburg Evening Post*, full of sentiments such as this: "And we pray Thee, dear God, that as the six little men, in the name of separation of church and state, have actually made ours an atheistic state, thus bringing untold glee to the capitals of the godless communistic world, let Thy strength and wisdom flow into Thy loyal servants, so they might rise up in universal anger and demand the restoration of their own rights, which have been so flagrantly cast aside by the little men."

In many newspapers, Ned Calmer pointed out on CBS-TV (July 1), "demagoguery superseded discernment or discretion." The editorialists paid no attention to what the Supreme Court had actually decided, but went off on a binge of vituperation so violent that sensible people must have concluded that the separation-of-church-and-state clause in the Constitution must now be defended with redoubled vigilance. Few papers mentioned the fact that the New York Civil Liberties Union, affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union, had provided the lawyer and paid the costs of the action which, as Calmer pointed out, would have set the case in its proper perspective in the first place. Likewise overlooked was the fact that the prayer, innocuous in itself, was drafted by state officials, that it was in effect compulsory, that it was recited daily, and so constituted a coercive indoctrination of children too young to know what was being done to them and of teachers who were forced to repeat the formula on pain of losing their jobs. Nor did many commentators trouble to consider the widespread opinion among religious leaders that nothing is more debilitating to religion than a rendition of empty phrases without spontaneity or feeling. Finally, attention was diverted from the fact that the use of a phrase like "So help me God," by an adult taking a position of public trust, has nothing to do with indoctrination of school children against the will of their parents.

If prayer has any value, it must come from the heart. If man can communicate with God, it must be through his own feeling and when the spirit moves him. As the President said, everyone is free to pray at home and in church. He might have added that what religion needs is protection against the fanatics who use it as a cloak for their own disordered and irreligious sentiments, and the politicians who see in it the easiest and cheapest way of cadging votes.

Sugar and Flies

"Where there is sugar," Senator Fulbright reminded his colleagues in the Senate, "there you will find flies." Sugar bills have always drawn flies to Congress, but this year they came in swarms. In 1956, only four lobbyists registered to represent foreign sugar interests; this year no less than twenty-two registered. There was Ralph W. Gardner, the great good friend of Rep. Harold D. Cooley ("the sugar czar"), representing the British-owned island of Mauritius, way out in the middle of the Indian Ocean; Donald Dawson, White House assistant to President Truman, representing the Indian Sugar Mills Association; Oscar Chapman, formerly Secretary of the Interior, representing Mexico; Rocco C. Sicillano, former special assistant to President Eisenhower, representing El Salvador, et al.

To Senator Fulbright, the swarming of the flies suggested the formation of a "non-diplomatic corps" made up of registered lobbyists, mostly Americans, seeking ever-larger shares of the premium sugar windfall for foreign producers. At stake, of course, is the Cuban quota. It was to be expected that any attempt to redistribute this quota would create a new set of vested interests which would then have a secondary vested interest in keeping Castro in power. Guatemala, for example, has no quota under the Sugar Act, but was given an allotment in 1960 when the Cuban quota was up for grabs. Although Guatemala was warned by the United States that the Cuban redistribution was not to be considered permanent, it has nevertheless gone ahead and expanded its relatively high-cost sugar production. The Dominican Republic, in need of help, now wants a larger allotment; and while there is more merit in its claim than in most, one may well doubt whether it is a good idea to create a lopsided Dominican dependence on a one-crop economy based on the whims of the American Congress. The Administration plan for helping the Republic to diversify its crops is therefore welcome.

The fact is that the sugar set-up is a racket that can only be maintained, as Senator Paul Douglas points out, because "the interest of the consumer is diffused and relatively weak," whereas the beet-sugar and cane-sugar domestic producers are politically potent. American consumers cheerfully permit themselves to be taxed $550,000,000 a year to keep the domestic producers happy, and Congress — fanatically devoted in principle to free enterprise — cheerfully goes along with this conspicuous example of state socialism at its worst. But as long as consumers are willing to be mulcted in this way, they have only themselves — and their sweet tooth — to blame. But time brings an end to all good things and the swarming of the sugar-hungry flies in Washington may blow up the scandal that will finally force some sense and sanity into the formulation of a national sugar policy. In the end, we may have reason to be grateful to the flies.

Ike the Heretic

The surest way to get a bad press, or no press at all, is to speak out against illimitable increases in the arms budget. The national economy now depends on arms spending in the same way that drug addicts crave heroin, and ever-larger doses are needed for stability. Remonstrance may bring one a good conscience, but little support. At the recent $100-a-plate Republican dinner, General Eisenhower had the audacity to say that in his personal belief "substantial amounts in our current defense budget reflect unjustified fears, plus a reluctance in some quarters to relinquish outmoded concepts." He added that he was sure he would receive little company in either party. He was right.

The most tight-fisted opponents of government spending loosen up when it comes to spending on arms. When Senator Harry Byrd showed signs of resistance to raising the debt limit from $300 billion to $308 billion, Treasury Secretary Dillon was sent to show him the light. The Secretary pointed out that if Mr. Byrd's Senate Finance Committee did not raise the debt ceiling, defense cuts of 15 per cent would have to be ordered and Mr. Byrd would be blamed for leaving the nation naked before its enemies, even though the arms budget would still be some 10 per cent higher than under the Eisenhower administration. Mr. Byrd gave in like a cream puff under a steamroller.

General Eisenhower did get some company — Senator Proxmire. Mr. Proxmire said he welcomed the statement by the former President, "a man who is certainly an outstanding authority in our defense." He reminded his colleagues that the defense bill had passed the Senate unanimously, "with no consideration, no debate, no discussion of most of the very heavy requests for spending." He asked General Eisenhower to specify exactly in what items defense spending might be reduced and suggested that this would be "an immensely helpful service."

Despite the great apathy which has heretofore balked efforts to curb the hypertrophy of the arms industry, this idea holds out some promise. Advertising has taken such a hold on American perception that only endless reiteration will make an impression. The press is forced to give General Eisenhower front-page space and at least single-column headlines, but then drops the subject because it is never picked up and developed by other public figures. Mr. Eisenhower will get nowhere with mild, general demurrers at long intervals, but if he would unleash his famous temper and overcome his tendency to indolence, he might find himself making progress. Win or lose, it would be the greatest service he could render his country.

CONGRESS versus KENNEDY . . *by Ted Lewis*

Washington

AT THE HEART of President Kennedy's troubles with Congress is the lack of clear direction. The President is the leader of the New Frontier Administration, but what is the New Frontier? If Congress is to function purposefully, it needs marching orders aimed at achieving a firm objective, not one that vacillates with every obstacle that arises.

There is actually nothing wrong with the present Congress that direction could not cure. It is no better than most, little worse than some of the best. The flow of legislation is sluggish. That is usual. The blame for what it does or does not do is placed where it always has been: on its leadership, on the timeworn Dixie-GOP coalition, on the old seniority system of committee chairmanships. As for the President's complaint that he lacks a "workable majority," most of his predecessors could point with pride to legislative accomplishments even though their party lacked the two-to-one margin that Kennedy is suffering from instead of enjoying. (Legislative accomplishments of the party in power are not always to be measured by the passage of new laws; they include roll-call votes on the vital issues separating the two parties. This balloting is a valuable asset to any Administration, for the in-party always has the best sounding board. Thus a defeat in Congress can become a political help—a legislative accomplishment.)

Just how does a President sway Congress? He takes a stand on an issue and sticks to it. He can be defeated—and yet win the support of the voters, a fact of political life that is recognized in Congress and causes many a roll-call switch the next time an issue comes around.

In the case of Kennedy, there has been from the start a willingness to take a slice when he could not get the loaf. This acceptance of compromise is required in the operations of Congress itself, but is it a sound practice for a President? Is the President supposed to lead, to champion even lost causes—or to swallow watered-down priority bills just for expediency's sake? The answer, of course, depends on the kind of President you want. For Kennedy, the role of the Great Compromiser is singularly poor casting. It is the old who are supposed to yield, the young who have that spirit in them that brooks no cheap, arranged surrender.

IN THE first session of the present Congress, Kennedy's aid-to-education legislation was killed. The defeat was accepted with a whimper, not with the drawing of a sword. There was a perfunctory request for it again this session, but it was known ahead of time that the White House was now willing to compromise. It would forget about the promise to push for aid to secondary schools, be content with loans and grants to colleges.

On the medicare issue there is the same preference for wheeling and dealing inside Congress instead of going to the people for support. Of course, there was the President's effort to arouse the oldsters in his Madison Square Garden appearance, but that was a single-shot affair. Kennedy did not demand a Congressional showdown immediately; in effect, all he said was that if the bill could not be passed this year, then it should be passed next year.

The President is also supposedly for this or that in the way of other legislation. It was assumed, for example, that he was for Senator Estes Kefauver's bill to control drug prices; yet in a Senate Committee showdown, the Administration ran out. It was assumed, on the basis of the President's New Deal, Fair Deal heritage, that he would follow the liberal line on making space communications satellites a government operation like TVA. Instead, there is another backdown "compromise" in favor of A. T. & T.

At this writing, the Administration's farm bill has been brutally defeated in the House, but the vital foreign trade bill has been passed by the same chamber. The farm-bill strategy was to let the measure be loaded down with amendments designed to placate certain Congressmen. This was another compromise in principle, and it probably failed because compromising with principle usually does.

The trade bill's passage was hailed as a significant victory. It was. But it was a bipartisan victory shared by Eisenhower, former Secretary of State Christian Herter and other Republican leaders who lobbied for it effectively.

THE RECORD that is made by the 87th Congress in its closing months will have to be found satisfactory in some way by Administration spokesmen. It naturally will be, no matter how many compromises have been made or how many bills have been left by the wayside, for that is the way of politics when prestige has been put on the line.

But is it good for party morale to blame others for what went wrong in Congress and to take credit when some particular bill went right? Speaker John McCormack is the whipping boy when the House fails the Administration; party leader Mike Mansfield plays the role in the Senate.

It wasn't the President's fault when his Urban Affairs Department proposal was messed up and killed; it was inept Congressional leadership. It isn't the Administration's fault when forty to forty-five Southern Democrats combine with the Republicans in the House to vote the wrong way. It is because they always have, and so we need a "workable majority." It isn't the high-pressure tactics of the White House "Mafia," led by Larry O'Brien, that leads to defeat by a few votes. Warnings of postmaster or post-office gravy-train withdrawals, of refusal of the President to campaign in a Senator's or Congressman's behalf in the fall, should not be resented. Aren't these just practical, clever political methods?

The hard fact is that the effort to run Congress from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has raised havoc with

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TED LEWIS is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

morale. We have a President who wants to keep his hand on the tiller of the ship of state in whatever waters it cruises, whether or not he is familiar with the local shoals and eddies. This does not mean that advice isn't listened to, including Vice President Lyndon Johnson's in Congressional waters. But the decision on what course to take is always made by Kennedy.

It has always been a temptation for a President who entered the White House via a stint in Congress to involve himself in legislative armtwisting. And it is in the nature of things for Congress always to resent such activities.

That is why a President generally is better off, and accomplishes more, staying aloof from parliamentary infighting. He does better to limit himself to proposing, letting Congress do the disposing — provided always he stands on principle and is prepared to carry his battle to the people (and not, except as a last resort, to the Capitol cloakroom) if Congress resists.

This is always true when the party in power in Congress is the same as that of the White House incumbent. Harry Truman had a gay time taking apart the "Eighty-worst" Congress — the "Do Nothing" Congress — elected in 1946, but he had his troubles with Democratic Houses and Senates. FDR's high-handed methods with Democratic Congresses had unhappy results in the revulsion at the 1938 polls against his attempt to purge party legislators who had failed him. But neither men lost stature thereby, for they stood pat on the legislation they had proposed, refusing to compromise it away for the sake of paper victories.

This is not so in the present situation in Washington and there lies the rub.

A PSYCHIATRIST with political savvy is needed to analyze properly what is now taking place. The question is simple: Why is the President acting the way he does and why has he not clarified the meaning of the New Frontier?

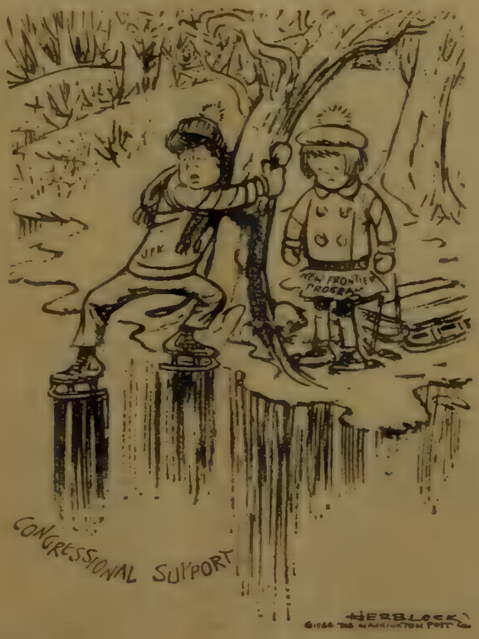
For one thing, an obsession still exists about the meaning of the 1960 Presidential election returns. This is based on the fact that Kennedy was elected by a scant popular-vote margin and that many Democratic Senators and Representatives ran considerably ahead of him in their states and districts. And at the same time the GOP took twenty-one House Democratic seats and picked up two in the Senate. On these two counts, it is argued that Kennedy received no firm mandate to start off to the New Frontier, whatever that is.

So caution was called for: timidity was the policy and compromise the outcome.

Despite this uncertainty about the extent of the President's popular mandate — or perhaps because of it — a decision was made to try to run Congress from the White House. The maneuvering was well-mannered in the first session of the 87th Congress. It was disguised as a cooperative joint effort with then Speaker Sam Rayburn in the House and Lyndon Johnson's genial professional successor, Senate Leader Mansfield. It had to be a cautious maneuver while Rayburn was around, for he was tough and, while a loyal Democrat, liked to run the House as he saw fit.

With Rayburn's death and with McCormack the new Speaker, the gloves came off and the White House fingers closed on the Congressional control center. The operation has been energetic, but at this point in the Congressional second session, of questionable efficiency.

A President can dominate Congress, but can he control it? Congress is an intricate machine, run by skillful mechanics. Is Kennedy a skilled mechanic? He was for eight years the junior Senator from Massachusetts, never headed a committee, never was an active member of "the club."



"Can it hold both of us?"

Had he gone to the White House from the post of Senate party leader, one could understand more easily his seeking to be in the Congressional driver's seat; even so, he would have sparked jealous outrage. Those who knew Robert A. Taft best were convinced that if he had gone from the Senate, where he was GOP leader, to the White House in 1953, he would never have tried to keep the reins. He would have left them in the hands of his Congressional lieutenants. When they asked his advice, he would have given it, but strategy would have been up to them.

Talk to anybody on Capitol Hill—any veteran, that is—and there is general agreement that the hard-boiled pressure tactics of the Kennedy machine have seldom been equaled. A Democratic Congressman gets a White House phone call about a postmaster nomination, along with a reminder in the same conversation that the Administration's farm bill is up for a vote tomorrow in the House. Defense contractors were reminded, before the House finally agreed to raise the debt limit to $308 billion, that if a GOP effort to lower the proposed ceiling was a success, contracts would have to be cut back. They got the word and lobbied effectively.

All of this strained, intensive drive would make sense only if the Administration's New Frontier goal was the objective. Otherwise it is no more than a purposeless attempt to get the Congressional mountain to bring forth not a lion, but a mouse.

SO CONGRESS lacks a sense of direction because the Administration lacks one, too. That, in the opinion of some observers, is also the heart of the trouble in the business community in the aftermath of the stock-market crash.

First you crack down on Big Steel, then you shift and try to get Roger Blough and other top industrialists back into the "good climate" act.

First you say one thing about Quemoy and Matsu, then it turns out the Rusk-Kennedy policy is the same as Eisenhower's and Dulles'.

First you seek the Presidency as an out-and-out liberal, then the word is passed that reference to the new Administration as liberal is incorrect. As the New York *Herald Tribune* columnist Robert Spivak has pointed out, the President "for a time favored 'progressive' and now he uses 'moderate'" to describe his Administration.

There are logical reasons for this swaying back and forth. The President wants to have the country move forward, desperately seeks national unity and prosperity as the great imperative in the world crisis with communism. But the question still remains: can a President be a leader and vacillate at the same time?

What has upset Congress emotionally is the suspicion of the Democratic majority that if it plays follow-the-leader, it will end up in a cul-de-sac. This suspicion of the way the President is going leaves the supporters of liberal legislation feeling that they lack a Sir Galahad ready to do or die for a cause.

Where is the Administration now bound, except from one crisis to another, domestic alternating with foreign, each approached as a separate problem to be tackled with spontaneous enthusiasm?

So, as Congress looks at Kennedy, there is uncertainty as to what he will do next. Is he a pragmatic liberal, an activist progressive or "moderate," or a middle-of-the-roader like Eisenhower? Is he for or against business? Is he anything but a great compromiser like Henry Clay?

Analyze the President's most significant recent estimate of the state of his legislative program. He lacks a "workable majority," he says, and will campaign to get one in this November's mid-term elections.

There is even Congressional suspicion about that enterprise. Kennedy has already announced that he will support for re-election every incumbent Senator and Representative of his party. This means he will support those who have voted more often against him than with him, including Senator George Smathers (D., Fla.). Also included is Representative Charles A. Buckley (D., N.Y.), the Bronx boss who laid it on the line for Kennedy in this Congress' first session by not even showing up to vote most of the time.

Kennedy has the makings of a great President. One of the White House bibles is *Presidential Power: The Politics of Leadership*, by Richard E. Neustadt (John Wiley and Sons). Perhaps the President needs to read the book again, especially certain paragraphs pertaining to FDR:

> Political experience and private life created in him not an ideology but a decided feeling of what government should be and where its policies should lead. . . . Happily for him, his own sense of direction coincided, in the main, with the course of contemporary history. . . . His sense of power was thus reinforced by his sense of direction.

That is the kind of Executive leadership that the 87th Congress needs.

WIRE TAPPING:

THE SILENT INTRUDER . .

by Edward V. Long

> Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the Government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repeal invasions of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding.

JUSTICE LOUIS BRANDEIS sounded this warning — which free men must never forget—some thirty-four years ago when he was confronted by an issue which has not been fully resolved to this day: wire tapping.

The Attorney General recently asked Congress for authority to tap telephones and to use what is overheard as evidence in the criminal courts. The bill would authorize wire tapping by both state and federal law-enforcement officers; federal officers could tap wires, solely on the Attorney General's authority, in crimes affecting national security. It would also authorize state and federal wire tapping on court order in certain specified crimes.

Under the bill's provisions, moreover, both the Attorney General and the courts could authorize taps not only when a crime had been committed or was in process of being committed, but when a crime was *about* to be committed. Thus, not only could the telephone of a suspected criminal be tapped, but also the telephone of one suspected of possibly *becoming* a criminal. This would place the Attorney General and the courts in a unique position under our system of jurisprudence. They would need to be not only lawyers, but prophets as well.

IN THE early days of our nation, the right to privacy was considered so important that extensive protections of it were included in the Bill of Rights. This right has become even more dear to Americans as we have become an urbanized society and the areas in which a person can enjoy privacy have become increasingly limited. The areas that remain —and use of the telephone is among

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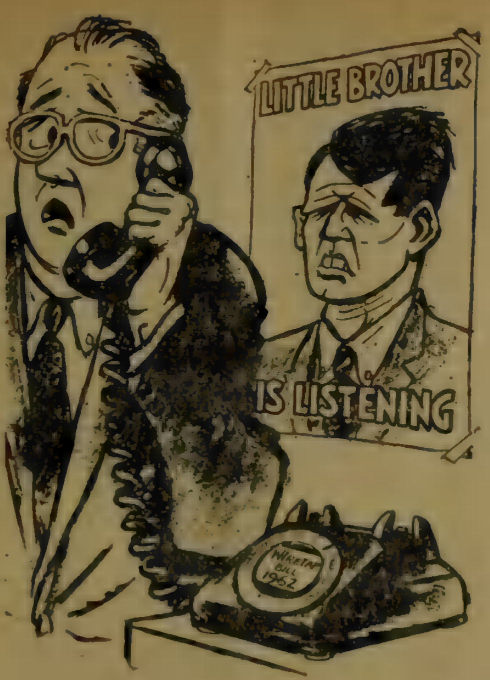
EDWARD V. LONG, U.S. Senator from Missouri, is a member of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.

them—should be protected, not destroyed.

The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution prohibits unreasonable search and seizure. In line with this prohibition, a warrant cannot be issued except on probable cause and it must be specific as to the place to be searched and thing to be seized. The Attorney General, while before the Judiciary Committee, conceded that wire tapping, like searches, does involve an invasion of privacy. Because of this, he argued that it should be allowed only under appropriate safeguards and limitations. However, he failed to point out that a wire tap cannot be limited to a particular place, person or purpose. By its very nature, it is unlimited and unlimitable. It is one of the most comprehensive forms of espionage.

WHEN A WIRE tap is placed on a phone, it monitors all conversations over that phone and every phone in the world which may be connected with it. This is true whether the call is outgoing or incoming. A wire tap placed on a phone in Washington, D.C., has the potential of listening in on words spoken in 74,500,000 homes and businesses in the United States and another 142,000,000 homes and businesses throughout the world. Not only does the tap overhear the conversations of the suspect, but also those of anyone and everyone who may use the phone. In the case of an office phone, this may include persons who are only remotely connected with the suspect. In the case of a public phone, it will encompass many people who have absolutely no connection with him. And when the phone tapped is in a hotel or large business concern where trunk lines and a switchboard are utilized, the tap will probably be placed on the trunk lines, and all calls into and out of the institution will be monitored.

Not only does a wire tap overhear the calls of any number of people other than the suspect, it also overhears conversations which historically have been considered privileged: those between lawyer and client, doctor and patient, priest and parishioner, husband and wife. Such conversations have always been considered immune to revelation even in the courtroom.



Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

There is absolutely no way to limit a wire tap so as to prevent the overhearing of this broad spectrum of telephone conversations. Is it any wonder that Justice Brandeis once said, "Writs of Assistance and general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wire tapping"?

WIRE TAPPING is anything but a new subject for Congress. Time and again Congress has recognized the evil of the practice and refused to approve it.

The present statutory law on wire tapping is found in Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act of 1934, which prohibits the interception and divulgence of telephone conversations except with consent of the sender. Since enactment of this Section, proponents of wire tapping for law-enforcement purposes have been able on five occasions to obtain action by at least one House of Congress on legislation to amend its provisions but have never been successful in obtaining final Congressional action.

In 1938, both the Senate and the House of Representatives acted on a bill, but the House had adopted a limiting amendment. The Senate never agreed to the amendment, and the bill died with the adjournment of the 76th Congress. The House again adopted a bill in 1940, but the Senate failed to act. In 1941, the House, on a roll-call vote, defeated a wire-tap bill which had been reported by its Judiciary Committee. Then, in 1942, the House approved a bill which again failed to gain Senate approval. Twelve years later, in 1954, the House of Representatives once more approved a wire-tap bill, but it met its usual fate in the Senate.

On each of these five occasions, some unusual circumstance played a major role. The 1938 bill was a reaction to the United States Supreme Court's construction of Section 605 of the Communications Act; the Court, in the *Nardone* case (decided in 1937) had construed Section 605 to apply to law-enforcement officers and held wire-tap evidence inadmissible in federal courts. The primary motivation for House action in 1940, 1941 and 1942 was World War II: Attorneys General Jackson and Biddle had called for wire-tap legislation as a necessary war measure. In 1954, Attorney General Brownell called for wire-tapping legislation as a necessary cold-war measure; the Justice Department had just lost on appeal two convictions of Judith Coplon primarily because of FBI wire tapping, so approval of an "anti-traitor" bill was demanded.

However, these five unsuccessful attempts to enact wire-tap legislation do not tell the complete story of Congressional interest in the subject. Early in 1940, the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce recommended to the Senate that it conduct an investigation of wire tapping and the use of dictographs and similar devices for listening to, or recording, conversations. The committee said:

> Wire tapping, dictographing and similar devices are especially dangerous at the present time, because of the recent resurgence of a spy system conducted by Government police. Persons who have committed no crime, but whose economic and political views and activities may be obnoxious to the present incumbents of law-enforcement offices, are being investigated and catalogued. . . . Wire tapping and other unethical devices may lead to a variety of oppressions

that may never reach the ears of the courts. They may, for example, have the effect of increasing the power of law-enforcement agencies to oppress factory employees who are under investigation, not for any criminal action, but only by reason of their views and activities in regard to labor unions and other economic movements; this is no fanciful case—such investigations are a fact today.

The Senate approved the investigation and extensive hearings were held. The testimony of witnesses documented completely the evils anticipated by the committee report. This investigation undoubtedly played a significant part in the Senate's refusal to approve the House-passed wire-tap bills in 1940 and 1942.

PRESENT efforts to obtain wire-tap legislation began late in the summer of 1960. The Senate Judiciary Committee approved a bill which would authorize law-enforcement wire tapping by the state. The proposal was unprecedented, for all previous attempts at this kind of legislation had dealt solely with federal wire tapping. When the 86th Congress adjourned in September without Senate action, the bill died.

The prime factor behind this bill was the pressure exerted by New York law-enforcement people after the 1957 *Benanti* decision of the Supreme Court.

In 1938, the people of New York had adopted an amendment to the search-and-seizure guarantee of their state constitution in order to permit wire tapping. Based on this amendment, and in the face of the Supreme Court's *Nardone* decision, the New York State Legislature had enacted a court-order system of police wire tapping.

In the *Benanti* case, wire-tap evidence obtained by New York state police with a court order was turned over to federal authorities, who used it as evidence to convict the defendant. The Supreme Court held that the federal law, Section 605, was controlling, and decided that the admission of the wire-tap evidence had violated Section 605 even though the evidence had been obtained under the state-approved system. The Court, therefore, reversed Benanti's conviction. New York law-enforcement officers immediately raised the hue and cry that law enforcement had been brought to an end in New York. They asserted that they had case after case where there was no doubt as to the guilt of the accused, but that wire-tap evidence would be necessary for proof in court. So they turned to Congress to amend Section 605.

After the Senate failed to act in 1960 on the state wire-tap bill, a similar proposal was offered last year and approved with minor amendments by the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee. This bill is presently pending on the Senate Judiciary Committee agenda, where it vies with the Attorney General's wire-tap bill for attention.

THE WIRE-TAP story, of course, is not limited to Congress. The Supreme Court has also spent considerable time on the subject. The first Supreme Court decision on wire tapping was handed down in 1928; by 5 to 4, the Court held in the *Olmstead* case that telephone conversations are not protected against wire tapping by the Fourth Amendment. This decision made wire tapping a national issue and was the beginning of the whole story. Shortly after the *Olmstead* opinion was handed down, Congress enacted the Communications Act of 1934. Section 605 of the Act was quickly brought before the courts to determine its effect on *Olmstead*. The first *Nardone* decision (referred to earlier in this article) decided that wire tapping was illegal and that wire-tap evidence was inadmissible in federal court. Nardone was then retried, convicted and again appealed. This time the Supreme Court applied the "fruit of the evil tree" doctrine, holding that evidence obtained from leads acquired by wire tapping was inadmissible. On the same day the Court handed down this second *Nardone* decision it held in another case that Section 605 was applicable to both interstate and intrastate telephone calls.

These decisions marked the zenith of Section 605's protection of telephone privacy. In subsequent cases, the Supreme Court has limited, step by step, the scope of this protection. The Court has held that listening in on one end of a telephone conversation is not an interception. It has held, further, that only the parties to a telephone conversation have any standing in court for objecting to the use of wire-tap evidence. It also has decided that, while wire tapping by state officials violates Section 605, evidence so obtained is admissible in state courts if the state permits its use. It has declared that it is not a violation of Section 605 for police to listen in on a regular extension telephone with the consent of one party. Finally, it has held that federal courts cannot enjoin the divulgence of wire-tap evidence in state courts.

However, in these decisions the Supreme Court has shown that it shares the general dislike of Congress for law-enforcement wire tapping. It has referred to the practice as a dirty business, as unethical and as destructive of personal liberty.

IN THE third branch of government, the attitude toward wire tapping has been somewhat different. Not only have several Attorneys General called on Congress to legalize law-enforcement wire tapping, but the Justice Department—through the FBI—has been using taps since 1940. In that year, the Attorney General took the position that wire tapping alone did not violate Section 605. Under our system of jurisprudence, the *Nardone* decisions of 1937 and 1939 were determinative only as to the admission *in court* of wire-tap evidence or of evidence obtained through leads acquired by wire taps. The Attorney General in 1940 construed Section 605 as requiring both an *interception* and a *divulgence*. He further took the position that a divulgence between employees of the Justice Department was not the divulgence contemplated by Section 605. The President approved wire tapping by the FBI in national security cases, and every President since has given the same approval. The legality of this activity has never been specifically tested in the courts and Congress has tolerated the practice without taking legislative action.

Because of its wire-tapping activities, the Justice Department has maintained a policy of not prosecuting state law-enforcement officials for such activity as long as it had a police purpose. For the same reason, it has never enforced Section 605 with the vigor necessary to make it effective against private wire tapping. Only a handful of private wire-tappers has ever been tried.

All Americans are concerned that those who violate the law are apprehended and convicted. However, is not the price we must pay for legalizing wire tapping too high for the possible assistance it may be to law enforcement? On many occasions over the years, law-enforcement officials have appeared before Congress in support of wire-tap legislation. They have spoken of crises in law enforcement. They have warned of dire consequences if Congressional action is not taken. They have testified to rising crime rates. Yet, in all their arguments, they have never presented concrete evidence of why wire tapping is necessary. Nor have their gloomy predictions of calamity, should Congress refuse to act on their request, come true.

Before Congress approves a wire-tap bill, it should ask: Are the existing dangers to our society so grave that we are willing to surrender a significant part of our liberty? Are the dangers so grave we are willing to make a major change in our basic values? We know what we would lose. We do not know what we would gain.

One of the most frequent arguments made for the Attorney General's wire-tap bill is that the people's right of privacy is already being invaded by the current widespread use of private wire tapping. We are told that if the Attorney General's bill is enacted, private wire tapping will be stopped. But is it reasonable to believe that there will be less private wire tapping if police wire tapping is authorized than there is today when—at least theoretically—ALL wire tapping is banned? "The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding." What is needed today is not new wire-tap legislation, but enforcement of the present law.

BLACKLISTING: the FAULK DECISION . . *David Cort*

ONE DAY the bill falls due for the wicked—sometimes, it is true, a lifetime or a thousand years late, but all morality and hope disappear when people cease to expect that day.

It came, for thousands of people ruined in the 1950s, in New York Supreme Court, when the libel case of John Henry Faulk against Vincent W. Hartnett, Laurence E. Johnson and Aware, Inc., went to the jury on the evening of June 28, the fourteenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Faulk, and a bad six years since Faulk was cut down by the word "Communist," and brought suit. Since such maligners leave very faint tracks, the trial had dragged on, under Justice Abraham Geller, for eleven weeks, to pick up that sinister spoor. For Faulk, a man who was anything but a Communist, had been indelibly branded as one—and so ruined. As sensible people, we know that this is impossible; still, it happened.

Louis Nizer, author of the book, *My Life in Court,* was counsel for the plaintiff. His case was that an inhuman, un-American and tragic wrong had been done. The defense was that its acts had been very American, and that personal tragedy is irrelevant and immaterial.

Around 1950, the defendants had discovered that close study of the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations and the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee gave one a tool against thousands of people, especially in TV and radio, which are supported by conservative and easily scared advertisers. You just had to do the homework. If you made it known in the right quarters that a performer or writer had "a significant Communist-front record" (the standard incantation), he was through. If he defended himself, it would cost him at least $6,000 in the courts, and he was probably still through. Many of the accused therefore took the Fifth Amendment. In that case, they were through, too. This glorious business flourished most briskly against the members of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), to which all performers in TV and radio had to belong.

What sort of American would stoop to this work? Hartnett, whom I watched for some weeks in court, is the type of the eternal, meticulous snooper, and even has the sunken, prissy mouth of the beldam gossip of caricature. Paul R. Milton, his associate in Aware, Inc., has a big, wholesale butcher's head from which peeps, now and then, a terrified little girl. Johnson, a Syracuse grocer who sold his chain of supermarkets in 1956, never appeared in court.

Hartnett profited by $25,000 a year for supplying the names of "Communists" to such clients as Borden's, Lever Brothers, American Broadcasting Company, Young and Rubicam, the Cutler Agency. Hartnett wrote a magazine article chiding Borden's for permitting "Communists" on its TV show, got himself hired by Borden's (for $10,000 that year), then added two paragraphs to his article, concluding that Borden's had now taken all appropriate steps to do better in the future. Milton accused a writer on the TV show, *Treasury Men in Action,* of being pro-Communist, got him fired, and then took his job. Ah, those were the halcyon days.

Defense counsel described Hartnett as an "expert"—an expert on wicked people, like Bernard Guy or Torque-

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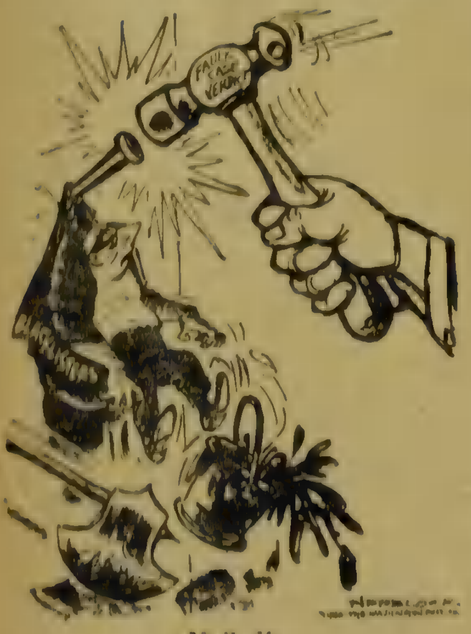
DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor. A new collection of his essays and articles, many of which have appeared in The Nation, *will be published later in the year by Macmillan under the title* Social Astonishments.

mada, those masters of The Question. Hartnett himself testified that he had never blacklisted anybody; he had merely done objective research on "significant Communist-front records." This dazzling new career was childishly, enviably easy: of course, one kept a file of "names," subscribed to the *Daily Worker*, got on all liberal and leftist mailing lists, saved old programs, eavesdropped on groups of actors with a microphone and hidden recorder, and corresponded with the House Un-American Activities Committee. None of his victims knew him, or remembered ever having seen him, but of course he knew them all, since they were performers, publicly visible or audible. Hartnett was, in effect, the invisible man, and he kept it that way.

The flood of names he garnered he sold to his clients at $5 a head, a price that must make the ruined men rage when they look at their wives and children. To find one's soul worth $5 must be terrible; the devil pays better. But they can be consoled to know that for the same name Hartnett collected $5 from each of a number of clients. Arthur Miller's name was worth $300. One joker got Hartnett to clear the name, Santa Claus, and he did so for $5. It all sounds as petty as a spinster's hobby in Keokuk, but it added up to $25,000 a year for Hartnett, the invisible man whom nobody ever remembered. And corporations worth a hundred billion dollars trembled on his telephone calls and jumped at his command. The thing is too ridiculous to be believed; still, it happened. It was proved in court. It was not even argued by the defense.



Nailed!

The defense emphasized that Hartnett's transcendent virtue was that he did not, repeat did not, add to this income by letting the accused buy their way off his lists. (But in some cases, e.g., the actress, Kim Hunter, he did coerce performers into expressing opinions they hated.) It is an interesting aesthetic theory that because he might have been blacker, and was not, he must therefore be white. My observation is that he lacks the guts and tact to blackmail; this must be face to face. Lacking these, he convinces himself that he is filled with principle.

HARTNETT'S accusation was enough in the fifties, as everyone knows: the corporations immediately panicked and disavowed the individuals. "A sponsor is interested in selling goods; it is not interested in causes. Why buy a headache?" said a witness. But it is hard to prove this legally. Nizer had the utmost difficulty wringing any important admission out of the corporate witnesses, and we all understand why. The defense naturally counted on this.

In these matters, the Communists and the "anti-Communists" are agreed on destroying the only true anti-Communists, the decent people in the middle. Their very decency seems to enrage the two extremes.

The murderous arrogance of these "anti-Communists" was shown when a producer challenged the "non-clearance" of a woman entertainer who, he knew, had extremely conservative politics. He demanded at least an explanation, was refused, demanded it again, and found that the woman had been mistaken for another with a vaguely similar name; still, he was told to fire her anyway, because the public might confuse the two. He refused, and was informed, "Next time don't be so emphatic, or they say they might take an interest in you."

Looking back at Johnson, Hartnett and Aware, Inc. (the name itself is an understated threat), a historical memory comes to mind: the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution, Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety: accusations without accusers, cursory trials or no trials, the Law of Suspects, the "clearing" by the local committees of surveillance. "Not cleared" is an inscrutable tag Robespierre would have liked. And the American people were hardly conscious that this Terror was in force. The American press did not report it; it was either sympathetic or too terrified.

And one mean little group of men were able to do this: Johnson combined with the grocery clerks' branch of the Syracuse American Legion, combined with Hartnett and Milton, whom we have seen, and the Aware, Inc., publications.

At the trial, Hartnett confessed that his alliance with Johnson, who could threaten any reluctant advertiser with the hostility of the retail grocers' association (maybe), "enhanced my value." That is, Johnson's operations could put teeth in Hartnett's most careless whims as to who had a "significant Communist-front record." Madison Avenue fell into line. If it did not, Johnson came roaring down from Syracuse, raging up and down Madison Avenue, to see to it.

The closet government of the United States for some years, while Eisenhower thought he was running the country, was this savage little cabal of very small men without talent, distinction or courage.

BY 1955, however, the thing had grown overripe. The Robespierres had grown fat. And the decent Americans in AFTRA were ready to call a halt and crack down on both Communists and blacklisters. They voted to condemn Aware, Inc., and put up a middle-of-the-road slate of officers, including John Henry Faulk as second vice president.

Hartnett wrote Johnson, "We have already lost Equity. We may lose our control of AFTRA." What? Neither was a member of AFTRA. What control? But of course, AFTRA had been both their victim and their puppet.

This John Henry Faulk had become a radio and TV personality with a great following, on the basis of a rich personality of effortless Texas charm, a liberal humanism and a built-in affection for the whole

American heritage [see "Disc Jockey Fights the Blacklist" by Dan Wakefield, *The Nation,* Dec. 20, 1958]. He was wholly unlike, and a better performer than, Godfrey, Linkletter, et al. He liked to talk, and he had a lot to say that America liked to hear. He was on the threshold of a $500,000-a-year career when he consented to try to impose some kind of peace on conflict-riven AFTRA, by running as a candidate. What a fool, I would say, but remember that he was a good-hearted, reasonable man from the country, who thought he was in a decent, reasonable world.

Hartnett, Milton and Aware, Inc., cooked up a bulletin, Exhibit 41 at the trial, purporting to show Faulk's "significant Communist-front record." In view of the sequel, I don't expect you to believe this, but five of the seven items were outright inventions, and the other two were absolutely insignificant. If they were "significant," your mother is an Albanian Communist spy.

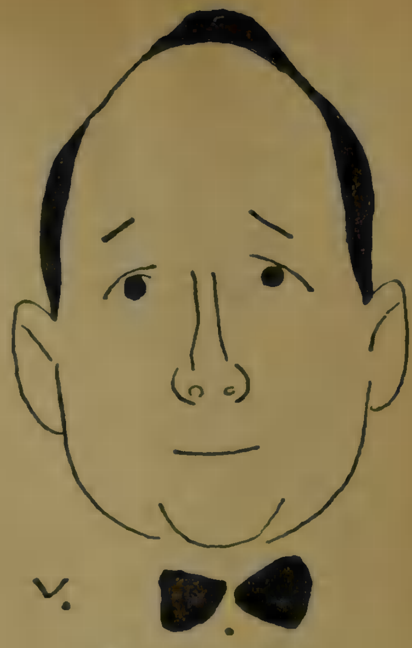
For example, the bulletin represented an interview by the New York *Herald Tribune* with Faulk as an interview with him by the *Daily Worker*. For example, again, the bulletin stated that one "Communist affair" Faulk attended was a Salute to the United Nations, where the speakers were Secretary of State Stettinius and Trygve Lie (these latter facts, of course, not mentioned in the citation).

THE INTENT to destroy Faulk professionally, and no other intent, was betrayed by the twelve categories of recipients to whom this masterpiece was mailed February 10, 1956: newspapers, radio and TV companies, two national advertising associations, advertising agencies, association of retail grocers, motion picture studios, sponsoring corporations, law-enforcement agencies, four actors' unions, patriotic organizations, leading magazines, leading columnists. In this list, we can see the combined malevolences of Johnson, Hartnett, Milton and the others plotting to corner a man.

From that day on, Faulk never appeared again on television, because he had no contract. But somehow the Committee of Public Safety had been unable to dislodge him from his 5 to 6 P.M. radio show. The people still loved him; and the Robespierres raged. What had happened was that Charles Collingwood, a CBS commentator and president of AFTRA, had told the president of CBS Radio that if Faulk were fired, AFTRA would subpoena and examine the advertising agency executives whose clients had canceled from the Faulk show. (Twenty-nine did.) Ed Murrow backed up Collingwood. But sixteen months later, Collingwood was no longer president of AFTRA, Murrow was no longer with CBS, and Faulk was on a Caribbean vacation; and now CBS fired Faulk, though his program had more listeners than any other CBS show.

However, the Terror had been defied, and was resolved to finish the execution. It followed Faulk to promises of jobs in Minneapolis, New York and San Francisco—promises which then "mysteriously" fell through. That is, the warm, loving conversation suddenly turned distant and evasive. Faulk told his friends in the business he would do anything, even to sweeping out the studio, for after all he had a wife and children. They tried not to tell him that the Terror had conveyed to them that Faulk was not to be hired in any capacity, or the terrible vengeance would fall on one and all. Behind the curtain, as this agony drew itself out, were Johnson, Hartnett and the members of Aware, Inc., smiling in the various ways they knew how to smile, or even laugh. I saw several of their smiles and they were frightening.

Finally Faulk retreated to his home town, Austin, Texas, where he and his wife, by both working, were able to bring in under $5,000 a year. In the industry he was a "walking corpse," but not in his own mind, for Louis Nizer had taken his case against the Terror. At the preliminary examinations Nizer, to his amazement, discovered that Faulk had never before laid eyes on Hartnett, who had so vengefully and wickedly chopped him down. Hartnett had indeed been "objective," as objective as Hitler or Stalin in their mass exterminations. Hartnett had not even paid Faulk the compliment of hating him viscerally. He had been far too busy with his little lists. The prim little mouth had bitten down on Faulk and spat him out.



John Henry Faulk

I HAVE in the above roughly synthesized the evidence at the trial with other information and "fair comment," a legal term. Now both sides rest. The defense attorney, Bolan, a partner of Roy Cohn (who else?), argued in summation that Faulk was a liar, Hartnett was a more truthful and honest man than anyone you will ever come across, Faulk did better after the libel than before, Faulk never was any good anyway, Faulk had no future on TV and was just a self-aggrandized disc jockey. So much for Bolan's dramatic criticism. He also advanced the social theory that though the courts cannot object to a man's taking the Fifth Amendment, his neighbors can and should. A neighborly lynching, he said, is right and proper. Blacklisting is simply splendid and purely patriotic. (This was not an issue in the trial: Faulk never took the Fifth Amendment on anything, and was never technically blacklisted.) Bolan was in fact arguing some other case that existed in the dream world of Johnson, Hartnett and Aware, Inc., where so many other nightmares had indeed come true; but this was not the case being argued before Justice Geller.

Nizer's summation pulled out of the mass of evidence an easily read trail of conspiracy against Faulk, as given above. A peculiar incident here should have alerted me. I could not get into the courtroom before the first recess, but was at the head of the overflow line when a Yahoo type bulled his way through us and into the court attendants, snarling "I will not stand back! Tell the judge I'm here!" He identified himself as from the New York *Journal-American* and was allowed in. He seated himself at the press table, glowering about as if he were banked in Communists. The *Journal-American* had not reported the case; why this?

Defendant Johnson, hiding out in a Bronx motel, had just died that morning. This for the first time made the trial news to most of the press (though for the *Journal-American* not good news).

Nizer asked for a minimum $1,000,000 compensatory damages, and $1,000,000 punitive damages from each of the three defendants. The judge, however, told the jury that Johnson was dead and could not be assessed punitive damages.

Before midnight on the Faulks's wedding anniversary, the jury came in with its verdict: $1,000,000 compensatory damages, $1,250,000 punitive against Hartnett, $1,250,000 punitive against Aware. All twelve jurors agreed on the verdict, but one woman thought the amount too high. (In a civil suit, a 10 to 2 vote is enough.)

This story reached page one, column one, of the *Times*, which alone had reported the whole trial. The *Journal-American* headlined its story: "Faulk May Never Get His Millions For Libel—$3,500,000 Phantom Award"—another way of saying "Yah! Yah!"

In fact, lawyers agreed that Faulk and Nizer will get the $1,000,000 from Johnson's estate, and part of Hartnett's income for the rest of his life. The liability of the Aware officers is speculative; Milton has a good deal of real estate. Nizer in six years had had costs of about $200,000 and will get them back at least. The income tax on Faulk's share of the compensatory damages is subject to various deductions and should properly be spread over the past five years. The punitive damages are non-taxable.

It is to be hoped that the defense will appeal so that this largest award in the history of libel cases will be built into the legal structure of the higher judiciary. Already that $3,500,000 award has washed out a lot of mouths. Paupers may continue to gibber, "Significant Communist-front record," but anybody with money had better not join in.

The second hope, which is already more than that, is that John Henry Faulk will now return to his talent for entertaining and instructing the American people.

NEWS GAP in SOUTH VIETNAM . . *by Jack Foisie*

IN WHAT amounts to a covert agreement, United States military-diplomats and officials of the Republic of Vietnam are providing correspondents with only the most meager information on American participation in the counter-guerrilla war against the Viet Cong Communists. Homer Bigart of *The New York Times* is a chronic debunker of the official attitude that U.S.-Vietnam relations are too delicate to submit to examination, or that American-Vietnam military operations are too complex to allow correspondents on the scene. Writing recently from Saigon to his New York superiors, Bigart said his work in Vietnam had been "peculiarly depressing."

He explained: "Too often correspondents are regarded by the American mission as tools of foreign policy. Those who balk are apt to find it a bit lonely, for they are likely to be distrusted and shunned by American and Vietnamese officials. I am sick of it. . . ."

Under current policy, reports on most military action must be cleared through both governments, even when only American personnel are involved. This causes delays of up to five days before correspondents can get confirmation of skirmishes in which Americans have been killed or wounded. During the first few months of the build-up, the only permanently stationed public information officer at U. S. headquarters in Saigon was an Army captain, Hal Alabaster. Although he was zealous in doing what he could for correspondents, he was unable to prevail on his superiors to set up a procedure that is routine in most war situations: a daily briefing of actions during the previous twenty-four hours. Nor could we learn, even in general terms, where future operations were planned. Since correspondents in a theatre of war have been cleared by the Defense Department (this includes an FBI loyalty check), advance tips are usually provided. Not knowing whether to go south or north in lengthy Vietnam, few correspondents in Saigon rouse themselves to strike out blindly in search of the "big battle."

The reluctance of the Vietnamese high command to allow correspondents on operations seems to stem from a lack of confidence in the outcome of their planned strikes against Viet Cong strongholds. Only after government troops are victorious do the Saigon generals invite the correspondents to the battlefield. On display are ripening stacks of enemy dead. For their part, American officers fear to leak information to correspondents before it has been officially cleared by their Vietnamese opposites. "If we tell you what is going on," said one American, "the Vietnamese will cease telling us what they're up to."

Even Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara failed to get essential (or at least, highly interesting) information during a recent visit. His tour of inspection took him to Ben Tuong, one of the resettlement projects to which farm families subject to Communist harassment are being moved.

JACK FOISIE, a correspondent on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, *has recently returned from an assignment to South Vietnam.*

McNamara flew to the village instead of traveling by car—and for good reason: guerrillas had ambushed a convoy just outside Ben Tuong five hours before McNamara's arrival. But the Secretary was told nothing of the scrap and left believing that the highway between Saigon and Ben Tuong was unmolested.

Sometimes, instead of evasion, military spokesmen resort to outright falsehoods. They counseled two American sergeants, just released by Viet Cong captors, to deny they had carried out Communist propaganda. Radio Hanoi reported differently—and for once the North Vietnam propaganda station was right.

JUST GETTING sufficient credentials to work properly in Vietnam is arduous. (One must add, in fairness, that this process is time-consuming in many countries.) In addition to the usual Defense Department accreditation, a correspondent must be cleared by the Vietnamese Government. He must visit the special press adviser to the President, Dang Duc Khoi; he must also visit the military's psychological warfare information officer. To check with one and not the other is a grave error.

I went to the north country armed with letters of accreditation addressed to the chiefs of three provinces, but none of them was honored at the Vietnam Ranger training school, and I was sent packing back to Saigon for "proper" credentials. Officially there is no censorship. But cabled copy is monitored, and correspondents can be brought up on charges of spreading "false information."

But perhaps the most provoking restrictions are those on specifically U. S. military operations. For example, American naval vessels are assisting Vietnam patrol boats in stopping Communist junks off the coast. Not one correspondent has been able yet—to my knowledge—to accompany such ships on their patrols.

I tried. Captain Joseph Drachnik, the ranking U. S. naval officer in Saigon, ruled that before an American newsman could visit an American ship on operations, consent would have to be obtained from the Vietnam Government. I appreciate the desire of the Vietnamese Government to remain boss in its own country, but this incident indicates how we flatter Vietnamese sovereignty when it suits our purpose.

I sought and obtained the approval of the Vietnamese authorities to visit the U. S. destroyer-escort *Edmonds*. Captain Drachnik then sent a message to the U. S. Seventh Fleet asking for concurrence. No answer was received, and I was told later that the message never reached the flagship *Oklahoma City*.

I have since learned that the *Edmonds* and her sister ships were pushing their "advisory" role to the fullest extent. Although the Vietnamese patrol boats are radar-equipped, the equipment is not modern, and the crews are not proficient in operating it. So it was the *Edmonds*' radar men who "sighted" suspicious vessels on their scopes and sent the Vietnamese craft in to investigate. This is not overt involvement, but it is an interesting sidelight on American participation in the conflict. It may explain why reporters are not invited on sea voyages off the Vietnam coast.

U. S. military men in Saigon insist that the hold-down order stems, not from the Pentagon, but from the State Department. This is supported by a conversation I had with a high-ranking State Department official after my return from Vietnam. "We're trying to keep foreign policy off page one," he said. He knew of my request to go patroling with the *Edmonds*, so somehow a message that was "lost" by the Seventh Fleet managed to get to the State Department.

THE official curb on news applies not only in Vietnam. The lid is on—tighter than for years past—in other areas of the Far East where we are involved. An example: once a week or so a seaplane leaves Sangley Naval Base in the Philippines and flies over the Paracels, a cluster of little islands in the South China Sea. Four nations claim these islands; the Chinese Communists occupy them. As a gesture of protest against their presence in the Paracels, the patrol plane buzzes the main island. The peasants look up, shake their fists and throw rocks. The next day Peiping radio announces: "For the nth time (it's more than 200) the United States has violated our territory."

This little give-and-take has been going on for years. It amuses us; perhaps it serves a purpose. And it is an action obviously known to the Chinese Communists. But can a correspondent fly on such a mission? No.

We are probing the Bamboo curtain by plane, surface ship and submarine. No one wants to reveal military secrets, but many of these operations are no longer secret. They have been conducted over the same routes for years and are "watched" by Communist radar.

But all such patrols, except for one routine Formosa Straits flight, are classified secret. It would take a big push by the House subcommittee on government information or by some news-gathering organization to declassify a few of them.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

sure that the Bullitt family which owns the Crown stations and the intelligent and courageous staff of KING get the credit due them. GILBERT SELDES, Dean
Annenberg School of Communications
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wrong Union

Dear Sirs: By an unfortunate inadvertence, John J. Lindsay's article, "Windfall in Space," in your June 16 issue, identifies the American Communications Association as having given "solid endorsement" to a bill which would permit the creation of a communications satellite system owned by private communications carriers. Nothing could be further from the truth. The union which has taken this position is the Communications Workers of America (AFL-CIO). . . . The American Communications Association, on the other hand, has consistently opposed all measures which would put the vital communications satellite system in the hands of private carriers. . . . CHARLES L. SILBERMAN
Publicity Director, A.C.A.
New York City

The error was ours. Our apologies to Mr. Lindsay and to Mr. Silberman and the A.C.A.—Editor.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Nazi Whitewash

LE MENSONGE D'ULYSSE (The Lie of Ulysses). By Paul Rassinier. La Librairie Française. 236 pp. 12 NF.
ULYSSE TRAHI PAR LES SIENS (Ulysses Betrayed by His Fellows). By Paul Rassinier. Documents et Témoignages. 125 pp. 4.95 NF.
LE VERITABLE PROCES EICHMANN (The True Eichmann Trial). By Paul Rassinier. Les Sept Couleurs. 249 pp. 15 NF.

Ernest Zaugg

READING the latest book by Professor Paul Rassinier, *The True Eichmann Trial*, one wonders what has happened to the proud tradition of French critical history. One can understand Mrs. Eichmann, who in *Paris Match* speaks of "that innocent man whom I love," but Professor Rassinier belongs to that fraternity in which, as he recently confided to me, "A German professor is not considered worthy to be a student of a French professor and an American professor would not be hired to sweep out a French university classroom." Nevertheless, in his defense of Eichmann he prints a letter from Theresienstadt, dated 23 May 1944 and signed by five members of the official Jewish committee, in which that camp is described in terms appropriate to a vacation resort, a "Strength Through Joy" settlement with a band, library, plentiful food and excellent medical care. And nary a word from the learned professor that this letter had to go through Nazi censorship and could have been written under extreme pressure and for an ulterior motive.

Dozens of similar examples could be culled from his three books, which constitute the most strenuous and deceptive effort at a whitewash job that has yet appeared in the German and French literary market.

The Lie of Ulysses is a description of the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Dora as seen by Professor Rassinier, radical pacifist, social dreamer and swimmer against all streams. Almost everyone in the camps was vile, but it is all humanly understandable, and the S.S. guards were no viler than anyone else.

In *Ulysses Betrayed by His Fellows*, Professor Rassinier denies almost every vestige of the Nazi atrocities in such a radical manner that one is constrained to wonder whether he is naive. No gas chambers in Germany, no proved (with documents) gas chambers in the East, including Auschwitz; or at least no more gas chambers than one finds in Philadelphia and used for the same purpose: to "wash" paint. Auschwitz was a factory for IG Farben and washing paint in gas chambers is how you make it. No six million Jews killed—only a few hundred thousand. The concentration camps no worse than concentration camps anywhere, and they would have been better had not the Communists and their friends, like Eugen Kogon, stolen all the food from the ordinary prisoners. And of course the so-called "final solution"—the plan of genocide—is a myth.

THE BOOKS of Professor Rassinier could be passed over were it not that they are grist for the mill of German nationalism and neo-Nazism. They are avidly read in Germany by a certain strata because they wash the German soul clean. They are pored over by the neo-Nazis because they suggest that all these atrocities which Rassinier regards as myths could have been foisted upon the poor innocent German people by a diabolical conspiracy. They are read by the adventurous and slightly or wholly asocial elements because they have the fascination of the forbidden, of the clandestine, the underground and of everything which is sought out and hunted by the police. When Rassinier was on a recent lecture tour which took him to a dozen German cities (he was banned in Hamburg), a high government official visited him at his hotel, but did not want his name known to the professor's secretary.

Why do the French read him? They surely suffered in concentration camps! The French love to argue. They will argue for hours in their cafés about any new and radical view, no matter how screwy.

Professor Rassinier is the victim of an acute case of "documentitis." Nothing which has not been stamped and sealed is creditable. He is more German than the Germans. He does not realize that when a murderer goes out to kill he does not seek a document signed by the Bürgermeister, the labor office, the police and the local bishop. Rassinier, before he became a whitewasher of German Nazis, was trained for research in the middle ages.

Shortly after Adolf Eichmann was captured in Argentina, his brother, Otto Eichmann, struggling with a problem far beyond his mental capacities, came upon the first two books of Professor Rassinier. He was impressed. This was how a member of the Eichmann family would think. He sent for the professor and asked him to be an adviser to the Eichmann lawyer, Dr. Robert Servatius. There was at the time a secret Eichmann defense committee, consisting of Hans Rechenberg, former press adviser of Hermann Goering, and a Swiss rightist, François Genoud. Rechenberg and Genoud guaranteed the expenses, or part of them, of Dr. Servatius in exchange for the Eichmann copyright (he wrote his memoirs while in prison in Israel) and went about shaking the can for Eichmann among wealthy German former Nazis.

The lawyer and the defense committee listened to Professor Rassinier's plan for a defense during several conferences in Linz at the Eichmann homestead, in Salzburg and at the Hotel Belfast in Paris. Rassinier wanted Dr. Servatius to construct a big historical case, a second Nüremberg trial, by denying every atrocity that the Nazis committed and claiming that reports about them were based on faked documents and false testimony. Neither Dr. Servatius, nor Rechenberg, nor Genoud could accept that strategy. There was considerable bad blood amongst the defenders, and mistrust and vilification. The lawyer wrote his defense, which is a dry document and has not sold 300 copies in Germany. Rassinier wrote his book, which is loaded with dynamite, at least for German readers. Now, whether it is true or not, he claims that Dr. Servatius wants his defense plea included in the German edition of Rassinier's book, so that it will sell more.

Rechenberg was right. As unofficial foreign minister, political adviser and legal counselor for the old Nazis he has warned them again and again to keep their mouths shut, to join no radical or crackpot movement, to disassociate themselves from any ideological argu-

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ERNEST ZAUGG is owner and chief correspondent of the Hometown Feature Service, and has spent twenty years reporting from abroad, chiefly from Europe, Africa and the Far East. He writes for European, Japanese and American publications.

ments or movements, and to concentrate solely on strengthening their economic positions in German industry and finance and to defend themselves in the courts by the democratic rules, but only when necessary. Then along comes Rassinier with his books—very tempting—but the important old Nazis who have followed Rechenberg's "party line" were not interested.

The rank and file, however, are very much interested. The one million Waffen S.S. men, who feel themselves injured by the judgment of Nüremberg which declared them members of a criminal organization—for them, Rassinier is a god. Germany is a strange country. Behind the façade of prosperity, there are many currents and shadowy forms. If in ten years there is a new "stab-in-the-back" legend, Rassinier's books will be honored as its first classics.

The Two Baldwins

ANOTHER COUNTRY. By James Baldwin. Dial Press. 436 pp. $5.95.

Saul Maloff

BY THIS TIME it is permissible—it is *necessary*—to think, not of James Baldwin, the novelist and essayist, but of the two James Baldwins, one the novelist, the other the essayist. The differences between the two achievements are that striking and radical. What has gained Baldwin his reputation as an essayist is not alone his characteristic subject matter—the encounter and confrontation of the races—nor the fervency and passion of his response and address. What is most arresting, and profoundly moving, is the overpowering sense he conveys that on the outcome of this tormented issue we shall live or die, as individuals and as a nation.

Baldwin appears in his essays as a witness, a prophet; but his testimony and prophecy are given their terrible force and urgency by his qualities as a writer. These qualities, most notably, are his poise and clarity and reverberant feeling; and as they are moral as well as literary qualities, they serve beautifully to criticize the life they are poised *against*, simply by existing, by being what they are. We sense the anguish just below the surface of Baldwin's essays, but the surface itself is controlled and lucid. Indeed the feeling is formal, almost stately: the balanced periods move across the page in even progression, as a reproach and a lesson—scrupulously patient in argument, leisurely in tempo, impeccably correct (sometimes even a little pedantic) in language, construction, mechanics.

IN Baldwin's new novel, *Another Country*, there are no effective controls—of form, of language, of moral content, of theme. In intention, *Another Country* is a "big" novel, one dealing with a crucial period in the lives of a rather large number of characters whose fates intersect. The "country" of the title, on the literal level, is New York City, specifically Greenwich Village and Harlem, where much of the action takes place; metaphorically, the country is that misty region on the nether side of society where alienated men and women act out the racial and sexual—and, improbably, the international, or at least the Franco-American—encounter. The characters—black and white, beat and square, irresolutely straight and avowedly homosexual—are in their variety meant to describe the topography of that other country, and to dramatize the way life is lived there.

That is the intention; but intentions do not make novels. Baldwin loses control almost immediately, and never recovers it; and the manner in which he fails lies at the heart of the novel's totally disabling flaws. With catastrophically absurd and chaotic results for the work as fiction, and as criticism of life, he takes his metaphors, his allegory, literally: not illuminating in some imaginative and contingent sense, but *equivalent* in an exact and mathematical one, so that the torments of race and sex, each mirroring the other, are fought out on the same battleground, with the same weapons, to the same issue. (For Baldwin, sex is a "necessary war.")

The ground is prepared in the novel's opening section (which, formally, is more an autonomous novella than an organic part of the whole) in the affair, which begins in confusion and obscurity and ends in madness and suicide, between Rufus Scott (Negro, Northern, sometime homosexual, and male prostitute) and Leona (white, Southern, of active, though mysterious, sexual past). When Rufus, having driven Leona mad by his paranoid rages and brutality, kills himself by leaping from a bridge (which, Baldwin tells us, was named for "the father of his country"), he leaves behind to grieve, among others, a sister who enters upon an affair with Vivaldo (white, Northern, sometime homosexual, and one-time "best-friend"-lover of Rufus) and Eric (white, Southern, formerly Rufus' lover and presently lover of three others: Yves, who is French and, simply, homosexual; Cass, who is white, Northern, and, possibly, female; and Vivaldo himself, who leaves Eric's hot bed after one supremely fulfilling night of love to return to Ida's more pedestrian one). To chart in more detail the campaigns which make up the novel would seem an act of malice.

Since love is notoriously resistant to fictional representation, the novelist, forewarned, must make very certain to establish its reality in the most convincing way before he can demand of it, as Baldwin does, that it carry the immense burden of saving grace to all our dilemmas. Thus, it is here, at the very heart of his conception, that Baldwin falters.

THE artist's job is to name with precision the things of this world; by this means he creates experience, and makes it coherent. That organizing act is a moral one. In this sense, because he misnames the acts and feelings which are the essence of his novel, Baldwin compounds confusion, adding moral to aesthetic failure. We watch it happening on every page. The point of view shifts erratically; the tempo flags; scenes lose their force and drift into limbo; dialogue is wooden, listless, frequently superfluous. The language, because it is without its own energy and shape, seeks desperately for vitality and meaning in obscenity; and because the characters, uncreated, do not relate one to the other, Baldwin drives them furiously to the performance of their agonized acts, stridently demanding of them a significance and beauty they cannot give. Never was D. H. Lawrence's injunction more apt, that we trust the tale, and not the teller of the tale.

When we trust the tale, what do we find? Nothing but a tale in which ciphers are moved about for the wholly willed purpose of illustrating a tortured thesis; a group of singularly uninteresting people moving from one odd bed to another with the most astonishing alacrity and versatility. Rhetoric, which is an aspect of moral blindness, results when a writer tries insistently to persuade us of what is simply not so. It is the full measure of Baldwin's confusions that he should insist that Rufus is the very symbol of suffering hu-

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SAUL MALOFF is a member of the Literature faculty of Bennington College.

manity, our kind of saint, when he is—on his creator's own overwhelming evidence—nothing other than a sadist and a swine, a particularly brutal one; that Vivaldo is our version of Whitman and contains multitudes, fusing all races and sexes within himself, when actually he is a bore and an ass. Let these stand as instances of the novel's pervasive confusion.

Nevertheless, Baldwin is an authentic, and in many ways superbly gifted, writer, who has written, in *Go Tell It on the Mountain,* a fine and sensitive work of fiction. That he is a magnificent essayist is everybody's knowledge, as it is our common gift. For the time being, then, we shall have to look to the essays for Baldwin's exemplary moral—and literary, imaginative—achievement.

One Responsible Man

BURNING CONSCIENCE. By Claude Eatherly and Günther Anders. Monthly Review Press. 139 pp. $4.

Christian Bay

CLAUDE EATHERLY, the Hiroshima pilot, is possibly the only man alive who has already experienced World War III as an executioner as well as a victim. Others involved in the first unleashing of nuclear destruction on a city may have reacted subsequently much as did Adolf Eichmann: they were just cogs in a machine, in the service of their fatherland. They had been effectively taught, it appears, not to feel personal responsibility when acting under orders, regardless of the enormity of any acts they were led to commit. And the Chief himself? When asked on his seventy-fifth birthday whether any incident in his life had caused him pain or regret, ex-President Truman replied, according to Günther Anders, that he deeply regretted not having married earlier than he did.

While the parallel should not be extended (there remains a difference between administering a prolonged process of mass killings of defenseless Jews, and ordering a sudden fury of mass slaughter of civilians behind the enemy's lines, by a man suddenly burdened with responsibilities far beyond his size), neither of these two ever understood what he had done. Both were average rather than vicious men, and yet did not blink at mass slaughter in the service of their nations. If the average person can part so completely with his humanity, how can we expect humanity to endure in an environment of nuclear technology?

Not all human beings, fortunately, share that facility. It is good news that Claude Eatherly's correspondence with the Australian philosopher Günther Anders has at last become available to American readers, who on some issues have become fully as sheltered as readers in totalitarian countries. *Burning Conscience,* with a brief preface by Bertrand Russell and a foreword by Robert Jungk, covers the exchange from its inception in June, 1959, through July, 1961, and includes a cryptic postscript of February 26, 1962, in which the reader is told that Eatherly somehow has escaped and that the authorities know where he is but somehow are no longer bothering him. We may hope that he is now at work on his autobiography, and that he soon will be in a position to take an active part in the peace movement, as a free man.

GRANTED, there *was* a psychiatric basis for hospitalizing Eatherly, if one assumes that an insensitive, clean-shaven conscience is the mark of sanity. Here was one returning military man who could not stomach the role of war hero. He tried hard at first to live a normal, quiet life, with his wife and children; but nightmares of Hiroshima kept tormenting him. Then he tried emigration, then drink, then suicide; and finally criminal acts, including a hold-up, though he walked away from the money, while at the same time he kept sending money for the Hiroshima victims. This erratic behavior led to the psychiatric hospital, and also to the contact with Anders, who had read about him in a newsweekly.

"Since the monstrous guilt which weighed and weighs on you was not understood, was not permitted to be understood . . ." wrote Anders in his first letter, "you have tried to prove your guilt by committing acts which at least are recognized as crimes . . . you, con-

CHRISTIAN BAY, a research associate of the Institute for the Study of Human Problems, Stanford University, is the author of The Structure of Freedom *(Stanford University Press).*

The Labyrinth

I

The wonder was how the Maze like the world
Suited its heroes, for skeletons caught
Each in the nick of its favorite sin
Blocked every turn. There were striders among them,
Piously down on their knee-bones; and jaws
Still asmirk, smilers; sliders of note
With vertebrae archly humped and skull cast down.
Theseus pushed on, annoyed and unimpressed,
Except by those bone-shops that lay at ease,
Tired but still sentimental, hands outstretched
To clutch now at what no more clothed the bone.
That was a shock. And it kept him bemused
Till the Maze ceased, and a field presented,
Making soft lowing sounds, the Minotaur.

II

Not Ariadne's clue, nor his own sense
Of his importance to the world outside—
Nothing not of the Maze could help him now.
The Beast was grazing on flowers, its soft mouth
Cropping flowers so tall they hid its sex,
And watching him sidelong. It trotted off,
Stopped, snuffled, turned its female eyes on him;
Its flanks twitched, and the blood went to his head.
Not destiny, not Ariadne's clue,
No saving word, but the discovery
Appalling and sure as he watched the thing
Coquette, its fuming haunch and polished hooves
Sending the blood in spasms through his flesh,
That all he had to do was walk away.

Emile Capouya

trary to the others, have remained a human being, or have become one anew." Here at last was a man who spoke about *guilt* rather than the psychiatrists' *guilt complex*; a man who intuitively could share with Eatherly some of his dreadful knowledge of the real nature of a new war; one who could help him articulate his yearning to contribute to the fight for peace. The burning conscience gradually became the vehicle of a great and humane purpose.

THE MORE evident Eatherly's sanity became — and there is ample evidence in these letters — the more scared of him became the mighty U.S. Air Force — and the more determined, by hook and by crook, to keep him hospitalized. If Eatherly's guilt were to become widely understood and his insight widely shared, then how would people judge the Air Force, or indeed the whole military-industrial establishment, with its ever-bigger preparations for new mass killings in the name of God and Country?

That can be understood. What is perhaps most frightening in this correspondence is the evidence of the extent to which psychiatrists, judges, juries and even Eatherly's own brother and sister in one way or another were brought around to the idea that he was insane and had to remain hospitalized. His conventional-minded relatives may well have been unable to grasp his talk about peace and morality, and have taken it as further evidence of insanity; in the case of the doctors one must question, as Russell does in his preface, whether they really believed in the accuracy of their own testimony. Throughout this ordeal, Eatherly kept trusting both his relatives and his doctors, although they let him down at almost every turn. At times one wonders whether somewhere in this virtual conspiracy against him there was a design to *make* him psychotic. To some respectably sick brains, that might well have seemed in the national interest — for otherwise the reluctant war hero might succeed in subverting America's will to fight.

The Air Force will have to live with Eatherly. Both his name and his sanity are now firmly established, and his message can no longer be muted. I hope he will become effective in his endeavor to subvert the will to commit mass murder, in America and in all countries. The Eichmann type of man is a more convenient one from a narrowly military point of view, but the chances are that Eatherly's example will prove more congenial to American as well as Soviet youth. To the extent that his hard-earned knowledge of the real meaning of mass murder can become widely shared, humanity may not have to learn again the hard way.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

THE New York Shakespeare Festival, having survived extreme financial hazards and petty bureaucratic jealousy, resides today in a permanent amphitheatre that must be one of the most beautiful outside of Greece, and is certainly one of the most efficient for the outdoor performance of drama.

This exemplary Shakespeare repertory, performed free of charge six nights a week (weather permitting) during the summer months withstood its recurring crises in part because its director, Joseph Papp, is an idealist with an excellent sense of politics and the uses of publicity, and in part because the citizens of New York, for once in their lives, recognized that something good was being done for them and raised a powerful howl when it was threatened. Made bold by this success, the people of the city went on to snatch Washington Square away from the traffic engineers and real estate promoters — perhaps they will eventually free themselves of the lethal fumes now pouring into their streets from private cars and public buses.

THE permanent theatre in Central Park, built with a combination of private and public money, is a platform stage from which rises a steep-raked horseshoe of bleachers that seats 2,300 spectators within a reasonable distance of the stage. Loud-speakers are unfortunately necessary for most of the seating area: I doubt that they can ever be avoided in a city with as strong a ground noise as New York (to say nothing of airplanes) and where there is no natural back-wall to confine the sound. The axis of the structure is just south of east; the audience looks through the skeletal set across a lagoon and a wooded hill to the distant lights of Fifth Avenue. On the right, a feudal castle (the old weather observatory) stands on its rocky crag and flies a banner from its turret; from the left, until night falls, can be heard faint shouts of baseball and soccer players spread out on the fields to the north. Seated there, waiting for the flourish of trumpets, one understands the pride of belonging to a great city—this is how the Athenians and the Elizabethans must have felt. It is not the least of Mr. Papp's accomplishments that he has given back to his fellow New Yorkers at least a trace of the civic dignity that one feared was drowned forever in the humiliations of megalopolitan life.

THE 1962 season opened with *The Merchant of Venice*, to be followed (July 16)

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by *The Tempest* and (August 13) by *King Lear.* As always happens when *The Merchant of Venice* is produced, there have been protests from official Jewish quarters, made the more uneasy this time because one of the performances was shown on television. I cannot argue with Jews who deplore the play—they have suffered much in the name of Shylock—but the fact is, and Mr. Papp's production makes it perfectly clear, that *The Merchant of Venice* is an anti-Semitic play only to those who are already anti-Semites.

As performed here by George C. Scott, Shylock is a proud, powerful man, deeply committed to his traditions and driven to the point of insanity by the hostility and (worse) contempt of the proper Venetians. He demands the forfeit of Antonio's pound of flesh, and certainly it is a piece of wicked vengeance to act so. But the Christians, making much of their superior charity, demand of Shylock the forfeit of his God (he must turn Christian), and they lack the excuse for their cruelty of years of persecution.

The Merchant of Venice is one of Shakespeare's dark comedies, and its lyricism, its buffoonery, bawdry and high spirits, do not hide the ugliness of its main narrative. It is possible to neutralize the gall by making of Shylock a monster or a clown, but when he is played with straightforward clarity, when as here the whole motivation of the play is lucid, one feels that somehow the Antonio-Portia-Bassanio crowd has gotten away with it again. The fact that Portia lives in the suburbs does nothing to allay this social itch. The play is really about the momentum of the organization, with some of the most darling lovers in all Shakespeare thrown in to make it a treat for a summer's night.

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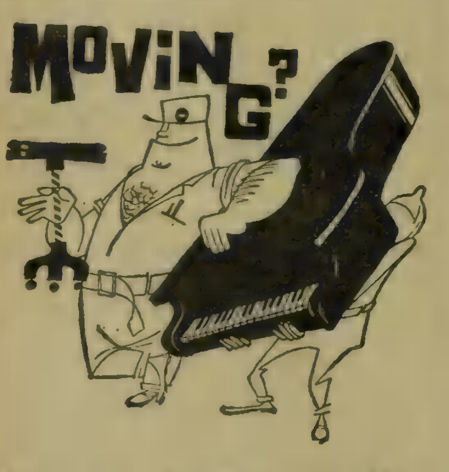

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Nan Martin plays Portia with fine spirit and wit, and she is very lovely; her voice sounded a little harsh at times, perhaps she was not trusting the microphones at the start of the run. Lee Richardson is a properly dashing (and feckless) Bassanio, Bette Henritze a most winning Nerissa. James Earl Jones is spectacularly funny as the Prince of Morocco without falling into the trap of caricaturing his own race (he keeps it personal). John Call stops the show as Launcelot Gobbo, but I have seen Mr. Call in several such roles, and I begin to suspect that he has invented an all-purpose Shakespearean clown. Gobbo, after all, is not Fluellen and Fluellen is not Dogberry; but in Central Park they are all becoming John Call.

Ming Cho Lee has designed a set of cantilevered grace and strength that is bodied out with light and on occasion with two beautiful screens that fill the central opening; Theoni Aldredge designed vivid and flattering costumes on a budget that must have far exceeded the pin money formerly spent on festival dress.

Mr. Papp, finally, staged *The Merchant of Venice* with the directness, the clarity of speech and movement and (with one or two lapses) the confidence in Shakespeare's stage sense that is the hallmark of the Central Park seasons.

ART

Max Kozloff

IN SUMMER, the galleries close, and the artists flee to Provincetown or East Hampton or the country. However arbitrary the summer may be as a stopping point, a compact horde of exhibitions were attended and are already slipping back into or out of memory.

What kind of year has it been: eventful, static, diffuse, or revolutionary? If I offer some opinions on these questions, I certainly do not present them as comprehensive or impartial. Still less would they be prophetic. Rather, on one hand I would like to reduce some of the gaps inevitable in a biweekly column, and on the other, to indulge in that therapeutic activity for critics, the second thought.

Two aspects of the past year strike me as important. One was the exceptional vitality of sculpture, a medium in which it seems continuously possible to establish new frontiers, whatever the going crises in painting. Second, the shift away from abstraction in painting and assemblage, while hardly initiated during these last nine months, has become especially evident. Too indecisive to be called a reaction, too widespread to be homogeneous, the present concerns with recognizable imagery are in no sense a "return" to naturalism. On the contrary, they are engaged in a kind of sado-masochistic dialogue with the abstract "mode," whose moral heroism they have replaced only with sarcasm, and whose confidence (now deemed insufficient) in the physical reality of paint they have not yet matched by a love of appearances. Beyond these generalizations, however, one is obliged to discuss a flock of subheads.

AMONG the older, really authoritative sculptors shown this year, two (David Smith and Henry Moore) were disappointing, and four (Julio Gonzalez, Giacometti, Calder and Reuben Nakian) were variously outstanding. But the attitudes of the younger men have characteristically avoided the figurative implications of their elders. Infatuation with the novelty of materials appears to have declined in the face of a powerful awareness of what those materials can do — with the age-old problem of form. A complex sculpture of disequilibrium, spatial daring and immediacy of gestural effect (contrasting with laboriousness of procedure) has been created by David Weinrib and Tom Doyle. Both of them also work in colored metal or wood, as does John Chamberlain and George Sugarman, so that involvement with pictorial effects is a definite, incalculable presence in new sculpture. I thought, too, that the shows of Stankiewicz, James Rosati, Sondra Beal and Joe Goto had freshness and intensity. In retrospect, these divergent sculptors appear to have in common an avoidance of existential gimmicks (sculpture into Dada object) and a concentration on vividly awkward sensations which emphasize lightness and mobility rather than density and mass.

THE MAIN current of the year, however, has flowed through the trough of a chic surrealism. And the Museum of Modern Art has used this current, with its "Assemblage" show, to irrigate the environment. I recall that affair as momentous, but overcrowded, with the result that the conglomeration of competing personalities resembled a Gargantuan collage. Whether because of the ensuing confusion, or a feeling that everything had already been more or less said, there were remarkably few repercussions to this exhibition. One suspects that the motivations underlying assemblage are equivocal, and that the greater its rhetorical value, the more dubious the artistic premise. As an experience, too, whimsicality or indictment tends to weary on repetition. Furthermore, the emphasis on techniques distracts from the poetic imagination of the artist, so that he becomes one more item in a kind of artistic automobile show, illustrating mechanical features or supporting design clichés (broken glass, doll legs, etc.). Already we are gaining the perspective which either demotes the insolent into the topical, or removes the anti-art disguises from essentially traditional work. In the latter case, one can legitimately ask, why assemblage?

Despite these predicaments, a number of satellite exhibitions this year were droll or handsome or horrifying. I mention the shows of George Ortman, Peter Agostini, Robert Mallary, Bernard Langlais, Arman and Marisol. The last, a young Venezuelan woman, exposed a folksy menagerie of painted, carved wooden caricatured personages, spouting plaster casts and wearing apparel. It was the *cause célèbre* of the spring, simultaneously stylish, accomplished and desperate — for it breathlessly tried to maintain its individuality by the very number and openness of its derivations. There is some originality, perhaps, in blatantly admitting one's lack of it. But this is not a path, I think, which leads anywhere.

The Red Piano

A red piano
he says
a red piano.
I never saw one.
I knew a man who had a red typewriter,
he hardly ever used it.
A red piano.
Would it seem lighter to carry upstairs
than a black one?
A red piano, a red piano.
Let us think more musical thoughts.
Anselm Hollo

TO THE unwitting decadence of some current assemblages has more recently been added the knowing cynicism of the "pop cult" artists, perhaps the most thoroughly "new" phenomenon to emerge in the past year. Here again is an antagonism to abstract forms, but curiously, too, an unprecedented abstractness of *feeling* that sets one's teeth on edge. Despite the unabashedly American origin of their subjects — steals from comic strips, billboards and commercial illustration — these artists totally lack a kind of traditional American romanticism in their vision. Gelid young men like James Rosenquist, Andy Warhol (in his copies of Campbell Soup ads) and Roy Lichtenstein have carried to extremes a coarse simplification of shadow and outline that counterfeits the grossness, not of the amateur, which is a familiar enough sight in a gallery, but of the condescending illustrator, which isn't. They have given us not only an apotheosis of the corny in all its bellowing obstreperousness, but have gone so far as to provide, lovingly, a kind of *explication de texte* of this whole subliterate world. Their mistakes have been to think that in embracing *Kitsch* they are affirming art, and that the least transformation of a motif implies the greatest daring. (Rather, it signifies the end of liberty.) A painting by Lichtenstein is at once ingenuous and vicious, repulsive and modish — the latest sensation.

Still, there are other alternatives within the genre, as proved by Claes Oldenberg and Jean Tinguely, whose penchant for socio-political theatrics and projection of the creative act into a public performance ("happening") I don't much like. Much more ambiguous were Jim Dine and Peter Saul, the only ones among the group who seem to be aware that the ironic mode requires irony. They are more witty and more painterly (which keeps them from being smart alecky) than their fellows, but their lively sense of the absurd cannot fail to limit their efforts, even as it lends them intelligence.

Finally, there appeared a West Coast painter, Wayne Thiebaud, removed from all this perverse "show biz," even if his bakery and grocery goods subject matter superficially allies him with the pop cultists. The short time that has passed since his show reveals him at his best as a "straight" painter whose wonderful hedonism mocks his iconography, rather than the other way around, as with Dine and Saul.

ALMOST as an addendum to the disquiet with abstraction, the Museum of Modern Art's end-of-the-season figure show earned a unanimous disapprobation which was, for once, justified. There had been defensible complaints about the exclusion of one group of artists or another, but I doubt whether any of them would have salvaged a display, the primary fault of which was the absence of either passion or innocence. Depriving themselves of metaphysical overtones, different figure painters fell into an obnoxious sentimentality, or worse, into Philistine positions about representation which were outmoded before Impressionism. Overrated artists such as Larry Rivers or Alex Katz, on the other hand, tried to preserve a certain modernity by keeping their fingers in the pies of abstraction, pop cult and the figurative at the same time, yet only succeeded in spreading themselves too thin. For the most part, however,

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the "figure" artists floundered in the dangerous backwash of Abstract Expressionism, producing merely trivial results. The only exceptions were artists so sealed off from current trends by their admirable obsessiveness and fantasy that they could not fail to be individual, or at the very least, antic. Their names are James McGarrell, Richard Lindner and Balthus (who showed earlier).

THE foregoing remarks would be misleading if they implied that there was either a surcease of energy or a demoralization of spirit among Abstractionists. On the contrary, the year was crowded with their shows. Chief among them was the Guggenheim's "Abstract Expressionists and Imagists," a gigantic yet hastily put together survey of the old and the new. It left no doubt that the former (so called "action painting") is in serious trouble, even though I find it difficult to explain precisely why Kline, Hofmann and de Kooning — viewed also in their own muscular shows — should have failed to stimulate. (Perhaps because any form can outlive its original meaning, especially after ten years in New York.) Even the Guston retrospective, which was the most exciting and distinguished showing of an American this year, demonstrated a falling off in its latest reaches.

As the second half of its title suggested, however, the Guggenheim exhibition isolated another kind of abstract painting, notable for its drastic simplifications of mass, color (itself becoming a new absolute) and compositional forces. Barnett Newman would here be a mentor, to be seconded by Raymond Parker, Paul Jenkins, Morris Louis and Louis Noland. Their conventions range from huge washy spills to concentric, targetlike circles, all of which are juxtaposed against bare canvas. But for all their delicacy, and occasional attractiveness, they are as restricted when compared with their enormous predecessor, Rothko, as is a latter-day Abstract Expressionist, such as Nicholas Carone, when placed next to an early de Kooning.

Relating to, and yet overarching, their efforts was conceivably the highest quality exhibition of the year, the Matisse cut outs (from the 1950s) at the Museum of Modern Art. Here were revealed both the dream and, by implication, the deficiencies of the "Abstract Imagists." All in all, then, abstract artists suffered from the same difficulty (though I think much less consciously) as did their far-flung competitors — namely, the problem of proceeding forward while still very much under the shadow of illustrious accomplishment at mid-century.

IT WAS thus a year in which no major step was taken, a year of fragmentation, mannerism and, if you will, artistic hiatus. But, in turn, one witnessed a most complicated, albeit destructive, flailing about, which was not without its capacity to move the commentator. Struggling against the effects of an over-saturation which made it difficult for him to spot anything noteworthy, he still had to be thankful for what he saw. One's greatest challenge was to recognize merit, even when it came incriminated by fashion.

As for the problems of the artist, they remain the same: to avoid distractions, and to imagine and act freely. From this obligation, the creator ought to have no escape.

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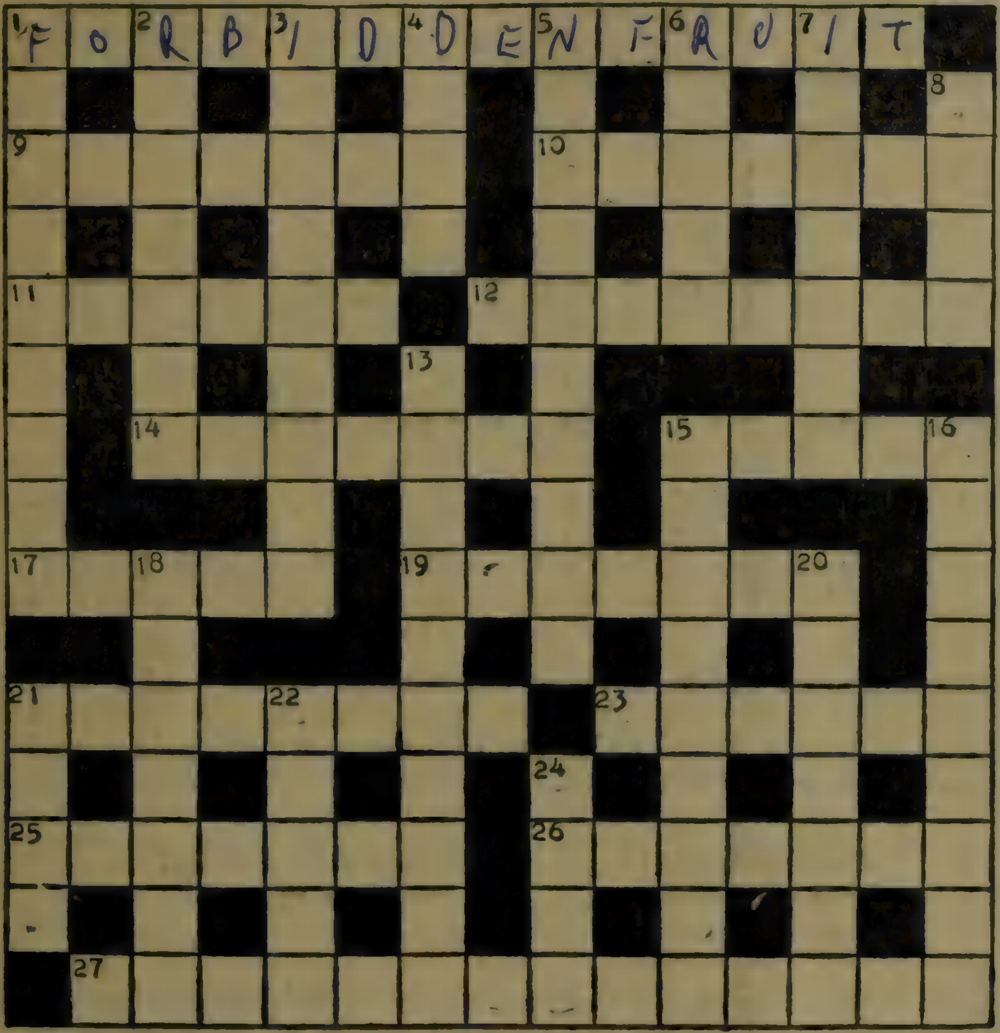
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Apples and dates for the too-young? (9, 5)
9 High spots of two-and-a-half deck bridge positions? (7)
10 One who is, has more than enough to leave, and declares it. (7)
11 Badly constructed English cathedral (about six-fifty). (6)
12 The new type has been officially recommended, one being not fully developed. (8)
14 and 15 Principle protector? (5, 2, 5)
17 A 12 town to avoid! (5)
19 Wrong in sex adjustment? (Made from extracts illegally!) (7)
21 One might have got off on the wrong foot if one does 16 without a large number. (8)
23 and 25 See 22 down.
26 Evidently his hand isn't long. (7)
27 These might be habit-forming. (5,9)

DOWN:

1 Stupid direction of Jack Spratt's wife? (9)
2 and 8 Not part of the body—just track shorts and shoes! (7, 4)
3 Impress by reiteration. (9)
4 See 22 down
5 Shown by detailed statements of professional court entertainers? (3, 7)
6 Concerning wrong-doing in some plants? (5)
7 Foreign aspect of a nail, it seems. (7)
8 See 2 down
13 Gave notice of what might have been changed to drive dates crazy? (10)
15 Giving a good hiding to someone who has done wrong? (9)
16 These birds would be quite confused by the traffic laws! (9)
18 The warder in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." (7)
20 The butt of rumor? (7)
21 Mechanical course indited, by the sound of it. (4)
22, 25 across, 4 down and 23 across Has a certain amount of ground-to-ground association. (5, 2, 5, 4, 2, 4)
24 Not exactly the equivalent of "Holy cow!" (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 969

ACROSS: 1 Portable radio; 10 On tap; 11 Orangeman; 12 Panhandle; 13 Tenet; 19 Obstreperous; 22 Durum; 24 High dives; 25 Nightfall; 26 Iowan; 27 Class struggle. DOWN: 2 Octane; 3 Tapdancer; 4 Broad jump; 5 Evade; 6 Argot; 7 Imminent; 8 Loops; 9 Another; 15 Irregular; 16 Trundling; 17 and 14 Nodding acquaintance; 18 Astragal; 20 Avowal; 21 Using; 23 Mites; 24 Heaps.

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THE NATION

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Saskatchewan

DOCTORS vs. THE PEOPLE

Mark Gayn

The Turn Toward Politics:

I

PEACE TAKES to the HUSTINGS

Mary M. Grooms

II

FREEDOM RIDERS to the POLLS

Staughton Lynd

LETTERS

India and the Nagas

Dear Sirs: Re George N. Patterson's article, "India's Unreported War," in your June 16 issue, I call your attention to the fact that a somewhat similar article by him published on June 17 in the London *Observer* elicited the following comment from the Indian High Commission in London:

"The policy followed by the Indian Government in Nagaland is one of protecting the vast majority of peaceful Nagas against violent terrorist and brutal activities of a misguided minority of hostile Nagas. The Indian Government has created a separate autonomous State of Nagaland and unified Naga areas into one entity protecting their tribal customs and rights.

"The Naga Administration is headed by a Naga leader with the Executive Council composed entirely of Nagas, elected by Naga people themselves. . . . It is the Naga hostile minority which has committed atrocities on peaceful Nagas. The role of the Indian forces in Nagaland is one of protecting peaceful citizens against such atrocities. . . .

"The Naga problem, like other internal problems in any country, is one for the Government and the people of India to consider and solve and it is, in fact, near solution with the creation of an autonomous State of Nagaland within the Indian Union."

S. D. Kalelkar
Chief, Information Division
Washington, D.C. Embassy of India

FCC and Wire Tapping

Dears Sirs: In recent weeks, Congress has been considering proposals which would legalize wire tapping in certain defined situations. . . . I will not repeat the arguments against wire tapping so admirably set forth by Senator Long in your issue of July 14. It is important to note, however, that existing law on the subject is confused and unsatisfactory. I have therefore introduced legislation which simply and clearly prohibits all forms of wire tapping by forbidding either interception or divulgence of messages. The real question involved is one of enforcement.

Quite simply, we have no police to police the police in this matter. It is difficult to believe that enforcement officers who themselves are directly interested in the fruits of wire tapping will prosecute others for this offense. Indeed, in the fall of 1959, Attorney General William P. Rogers could write, "There is no record of prosecution by the Federal Government . . . of local law enforcement officers who have intercepted and divulged. . . ."

If the normal enforcement agency is unlikely to do the job, it would seem wise to apply the old American concept of "checks and balances." What I have in mind is quite simple: Only an independent, disinterested agency could reasonably be expected objectively to investigate known or suspected wire tapping offenses. Such an agency, fortunately, is at hand: The Federal Communications Commission is fully authorized to investigate and publicize all aspects of wire tapping. Though FCC has taken little interest in this question, a forceful and determined leadership within the commission could do much to end the practice without changing the law.

Specifically, the FCC could (1) require all telephone companies to report all instances of detections of wire tapping; (2) require all telephone companies to investigate suspected wire tapping; (3) make public reports from the companies. Investigation, with public reporting, would open the way for criminal prosecution and actions against state officials.

Public interest in this question, and a direct concern by the FCC, could obviate the need for new legislation and restore meaning and dignity to the ideal of individual freedom that lies at the heart of our heritage.

Robert W. Kastenmeier
Member of Congress (2nd Dist., Wis.)
Washington, D. C.

Virtues of a Critic

Dear Sirs: The Nation had an excellent music critic in Lester Trimble. Now, in Benjamin Boretz, it has the best music critic writing in America. . . . Mr. Boretz has erudition, insight, superb judgment and a fine prose style. He also has guts. . . . *The Nation* has always been outspoken in its political criticism, and it is good to see that this quality extends into the world of music. I am looking forward to reading Benjamin Boretz for many years to come.

Bayside, N. Y. Max H. Massey

Peace Leader

Dear Sirs: This year marks the seventy-fifth birthday of Florence H. Luscomb, of Cambridge, Mass., whose personal history is the story of a lifelong dedication to the cause of freedom, justice and peace for all peoples. . . . We invite *Nation* readers to join in honoring this great lady by contributing to a fund to pay for her passage to the next meeting of the World Peace Council, to be held in Japan on the anniversary of Hiroshima Day. Checks should be made payable to: Florence H. Luscomb Travel Fund, and mailed to: Mrs. Emerson F. Moseley, Neck Lane, Centerville, Mass.

Margaret Moseley
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The Nation, July 28, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 2

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Scent on the Wind

Weapons procurement and graft have traditionally gone together. In the days of battleships, some patriotic steelmasters sold the Navy defective armor plate. In the Spanish-American War, some meatpackers supplied the Army with embalmed beef. In World War I, many American airmen died in "flying coffins." After World War II, the chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee went to jail for influence peddling. The cold war made military spending a mainstay of the economy; surprisingly, there has been little scandal. It would be pleasant to believe that the penchant for crookedness has diminished, but it is far more likely that progress has been made in the art of covering up. Even so, some familiar smells are beginning to appear.

Rep. Earl Wilson (R., Ind.) read into the *Congressional Record* of July 13 a series of stories by Charles Nicodemus in the *Chicago Daily News*. Robert Snoyer, president of Consad Corporation, a small West Coast electronics firm, wanted a Signal Corps contract. At Fort Monmouth, the vast research and procurement center of the Signal Corps in New Jersey, he was told by William Laverick, described as director of the production engineering department for the Army signal material support agency; Harrison F. Tryon, chief of the agency's logistics division, and Malcolm Schaefer, a former Signal Corps employee, that on payment of $48,000 he could be awarded a $2,400,000 contract for Army field-telephone switchboards. Snoyer protested that his firm could not afford $48,000 and the amount was reduced to $20,000.

The deal fell through and at some point Snoyer told his story to the *Chicago Daily News* and the FBI. The three accused men, according to the *Daily News* account, asked for $1,500 to cover the work they had done and to "grease the way" for future contracts. Acting under FBI instructions, Snoyer agreed to bring the money to the swank Shadow Brook restaurant in Shrewsbury, near Fort Monmouth. When he gave $850 in marked bills to Laverick and $650 to Tryon, both men were seized and arraigned before a U.S. Commissioner on charges of accepting bribes. Schaefer was arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting bribery.

The amounts involved are, of course, in the peanut class. More important are the cases of what, in Tammany Hall nomenclature, would be called honest graft, such as purchases by the Armed Services of material at several times what it is worth. Representative Wilson, a long-time critic of sole-source procurement practices, submitted some cases to the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Investigations. The price of AN/SPS-10 radars, negotiated by the Navy with Sylvania and DuMont, was $40,000 apiece. When open competition was introduced, Daystrom, Inc., bid $17,083 and won the contract. Sole-source negotiations with Collins Radio resulted in a price of $60,000 for the AN/WLR-1 electronic countermeasures receiver. Under competitive bidding the price dropped to $15,000 per system, with Sylvania on the winning end this time.

THE NATION'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated August 11.

To conclude what could be a long list, AN/PRC-10, a portable radio set purchased by the Army Signal Supply Agency in large quantities, cost $404 apiece from firms like Admiral Corporation, RCA and Motorola, but at the first open competition the price dropped to $286 each for over 10,000 units. The remarkable thing about this case was that the award went to a Huntington, Ind., firm. For the most part, Midwest firms have had lean pickings; the gravy goes to five or six states, with California far in the lead. The contractors in the favored states are happy, but their good fortune is imperiled by their hungry brethren in defense backwaters like Illinois and Michigan. The Congressmen from the underprivileged states will go hunting for padded contracts and outright thievery, and it is a safe bet they will find both.

Too Many People!

In publishing its *Adaptive Program for Agriculture*, the Research and Policy Committee of the Committee for Economic Development has earned the same credit for intrepidity that legend has bestowed on Hercules for cleaning out the Augean stable. Hercules, however, had a gimmick: he turned two rivers through the stable. The CED's gimmicks hold out less prospect of success.

The CED's five-year plan is designed to rid the United States of the incubus of farm subsidies and to restore a free-market agriculture. Government support would be adjusted to bring farm prices down to levels which, after the five-year transitional period, would be sustained by consumer demand. Thus cotton would fall from the current level of about 32 cents a pound to 22 cents, wheat from $2 a bushel to $1.35, corn from $1.20 a bushel to $1, and so on. The consumer and the taxpayer would rejoice. At the same time, in order to deter the farmer from reaching for his shotgun, in the first year of the plan he would receive the full difference between the subsidized price and the calculated free-market price. In the second year he would receive only 80 per cent of the difference, and after five years he would be a classical entrepreneur, standing on his two feet and receiving nothing from government.

By this time not only prices would have been slashed, but also the farm population. The farm labor force now stands at about 5.5 million and is diminishing, but not fast enough for the CED planners. They propose to cut it, at the rate of 400,000 to 500,000 a year, to an ultimate level of 3.5 million. The displaced farmers would be "retrained" — the same cure that is proposed for the factory and office workers displaced by automation. The government would provide other assistance, such as information about available non-farm jobs and relocation expenses. All this would cost money; but in five years, if the plan succeeds, the agony would be over and the current multi-billion-dollar government investment in surpluses would be only a bad memory.

In a modern complex economy, planning is a necessity and since our government does little planning except for armaments and space travel, there is every reason for private bodies to propose plans of their own. The CED agricultural plan, unfortunately, is based on hypotheses which are unlikely to work out in practice. There is no reason to believe that non-farm work can be found for ex-farm labor: rather, by all indications industry will have all it can do to take care of its own, not to speak of the over-all share of the "population explosion." The present barely tolerable level of unemployment is as likely to increase as to decrease. Another complication is noted by *The Washington Post* (July 16). Besides the 5.5 million farmers, 6 million persons are engaged in the farm-supply business, and some 10 million in processing, shipping and distributing farm products. Between 45 million and 50 million rural, non-farm people would also be affected. "The serious dislocation of this national rural community," the *Post* suggests, " . . . could so greatly diminish buying power in rural America that non-farm industry would be affected and its ability to absorb former farmers further diminished."

For America's present and growing population, industrial activity is far too low. Or, for the present level of industrial activity, the population is too high. People may be our most precious resource, but we don't know what to do with them. The CED does not know any more than do the rest of us.

Hail, Telstar

The Nation does not wish to be churlish about the achievement of transatlantic television, but the uproar which has been raised in the press and on the air waves requires no augmentation by this journal. The press obliged by providing a christening as dazzling as any the American Telephone & Telegraph Company could wish for. The imagination of the civilized world, we are told, was captured by "the lofting into the heavens of a bejeweled sphere crammed with man-made magic wands that turn blips and beeps into sights and sounds." Telstar has given "new luster to that oft-whipped old goat, Free Enterprise"; its launching is "a proud example of how government and industry can work together for mutual benefit." And, of course the Soviets are now shown up as a bunch of jerks, with sophisticated U. S. technology flying rings around "the big-thrust, small-yield accomplishments of the Soviet Union."

With all due respect to the Bell Labs staff and the other engineers involved, this is laying it on a bit thick. The fact is that in the last few decades microwave technology has been developed to a point where extension into space was clearly within the state of the art. Once the rocket put the satellite in orbit (which was solely NASA's job) it was reasonably certain that the system would work. Reliability is something that still remains to be tested.

Nor does anyone know, at this stage, whether a low-to-medium-altitude system is the best type of communications satellite. To provide continuous service with this system, between thirty and fifty Telstars would have to be put in orbit, with the ground stations switching from one to another as they come into range. There may be equal or greater difficulties with a synchronous system, using satellites in an equatorial 22,300-mile orbit; if it works, only three satellites will be needed.

The private-enterprise hoopla is likewise much overdone. Most of the work was accomplished at public expense and no small part of it in government laboratories. A.T.&T. has made a great point of its expenditures, but, as Senator Kefauver points out in *The New York Times* (July 18), "Telstar will cost the A.T.&T. stockholder absolutely nothing, contrary to A.T.&T. representations. Every single penny spent will be covered by the taxpayer and the telephone user; every single dollar that will not be deducted from A.T.&T.'s taxes will be passed along to the telephone user."

Perhaps the most brilliant part of the achievement is its timing. In the mind of any thoughtful person, there must be the gravest doubt that the communications satellite system should be turned over to private interests dominated by one vast corporation. While the legislation to this end is still pending — and so far quite inadequately debated — A.T.&T. grabs the spotlight. It may be a great technological achievement, but the congratulations should go in even greater measure to the A.T.&T. press agents and lobbyists.

The Dirty War

In relation to the United States, South Vietnam looks more and more like Algeria in relation to France during the seven-year war. Even *Time,* which rejoices in the slaughter of alleged Communists anywhere in the world, calls the Vietnamese war a "bitter, dirty guerrilla struggle." Under the caption "Swimming Lesson," *Time* describes the treatment of two Viet Cong youths, fifteen and nineteen, found hiding in a canal by Vietnamese government troops "advised" by American officers. The older boy's jaw was forced open and five gallons of water from a rusty old can were "gradually" poured into his mouth. "The youth gagged and screamed," *Time* relates, "but refused to talk, even when prodded with a rifle butt." *Time* then reassures the squeamish reader: the water treatment "was more frightening than hurtful."

All in all, *Time* finds the situation getting better. A *New York Times* account, cabled a few days later by Robert Trumbull, sounds a more somber note. Over the July 14 weekend, ten Americans were killed or presumed dead, and responsible observers in the American Army engaged in South Vietnam expect the casualty lists to mount. That Army (and Air Force) now numbers 8,000 men. The Viet Cong can muster some 25,000. There are perhaps six Vietnamese government soldiers to every rebel, but somehow the Viet Cong holds its own. With the rainy season, operations will become more difficult for both sides, but the Viet Cong, accustomed to living in the jungle and without heavy equipment, will be hampered less than the South Vietnamese forces, whom we have provided with heavy vehicles and armor. Moreover, as the weather worsens, U. S. air transport, napalm bombings and other amenities will be less available to defend against expected Viet Cong attacks.

The dirty war may not be lost by the United States, but neither will it be won. At the expense of mounting American casualties, it will drag on. As long as President Ngo Dinh Diem and his collection of gangsters and grafters hold power, there is no hope of peace. The Americans who die do not even have the consolation of giving their lives in a good cause. The Viet Cong proposal, reported from Tokyo by the A.P. under a July 17 date line, for a Laos-type solution, has no chance at this point. There is no telling whether such a formula will work in Laos, much less in South Vietnam. But if it does work in Laos, it would be criminal folly to refuse to consider the idea for South Vietnam.

SASKATCHEWAN

DOCTORS vs. THE PEOPLE . .

by Mark Gayn

Toronto, July 20

CARL ALEXANDER DERHOUSOFF, aged nine months, fell ill on Saturday afternoon, June 30. He developed a mild fever, and his parents assumed he was teething. Little could be done about it anyway, for their village of Usherville is a doctorless dot lost in the wheat country of Eastern Saskatchewan. On Sunday morning, July 1, the child's condition turned worse. The Derhousoffs' neighbors offered to drive them to the nearest doctor. Mrs. Derhousoff climbed into the back seat of the car, with the boy in her arms.

The hospital at Preeceville, twenty-two miles away, was closed to patients. "There's usually a doctor in Preeceville," the father said later. "We tried phoning him, but the operator said the doctors were taking no telephone calls after 12:01 that Sunday morning."

Canora, thirty-six miles farther, also has a hospital. It was also closed, and no doctors could be found in the town. The next stop was to be in Yorkton, eighty-five miles from Usherville. But a few miles before they reached it, Mrs. Derhousoff said, the boy "suddenly stiffened in my arms and stopped breathing." There was a hospital in Yorkton offering "emergency service," and the doctor on duty was able to confirm Carl's death by meningitis.

Could the boy's life have been saved if the hospitals had been open in Preeceville and Canora, or even if the doctors had been willing to answer their telephone calls? The coroner will not rule on this until July 30. But in the minds of many, Carl Derhousoff was the first casualty of the strike that most of the 900 doctors of Saskatchewan declared in the opening minute of that

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MARK GAYN is an editorial writer for the Toronto Star.

Sunday morning—at the moment that the provincial Medical Care Insurance Act was put into effect.

LITTLE Carl's death is a symbol of the fear and the confusion, distress and controversy that have held this province in their grip since July 1. Normally, Saskatchewan is a tranquil region of wheat fields spreading as far as the eye can see, of small and quiet towns, and of people with decided ideas on social justice. In every provincial election since 1944, they have been voting in a mildly Socialist government. But they have also sent to the House of Commons in Ottawa a small-town criminal lawyer with a vocal concern for the civil liberties. His name is John Diefenbaker, and for the past five years he has been the Conservative Prime Minister of Canada.

The tranquillity, the balance, the ideas of what is just and what is not—all these are no more. The dispute on the rights and wrongs of the doctors' strike has divided Saskatchewan into hostile camps. Families have been split in two, and old friendships broken. Class has been set against class with a bitterness unseen for decades in this largely rural province. The church is divided, with the Anglican, United Church and Roman Catholic leaders urging moderation, but with many individual clergymen and priests joining in the growing chorus of hate. The larger newspapers in the province—and the television and radio stations they control—have become unabashed champions of the striking doctors. And those who favor the medical-care act—including the government itself—found that the best way to reach the public was by buying advertising space and time. But even hard cash is no assurance the message will reach the public. A large group of professors from the University of Saskatchewan collected money for a broadcast by two visiting medical reporters, known to be in favor of the act. The TV station taped the broadcast, but let it be known that the program could not be shown until after the anti-government demonstration in Regina on July 11. Nothing was to dampen the spirits of the prospective marchers.

A spirit of violence is abroad. The striking doctors, the non-striking doctors newly arrived from Britain, the College of Physicians and Surgeons (which has been directing the strike), the members of the Medical Care Commission, and Saskatchewan's Premier, Woodrow Lloyd, have been receiving threatening calls and letters. Among the numerous letters in Mr. Lloyd's "poison mail" there was one from a doctor who signed it, "In eternal hatred, yours. . . ." Some letters are scatological. In the town of Swift Current, in which a public medical-care plan has been in operation for many years, many of the doctors fled with their families because of threats. And at least one leading advocate of the medical-care act has been forced out of his job by his employer.

THE NERVE center of the strike is the Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons, headed by Dr. H. D. Dalgleish. It is lavish in its expenditures, well-staffed, and intransigent to the point where even many of the striking doctors feel their image is being hurt. Its informal "citizens' organization" is "Keep Our Doctors" (KOD) Committee. But KOD has been speaking with such shrill tones that some alarmed merchants and professional people have now formed a parallel body called SOS, or "Save Our Saskatchewan." SOS is shying away from KOD, and its prime concern is that (in the words of its spokesman) "if a large firm is thinking of locating here, it might not come, thinking this is anarchy."

Typical of KOD activities are the mass meetings it has been sponsoring all across the province. One of its star performers has been Father Athol Murray, the white-haired principal of Notre Dame College at Wilcox, a village twenty-eight miles south of Regina. At a meeting in Saskatoon, according to the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix,* Father Murray was at his most forceful:

> Tossing aside his coat and clerical collar, the priest shouted, "There are three Reds here. I can't see them; I can smell them. You, Communists, may think that we're naive and hollow-chested, but we gave 100,000 boys fighting for the freedom you are fighting against. You Reds, I want you to know that we're proud as hell to be Canadians. . . . I loathe the welfare state and I love the free-swinging doms. I am seventy and I'll never ask for old age pension—to hell with it—I want to be free."

Although he was scheduled to speak at the long-heralded Regina march on the Legislature on July 11, Father Murray was not there. But the rally featured much the same oratory as his, and the more intemperate the speeches, the better they were received by the crowd. There were shouts of "Amen Brother" and "You tell them," and an NBC reporter noted it was "just like covering the anti-integration meetings in the South." During the rally, they hanged Premier Lloyd in effigy; they waved placards reading, "Welcome to Red Square" and "We need our doctors—we don't need our government"; and they presented Premier Lloyd with a three-foot-wide petition tied with a green bow and carried by eleven persons from KOD.

A great deal of money and effort went into the Regina demonstration. But, in the end, only 4,000 people showed up, and, except for the inflammatory speeches and posters, it looked much like a country picnic.

THE government had dreaded the demonstration, for fear it might lead to violence. When the rally failed, the spirits of those who back the medical-care plan went up. But it would be wrong to think that the failure of the demonstration meant that the people are emotionally uninvolved, or that they largely favor the medical-care plan. Public passions are high, the reactions change from day to day, and the people are confused. The best witness is Mrs. Vicky Derhousoff. After burying her infant son, she said:

"My baby died in my arms and I blame the government of Saskatchewan. If they had not forced the doctors to strike, my Carl would be alive today. . . . I have been against the medical plan from the start. It's too darned expensive and Pete has been out of a job since last fall."

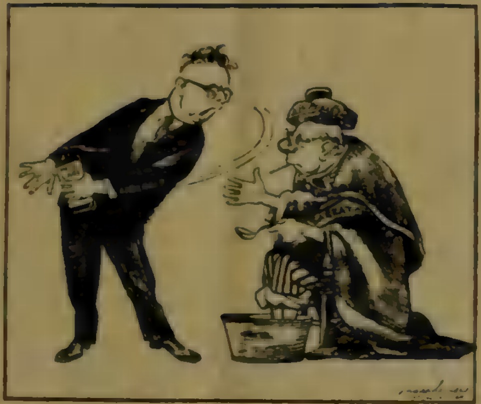
The current crisis did not descend on Saskatchewan unheralded. Ever since a fiery little Baptist ex-preacher named "Tommy" Douglas led the

Socialists (then known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation or CCF) to power in the province back in 1944, universal medical care has stood high on his platform. In 1947, the Socialist-dominated Legislature enacted a provincial hospital-care insurance plan (which two years ago was taken over by the rest of the nation). In December, 1959, Mr. Douglas announced his government would introduce a prepaid and universal medical-care insurance plan. With the provincial election scheduled for June 8, 1960, health-care insurance for all became the prime, if not the only, issue in the campaign. (Up to this point, the province had had no publicly supported medical-insurance plan with the exception of the regional one centered in Swift Current. There was, however, extensive use of private medical insurance provided by organizations similar to the American Blue Shield.)

THE Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons took up the challenge. Five weeks before the election, it denounced the plan, and urged the public to turn it down at the polls. The 900 doctors in the province were assessed $100 each for a war chest. At the same time, the Canadian Medical Association sent to Saskatchewan two Toronto public-relations men, equipped with ideas supplied by the American Medical Association. Quickly, they prepared and mailed campaign kits to doctors throughout the province. Eventually the college came to regret these handouts, which included a model speech for any doctor who wanted to go campaigning. The speech told the voters that the proposed law offered a threat to certain Roman Catholic dogmas, and that it would expose each patient's personal problems and diseases to government knowledge. "Patients would become just a number, as happened in other countries." Another pamphlet — whose preachments seem to have remained alive to this day—predicted the doctors would leave Saskatchewan en masse if the medical-care plan was put into effect: "They will have to fill the profession with the garbage from Europe. Some of the European doctors are so bad we wonder if they ever practiced before coming here."

When the votes had been counted, the Socialists retained the same number of seats—thirty-eight—that they had in the previous Legislature. The other seventeen were taken by the Liberals, whose position on medical care could be described as, "In principle we think it's a good thing, but it needs further study."

On November 17, 1961, the Legislature approved a bill establishing a prepaid and universal medical-insurance plan for the province. Taxes were provided to pay for part of the expenses of the plan; the balance was to come from the annual fee of $12 for a single person and $24 for a family. By and large, the forty-nine clauses of the act were not as all-embracing as Britain's medical-care plan. For one thing, the new law did not provide for drugs. Another one of its flaws was that some of its paragraphs were loosely worded to provide for unexpected eventualities. The doctors claimed these generalities were meant to be used later to convert them into civil servants.



Macpherson: Toronto Star
'Wouldn't you rather be dead than Red?'

Even as the legislative machinery was turning the act out, the College of Physicians was girding itself for the new battle. The few leading doctors who favored the act — including Alexander Robertson, chairman of the college's salaried doctors' branch—were ousted from the executive. The direction of the college fell into the hands of a few intractable city doctors who saw in the act a threat to their freedom as well as their income (an average of $18,000 after expenses for Saskatchewan, as compared to the Canada-wide average of $15,000). This was socialism, regimentation, interference with the doctors in their professional duties.

The Canadian Medical Association backed the Saskatchewan College of Physicians to the full. It saw in the act the opening wedge of a national medical-care plan, to which it was vehemently opposed. It also sensed that Saskatchewan was a good battlefield, for the position of the Socialists seemed shaky. "Tommy" Douglas had left the provincial scene to become national leader of the New Democratic Party (which last year displaced the CCF). In his place came Woodrow Lloyd, who did not seem to have "Tommy's" old political wizardry.

Thus comforted by the Canadian Medical Association—and by the American Medical Association, which also had a vested interest in the fight —the Saskatchewan college went into the fray. It would not negotiate with Premier Lloyd until the law was scrapped—a demand unacceptable in any society of law. It also scoffed at all his compromise proposals.

THESE concessions were far-reaching indeed. As originally written, the act authorized the Medical Care Commission to "make regulations . . . prescribing the terms and conditions in which physicians and other persons may provide insured services. . . ." And an amendment to the act passed by the Legislature last April designated the Medical Care Commission as the patient's agent in dealing with the doctors—unless the patient expressly denies such authority. The College of Physicians objected strongly to both clauses —the first on the ground that it would turn physicians into employees of the government, the second because the doctors did not want anyone, and especially a government agency, intruding into physician-patient relationships.

On June 22 and again on June 26 —the latter date only four days before the doctors' strike began—Premier Lloyd made a public commitment that the two clauses would be stricken from the act.

After the strike began, Mr. Lloyd made further compromises. He pledged that the act would be revised so that any doctor who did not wish to practice under it could practice outside of it. He pledged, further, a revision which would allow doctors who did not want to have direct contact with the Medical Care Commission to present their bills to their patients, who in turn would be compensated by the state. And he undertook still another amendment: any patient could, by filling out a simple form, stay out of the plan, although he would still be required to pay his annual $12 fee.

All these concessions were in vain. Early last month, the college advised the 150 hospitals in the province to dismiss all but the most serious cases among their patients. In the middle of June, it designated thirty-four hospitals as "emergency centers," in which "emergency" cases alone would receive treatment from "volunteer" doctors. (These would take no fees so as not to fall under the provisions of the act.) Doctors' offices bloomed with signs announcing that no medical care would be available after July 1. Premier Lloyd's desperate, last-minute efforts to negotiate went unheeded. On the stroke of midnight, on June 30, the historic strike was on. And, as newspapers throughout North America quickly grasped, this was not Saskatchewan's battle alone. The fate of medical-care plans for the entire continent was being decided in this prairie province.

EVEN before the strike was called, the government sent Dr. Sam Wolfe to London with orders to hire twelve physicians. There was some difficulty because the *British Medical Journal* and *Lancet* both declined to carry the provincial government's advertisement as "a fraternal courtesy" to the Canadian Medical Association, which had requested them not to do so. (Both have since editorially criticized the striking doctors.) But as word of the battle spread, the Saskatchewan House in London was besieged with applicants — some possibly tempted by the high pay (around $2,000 a month), but many motivated by the feeling that no doctor should refuse to heal the sick.

At first singly or in twos, later by the dozen, the doctors began to reach the province. By today their number exceeds fifty; eighty-four in all have already been hired, and some 120 other applications are being processed. Many doctors have also come from other parts of Canada and from the United States. Among the arrivals was also Horace Hanson, counsel for the Group Health Association of America, come to help doctors under attack by organized medicine.

For this has now become the prime, and the ugliest, facet of the struggle in Saskatchewan. As the new doctors came into a town deserted by its own physicians, they often ran into deliberate obstruction and harassment by the hospital staffs, anesthetists, druggists and others involved in the profession of healing. In some cases, the hospital nurses had become a sort of an intelligence service for the striking doctors, informing them of everything that was being done by the non-striking physicians.

THE INSTANCES of harassment have been numerous and shocking.

Dr. Lyall Black, Edinburgh-educated, asked the other doctors in Kipling if they would assist him when he needed an anesthetist. They said no. He then proceeded to administer the anesthetics himself in eight maternity cases. "One of them involved complications. I managed all right but it wasn't a thing I'd care to do again."

Dr. Joseph Montgomery of Belfast arrived at the abandoned clinic in Arcola, Sask., to find all drugs and equipment gone. "There wasn't even a syringe." He went ahead nevertheless. In one instance, an Indian girl came to him with a broken arm. He should have put her arm in a sling, but could not because he had neither an anesthetist nor the needed facilities. The hospital board in Arcola used this failure as one of the arguments in demanding his removal from the town. He was moved elsewhere in the province. His parting words: "The things that happened to me are out of this world. It could only be matched in Russia."

Dr. Ida Fisher arrived in Biggar on the second day of the strike, and for six days worked almost around the clock, doing the work of four striking doctors. When the word trickled out that there was a doctor at the hospital, people began to arrive in numbers. Then, one day, she received almost simultaneously three serious accident cases, including a girl who had nearly been scalped. The doctor appealed for help to the striking doctors, but no help was given. She did as well as she could, but after the job was done, a member of the hospital board scurried around, asking even newspaper photographers if they would lend him color film. Color photographs of the sutures were later taken, and were used to drive Dr. Fisher out of the town, with the charge of incompetence.

She has since demanded that the College of Physicians investigate the charges. The trouble is that the college is, at one and the same time, her enemy, her judge and her Lord High Executioner. It has the power to deny her the license to practice in the province—a power that it did use against Dr. Gerhard Beck, a Florida physician, who did valiant work in one of the smaller towns. When he was denied the license, Dr. Beck went to work as an intern. He was soon accused of practicing medicine without a license, and given until nightfall to get out of Canada or be arrested. He left. But the truth is that the college can have no one arrested for practicing without a license. The legal penalty for the act is a small fine. (The Duval County, Fla., Medical Association has since entered the fray with the charge that Dr. Beck has not been its member—or a member of the American Medical Association—since 1953.)

In Prince Albert, Dr. O. K. Hjertaas saw his own clinic folded up under him by his doctor-partners. When the local papers reported all the three clinics in town would close on July 1, he had a radio station announce that his clinic would remain open. On Sunday night, July 1—just a few hours after Carl Derhousoff died in his mother's arms on a mad dash to a hospital—a little girl was brought to Dr. Hjertaas. He found that she had a dangerous bowel obstruction, requiring an operation. He telephoned his former physicians and asked them to provide an anesthetist. They refused. Dr. Hjertaas, they said, could either bring the girl to them for the operation, or take her to Saskatoon. After long arguments, Dr. Hjertaas finally said that if they persisted, he would go on radio and television and tell the public what had happened. At this, they gave in and provided an anesthetist. But they also told him they would not do so again.

The catalogue of the ugly deeds done by the College of Physicians is long—and it must include the agony of the suffering who were left without medical care; the anxiety of parents with sick children (some of whom died for lack of adequate care); and those who had been callously put out of hospitals before the strike was called.

THE prospects of the historic struggle in Saskatchewan are obscure, for they are no longer confined to the medical-care plan. Other elements and other considerations have been introduced into the drama, and their impact is incalculable.

High-powered officials of the Canadian Medical Association have now moved into Saskatchewan to give counsel to the College of Physicians. Also, there has been a significant intervention from south of the border. Offers of financial help have been broadcast from the medical profession in Los Angeles. Also, medical associations throughout the United States have been offering lucrative jobs to the striking doctors. North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Texas have all been shopping for freedom-loving physicians here. (A doctor from Aldin, Texas, arrived in Regina in the first week of July to offer jobs to the doctors who, he said, were doing "as great a thing for medicine as the heroes of the Alamo did for the independence of Texas.") The College of Physicians appears to have an almost inexhaustible source of money for its literature and TV and radio time.

But the doctors have now been joined by the politicians. The Saskatchewan Liberals, led by Ross Thatcher, a former Socialist, have moved into the battle in force. They man the "Keep our Doctors" committees. They fill the press and the air with anti-medical care—and anti-Socialist—cries. They have now also set the tone for a broad and determined campaign to brand the medical-care act as a Kremlin product. Mr. Thatcher himself, in a press interview, described the Saskatchewan Minister of Health, and one of the members of the Medical Care Commission, as Communists. Of the six others, he said, five were "political heelers." ("I don't want to sound like a Senator McCarthy. If you want anything more you can see my assistant. . . .")

In this campaign, the Liberals are receiving spirited support from the boards of trade, chambers of commerce, professional bodies and hospital boards—in many cases the same people wearing different hats. In the words of one *Toronto Star* reporter on the scene, "these people come forward with their wallets wide open." The goal now is to use the medical-care dispute to destroy the Socialist government in Saskatchewan for all time.

Yesterday the doctors changed their strategy from intransigence to a softer "No." They no longer demand that the government abandon or suspend the law before they end the strike. Now they are willing to return to work once the Legislature makes the changes they demand. But the changes they now want will negate some of the main purposes of the act.

Compromise is probably not far off. Once it is reached, the sights will be on the next election. The Liberals have already indicated that if they win in 1964, they will repeal the act. The significance of this for North America hardly needs underlining.

THE TURN TOWARD POLITICS

1. Peace Takes to the Hustings . . *by Mary M. Grooms*

In "Time for a New Politics," in our issue of May 26, Carey McWilliams pointed out that the peace movement, like the civil-rights movement in the South, is emerging as a political movement outside of the established organizations and parties. The fact of independence increases the potential of both for rescuing the American political scene from the stagnation into which it has fallen.

This article, and the article by Staughton Lynd which immediately follows, describe the turn toward politics that is manifest in both the peace movement and the desegregation fight. EDITORS.

SINCE the resumption of atmospheric tests by the United States, a new political mood has sprung up in the country: politics and the peace movement have suddenly discovered each other.

Today, in the peace movement, the great debate is not *whether* the movement should become political, but *how*. Should peace groups endorse or run candidates? Should the peace groups get together and form a third party? Or should they back issues and remain nonpartisan? Regardless of the different approaches, most peace groups appear to have decided, independently of one another, that they must participate in some manner in this fall's Congressional races.

In New England, the Political Action for Peace (PAX) is vigorously supporting candidates who will

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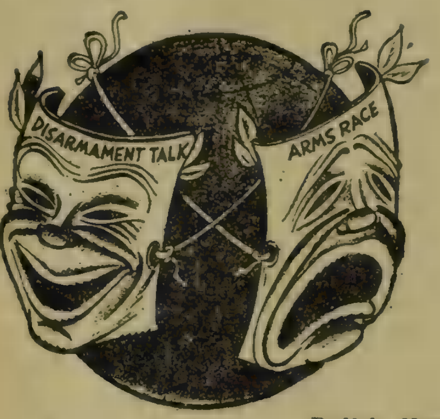
MARY M. GROOMS describes herself as a "suburban housewife and mother interested, as all mothers should be, in politics, civil rights and all matters affecting the future of our children."

"inject new ideas into the political arena." PAX candidate H. Stuart Hughes, historian and Harvard University professor, is running for the Senate in Massachusetts; a PAX-supported candidate for Congress, William Hefner, is calling for the formation of a Peace Party to challenge the major parties (he believes the CND in England erred in working with the Labour Party). In Ithaca, New York, Cornell Professor Harrop Freeman, with the backing of the Voters for Peaceful Alternatives, is seeking the Democratic nomination and is assured of Liberal Party endorsement [see "Cornell: Campus Close-up," by Andrew Hacker, *The Nation,* May 19]. In Southern California, the local SANE chapter and Women's Strike for Peace participated in a primary fight for encouraging its people, as individuals, to do precinct work for three "peace candidates" (two of the three won the Democratic nominations in spite of opposition attempts to smear them with "disloyalty" charges).



—Buffalo News

In Connecticut, last week, Representative Frank Kowalski sought and lost the Democratic nomination for the Senate; he may run as an independent. In Iowa, Republican Herbert F. Hoover is running on a peace platform that centers on the use of farm surpluses to feed the world's hungry people. In Seattle, Washington, Platform for Peace is lobbying and supporting candidates in the Pacific Northwest.

In all, more than thirty clearly identifiable peace candidates will run in Senate and Congressional races this fall—and for the first time they will have considerable organized support. Dr. Leo Szilard has organized a council of scientists who will operate a "peace lobby" in Washington for the purpose of (1) financially supporting peace candidates and (2) setting up a research organization aimed at the pursuit of peace. His latest report indicates that enough people in the country have pledged 1 per cent to 3 per cent of their incomes to assure the council of $125,000 in its first year. Even the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, which in the past has tended to avoid political entanglement, is urging its members to work for peace candidates.

OTHERS in the peace movement feel that its main emphasis should be on issues, rather than candidates. Many of the newer people have faith in the ability of our present politicians to listen to the voice of the voters.

These people point out that past attempts in Congress to introduce peace legislation have been met with either hostility or apathy from the public. Congressmen who voted against the defense budget have been rarely returned to Congress. Even the major peace groups have been slow about supporting peace legislation.

Is it really fair to blame Congress when the voter, until recently, showed so little interest in peace issues? For example, in the 1950s, Representative Harold Ostertag, a conservative Republican from upstate New York, introduced a bill to establish a Department of Peace with a Secretary of Peace in the President's Cabinet. In March of 1956, Representative Ostertag stated on the floor of the House that "If we applied the same concentrated determination to building peace that we are now applying to, say, the development of intercontinental missiles and space satellites, we could achieve a breakthrough that would set us free from the threat of annihilation that now hangs over us." Unfortunately, he received practically no support. To the "old time" peace groups, he did not fit their stereotyped views of a "Peace Congressman," since he maintained it was necessary to keep a strong military arm until we were able to set up adequate peace machinery. The great bulk of his constituency was simply not interested.

In 1960, however, a political peace group was formed in Rochester, New York, called the Independent Political Forum. When the Forum asked Representative Ostertag to reintroduce his bill, he did so immediately—with some changes. His bill, H.R. 9742, would add to the present National Security Council the directors of the Disarmament Agency, the Agency for International Development, the U. S. Information Agency and other "peaceful" agencies. The new National Security and Peace Council would then establish a Peace College. In this way, Congressman Ostertag reasons, the National Security Council would be "charged with the responsibility of advising and recommending policies associated with our efforts toward achieving a just and lasting peace" as well as security. In other words, he is trying to make peace as important and as respectable as security in the eyes of the people.

A poll taken in eleven communities in six states for the Independent Political Forum described the bill and then asked: Would you prefer $450,000,000 to be spent for fallout shelters or a Peace College, expansion of peace agencies, etc.? 14.8 per cent preferred shelters; 67.8 per cent preferred the Peace College, and 17.4 per cent were undecided or chose neither. Mrs. Caroline Ramsay of Baltimore, Md., running for Congress, successfully used Representative Ostertag's bill as a campaign issue in winning the Republican primary.

Women's Strike for Peace, at its first convention in Ann Arbor, Michigan, last June, also adopted the attitude that many of the candidates and Congressmen of both major parties could be persuaded, if properly approached, to take more positive stands for peace. The Congress of Scientists on Survival (another newcomer to the peace movement) agreed at its recent sessions in New York that issues, rather than candidates, should be backed.

IN THE past, whenever the peace movement has been closely identified with partisan politics, results have not been altogether satisfactory. In England, the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament is associated with the Labour Party; peace forces in England must first take control of this party and then take control of the country via an election before it can hope for any real progress. In the meantime, the Conservatives can ignore them. In Canada, the most militant peace forces created the New Democratic Party; the effect was to split the peace vote, making it possible for the Conservative Party to remain in uneasy control.

Women's Strike for Peace wants to avoid being identified as a splinter of one party or another. The civil-rights movement wisely avoided the temptation to establish a third party; instead, it succeeded in getting the two major parties bidding for their vote. Thus, to succeed they need only muster a vote big enough to swing the balance of power.

THE women realize that their power is in the "swing" vote. They have organized an ambitious petition campaign to muster one million voters who will vote, not the party, but the issue. They point out that Mr. Kennedy won in 1962 by only 168,000 votes. Some election districts are won regularly by less than 100 votes. In a close contest, the women and their petition-signers could hold the balance of power.

The petition, addressed to candidates and party chairmen, states:

> Because the drift toward nuclear war threatens the very survival of life on earth, the time has come when personal and national interests must be secondary to the interests of all mankind. We who go to the polls in 1962—and those whom we elect there—will bear the gravest responsibility in the world's history.
>
> Therefore, we, the undersigned, promise our vote to the candidates, regardless of political party, who will actively support the following principles in their election campaigns and during their terms in office:
>
> 1. No more testing of nuclear weapons;
> 2. No further dispersion of nuclear arms;
> 3. Conversion of economy to peace basis;
> 4. Continuation of disarmament negotiations until agreement is reached;
> 5. Expansion of peace agencies, i.e., Disarmament Agency, etc.;
> 6. Action in areas where agreement has been reached, such as exploration of outer space;
> 7. Strengthening the peace-keeping machinery of the U.N.

The women plan to use the petition to force rival candidates for office into real debate. This approach, they point out, is far less expensive than backing candidates or starting a new party—and it is faster.

In New York State, the stage is now being set for such a debate. Senator Jacob Javits (R.), up for re-election, told the Rochester *Times-Union* that the "three major issues this fall will be peace, the rate of economic growth and equal opportunities for all people." He told the Independent Political Forum that "of course" he concurred with many points of the petition, but that he had "little patience with people who just want us to stop testing regardless of what the Russians do."

As the peace movement becomes increasingly political, it will be increasingly respected. The candidates who continue to do homage to the corpse of McCarthyism, and the peace workers who continue to fear it, will be left behind. Whereas SANE continues to feel it is political suicide to attend peace conferences attended or organized by Communists, the Women's Strike for Peace, in a no-nonsense, feminine approach, points out that we will never reach an understanding with the Russians about the survival of mankind if we are afraid to talk to them. One woman, asked if she wasn't afraid that the Communists might take over the Women's Strike for Peace, responded in eager fashion: "Do you know a Communist? Would you go get her? I'm working twenty hours a day for peace. I'd just *love* for someone to come take over a little typing and answer the phone." She reports, in mock disappointment, that no one seems to be able to find her a Communist willing to work that hard.

THIS is typical of the saucy, good-humored and optimistic approach of the women's groups and the independent, local peace groups which have sprung up around the country. They have brushed aside all the old stereotypes and are busily trying to save the world in the best American tradition. They are democratic and creative and not afraid to use their Constitutional rights. In contrast with the cynicism of many old-time liberals, they have a deep faith in their fellow man and in their own abilities to affect the course of events.

By 1964, this energetic group is determined to make peace the dominant issue in the Presidential campaign.

2. Freedom Riders to the Polls . . *by Staughton Lynd*

Atlanta, Ga.

AT THE WEEK-LONG convention here of the NAACP, delegates repeatedly heard their leaders tell them to "go political." "The ballot is one of the most vital instruments of power," said Bishop Spottswood, chairman of the board of directors. Clarence Mitchell, director of the organization's Washington bureau, spoke of a "Civil Rights Party" to open the way for more than token appointment of Negroes to high political positions. "If you think you will ever get these things without the ballot," echoed James Nabrit, president of Howard University, "you don't belong in the twentieth century"; the white man, Nabrit continued, is "motivated by respect for the black vote." And Martin Luther King added, "With the ballot, we will be able to elect Negro Congressmen right here in the South."

A year ago, student activists in the Southern civil-rights movement would have dismissed this appeal with a smilingly contemptuous reference

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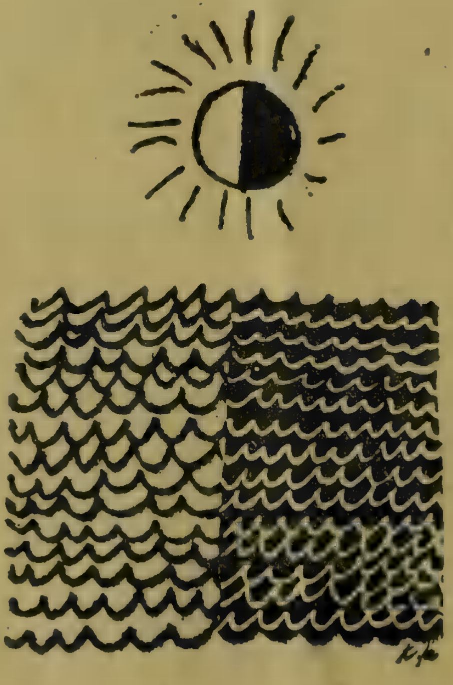
to NAACP conservatism. At that time, voter registration, like reliance on the courts, seemed to the students a siren song designed to lure them away from the new frontier of direct action. Freedom Rides and the concept of "jail without bail" then held the center of the stage. As recently as last December, the Albany (Ga.) Movement provided the most dramatic example of mass direct action since Montgomery. Events in that city embodied all three elements of a new direct-action strategy which then seemed in the making: (1) The resolve, by accepting jail without bail, to "wear them down with our suffering" rather than to coerce through legal or economic pressure; (2) the combination of local initiative with the supporting participation of outsiders (notably, in the case of Albany, several workers of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee who had been active there throughout the fall); (3) the involvement of all groups in the Negro community in civil disobedience—all prepared to accept imprisonment rather than to endure injustice. A strategy developing along these lines would have brought the American movement much more closely into line with the Gandhian precedents which it has always professed to follow.

AS IT TURNED out, however, the Albany Movement, and with it the entire civil-rights movement, took a different course. Within hours of Dr. King's appeal for a national pilgrimage to Albany, local leaders of the protest entered into a compromise agreement. The imprisoned (Dr. King among them) came out of jail. The students expelled from Albany State College, and the Albany workers of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, turned to voter registration. (Today's recurrence of tension in Albany arises out of the initial direct-action policies. But as late as June 2, Dr. King told his followers: "The central front . . . is that of suffrage.")

Two months later, here in Atlanta, a similar transition occurred in the work of the Committee on Appeal for Human Rights. This is the committee of students at the Atlanta University Center which initiated and led the successful 1960-1961 campaign to integrate department store lunch-counters in Atlanta. After lunch-counter integration came off peacefully in the early fall, COAHR started negotiations on integration of Atlanta movie theatres. Such behind-the-scenes work lacked the drama of the mass actions of preceding years, and complaint was widely voiced that the "spirit" of earlier campaigns had evaporated. Perhaps in response to this criticism, the committee launched a dramatic action in February to celebrate the second anniversary of the beginning of the sit-in movement. The action, designed to desegregate the galleries of the Georgia Capitol, eventually misfired, and an unanticipated peripheral demonstration at segregated Grady Hospital resulted in several unplanned arrests. Shaken by adult criticism of these events, the student committee turned its attention to voter registration.

As spring passed into summer, almost every other Southern civil-rights organization — including the Southern Regional Council, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Southern Project of the National Student Association, the Committee on Appeal for Human Rights, and the Albany Movement —gave the impression of putting more and more time and energy into the hitherto neglected work of voter registration. Summer registration drives in selected communities; the coordination of various organizations' registration work under a paid full-time director; monthly workshops wherein Negro community leaders from all over the South are given "citizenship training" — all seemed signs of the new times.



WHY THE new emphasis on voter registration? One hears three sorts of explanation suggested.

1. Direct action, even when coupled with resort to the courts, just hasn't done the job. Albany itself was a striking example of the fact that direct action has been required not only to obtain court decisions, but to enforce them (the immediate cause of the Albany Movement was the arrest of students using the bus terminal on an integrated basis, *after* the ICC ruling had supposedly solved this problem). School integration, at the present rate, would take a century (this figure is actually over-optimistic because it includes the relatively rapid progress of the Upper South). Moreover, some kinds of segregation do not seem susceptible to direct-action techniques—particularly discrimination in employment and (to a lesser extent) in housing, the two forms of discrimination underlying the continuing segregation in the North.

2. Voter registration has shown its effectiveness in assisting direct action. A good example was Nashville, Tennessee, where in the intervals between direct-action projects, students turned their attention to registration. Participants believe that this two-pronged attack had much to do with the spectacular success at Nashville in opening up facilities in the central city. There may well be a correlation between the number of registered Negro voters in a locality and the degree to which direct-action campaigns succeed quickly and peacefully.

3. The Kennedy Administration and private foundations have encouraged voter registration rather than civil disobedience. This story is told in Capter 17 of Louis Lomax's book, *The Negro Revolt.* All civil-rights organizations carry an enormous financial burden because of the resourcefulness of Southern states in devising ever-new grounds for jailing civil-rights workers. Foundation money, with the quiet support of the Department of Justice in the background, is tempting indeed.

These inducements to voter-registration campaigning are the more persuasive because of a general sense of uneasiness about the official nonviolent ideology of the civil-rights movement. Viewing social change in the South as a whole, the South has desegregated only when it has been *forced* to do so. This is not to say that the avoidance of violence is a little matter: far from it. But nonviolence in the sense of avoiding bloodshed is not equivalent to nonviolence in the sense of transforming hostility into love. Direct action has been supplemented by the coercive machinery of the courts, and the direct action itself has succeeded primarily through the coercion of economic boycotts.

In summary, almost a decade after *Brown v. Board of Education* and the Montgomery boycott, the strategy of direct-*cum*-legal action has failed to prove itself a comprehensive instrument of social change. It is very slow and very expensive. It is better suited to some kinds of desegregation than to others. Its dramatic victories are too often unenforced. Hence the turning of the civil-rights movement toward voter registration and political action, a turning which foundation money and the present Administration have been only too glad to foster.

THE TURN toward political action is both an opportunity and a danger for the civil-rights movement.

The opportunity should be obvious. Exactly a century ago, the Abolitionist orator Wendell Phillips declared:

> The moment a man becomes valuable or terrible to the politician, his rights will be respected. Give the Negro a vote in his hand, and there is not a politician from Abraham Lincoln down to the laziest loafer in the lowest ward of this city, who would not do him honor. . . . Give a man his vote, you give him tools to work and arms to protect himself. The ballot is the true standing ground of Archimedes, planted on which a man can move his world.

Strong evidence to this effect is the fact that the era of Jim Crow legislation in the South — roughly, from 1895 to 1945 — coincides closely with the period in which the Southern Negro was almost totally deprived of the vote. In Louisiana, for example, there were 130,334 registered Negro voters in 1896, and 1,342 in 1904; in 1947, the figure was still no higher than 10,000 while by 1952 it had jumped back up to 120,000.[1] In 1958, the number of registered Negro voters in Louisiana was almost exactly what it had been sixty-two years earlier, 131,068.[2] In the same year, the total Negro registration in the South was about double what it had been ninety years before, at the height of Reconstruction. But whereas in 1868, something like 75 per cent of Southern Negroes of voting age were registered, in 1958 the figure was about 25 per cent (the figure for Southern whites in 1958 was about 60 per cent).[3]

THE importance of voter registration is particularly striking in the area of economics. Here the Black Muslims have scored their most telling hits against the strategy of Martin Luther King. I heard a professor of mathematics, citing government statistics, compare the American economy to a train in which the Negro is the caboose and the number of cars between the caboose and the engine is constantly increased. The continued and heavy unemployment among low-income Negroes, which runs at a rate roughly two and a half times the rate among whites[4], provides the Muslims both arguments and recruits. It is difficult to see how direct or judicial action can affect this situation. Sweeping governmental action is called for, and the Negro is right to provide himself all possible leverage at the polls.

But the danger of a turn from civil disobedience to conventional politics should also be obvious. One has only to think back to the rapid alteration in the spirit of the labor movement during World War II to appreciate how quickly the civil-rights movement might lose its drive and *élan*. The organization of the C.I.O., while hardly nonviolent, was otherwise quite similar to the present surge of student action. The civil-rights movement could be patronized and tamed by Kennedy just as the labor movement was by Roosevelt. A tendency toward bureaucracy and toward a loss of vital contact with the rank-and-file is already apparent in the Southern civil-rights organizations, including the student groups. Commitment to the indirections and artificialities of the political game would rapidly accelerate this trend.

IS IT possible to steer between the Scylla of political abstention and the Charybdis of becoming an appendage of the Democratic Party?

The experience of an older civil-rights movement may provide a few clues. Abolitionism, too, passed through a decade of largely extra-political action until, with the formation of the Liberty Party in 1840, it embarked on the course which ended twenty years later with the election of Lincoln. The key to the Abolitionists' success may have been that, even after entering politics, they never abandoned direct action. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 made every citizen of the North liable to be deputized as a slave-catcher. By defying this law personally, even after the Supreme Court upheld it, Abolitionists kept alive the original spirit of their movement while their political involvement steadily increased.

One hopes, therefore, that as today's civil-rights movement turns toward political action, it will not wholly leave behind the spirit and practice of 1954-1961. Every legal and political gain in the struggle has required direct action to prod it into reality. Even the 1954 Supreme Court decision, which seemed to descend as manna from heaven, was partly, of course, a response to the civil disobedience of the Afro-Asian independence movements overseas. Throughout much of the South jail is, and will be for a long time, the place—as Thoreau said—where the man of principle will feel at home.

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[1] C. Vann Woodward, *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, 2nd ed. (New York, 1957), p. 68; Margaret Price, *The Negro Voter in the South* (Atlanta, 1957), p. 5.

[2] Margaret Price, *The Negro and the Ballot in the South* (Atlanta, 1959), p. 9.

[3] John Hope Franklin, *Reconstruction After the Civil War* (Chicago, 1961), p. 80.

[4] See "Negroes and Jobs," *New York Post*, Mar. 25, 1962; Ernest Dunbar, "The Negro in America Today," *Look*, Apr. 10, 1962.

There is another way in which the spirit of nonviolence will have continuing relevance to the coming period of primarily political action. The curse of the American South has been the "rule-or-ruin" psychology which has repeatedly led its leaders to sacrifice the well-being of the South as a whole in order to retain the privileges of a class. By contrast, the political arm of the Southern civil-rights movement will presumably stand for the kinds of economic development, urban renewal and social welfare which benefit *all* Southerners. Just as during Reconstruction the freedmen were far readier to grant the vote to whites than were ex-Confederates to welcome Negro suffrage, so today the Southern freedom movement must be careful to concern itself with the blighting poverty of the poor white as well as with his Negro counterpart. Thus in politics, as well as in direct action, the movement can fulfill Dr. King's prophetic assertion that its mission is to lift the burden of segregation from black *and* white.

Abolitionists required the Mexican War and the Fugitive Slave Law to keep their spirits pure and their movement independent. Perhaps, so long as the party of Kennedy remains the party of Talmadge, Patterson and Eastland, we need not fear for the soul of the American civil-rights movement as it goes into politics. A good first step would be to run independent candidates at a local level, which the peace movement is already doing.

SUMMER CAMPS REVISITED . .

by Hermine G. Basnight

THIS JUNE approximately 750,000 old footlockers were hauled out of basements all along the Eastern Seaboard, dusted off and stuffed with uniforms and equipment costing about $100 per locker; 9 million name tapes were somehow sewn or ironed on 9 million socks, and 750,000 children were tearfully (though not without a few signs of relief) kissed good-by at railroad stations and airline terminals—all in answer to the call of that perennial Pied Piper of contemporary America, the private summer camp.

Time was when the only reason to send a child to summer camp was a humane one: to get him off the hot New York City (or Boston or Philadelphia or New Haven) streets. Today camping, like everything else, is more complicated. The seemingly limitless ingenuity of camp directors has transformed camping into a sprawling, highly competitive, half-billion-dollar-a-year industry. Since World War II, camps, like other status symbols of an affluent economy, have mushroomed everywhere.

As near as anyone can figure out, 15,500 camps are accommodating 5.5 million kids throughout the United States this summer. Of these, 9,000 are agency and institutional camps serving 3.25 million children; 3,000 are day, school and church camps which cater to 1.5 million campers; and 3,500 private camps for the aforementioned 750,000. There are 500,000 counselors to keep an eye on the children. Add to this the medical, maintenance and kitchen personnel, and the figures climb even higher.

It all started about one hundred years ago when a New England schoolmaster took some boys out overnight for "an experience in outdoor living." But long gone are the days when a canvas tent or simple wooden cabin housed a hardy race of athletic, energetic campers from six to nineteen. Today's campers range from three to fourteen, with teen-agers given special consideration.

In the old days, camp was a potpourri of active sports (baseball, tennis, track, archery, volleyball, basketball, hiking, swimming, canoeing, life-saving) *and* fledgling cultural pursuits (dramatics, tap dancing, arts and crafts, nature study). The most exotic we got was "rifle-range practice," a euphemism for belly-flopping on old mattresses deep in the woods and shooting at Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic bottles. From dawn until dark we chorused songs, songs and more songs.

Yet with all the activities there was always plenty of time for staring at dragon flies, water beetles and June bugs, for listening to rain on the cabin roof. A daily rest hour was spent on blankets under the trees.

Other things I remember: listless girls applying calamine lotion to their poison ivy; the delicious round of three wholesome squares a day; miles of crepe paper; bathing caps; collapsible aluminum cups; flashlights; sweaters tied around the waist; tincture of green soap (for shampoos) dispensed by the camp Mother; nightly medical inspection (choice of mineral oil or milk of magnesia); cheery directors and counselors whom we called Uncle and Aunt and whom we adored.

The coeducational camp was unknown. In those days there was strict segregation of the sexes and the twain met en masse perhaps once a summer, for some discreet musicale. Siblings, of course, were brought together weekly if they attended nearby Brother and Sister camps. ("Did you bring my share of the Indian nuts?")

Camp was something else to me. It was there that I had my first intimations of Other Places, there that I first heard the lilting strains of a Brooklyn accent, the broad A of my New Haven bunkies, the charming drawl of an occasional counselor from the South. Slowly it

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HERMINE G. BASNIGHT, daughter of a camp owner, spent her first twenty-one summers in camp as camper or counselor.

dawned that there existed great variety beyond my own safe, happy world, a knowledge which serves me well to this day.

Nowadays, however, there are specialized camps catering to the Timid, the Overweight ("diet control, counseling, grooming, education in nutrition"), the Allergic, the Diabetic, the Underachiever ("to accelerate social, emotional and academic development"), the Mentally Retarded and the Organic Food Faddist. There are camps that stress Ballet, French, Music, Golf, Theatre ("weekly stage and dance performances, art exhibits, concerts"), Science and Nature ("geology, minerology, weather, rocketry"), Lab Work ("electronics, radio, chemistry, physics, biology, astronomy, photography"), Industrial Arts Shops ("auto, metal, wood, leather, ceramics"). One, calling itself The Salt Water Camp, keeps a fleet of sailboats.

As in today's schools, "social dedevelopment" and "individual-achievement incentives" are paramount. "Improvement guaranteed at all levels of play," boasts one camp. The long arm of Papa Freud pursues our kids far into field and stream. Many camps now have a Resident Psychologist as well as the usual M.D. and nurse. (No doubt he is busiest on opening week when, for the "First-Timer," separation from Mother and Father is felt most deeply. Many were the nights I listened in the dark to the sobs of my bunkmates. Or were the sobs I heard my own?)

CAMP directors tackle "the teen-age problem" in a variety of ways. These jaded packs of baby Bardots and miniature Mineos, who have freely sampled just about everything by the time they are fifteen, are given any of several titles: "Counselors-in-Training," "Staff Associates," "Camper-Waiters," "Junior Counselors." The object is clear: to give the girls a short break from cuticle-pushing and hair-teasing by letting them assist with the younger campers, and to take the boys' minds briefly off "making out" by giving them a few simple responsibilities.

Also geared to teen-agers is a camp which is, I kid you not, "the exclusive talent farm for Columbia Pictures"! An international camp in the Berkshires emphasizes "language study and orientation for European travel." Cross-country teen tours dash through Yosemite, the Grand Canyon and points West. There are canoe camps in northern Quebec, guided tours to Europe, the Caribbean and Mexico, not to mention the numerous "basketball clinics" supervised by famous coaches. There is even a baseball camp operated by a Major League team in its spring-training facilities at Vero Beach, Fla.

There are camps "for teen-agers only," for "those who have outgrown conventional camps." "Driver-training (dual-control car), forestry, farming (crops, tractors, animals), construction (eight-ten room building built each summer)" are some of their features.

A celebrated ex-model operates a summer finishing school, inviting girls to "vacation with a purpose while living in an elegant atmosphere on a magnificent estate." Experts teach how to "perfect your posture, improve your figure, polish your diction, style your hair, apply model-type [*sic*] make-up, increase your poise and personality."

Creeping in here and there is the "optional summer school program." Now Junior can cram for his August College Entrance Boards, brush up on study skills, improve his reading speed, make up flunked courses, and not miss out on any camp fun.

Among the numberless extras offered to teen-agers today are "planned socials (adult supervision)," water skiing, guitar instruction, small-game pet farm, scuba diving, "coketail parties," interior decoration, typing, ham radio, magic and roller skating.

The hands down, all time favorite, however, is horseback riding. More and more camps today maintain their own stables. Man's fascination with the horse, which manifests itself somewhere around age two and starts to taper off around seventy-two, has given birth to herds of Ranch Camps. Parents are urged to "treat little cow-pokes to a fun-filled summer-long round-up. Weekly rodeos, real Western cowpunchers" (West Bronx?). "Packtrips, calf-roping," "trips by covered wagon," "daily riding," "Western work-vacation plan . . . help build a real Western town." "The solution to your child's Western life in the East!" One camp achieves the ultimate in fulfilling a kid's dream: "Own your own horse for unlimited riding. Fee includes bill of sale."

Quite another breed is the older, more established Riding Camp "for girls who love horses, who wish to ride them, care for them, show them" — the sort that Jacqueline Bouvier might have been sent to as a child.

ANOTHER dramatic change in camping is the final disappearance of the Vanishing American. It's a rare camp today that even mentions Indian lore in its prospectus, though that was the lifeblood of my own camping days. The first week in July we were divided into Indian tribes: Iroquois, Winonscapoomic, Taconic, Konkapoo. There followed weekly campfires with nature reports, Indian songs, legends, dances, leg wrestles, straight-face contests. Only the goodnight marshmallow, toasted to an inedible ash by us wide-eyed, blanket-swaddled, war-

(Continued on page 40)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Stravinsky: a Flood of Genius

Benjamin Boretz

ON STRAVINSKY's eightieth birthday, his image is as characteristically unique and unexpected as ever. Throughout his career he has appeared to us in successive positions that seemed contradictory, both in themselves and in relation to those that preceded them; it was only in retrospect that the consistency and logic of his development became evident. The dual aspect he now presents is perhaps the most unusual and the most apparently irreconcilable of all. On the one hand, he has already become a historical master whose existing works are a secure and important part of the permanent musical literature. But at the same time, he continues to function with his usual exuberance and vitality on every level of musical life: creative, practical and, lately, critical. It required an event as necessarily reflective as an eightieth birthday to provide an occcasion on which to contemplate his venerable historicity, instead of, as otherwise, breathlessly trying to keep pace with his current rate of activity.

To be sure, the new works that still come from him with metronomical regularity have all the freshness of new discovery, and thus hardly seem "historical" in any obvious sense. Indeed, their exploratory qualities are so manifestly original that it is a little startling to realize that these works, unlike those of every earlier period, have not directly affected the whole direction of contemporary composition. For although Stravinsky's recent music is full of arresting twelve-tone ideas and details that will engage intense interest for a long time to come, the basic compositional attitudes and the qualities of mind and ear with which it was composed are at last fully clear to us. It is precisely in this sense that, even as a living composer at the height of his powers, Stravinsky has become "historical": a new Stravinsky work is now no more nor, for that matter, any less problematic than would be a new Beethoven work—nor any less wonderful therefor.

But if composers today are primarily involved with concerns other than Stravinsky's, the very nature of their concerns is, in great part, a result of the knowledge and experience he has revealed. His enormous influence on the manner and style of twentieth-century music, especially during the crucially formative period between wars, is too conspicuous to require further discussion here. Plainly, Stravinsky is one of the only three composers of our century—the others, of course, are Schönberg and Webern—of whom it can be said, as it once was of Mozart, that after them music could never be the same.

NEVERTHELESS, some of the subtler aspects of Stravinsky's influence remain unexplored, perhaps for the very reason that obvious traces of his rhythmic, harmonic and formal procedures are so widely evident. It seems to me, for example, that much of our recent understanding of Schönberg and Webern, the discovery of their universality that has enabled their music to become the principal point of departure for postwar composition, was made possible by the direction of Stravinsky's development. For even though Schönberg's mastery and importance were always self-evident, most of the musical world was, all during his lifetime, unable to dissociate the chromaticism and complexity of his music from a stigma of expressionism and "revolutionary" modernism. Schönberg himself, despite his frequent insistence on his primary concern with order, was never able convincingly to stimulate a more careful evaluation of his atonal and twelve-tone music, especially since he continued, even in his latest period, to produce works whose subjects and text smacked inescapably of the melodramatic style of the *Stadtstheater.* Unfortunately, the lurid aspects of his *Survivor from Warsaw, Ode to Napoleon* and the "Chaos" movement from the multi-composer *Genesis* Suite made a far greater impression than did the subtleties of his violin and piano concertos, Fourth Quartet, violin-piano Phantasy, or String Trio.

Stravinsky, on the other hand, produced during the same time a series of works whose "Apollonian" diatonicism demonstrated, with unmistakable aural immediacy, that originality and modernity had nothing to do with revolution or disorder. These "neoclassic" works, which were clearly related in sound as well as in structural conception to traditional models, not only provided new insights into Classical music itself by finding in it unsuspected developmental possibilities, but also served to "classicize" our attitude toward contemporary music as a whole, at a time when it was generally assumed—and, sadly, by lesser composers as often as by the public—that its salient aspects were deliberate iconoclasm and chaos.

In the music that followed the "pure" neoclassicism — which culminated with the Concerto for two pianos (1935) and the Symphony in C (1940)—Stravinsky gradually infiltrated more chromatic elements into his predominantly diatonic style and began to develop formal procedures, already latent in some of the earlier works, that approached those of Schönberg. This tendency was particularly manifested in the Symphony in three movements of 1945, the Mass of 1948, the graveyard scene in *The Rake's Progress* and in sections of the 1951 Cantata. A kind of non-twelve-tone serialism based on canonic polyphony followed in the 1952 Septet, the 1953 Shakespeare Songs and the 1954 *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas.* His ultimate adoption of twelve-tone technique (principally via Webern), for all that it seemed a spectacular turnabout to the makers of facile controversy who saw all of contemporary music as a convenient, if fictitious, opposition between Schönberg and Stravinsky, was simply the final step in this progression. In following only his own creative necessities and predilections, Stravinsky reached a point where he was able to recognize and assimilate the "classicism" of Schönberg and Webern as akin to his own despite the meaningless contrast in sensibility. They became for him—and consequently for the rest of us—traditional masters, and he accepted their tutelage in the same way as he had previously accepted that of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Thus the true disciples of Stravinsky among today's composers, as distinct from the parasitic imitators of his various "styles," are those who have been guided by his powerful precept to concentrate on the development of the ideas of structural procedure and integrity implicit in the music of Schönberg and Webern as well as that of Stravinsky himself.

STRAVINSKY'S own celebration of his eightieth birthday is, quite naturally, another new work: a "Biblical allegory" for speakers, singers, chorus, orchestra and dancers entitled *The Flood,* whose only trace of octogenarian self-indulgence is that it was composed for television, and is therefore "popular" in approach. This is a situation in which Stravinsky has always delighted: to undertake a commission under what seem to be impossible conditions for serious composition, and then to turn them about into exactly what he wanted and needed to compose. He seems to take a special pleasure in carefully fulfilling the letter of such a commission so that the commissioner gets precisely what he has asked for, but hardly what he expected. Stravinsky's method is to reinterpret the traditional meanings of words in his own terms, with the same kind of meticulous rigor—and similarly fresh results—with which he re-examined traditional musical procedures in his compositions.

Thus when his publisher, during the twenties, requisitioned a "popular" work, Stravinsky decided that "popular" properly meant "universal" and so proceeded to set Latin psalms (universal poetry in a universal language) to music. The "popular" work that resulted was, of course, the Symphony of Psalms. Similarly (although with somewhat less spectacular musical results), when Woody Herman and Billy Rose commissioned Stravinsky during the forties, they were rewarded with the *Ebony* Concerto and the *Scènes de Ballet,* respectively.

BOTH THESE commissions, instead of "using" Stravinsky as intended, allowed him to discover, in the formulas of big-band jazz and Broadway, elements that he found congenial as compositional hypotheses, and which he elevated far beyond belief and even further beyond the capacities of his bewildered impresarios. Evidently *The Flood* appeared equally enigmatic to the people at Breck Shampoo and CBS Television, who jointly commissioned and presented it on June 14. Until that date, the merciless truncation performed by Billy Rose on *Scènes* to make it properly serviceable for his purposes seemed to set an unmatchable standard for inanity. Those responsible for the hour-long TV program entitled *Noah and the Flood,* however, managed even more effectively to prevent the least idea of the musical or dramatic nature of *The Flood* from being conveyed without actually having to change or omit a single note. Their technique was to crush the delicate and refined music of *The Flood*—which was a negligible fifteen-minute interlude within the "spectacular"—into insignificance between the millstones of a pseudo-profound anthropological prologue having to do with Flood Myths and a long, disorganized, totally inappropriate review of the Stravinsky-Balanchine collaboration. The remaining time was, of course, filled by Breck Shampoo commercials accompanied by their own distinctive, if uncredited, music.

Nevertheless, however extensive the damage done to mass culture, the essential fact is that a new and interesting Stravinsky work was called into being, and slipped unobtrusively past the heavy-footed promoters. This, of course, was part of Stravinsky's joke—an external counterpart of the "inside" games that run throughout *The Flood* and are an inseparable part of its speciality.

Generally, the public's idea of the "musical jokes" played by composers tends, quite inaccurately, to center on obvious buffooneries or on the suspicion that baffling difficulty and complexity themselves constitute a kind of tongue-in-cheek hoax. Such crude deceptions, however, exist only in the minds of audiences and in the works of composers whose own idea of "modern" music derives from what they read in the newspapers. Actually, a composer's deceptions are much more likely to take a subtle and quite opposite form in, for example, the invention of seemingly simple "effects" that can be accepted at face value, but which also evoke, beneath the surface, whole worlds of relevant and provocative associations. Mozart once wrote that he tried to compose enough bravura into his piano concertos to insure the applause of "the long-eared ones," but at the same time hoped that the ideas of real musical value he had worked into the texture would engage the interest of the *cognoscenti.*

where the boat passes, improvise

(for my son Adam)

he sits with Stone the Death
and munches by the Door

will he eat papyrus
in the drummer's hallway?

he leaves me I'm sad he climbs
the needle to see;

what an eye! careful
now rope-dancer

how the desert holds
Adam the Egypt, dancing

flyboy in a groove, light
pyramid rock oh

cries in the corridor
once more —

Stone the Death
plays an old song —

he'll jump through he'll turn rings
he sits among the many
figurines, he leaves me.

They bow they count;
how long it takes;

they sail quietly they
sail quietly

Armand Schwerner

THE RICHEST *double-entendre* in *The Flood* is unquestionably the whistling-wind music in the ballet section depicting the flood itself. This consists first of fragments, then the whole of a twelve-tone row is repeated in an insistent and literal *ostinato.* The idea works remarkably well as a "stage" effect, but its hidden appropriateness is still more fascinating. One is reminded of Classical "storm" music — Beethoven's *Pastorale* Symphony most notably—that inevitably included sweeping runs over the chromatic scale. A twelve-tone row is simply a particular arrangement of the notes of the chromatic scale, so that Stravinsky's twelve-tone storm is both twelve-tone and purely neoclassic. Again, the literal repetition of a row in its original form seems at first rather surprisingly crude in view of the subtlety of Stravinsky's customary twelve-tone practice. But it does conform to a prevalent popular misconception about twelve-tone music, and perhaps Stravinsky regarded it as only proper that in writing a "popular" twelve-tone work he make use of a "popular" idea of what this entails.

Altogether, this section is one of the most interesting and original in the work; the remarkable burbling flutter-tongue woodwind sounds (obviously intended to portray the aquatic aspect of the calamity) are the freshest instrumental sounds heard since *Movements.* But these also function on more than the simple level of onomatopoeia or striking sound-invention. They are, in fact, merely the central instance of the tremolo ideas around which the entire work is built. One seems to hear every possible variety of repeated sound, of which some are familiar from earlier Stravinsky works, but others are new. Up to now, Stravinsky seems to have avoided much explicit use of tremolo, probably because of its association with Romantic—and especially Wagnerian—cliché. Repeated-note figures have, however, become an important part of his recent vocabulary, notably in *Agon* and *Threni,* so that their central role and full-blown exploration in *The Flood* is yet another of Stravinsky's straight-line "turnabouts."

Stravinsky's intention to make *The Flood* his work of the tremolo is unmistakable from the very outset; the string tremolandos of the opening section, introducing the story of the Creation, remind one of the "thick fogs" of the "Chaos" section of Haydn's *Creation*, a parallel that was probably intentional. Another level of the tremolo idea is the recurrence throughout the work of a characteristic series of chords. In the dialogue between God and Noah, these chords themselves are played as tremolos over the wonderful, slow drum-roll that always presages and accompanies the voice of God—or rather voices, since it was Stravinsky's happy idea to have God speak in a two-voice, polyphonic texture resembling the medieval motet. Despite the originality of the idea, these, as well as some of the other vocal passages, seem to me rather literal and square in comparison with the instrumental sections. Quite obviously, any such weaknesses are purely internal, and have nothing to do with any deficiency in the underlying "Gothic" conception, as has somewhere been suggested. One wonders how such a judgment could ever have occurred to anyone, given the overwhelming evidence to the contrary provided by the Mass, *Canticum Sacrum* and *Threni*.

To return to the tremolos: the "Building of the Ark" ballet section, which reminds me of the opening and last three sections of *Agon* and also parts of *Threni*, begins with pairs of repeated sounds, then gradually builds up into a varitable polyphony of tremolos going at various speeds (the five successive horn blasts are unforgettable), and then subsides into pairs again. After the "Flood" section itself, where nearly every note is attacked with a flutter, a roll or a tremolando, the opening sections are reintroduced — a structural parallel of the repetition of notes and the recurrences of chords. The final words of Noah's last speech, "And so a world begins to be," occasion the return of the opening Creation music, and the cycle seems to begin again, with the reprise of Satan's music (Satan's "pride" is like Oedipus' by way of the Shakespeare Songs) and, finally a second choral "Sanctus." The linear twelve-tone idea that opens the work also presides over the fading-out textural dissolution with which *The Flood* ends.

OBVIOUSLY, such a descriptive glance hardly begins to probe into the significant aspects of a new work; a fuller evaluation must await the publication of the score. From the recording alone, *The Flood* seems at least to contain some of the most distinguished movie music ever written. However, the degree to which even after only a few hearings one begins to discover hints of an inner web of tight and complex associations leads me to suspect that in *The Flood*, as in every other Stravinsky work, major or minor, there is far more than immediately meets the ear.

Listed below, without comment, are some recent recordings of Stravinsky's music that I find particularly interesting. Although the recordings are not all without weaknesses (some are to be found even in the performances conducted by Stravinsky himself), all at least genuinely represent the works named on the label —a virtue by no means to be taken for granted under present circumstances.

Stravinsky Recordings

The Flood (1962); Mass (1948). Columbia Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Columbia ML 5757 (mono) MS 6357 (stereo).

Monumentum pro Gesualdo (1960). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia KL 5718 (mono) KS 6318 (stereo).

Symphony in three movements (1945); Violin Concerto (1931). Isaac Stern, violin; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5731 (mono) MS 6331 (stereo).

Works for Two Pianos and Four Hands: Concerto for two pianos (1935); Sonata for two pianos (1944); Eight easy pieces. Gold and Fizdale, pianists. Columbia ML 5733 (mono) MS 6333 (stereo).

Jeu De Cartes (1936). Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. Victor LM/LSC 2567.

Serenade in A (1925); Sonata (1924). Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3792 (mono) BC 1140 (stereo).

Concerto for piano and wind orchestra (1924). Seymour Lipkin, piano; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 5729 (mono) MS 6329 (stereo).

Le Rossignol (opera in three acts) (1914). Opera Society of Washington, D.C. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia KL 5727 (mono) KS 6327 (stereo).

Le Sacre du Printemps (1912). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky cond. Columbia ML 5719 (mono) MS 6319 (stereo).

Petroushka (1911, revised 1947). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5732 (mono) MS 6332 (stereo).

Firebird (1910). Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5728 (mono) MS 6328 (stereo).

Science as Literature

THE TANGLED BANK: Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud As Imaginative Writers. By Stanley Edgar Hyman. Atheneum Publishers. 492 pp. $10.

Hans Meyerhoff

DARWIN, Marx and Freud—as we should know by now—were among the most influential thinkers of our time. Mr. Hyman has added Frazer to this triad of seminal minds in order to propose the novel thesis that "the power and influence of their ideas is due in some substantial part to their ability as imaginative writers." This means that the basic concepts they employed in their respective theories were expressed —to a "substantial part," at least—in metaphorical language. Thus Darwin's "struggle for existence" is a metaphor as he himself recognized; so is his vision of "the great Tree of Life" with its ever-growing and dying branches; and so is his image of "the tangled bank" from which this study derives its title.

Mr. Hyman states repeatedly that, as a literary critic, he is concerned only with the imaginative-metaphorical language in the works discussed, not with their scientific significance. In this sense, he asks us to read *The Tangled Bank* as "a work of literary criticism," not as a study in the "history of ideas." This is not quite correct; for "ultimately," as he says in his conclusion, for him "the language of ideas is metaphor, and essentially metaphor." In other words, his book is a study in the history of ideas after all—ideas expressed in metaphors; and I am sure it will be read and appreciated, not as literary criticism, but as a contribution to an understanding of ideas which have changed the modern mind.

The Tangled Bank is a "big" book, both in size and in content, into which Mr. Hyman has poured a prodigious amount of work and erudition and which

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HANS MEYERHOFF, author of Time and Literature *and editor of* The Philosophy of History, *teaches philosophy at the University of California.*

deserves to be taken seriously as an ingenious approach to a relatively familiar subject. However, in order to take it seriously one cannot but think critically about its central thesis: to treat scientific ideas as if they were metaphors and to interpret scientific works as if they were literature. I have serious doubts about this metaphorical method of analysis, impressed though I am by the wealth of material brought together in this volume and by many subtle points of interpretation. In a brief review I can deal only with a small segment of a project conceived and executed on such a large scale. Let's skip Marx and Freud for a change (and Frazer as well) and see how Mr. Hyman's method works in his analysis of Darwin.

HOW GOOD a case does he have for converting, say, *The Origin of Species* into a work of imaginative literature? And what happens as a result of this conversion? What, in brief, do we learn by means of this new method? I have chosen Darwin because, among other reasons, Mr. Hyman's treatment of the *Origin* sent me back to rereading it in order to check my own impressions against his puzzling analysis. Why check on the original? First, because Mr. Hyman's metaphorical reading of the *Origin* converts it into a myth conveying "a new religious message, a new testament or covenant"—whereas I naively remembered it as striking a liberating blow against the prevailing religious view of the world. Second, because I thought that the *Origin* (whatever else it is) was a classic in modern science; yet nobody reading Mr. Hyman's account of it would guess that it is or why it is a scientific classic. These two points cannot be discussed without some documentation in detail.

1. When Darwin sums up—in the *last* paragraph of his work—the various "laws" which he has postulated: Growth, Reproduction, Inheritance, Variability, Struggle for Life and Natural Selection, Mr. Hyman refers to this catalogue as "Darwin's Leviticus." Now whether Darwin was right or not, this way of reading him cannot but cause confusion as to what is meant by laws of nature and laws in Leviticus—i.e., in society. The former are descriptive; the latter prescriptive. Darwin himself is perfectly clear about how he is using the word "law": it refers to "the sequence of events as ascertained by us." This has nothing to do with the laws in Leviticus; hence, the literary-religious analogy is quite misleading.

2. Though Darwin himself recognizes that "it is difficult to avoid personifying the word Nature" and then goes on to submit a straightforward, neutral definition: "I mean by Nature, only the aggregate action and product of natural laws," Mr. Hyman disregards this warning and treats "Nature" as if it were nothing but a personal deity for Darwin, a Mother-Goddess "substituted for God the Father." Perhaps that is so; perhaps I simply don't hear the voice of the great Earth-Mother speaking through her "prophet" Darwin, but I do know that the implications drawn from this religious reading of the *Origin* only add to my being confused about the meaning of the work.

3. Thus I am told that, "in reality, of course, Darwin's teleology is as sacred and supernatural as Paley's," and I can only say, of course not! If we use the word "teleology" at all in the context of Darwin's thought, the reader should be warned that this use is radically different from its meaning in Paley and in St. Thomas. In fact, it is the final overthrow of teleology in the religious sense; for after Darwin we need no longer appeal to Divine Providence to account for the "really wondrous and beautiful organization" of nature. Instead we explain it in terms of action and reaction between organism and environment. That is the very antithesis of a "sacred and supernatural" principle.

4. The matter gets even more confusing when we consider Mr. Hyman's translations of other harmless and neutral passages into the language of religion. When Darwin says that "natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being" thus promoting, by *its own power* "progress toward perfection," Mr. Hyman thinks this is to be understood by analogy with the saying of Jesus: "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—except that we must substitute "Mother" and "earth" for "Father" and "heaven." Again, when Darwin is unhappy about the use of "metaphorical" concepts still needed in biology and hopes that these concepts will be replaced some day by terms having "a plain signification," Mr. Hyman thinks that this is *"clearly* [my italics] the voice of Paul in I Corinthians: 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'" Finally, when Darwin points out that natural selection works through the slow and steady accumulation of small inherited modifications, Mr. Hyman infers that this is "essentially . . . the morality of such beatitudes as 'Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.'" I can only cite some of these extreme and puzzling cases of analogical exegesis and must leave it to the reader to decide for himself whether this metaphorical method of analysis helps to clarify or to confuse things.

THESE difficulties, I believe, derive from a more deep-seated defect inherent in Mr. Hyman's method. To repeat, he explicitly restricts himself to the task of analyzing his four thinkers "as imaginative writers," not as scientists; but he does not indicate that this restriction entails a highly selective reading of their works. (In the case of the *Origin* most of his evidence is drawn from the last two paragraphs and from one chapter. Unfortunately, there are no page references to sources cited. This is more than a pedantic complaint in a critical study which—for long stretches—is a collection of lengthy quotations.) Now there is nothing wrong with this principle of

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selection as such; what is wrong or, more precisely, what makes for an extremely one-sided and prejudicial reading of a work like *The Origin of Species*—and the same argument applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the major works of the other thinkers as well—is that this selection in terms of literary metaphors is not weighed against the evidence and language used in a strictly scientific context. This avoids the central issue at stake in this kind of analysis: what *is* the relationship between the two types of discourse—science and literature? Failure to confront this question creates a serious imbalance in the critical performance. Thus I came away from reading this account of Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud with the impression that they were nothing but great rhetoricians and myth-makers when, in effect, they were demythologizing, debunking and liberating spirits.

Looking at the *Origin* again, the ordinary reader, I submit, is struck not by the imaginative metaphors proliferating in it, but by something altogether different: by Darwin's painstaking efforts to accumulate empirical evidence in support of his own theory (and against the theory of special creation), by Darwin's detailed and patient replies to objections raised against his theory, by his disarming admissions of difficulties and areas of ignorance requiring further research, by the tentative, hypothetical attitude adopted and the open mind revealed in the work as a whole. In short, *The Origin of Species* is a great work in the methodology of science—i.e., in how to write a scientific treatise—not a new dogma or a dramatic work in literature.

Its key metaphor, the struggle for life, is a very plain and simple thing, a common observation derived from the world and language of ordinary life—not from Greek drama. What is extraordinary about Darwin, and a testimony to his creative powers as a scientist, was that he took this ordinary notion—in the absence of a technical vocabulary—and linked it with a vast body of evidence (both observed and inferred) so that it could become the cornerstone of a scientific system which, as Mr. Hyman admits himself, has been "strengthened rather than weakened" by later discoveries. Why? Because, in its "substantial part," Darwin's theory was more—or perhaps less—than an imaginative vision of man's place in the universe. ("Less" because there is much more to be said on this subject than may be found in the pages of the *Origin*.)

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YET it would be unfair to Mr. Hyman to overlook the cumulative evidence he presents in support of his own thesis. The four thinkers included in this study were imaginative writers of great power and persuasion. They did use metaphors (i.e., literary language) in the conceptual structure of their scientific systems. Mr. Hyman is also right, I think, in showing that they had a "vision" of life as a whole and in suggesting that this vision, whether imaginative or philosophical, does make a difference in the human sciences from biology to psychology and history. But we cannot simply make this crucial point without asking what it means; for unless we are very careful in applying it to a specific thinker, we run the risk of blurring all distinctions between respectable and valid work, on the one hand, and the work of crackpots and charlatans, on the other.

Mr. Hyman, I think, comes close to blurring this distinction in his remarks about the truth-value of the various theories discussed in *The Tangled Bank*. "The ideas of Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud," he concludes, "are then as true as any ideas that explain our world to our satisfaction." This is a dubious doctrine: "our satisfaction" is not an adequate criterion for judging whether a scientific hypothesis, Darwin's or Einstein's, is true; if it were, I don't see where we draw the line between sense and nonsense. Again, this doctrine seems to succumb to the confusion—so common in our culture—between psychological and logical issues in the worlds of science and literature. Thus Mr. Hyman continues: "If they [i.e., these ideas] arose out of the thinker's own nature, if Darwin projected his slow-and-steady personality on nature or Freud his wishful childhood, we can be sure of similar personal correlations underlying even Euclid's geometry and Newton's mechanics." Now Euclid's *personality* has absolutely nothing to do with the *validity* of geometry just as Newton's theology has nothing to do with the validity of the law of nature he discovered. (The same applies to the "validity" of a great work in literature.)

The Rite

**To say sky
as one says
water. To**

**pour it in—
to a cup
and hold it**

**at the lips
and drink. Of
it. And at**

**sundown to
drink it a-
gain as wine.**

Cid Corman

Psychological factors are of course instrumental, perhaps decisive, in *making* scientific discoveries. (There is no better case in point than Freud's famous self-analysis.) Yet they do not establish the truth of these discoveries. This matter is much more complicated, especially in the human sciences, than I can here indicate. Nevertheless, some such simple distinction must be kept in mind lest we convey a seriously misleading impression of what the great scientific minds to whom mankind owes so much actually achieved in and through their work. They did not preach "a new religious message"; they did not write great works of literature. Thus we do them (and ourselves) an injustice if we do not recognize them for what they were and are: not preachers, but teachers; not dramatists, but critics; not myth-makers, but liberators. There is no simple solution to the human problem of our time posed by the encounter between science and literature. Perhaps we make an initial move in the right direction if we go back to the original works themselves and see them face to face instead of reading and thinking about them through a glass darkly; for it is very doubtful whether we are doing anything to clarify matters in science *or* in literature by confusing their respective functions and significance.

DESIGN

Walter McQuade

IT IS about time the Museum of Modern Art had a cattle show. They have that fine backyard for pens; the fences could be whitewashed, with perhaps a slight touch of umber. Beef cattle are really massively elegant. They're man-made objects, at least in the case of breeds like the King Ranch *Santa Gertrudis*. They're terribly tactile; they move, too, like Tinguely's sculpture. They moo. Steers are, in short, loaded with sensate spectator enjoyment for the upper masses.

This thought came to me as I went, very late in its run, to the museum's display of sporting objects (an object is not quite an *objet d'art*, but almost) set up from May 15 to July 31 in a tent in the museum yard, beyond the pools of black water and the upside-down trees of the museum garden. I went to the museum one noon recently in an unplanned way. A banker friend of mine surprised me by suggesting we take lunch there. He is trying to lose weight, and so has joined the museum, where no cocktails are to be had but only salads. Upstairs in the members' lunchroom he ate his in the time it took me to sprinkle salt on mine, then sat staring moodily across the table at my plate. Afterwards we went out on the penthouse porch, and looked out above the Public Library across the street toward Rockefeller Center and the rear of the buildings on 52nd Street. I pointed out the back side of the 21 Club, somewhat vindictively, I admit, but principally because of the top of the forest of air-conditioning ductwork still visible on its back wall. When the site of the library was cleared several years ago, the full interweaving of this fantastic sheet metal became visible for a time. Like the looming, unplanned roofs of some of Manhattan's old movie palaces, it has as much subconscious force as some of the sculptures displayed in the museum.

After a while, we drifted downstairs through the collections, and the Picasso show, which was enough to silence us, even to take our eyes off the girls. I have little capacity for seeing a great deal of art; more than a few intensely charged paintings at a time make me nervous, unless they are displayed in as domestic a surrounding as, say, the Phillips Gallery in Washington. But this doesn't matter much at the Museum of Modern Art. You can always retreat and savor those girls, standing with their feet this way and that, studying the canvases, very stylish, very endearing. The show of representational art on the first floor rang false, as compared with Picasso and the audience, and so we soon wandered out to the formal garden and headed for the sport show.

THE eighty-foot-square tent, as we approached it, was quite beautiful. The flaps were up and we could see inside where backgrounds of vivid color, well lighted, outlined such ingratiating objects as a full-size sailplane hung ten feet or so off the tanbark. And it was tanbark underfoot, smelling very good.

The first object that drew us was a red Formula Junior Lotus racing car, designed by Colin Chapman, a magnificent little thing, with bigger rear wheels than front ones, a fact which seemed almost to plunge it into action. My companion, who has a banker's quota of children, said: "Buy me one, Dad." Next to the racing car was a harness racing sulky, exquisitely made, but rather lifeless without a trotter up front.

Then we looked at such objects as a fish-landing net—a tired tennis racket, said the banker. There were weapons: bows, shotguns, a saber. Then boats, beached behind a low railing. These included a gimmicky round motor boat from Japan (funnier than it was handsome), racing shells and a hydroplane with fast curves. Then clothing, a good deal of which was for under water, and all of it very neatly made. Then a whole wall of various kinds of gloves, including a pair of hockey gauntlets arranged decorously (they might have been holding a rose), and it was here that the vague doubts about this show began to become more precise. The only thing which really bound all these objects together was the vague, pleasant word, sport. Their design parenthood was very mixed. Here was a boomerang, shaped by the trip it had to take; but there was an outboard motor, with a set of little lines drawn on it—I would guess by an industrial designer. It was a confusing theatrical revue, not an instructive museum show with any real point. Someone had reached for an aesthetic but had not grasped it.

The comedy came easily. A wall of gloves, almost any gloves, would be diverting, for they offer the mockery of uninhabited clothing. (The baseball gloves and masks, all new and oilless, did not come off, however; they just looked solemnly preposterous.) The people at this museum know so well how to nail things to a wall that I wish they would make a similar exhibition of baby equipment: let us say, those cunningly engineered baby bottles, cribs, hats, etc. If they ever do, I have a couple of little children I'd like to bring up to see it. They'll find it uproarious.

By now we had circled the tent to the start, under that sailplane. Hanging in the air it seemed almost to be in motion. The racing car was so dynamic, it too evoked a functional excitement. But that was about all, except a cocked crossbow that had the suspense of use about it. As we left the tent, we stopped to read the comments introducing the show. The second paragraph:

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from those used by skilled technicians, satisfactory performance is equated with convenience. A vacuum cleaner, for example, requires no special skill on the part of the housewife who uses it, and indeed would be considered unfunctional if it did.

I copied this down for the benefit of my wife and we departed. Next week, tropical fish? Dental bridgework?

Summer Camps

(Continued from page 33)

painted innocents, was a product of Paleface culture.

With a few big exceptions (Scout camps, YMCA, YWCA, *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund camps, which are non-sectarian and interracial), camping today is a religiously segregated affair. Parents, fearful that the insidious lessons of democracy have been learned too well all winter in the homogenized public schools, hustle their kids off to private camps where they can "stick to their own kind." It's not hard to know which camps are which. In fact, they are even grouped accordingly in the advertising pages of *The New York Times* Sunday Magazine. The discreet "dietary laws observed," the hearty "fine food from our Jewish-American chuckwagon," "Friday-night services," "resident priest," "Jesuit chaplain," "Sunday School," "Protestant services" and the always helpful "near churches" are guideposts for the parent confronted with the decision of choosing from among those thousands of camps.

But with all the differences between camp "when I was a girl" and the air-conditioned Utopias-in-the-Adirondacks of today, there are still a few die-hards. One no-nonsense place, sounding more like an anthropological field trip than a vacation spot, says starkly, "Primitive Living. Cultural Expansion." One even advertises such old-fashioned pursuits as fishing and hunting. Another puts emphasis on "helping boys become self-reliant in the out-of-doors." (No transistor radios, please.) There are still a few Work Camps. (In the old days one heard of serious Ethical Culture families that sent their children off to Work Camps to Do Something Worth-while: clean out coops, build roads, paint barns; sort of an early-day Peace Corps.)

But for the most part, camp is a pretty soft business these days. "All the comforts of home added to the fun of camping" is the way one ad puts it. "No mosquitoes, no poison ivy, no pollen" wildly promises another. Many camps have filtered Olympic swimming pools, heated cabins. "Roughin' it in comfort" is today's motto.

Where will it end? How far will we go in imposing adult interests on our kids, in robbing them of their childhood? Will the camp of the future offer Make-Up and Hair-Styling for Freshman Girls, Baby-Care Classes for Intermediates, Cold-War Strategy for Senior Boys, Beginning Dentistry for Sophomore Boys (qualified girls may apply) and Pre-Marital Counseling for Camper-Waiters?

Can childhood memories really be manufactured from this over-organized, adult-oriented jumble? Maybe it's time we gave the camps back to the kids. Shouldn't we, as parents, begin to re-examine our concept of childhood in terms of the old ways and the old words: simplicity, innocence, naïveté, modesty, quietude, wistfulness, joy? Hadn't we better see to it that our children enjoy languid, carefree, sweet summer idleness while they may?

HIT BACK

at the Radical Right, who smear every progressive idea, whether it be a plea for peace or a demand for desegregation, as Communist-inspired. How? By doing what hundreds of *Nation* readers have already done—distributing copies of "The Ultras," Fred J. Cook's exposé of the Radical Right, throughout your community. Fill out the coupon:

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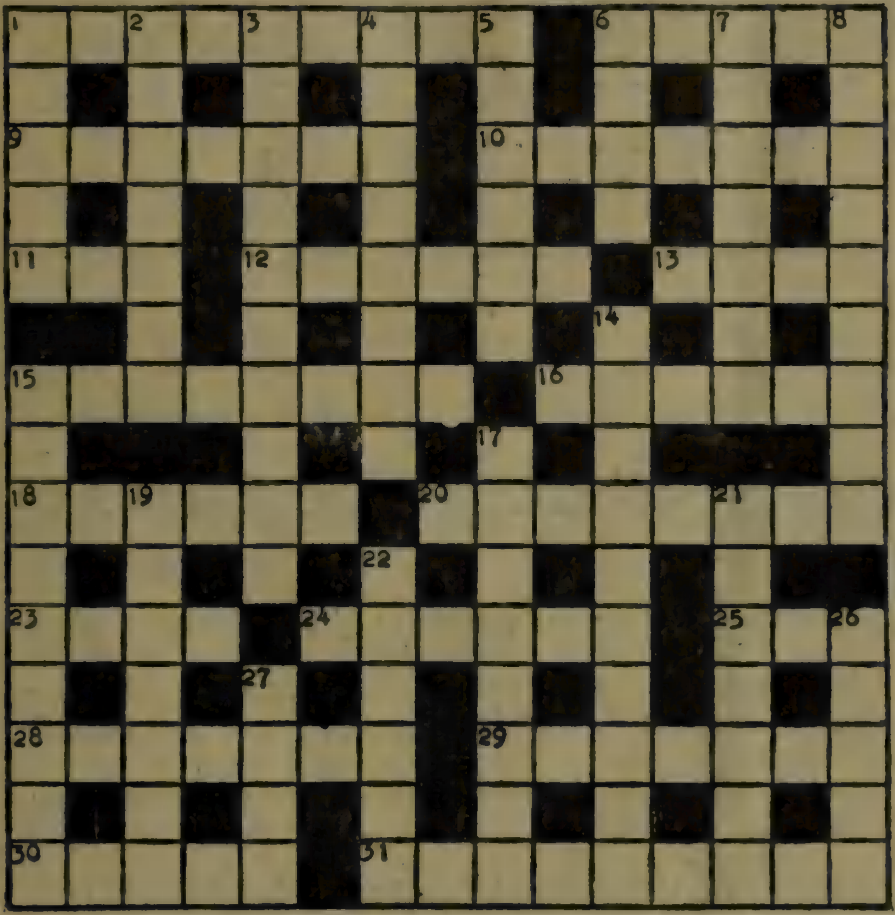
Crossword Puzzle No. 971

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 31 across

6 Squabbled, but without any past evidence of gory details at the dinner-table, perhaps. (5)

9 Fiendish deeds when Atlas does? (7)

10 Over-the-counter affair in favor of a minor prophet, by the sound of it.

11 and 6 down A period with certain evidence of at least one mistake!

12 and 27 What Jack's partner did might be associated with a shack. (6-4)

13 and 15 down Are they sometimes described with a great deal of spirit? (4, 9)

15 See 1 down

18 Matthew Arnold said we move on a rigorous line in some unknown Power's. (6)

20 In any opening work, these masters might fit nicely. (8)

23 and 24 Certainly not a full-time employee of a well-known dive. (4, 6)

25 and 2 down It might be inappropriate to be third, possibly. (3, 2, 5)

28 The way rain splashes on the sash in Africa? (7)

29 Was Watts' hour for improvement.

30 Battle model? It might describe the body. (5)

31, 16, and 1 across Implying Clara Bow's old commodity can be obtained in vast quantities on the current stage. (1, 3, 3, 2, 3, 3, 9)

DOWN:

1 and 15 across A singularly pale version of 13 and 15 down is probably not wanted. (5, 8)

3 Once he cuts out of it, it's not supposed to be stained. (10)

4 What undertakers might be doing seems arrogant. (8)

5 Fondle, in a way, and embrace. (6)

6 See 11 across

7 Light, perhaps but practically a necessary ingredient. (7)

8 The unconscious aspects of some reviews? (9)

14 Harmonizing, but not for arrangement. (10)

17 Taken by some, though a game's in process. (8)

19 Your friends die, in a way, almost paralyzed. (7)

21 The first person is very important to him. (7)

22 Society has this for the main part, if you're thinking insularly. (6)

26 Secure condition in which to see 13 and 15 down. (5)

27 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 970

ACROSS: 1 Forbidden fruit; 9 Tenaces; 10 Testate; 11 Evilly; 12 Frontier; 14 and 15 Guard of honor; 17 Dodge; 19 Extorts; 21 Restarts; 26 Printer; 27 Dress designers. DOWN: 1 Fatheaded; 2 and 8 Running gear; 3 Inculcate; 5 Net profits; 6 Resin; 7 Italian; 13 Advertised; 15 Harboring; 16 Redstarts; 18 Despair; 20 Scuttle; 21 Rote; 22, 25 across, 4 down and 23 across Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 24 Apis.

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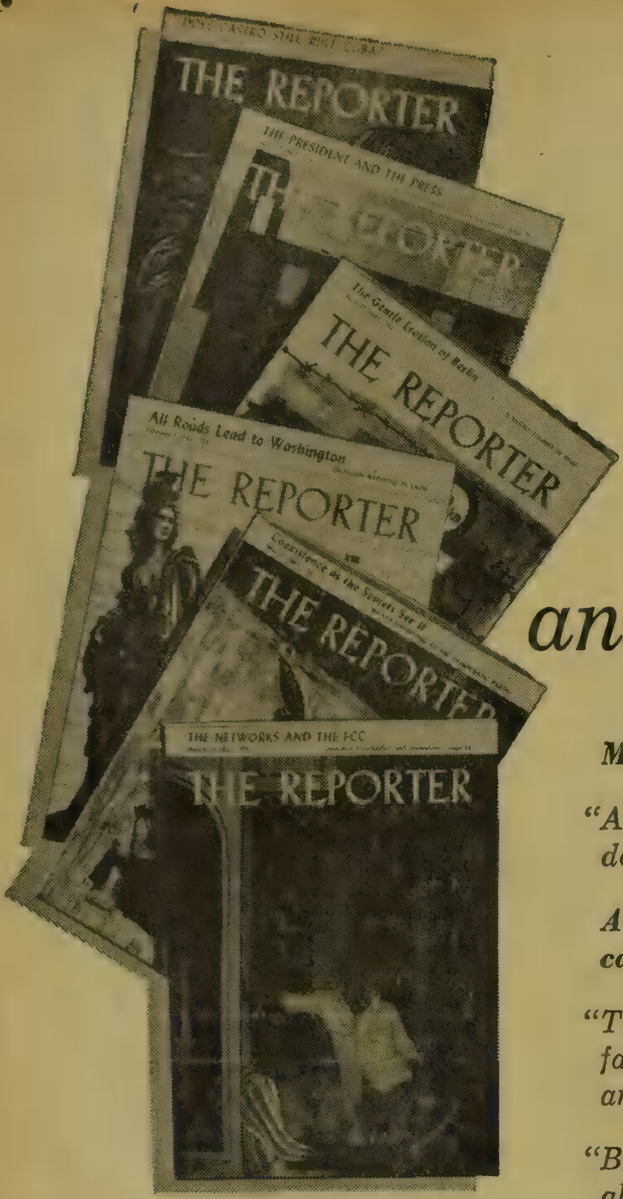

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LETTERS

Reinstating Teachers

Dear Sirs: The matter of reinstating six New York City teachers, suspended without pay in September, 1955, and January, 1960, still awaits a decision. They are being penalized ostensibly for admittedly false answers on applications for a position given as long as seventeen years earlier, but actually for refusing to act as informers. Evidence of this is that other teachers, who also gave false answers on their applications but who informed on their fellows when asked to do so, have not been suspended.

Among those who have spoken out against the suspensions are *The New York Times* and the *New York Post*, editorially; Eleanor Roosevelt; the late Councilman Stanley Isaacs; the New York Board of Rabbis, and thirty-eight community and religious leaders. *The Nation's* readers can help put an end to the assault upon academic freedom and civil liberties by writing to Mr. Max J. Rubin, President of the Board of Education, 110 Livingston Street, Brooklyn 1, New York, asking for immediate reinstatement of all the teachers.

ISAAC WARSHOFSKY

New York City

Pay Dirt

Dear Sirs: Having spent many months traveling in Australia, I find it not unusual that the darling of The Ultras, Dr. Fred Schwarz, is not the Messiah Down Under that he is Up Here [see *The Nation*'s special issue, June 30]. Anyone preaching communism in Australia could be guaranteed but one thing: anonymity. Why otherwise? That country was taking social reform for granted (woman suffrage, 1902; old-age pensions, 1909) before Czar Nicholas II was in mid-career. And certainly a people refusing to become hysterical about "communism" could hardly cotton to "anti-communism." . . .

Apart from anything else, there is the baleful reflection that any out-of-work opportunist the world over can now look upon demagoguery as good pay dirt, yielding more here than any gold strike in Australia or California ever did in years past.

Los Angeles, Calif. JAN GELLERMANN

Dear Sirs: "The Ultras" does an excellent job in pulling away the masks from the two faces of the Right, and the naked faces are indeed hideous.

Granted that monolithic communism would be very distasteful to most of us (what monolithic system isn't?), it is heartening to read Mr. Cook's words that "this sickness [Radical Rightism] is a far greater menace in America today than a virtually nonexistent, burrowing communism."

Cosmopolis, Wash. HAROLD J. ENRICO

[See back cover for special offer on bulk copies of "The Ultras."—EDITORS.]

Another Opinion

Dear Sirs: I have usually found your articles quite sound. However, I think "The Ultras" is a disgrace. . . . (It) is simply an emotional, rabble-rousing treatment of what is a significant movement in American politics.

RALPH B. WOOD

Baltimore, Md. Johns Hopkins Univ.

As Pants the Bomb

Our custom of dressing men in trousers, by increasing the temperature of the reproductive organs, causes at least 100 times as many mutations as present fallout levels.

Dr. Edward Teller

Fallout has scared us needlessly, it seems;
It's wearing trousers that impairs our genes.
For, every bomb that drops near Johnston Island
Each pair of pants does damage worse on dry land.
The joke is now no longer on the Scot—
His kilts have kept his genes from getting hot.
In China women used to wear the pants:
Their 700 million can't be chance.
Away with jeans, for Dr. Teller frowns;
Let fashion now put men in Paris gowns
And fallout needn't worry you at all—
Take off your pants, and let the A-bombs fall!

BRADFORD SMITH

Shaftsbury, Vt.

Shocking Reality

Dear Sirs: Jack Foisie's "News Gap in South Vietnam" (*The Nation*, July 14) unhappily contributes to the flight from reality which he deplores. Writing of Mr. McNamara's visit to "battlefields" in South Vietnam, Foisie notes: "His tour of inspection took him to Ben Tuong, one of the resettlement projects to which farm families subject to Communist harassment are being moved."

This is the way myths are made and fostered. These so-called "resettlement projects" are concentration camps, into which village families are herded, by force, after their own homes and villages are burned, in order to prevent them from helping the guerrilla rebels. . . . These projects were planned and supervised by Americans. To refer to them in the terms Mr. Foisie uses is to disguise the shocking reality.

New York City HELEN MEARS

[*The Nation's April 14 issue took note of the realities of these "resettlement" projects in an editorial entitled "Operation Sunrise."* — EDITORS.]

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The Nation Aug. 11, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 3

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 3

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

THE NATION'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated August 25.

Whither NATO?

That all is not well in NATO must be obvious to the most casual headline reader. The conclusion is reinforced by the endlessly reiterated denials that anything is seriously wrong. One would think, from most of the reports which reach the American public, that the internal NATO confabulations are invariably carried on in a spirit of brotherly love, in contrast to the rifts and antagonisms which ravage the Communist bloc. Not all newsmen, however, are so cooperative. Writing from Bonn, C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* raises his eyebrows at "the legend that recent command changes in both Washington and Rocquencourt are routine and involve no shift in strategic thinking." It may be added that these changes probably portend bigger and louder dogfights among the loyal Allies, for some very serious issues are at stake.

Whatever one may think of General Norstad's vision of the future Europe, no one disputes his military and diplomatic competence. There will be less agreement about General Lemnitzer, his successor (but not his chosen heir: Norstad had another general in mind and made no secret of it). The subsequent resignation of Lieut.-Gen. James M. Gavin as U.S. Ambassador to France may likewise be displeasing to President de Gaulle who, before he would accept Lemnitzer as the NATO commander, subjected him to a half-hour evaluation interview. Gavin had tried to convince the Kennedy Administration that by helping de Gaulle achieve his dearly cherished goal of a full-fledged French nuclear capability, it could induce the French leader to be less stiff-necked in his dealings with Washington. It was no sale. The Administration holds that the West's nuclear deterrent must be "indivisible," i.e., under American control. It fears — and the fear is well justified — that under some successor of de Gaulle, the French nuclear force could catalyze a war between the major nuclear powers which, as Secretary McNamara says, would be tantamount to suicide for all concerned.

If de Gaulle is not happy, neither is Adenauer, and again nuclear power is an issue. Norstad's policy was to equip NATO forces with every variety of nuclear weapon, from nuclear-tipped Davey Crockett rockets to land-based medium-range missiles which could reach Russian cities from European bases. Both atomic and conventional weapons would be available to NATO divisions, including the German ones. According to Sulzberger, the Germans feel "McNamara's desire to avoid an all-out holocaust might forestall the use even of low-yield atomic weapons in Europe's defense" — and that Norstad shared their view. Worse, General Taylor, chairman-designate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has written that it would be "incredible" to use American nuclear retaliation except to assure America's national survival. The prospect of German troops proudly bearing nuclear weapons recedes accordingly.

Reasonably prudent Americans will not view these changes with alarm. It seems likely, however, that the next U.S. Ambassador to France (Charles E. Bohlen has been mentioned) will not be lying down on a bed of roses. It is also likely that the Bonn-Paris axis will become still more rigid. Both de Gaulle and Adenauer are frustrated and neither is noted for taking disappointment with Christian resignation. They will take out their resentment against Uncle Sam (and John Bull, the favored partner) by intensified intransigence vis-à-vis the Soviets. Uneasy days lie ahead.

Required Reading

On a road as broad and well paved as the one which leads to hell, the United States is headed for another Korean War, or worse. But this time, in South Vietnam, we have ample warning. We have been blessed with this opportunity for six months, in the articles which Homer Bigart has been writing for *The New York Times* from the scene. Now, back in the United States, Bigart has summed up his observations in two-thirds of a page; and if he is still unheeded at least we shall have the small consolation of knowing we deserve what we got.

On the question of numbers, there is no disagreement. The guerrillas can muster some 25,000 men at most. They have no air power, no anti-aircraft or other artillery, no trucks, no jeeps, no tanks. They are infantrymen and nothing more. Against them is arrayed a force now approaching 205,000 South Vietnamese regulars, a Civil Guard of about 70,000, a Self-Defense Corps of 80,000—and 9,000 highly trained American servicemen. The anti-guerrilla forces are equipped with helicopters, armored personnel carriers, plastic boats, napalm, chemical-warfare apparatus and everything else that the Pentagon and the American taxpayer can furnish.

The situation is absurd. On paper, the Vietcong should have been defeated long ago. But instead, the tide of war is running against us, and for a very simple reason: we have everything on our side except the people, who have no faith in the tyrannical regime of Ngo Dinh Diem. This is supposed to be a fight for freedom, but there is no freedom in South Vietnam. People are herded into "strategic hamlets" and labor gangs; the press is rigidly controlled; there are no elections; gatherings are forbidden. And as for Diem himself, far from being grateful for our aid, whenever he dared he has incited the controlled Saigon press to print what Bigart calls "bitterly anti-American tirades."

The Americans who are in the war can't help themselves, but there are indications that they, too, are fed up. As Bigart and other correspondents have reported before, this is a dirty war. Bigart pleads for an amnesty which, he hopes, would "inject a note of humanity in a struggle that has shocked American military observers with its senseless brutality." Vietcong prisoners and fleeing peasants are indiscriminately shot. The charred bodies of women and children are found by Americans in villages destroyed by American napalm. Torture is the accepted way to extract information from prisoners.

How did we get into this, and how can we get out? Gen. J. Lawton Collins warned our government against involvement with Diem. Allen W. Dulles, then head of the CIA, persuaded John Foster Dulles that General Collins was wrong. And the CIA still largely determines American policy in this part of the world.

If the American public knew the facts, there would be a chance of reversing the policy. But, except for the *Times* and a few other papers, the press has regaled its readers with colorful accounts of this or that abortive expedition against the Vietcong, and given the impression that all is going as well as can be expected. It is enough to make one despair of the democratic process as currently practiced.

Thalidomide and Strontium

Thalidomide is the name of a West German tranquilizer drug which seems to be very effective (and profitable to the manufacturer), but it has one fault. Taken by a woman in the early stages of pregnancy, it may cause the child to be born with imperfectly developed limbs, or none at all. It is reported that from 3,500 to 5,000 such malformations have occurred, or will occur before the fall, in Europe, where the drug was marketed. It was also sold extensively in Canada. In the United States, it was kept off the market by the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, but experimental samples were sent to several hundred American physicians, clinics and hospitals, some of whom trustingly gave it to their patients [see "Watering the Drug Bill," by Milton Viorst, page 43]. So malformed births have occurred here, too, and there will be more.

Birth and babies are big news and if there is danger and tragedy, so much the bigger. The more sensational section of the press pounced on the story ravenously. A prospective mother in Arizona appealed for legal sanction for an abortion when it was found she had taken some of the pills. The court decided, in effect, that it had no jurisdiction, but the case flared into a *cause célèbre* and is still going strong. Even the conservative New York *Herald Tribune* headlined "Drug Tragedy" and "Mothers' Heartbreak" on front and inside pages. All over the United States and Canada people debated, deplored and wept.

All with good reason. But where were the newspapers — where *are* they? — when Linus Pauling tears around the country pleading for a cessation of nuclear testing on behalf of the unborn children whose lives will be ruined by radioactive isotopes? If a horror which will last a year is unendurable, what about a horror which will go on for ten thousand years, or till the end of time? If a few thousand malformed or stillborn children can make us wring our hands, why not a few hundred thousand, or millions? The same mass media which are pillorying the drug company which, with good intentions and hopes of eventual profit, distributed samples of thalidomide in the United States, treat

Pauling and anyone who shares his concern with indulgent contempt, as if what they were talking about scarcely merited the notice of reasonable people.

But, of course, there is a difference. Opposition to thalidomide is easy and safe. It touches only a minor vested interest. Opposition to nuclear testing challenges a major sector of the whole economy. The cold war may be privately deplored, but to take a public stand against it is unpatriotic. Defense, even when it threatens to kill all the mothers and all the babies, all men and women, old and young, is as sacred as religion. The small tragedy is a psychological shield against the tragedy whose dimensions are too great for comprehension, and too dangerous for opposition. Like the Fascists who crack down on immodest dress, our newspapers can crusade virtuously and profitably against the tranquilizer that miscarried, and ignore the criminality which is part and parcel of their own scheme of things.

What? No Shelters?

Last year a nation-wide shelter program was on a par with the race to the moon as a patriotic necessity; this year only the Administration still pays it reverence. President Kennedy asked for $568,000,000 in new shelter funds for the fiscal year 1963, which began on July 1. The Appropriations Committee not only rejected the request, but also barred further use of funds previously voted for shelter purposes. The Civil Defense Director, Hon. Steuart L. Pittman, pleaded for restoration of the stricken appropriation, saying that the action would "throw away the opportunity to provide protection for tens of millions of Americans at the cost of $4 per person." Representative Holifield, the most dedicated shelter promoter in the Congress, warned of "terrible devastation." It was all to no avail. The House stolidly upheld the action of the Appropriations Committee and the prospect now is that shelters will receive $75 million, if that.

But is this not the same Congress that last year was so alarmed and so lavish? What has happened? Have the nations beaten their swords into ploughshares, and does the lion lie down with the lamb? Or are the legislators hysterical one year and calm the next? Was the war scare of 1961 a phony? Will the next war scare be equally phony? Or, if not, why doesn't the Congress appropriate the money and give us a chance for our lives?

The matter has much broader reference than the fluctuations of the legislative, journalistic and public minds. After all, the President asked only for something short of $568 million for shelters, but in total military appropriations he asks for something approaching $55 billion (if all the concealed items are counted in) — and he gets it. But if Congress doesn't think we are going to be bombed, and if fallout is the least of our concerns, why such Gargantuan expenditures? Every year, ever-increasing armament bills are passed with the greatest insouciance, and with not one Congressman in ten having the least idea of what he is voting for. It would be a good idea for the Appropriations Committee to take a good, hard look at every item in the arms budget, and squeeze the water out of it just as mercilessly as it did with the shelter program. Sanity, like peace, is indivisible.

WATERING the DRUG BILL . . *by Milton Viorst*

Washington, D.C.

ON AND OFF for two and a half years, Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic maverick from Tennessee, shocked the nation with disclosures of dubious safety standards and scandalous profits prevalent in the drug industry. Public opinion seemed outraged at the pattern of exploitation that his investigations revealed. Yet, when a bill to correct the drug industry's abuses reaches the floor of the Senate, it will be only a shadow of the legislation that Kefauver wanted and that the public, according to two and a half years of testimony, badly needs.

The public is not unaware that existing drug laws failed to prevent an initial limited distribution, for test purposes, of thalidomide, the tranquilizer that has been shown to cause deformities in new-born children. Only the exceptional vigilance of a woman physician in the Food and Drug Administration prevented the drug's entry into the American commercial market.

The thalidomide episode compelled President Kennedy at his last news conference to announce that he would take administrative steps to prevent a recurrence. He also urged enactment of a drug-control measure stronger than the Kefauver bill. But, despite the fact that the thalidomide development has generated great public indignation, chances for passage of a strong bill are not good.

The emasculation of the Kefauver drug bill reveals major weaknesses of the Kennedy Administration—abundant in good intentions but hesitant to commit itself to controversy.

John F. Kennedy, as candidate, promised that he would appoint a Consumer Counsel in the Office of the President to watch over such matters as the price and quality of

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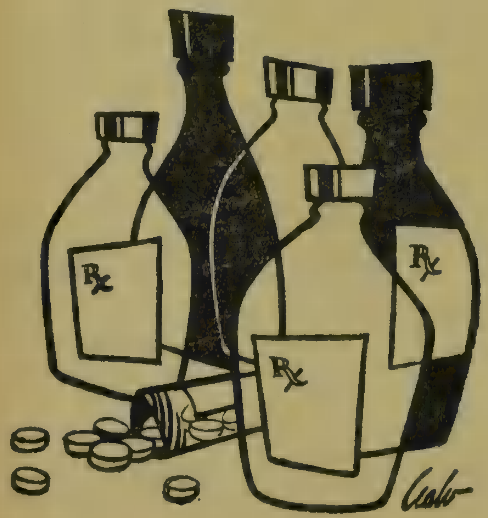
drugs. The counsel's role, Kennedy said, would be to "scrutinize the activities of all governmental agencies which have a responsibility for regulating business activities in the public interest" and to represent the citizen as consumer in his dealings with Congress. "I believe," said Kennedy, the candidate, "that such a Consumer Counsel, perhaps a woman familiar with consumer problems, will be the surest safeguard of the public interest in a government where private interests are well represented."

It took Kennedy, as President, more than a year to get around to consumers again. On March 14, in his "Special Message on Protecting the Consumer Interest," he told Congress that "the federal government — by nature the highest spokesman for all the people — has a special obligation to be alert to the consumer's needs and to advance the consumer's interests." Even though the earlier reference to "private interests" was not repeated, this acknowledgement of governmental responsibility for the citizen as consumer was important. In his message, Kennedy cited some genuine achievements of the Administration, undertaken with his own Executive power; he made recommendations for legislation (none very dramatic). As for drugs, the President vaguely endorsed Kefauver's proposals for safeguarding quality, but he remained silent on the pricing question. Still, the message was a sign that the Administration's heart was with the people.

Last month, the President came through — in a fashion — on his promise to appoint a Consumer Counsel. What he appointed was a Consumers Advisory Council. The difference is significant. A Consumer Counsel would have been a responsible public official attached to the President, speaking for him, charged with representing the consumer viewpoint in Congress and throughout the federal establishment. The council that he named instead is composed of a group of citizens serving voluntarily, part-time, without specific responsibilities and charged with reporting at undesignated intervals to the Council of Economic Advisors. A long time will pass before it will be possible to determine if this advisory body, for all the public spirit and conscientiousness of its membership, can really do anything for the consumer.



AS TO drugs specifically, President Kennedy did not show the slightest interest in Kefauver's proposals during the first year of the Administration. For all Kefauver knew, he was on his own.

Then, without prior indication, the President on April 10 sent a letter to Senator Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, parent body of Kefauver's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee. It contained enthusiastic endorsement of the Kefauver drug bill.

> S. 1552, which is now pending before your committee, incorporates the major recommendations I made [Kennedy wrote]. It will strengthen and broaden existing laws in the food and drug field, contribute toward better, safer and less expensive medicines, and establish a better system of enforcement. . . . I believe that early passage of this legislation will substantially improve the ability of the drug industry to serve the Nation and help provide consumers with quality drugs at low competitive prices.

Both Kefauver and his opponents were astonished at the President's support. In effect, it made Kefauver's proposals an "Administration bill," giving it significantly more status. For the first time, the drug measure could be taken seriously. A few optimists even thought it might pass.

After his letter, however, the President lapsed once more into silence. Myer Feldman, the White House assistant who was assigned to the bill, became immersed in the multitude of other chores that keep the President's staff busy while Congress is in session. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which normally would supply the technicians to draft much of the bill, was grudging of its time. (Many observers, in fact, suspected that Secretary Ribicoff was holding out for his own drug bill, drawn up by officials in the Food and Drug Administration.) Even more important, as it turned out, was the fact that neither the Justice Department, which is responsible for antitrust matters, nor the Commerce Department, which oversees the Patent Office, put any effort into pushing the pricing features of the Kefauver bill. Lee Loevinger, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division, had testified in lukewarm fashion in favor of Kefauver's pricing proposals, although he carefully refrained from endorsing the principal one: the limitation of patent rights. The Commerce Department, which functions to promote the interests of business, stayed out of the picture almost entirely.

Kefauver, none the less, persevered in refining and promoting the bill and, in May, presented a finished version to the full Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which reported it out by a straight party vote. Democrats Kefauver, Carroll of Colorado, Hart of Michigan, Dodd of Connecticut and Long of Missouri voted in favor, while Republicans Dirksen of Illinois, Wiley of Wisconsin and Hruska of Nebraska voted against.

THE BILL enlarged the powers of government to insure the quality of manufactured drugs. It required that industry provide substantial proof of the effectiveness as well as the safety of new drugs. It set advertising standards for drugs to avoid deception of doctor and patient. And, to lower prices, it made more difficult for manufacturers evasion of antitrust statutes and reduced the patent monopoly on new drugs from seventeen to three years, requiring firms to license their drug inventions at 8 per cent royalties for the remaining fourteen years.

After the Antitrust subcommittee, the bill went to the Judiciary Committee, where the membership make-up is far different. Eastland, one of the most conservative members of the Senate, is the chairman. Southern Democrats hold the balance of power and can, if they choose, team up with Republicans to stop any legislation they oppose. With the Republicans generally hostile to the bill, it could very well have died in the Judiciary Committee, which traditionally inters civil-rights measures but which keeps coffins available for other liberal proposals. In this case, the committee, instead of killing the bill outright, voted over Kefauver's objections to cut out the two pricing provisions. This left in the bill only its quality-control proposals.

It was at this point that one of the most controversial episodes in recent Congressional history occurred. A variety of versions of the story exist. Tempers are still high and accusations are flung freely. All parties involved have been somewhat diminished by the incident or by its consequences.

PIECING together the fragments, this is apparently what happened:

Eastland decided that, rather than bury the rest of the bill, he would take a watered-down version. After all, the American Pharmaceutical Association (A.P.A.), the drug industry's lobby, had acknowledged that more stringent safety controls were necessary. The major drug firms, in fact, regarded government enforcement of quality standards essential for keeping out fly-by-night manufacturers who could, by acting irresponsibly, bring about a major crack-down on all manufacturers. Only the American Medical Association, granddaddy of reactionary pressure groups, opposed any new regulations. Eastland chose to go along with the A.P.A. and report out a bill that would be satisfactory to the drug industry.

Eastland phoned the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and told a top official there to send a representative to negotiate with drug-industry spokesmen in an effort to find a mutually acceptable bill. Whether he spoke to Ribicoff or to Wilbur Cohen, HEW's Assistant Secretary for Legislation, is not clear. The calling in of an expert to help in the drafting of a bill is not unusual. What was peculiar in this instance was that the meeting was held behind the back of Kefauver, the Senator most directly interested in the bill, and that the Administration lent its name to the maneuver. On Friday, June 8, a young HEW technician named Jerry Sonosky met with two drug-industry lawyers whom Dirksen and Hruska certified as members of their staffs. Several other committee assistants, but no Senators, apparently were also present. Kefauver, however, had no one representing his views.

Sonosky's job was to put together the strongest possible bill that would be acceptable to the majority of the Judiciary Committee. Knowing that this majority, in effect, identified itself with the drug industry more than with the consumer, his task was not easy. The industry spokesmen had the upper hand. What emerged was a bill that retained a significant proportion, but not all, of Kefauver's original proposals for insuring high drug standards. Lacking pricing provisions entirely, the bill, once passed, would become known simply as the Drug Quality Control Act.

WHEN Kefauver found out about the "secret" meeting, he was furious. The following Monday afternoon, June 11, he stormed into the Senate chamber to charge that he had been betrayed. Though the immediate object of his wrath was Eastland, it was obvious that he and almost everyone else held John F. Kennedy guilty of complicity.

> I want to say [Kefauver stated on the floor] that this is the first time in my legislative experience that I have been working on a bill for a long, long time, a bill which the committee has been considering; a bill on which a meeting has been called to completely change it; and a [meeting] about which I had no notice and no opportunity to be present or to have anyone present at the meeting to present the arguments that I felt should be made. I was surprised and put out that I, as chief sponsor of the bill, had neither been invited to the meeting nor knew anything about it.

Eastland was unapologetic and unmoved.

> I accept full responsibility for the alleged secret meeting which the Senator from Tennessee describes [he declared]. The truth is that the Administration designated certain individuals to handle the drug bill. . . . It was my obligation to do what I think was needed to get a realistic drug program, so I asked those who represented the Administration to meet with the staff of the Judiciary Committee and to meet with the staffs of Senators who opposed the bill or who opposed parts of the bill, to see if, within the President's letter to me, we could arrive at a drug bill both healthy and wholesome, which would be a step forward. That was done. It was agreed on. I admit that I did not call in my friend from Tennessee for consultation, because I thought it would be a futile act. I did not think he would make any agreement with respect to anything.

Eastland and Kefauver, both getting help from other Senators, then proceeded to debate whether the fragments that remained continued to be the "Administration's bill." Eastland insisted that the revised bill met the thinking of the White House. He clearly implicated the President in the secret meeting and its consequences. Kefauver, playing the husband who refuses to believe he has been cuckolded, insisted on interpreting the Administration's role in the meeting as the doings of a low-level HEW official without authority. He stoutly argued that the President stood by the Kefauver bill in its original form.

To complicate the situation further, Ribicoff appeared to repudiate his department's role in amending the bill. The revised version, he told a House committee on June 19, differs from the original "substantially enough to make us quite unhappy about it." He said the amended bill was a "mere shadow" of Kefauver's, useless for reducing drug prices. But had Sonosky seriously overstepped his authority, Ribicoff would certainly have reprimanded him; Sonosky might even have been fired. For a few days after Ribicoff's remarks, such a firing was rumored around Washington. But it never happened and Sonosky, still in his office, apparently retains the confidence of his superiors.

When the final version of the bill was brought before the Judiciary Committee for disposition, Kefauver, like every other committee member, voted for it. He lent his name to the measure, he said in the minority report, because "improvement in the quality of a product is always desirable and S.1552 should be enacted for this purpose alone." But the accomplishments of the bill, he said, are "relatively modest" and he promised to introduce on the floor a series of amendments to restore the measure to its original vigor.

As for the White House, no one will tell whether the "shadow" bill is the "Administration's bill" or not. Feldman has said nothing and Pierre Salinger, who handles official queries, says that he does not know and cannot find out. If the silence continues, Eastland will probably bring the bill to the floor, saying it is the "Administration's bill," while Kefauver fights to restore as much of the old version as he can, insisting that each amendment is an "Administration amendment."

WEIGHING the conflicting claims, the truth seems to be that the White House chose to accept an inadequate bill rather than be defeated on a better one. John F. Kennedy, the politician, knows that he must deal with the possible. It would not be possible to get a tough drug bill passed. Congress is not prepared to accept innovations such as Kefauver proposes. The emasculated bill is the best the Senate would take. And it might yet prove too good for the House.

Presumably, Kennedy could have made the drug bill an issue in the fall campaign. It would probably have been popular. Even in New York's wealthy Westchester County, according to a survey that its Congressman, Republican Robert R. Barry, took last month, an overwhelming majority favors legislation to bring down drug prices. But Kennedy has enough campaign issues. If he cannot win the people over on medicare, urban affairs, education and all the other issues on which Congress has defeated him in the past two years, the drug bill is not likely to help him. Besides, the proposal to revise the patent law would stir up powerful opposition from big business, which is committed to the defense of strong patent rights. Kennedy already has enough trouble with big business not to go out looking for more.

The drug bill, even in its amended form, will be a significant improvement over the current law. Even Kefauver admits that. The President, who has little enough to point to in legislative achievements, will be glad to take it if he can get it.

THE GREAT LEAP BACKWARD . . *by Reed J. Irvine*

AGAINST the backdrop of Communist China's current difficulties, it is ironic to recall that less than three years ago a former president of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization, Dr. Josue de Castro, hailed China's victory over hunger as "as startling an event as the conquest of interplanetary space." Dr. de Castro was not alone in his belief that the Communists in China had achieved a miracle in food production; even more skeptical observers were so persuaded.

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It did not take long for the vastly inflated bubble of Chinese claims to burst, but it has taken a very long time for the world to realize what happened. It seems clear that in making its initial claims, the Chinese government was misled by imaginative statistics supplied from below. Subsequent developments, including drives to improve statistical reporting, support the theory that the Chinese discovered that a large part of the "big leap forward" consisted of bad statistics.

The appearance of food shortages in the spring of 1959 led to reconsideration of the official claims. However, once the grain was harvested and a large part of it was consumed, there was no way for anyone to determine with any degree of accuracy what food output in 1958 had actually amounted to. In August, 1959, the government revised the 1958 estimate downward by one-third, but this revised claim still put the 1958 output 35 per cent above that of the previous year. If true, this would still have been a tremendous increase. Chang Nai-chi, a member of the Chinese Communist Party National Committee, in a speech in the spring of 1960, clearly hinted that the actual rise probably had been closer to 10-12 per cent, thus indicating that the original estimates should have been slashed by 45 per cent rather than by a third. It is not hard to understand the reluctance of the government to admit an error of this magnitude, and Chang Nai-chi was rebuked for his statement by his colleagues (though the supply situation seemed to bear him out).

Despite increasing food shortages, it was officially claimed that food production rose by 8 per cent in 1959. Had this been true, or had

Punch: Ben Roth

"I'll bet they've got their hands full in Peking!"

food production been even as high as the figure claimed for the previous year, there would have been no food problem in China. The fact that there was a problem, the testimony of refugees that 1959 was not as good a year as 1958, and the fact that food-crop acreage had been deliberately reduced in 1959, all add up to a substantial *decline* in output for the year. The official 1959 claim probably exaggerated production by something in the vicinity of 40 per cent.

In making this patently inflated claim for 1959, the government pushed itself a little farther into an embarrassing situation. The contrast between official claims and reality became readily apparent to the Chinese consumer and to outside observers as 1960 wore on. A frank admission that both the 1958 and the 1959 production figures required further substantial downward revision would have been one way out of the predicament, but this would have involved an unbearable loss of face. The regime clearly lacked the courage to admit that its boasts of success for the communes, which were Mao Tse-tung's great achievement, had been ill-founded. The fact that Khrushchev had been skeptical of the communes from the outset probably did not make it any easier for Mao to admit that the results were disappointing.

THE REGIME refused to admit failure. Instead, a tremendous effort was made in the summer and fall of 1960 to stimulate farm production. *Jen-min Jih-pao*, Peking's *Pravda*, revealed in August, 1960, that millions of people from all trades and professions had undertaken to aid agriculture. The compulsory transfer of labor from urban to rural areas was one of the most significant developments in 1960 not only because it meant that the regime was obviously hoping to rescue the faltering communes, but because it meant a major shift in policy. Hitherto, the Chinese Communists had insisted on giving priority to industrial development at the expense of agriculture. Here was the beginning of a change that has since been explicitly incorporated into official doctrine.

The human side of this shift is a story that is no doubt filled with personal tragedy. How many men were torn from their families and sent to remote parts of the country, how many careers were abruptly derailed, how many hopes were shattered are details that we shall never learn. They are certainly not revealed in the Chinese press, which confined itself to such descriptions as the following account of the action taken in one area:

> Owing to the serious attitude of the party *hsien* committee, the laborers transferred are of a comparatively good quality. . . . Of the 4,967 persons transferred back to the production teams, men make up 63.5 per cent and women 36.5 per cent; 92.2 per cent have full labor power, 6.3 per cent half labor power, and 1.45 per cent auxiliary labor power. (*Jen-Min Jih-Pao*, Sept. 9, 1960.)

There is no Harriet Beecher Stowe in Communist China free to write a story that will tell us what these cold statistics mean in terms of the human beings involved.

DESPITE these Herculean efforts, the 1960 harvest was disappointing. Chou En-lai, with unaccustomed imprecision, revealed that the output of staple foods for the year fell somewhere between the 185 million tons claimed for 1957 and the 250 million tons claimed for 1958. It was clear, however, that the results were closer to the lower figure than to the higher. The regime blamed this poor performance on a combination of natural calamities, which it said had been the worst in the century.

There had been references to floods and drought in China during the course of the 1960 growing season, but nothing had been said prior to November, when the harvest was in, that conveyed the impression that the country had suffered any disaster of catastrophic proportions. The delay in the announcement of the disaster until November ought to have aroused suspicion about the validity of this explanation. Clearly the authorities were using the story to explain why production was perhaps 30 per cent lower than the amount claimed in the previous year. Since the previous claims had undoubtedly been grossly exaggerated, the magnitude of the disaster was similarly exaggerated. Had the calamities been as great as they were said to be, production would have fallen far below the 1957 level and China would have been in the grip of a devastating famine.

The food shortage did not reach these proportions in either 1960 or 1961. Problems of supply evidently became more acute, but they were not so critical as to result in mass starvation. The harvest in 1961 was again disappointing. The regime again blamed natural disasters for the poor crops, but it has never revealed just how poor the crops actually were. This suggests that there was little, if any, improvement over the previous year.

This probably means that mainland China produced no more food last year than in 1957. With population increasing by perhaps 12 million a year, there are now 60 million more mouths to feed. It is as though China had undertaken the task of supplying the food requirement of a nation larger than the United Kingdom without any increase in production. Here, and not in natural disaster, lies the real explanation of the Chinese food crisis. This is not to deny that in recent years the climatic conditions in China may have been something less than ideal. However, the ideal years, such as 1958, must be expected to be the exception rather than the rule.

ACTIONS speak louder than words, and the admission that agricultural policies were responsible for the lag in output came through loud and clear in late 1960 and 1961. The retreat from the commune system began in 1960, when authority and responsibility for agricultural planning and production were transferred from the commune to what is known as the "production brigade" (the brigades comprise several hundred households, whereas the communes embrace thousands). A further step toward decentralization was effected in November, 1960, when substantial power and responsibility were taken from the brigade and given to the next lower echelon, the production team, which generally consists of twenty to thirty households. The teams were assigned fixed amounts of land, fixed quantities of tools and draft animals, and fixed amounts of labor. They were allowed to cultivate waste land, raise livestock and engage in other subsidiary production, and they were allowed to keep the bulk of the proceeds from such activities for their own use. The devolution process was carried one step further in January, 1962, when the teams were given responsibility for planning production and marketing their produce.

This decentralization meant that there was little substance left in the commune system. The communal mess halls were given a quiet burial sometime in May or June of 1961, with no public ceremony. Human nature had won out over Chairman Mao's great innovation.

Other significant reforms introduced in 1961 were the permitting of peasants to cultivate small private plots and to use the produce or dispose of it as they wished, and allowing free markets at rural fairs. These steps enabled both individuals and production teams to find profitable markets for that part of their output not taken by the state.

In the absence of reliable statistics, it is impossible to measure accurately China's food shortage. The shortage has been evident since the summer of 1959. Officially, rations have not been scaled downward in recent years, but it is impossible to say how well the commitments are honored. There have been campaigns in the past aimed at persuading people to consume less than their rations. Ration tickets have been known to be invalidated, and the length of queues can be a factor in regulating the amount of goods consumed. The flow of food packages mailed by residents of Hong Kong to their relatives and friends on the mainland gives some indication that the food situation worsened in the last quarter of 1961 and the first quarter of 1962. Some 3.8 million two-pound parcels of food were mailed in the first quarter of this year, a 50 per cent increase over the same period the previous year.

HOWEVER, the refugees who fled to Hong Kong when the bars dropped in May of this year did not indicate that the food situation had seriously worsened in recent months. Rather, they were reported to have been motivated by fear that the situation would deteriorate sharply in the months ahead and that starvation was in store for those who remained in China. It is not yet clear what inspired this belief in so many thousands of people. There is no indication that either calamitous droughts or floods are wreaking havoc in the countryside (though as usual some areas are suffering from one or the other). In general, weather conditions are reported to be more favorable than they have been in recent years. Imports of grain from abroad are continuing on a very large scale. Some 6 million tons of grain were imported in 1961, and purchases this year will probably amount to 5 million tons. These imports impose a heavy drain on China's reserves of foreign exchange, and it is difficult to see how it can be continued for very long. However, for this year, at least, there will be substantial net food imports.

Perhaps the Chinese people fear famine because they sense that the backtracking on agricultural policy has not yet gone far enough to cure the malaise in the rural areas. It is evident that agricultural production is much too complex to be efficiently planned and managed bureaucratically. The devolution of responsibility to the production teams may successfully overcome some of the problems created by excessive centralization of the decision-making process, although continuing discussion in the Chinese press about the division of responsibility between teams and brigades indicates that the new system is not yet working with satisfactory smoothness.

Moreover, decision-making was only one of the weaknesses of the commune system. Even more important is the matter of individual incentive. It seems likely that the decentralization process will have to go much further than it has up to now if the incentives of the Chinese peasant are to be rekindled. Sharing responsibility and income in a group consisting of twenty-five to thirty households is not likely to bring out the drive and sacrifice that is required to maximize labor productivity.

Morale in the country has been seriously lowered. The production teams are reported to have problems in getting peasants to undertake heavy work. The problem of assigning work points on the basis of the quality as well as the quantity of labor has yet to be satisfactorily solved. The practice of valuing all labor identically is reported to have reduced the incentive to develop skills, much to the detriment of productivity. The problem is probably intensified by the transfer of so many city-dwellers, unskilled in agriculture, to the rural areas. Their productivity is low, but they have to be fed. This situation is reflected in reports of teams failing in assigned tasks while using far more than the planned amount of labor.

THE SHORTAGE of consumer goods has evidently dampened the enthusiasm of peasants as well as workers for increased labor. This has led the regime to revise its former emphasis on heavy industry. It now places great stress on developing light industry and agriculture in order to satisfy consumer demand.

However, industry is also experiencing severe difficulties. Raw-material shortages have forced the curtailment of industrial operations and plant shutdown in many cases. It is increasingly evident that the transfer of workers from industry to agriculture was prompted more by the emergence of redundant labor in industry than by the desire to help agricultural production. The Chinese press has in recent months strongly urged greater effort to economize on labor in industry and construction, attacking, among other things, a tendency to hoard admittedly excess labor against the day when it may again be needed.

The Chinese now clearly recognize that agriculture must be revived and developed before they can get very far with industrialization. They now refer to a "long-term process" rather than an evolution that can be accomplished in one or two "great leaps." However, nothing in the Communist record in the agricultural field in China or elsewhere provides ground for optimism about the ability of the present regime to develop a strong and flourishing agricultural base. The voices of those who so enthusiastically hailed the victory over hunger and the dawn of a bright new epoch on the basis of exaggerated reports of a single harvest have long been silent. They have been replaced by more somber tones such as those emanating from China's Vice-Premier, Chen Yi, who on the eve of the May Day celebrations in Peking stated that the Chinese people are soberly aware that their country is culturally backward and economically poor and that it will take several decades of bitter struggle to turn China into an advanced, prosperous and powerful Socialist country.

The question is, how do the Chinese peasants and workers, who so recently were promised the imminent dawn of the millenium, reconcile themselves to this gloomy prospect? Perhaps the answer is found in the inundation of Hong Kong by 60,000 refugees last May.

THE KENNEDY CULT . . *by Sister Mary Paul Paye*

THE GENTLEMAN smiles, the youngster sidles up to a pony on the lawn, the lovely lady bows. Cameras click, tape-machines whirl, and the American public is exposed again to that dangerous phenomenon: the personality cult of the President. I protest — vehemently, vigorously, apolitically and almost alone.

Three threats are inherent in this constant projection of the personal image of the President: the suppression or the obscuring of significant news; the amassing by the President of personal power; and — most insidious of all—the irrational worldwide identification of him with the country as a whole. We all — mass media and mass audience — could well pause to assess the ramifications of what less sophisticated societies termed hero worship, a phenomenon that, in our own electronic age, has become both more complex and more potent.

Because of the cult of personality, to the average man everywhere Mr. Kennedy has become synonymous with the United States; his victories are American victories; his health, American health; his smile, his family, his hobbies, his likes and dislikes, become symbolic of the country. And the danger of this equation is that should the President fail, then the country fails; should he make a mistake, the country errs.

This identification of the nation with its Chief of State was clearly evident at the time of President Roosevelt's election for the third and fourth terms, and also at the time of his death in office. It was evident when Mr. Eisenhower suffered a heart attack. As a single recent example, it was militantly apparent when Mr. Kennedy addressed the assembled nations of the world at the U.N.

A President is not the country. Mr. Kennedy is not the United States. If he should fail, as well he may, the country will not disintegrate. But if the personality cult continues, if it increases during coming administrations, it will be very difficult to convince the people of that fact. And in the measure that the cult grows, the tendency will grow stronger to elect Presidents not on the basis of reason, but on the basis of the emotional pull the candidates engender.

A combination of causes has conspired to bring the personality cult to full strength in the current decade. Experts agree that changes in American society have made it necessary for a Presidential candidate to appeal directly and personally to the mass of politically unaligned voters; thus, when elected, he can maintain a certain independence vis-à-vis his party. The trend, in other words, is away from government by party toward government by a personalized Presidency. Mr. Kennedy has exploited this tendency to a greater degree than any of his predecessors. Unlike Mr. Eisenhower, for instance, he uses the mass media directly to project his personality to the people; and to the degree that he appoints non-political men to decision-making offices, he stifles the political personalities of others.

It's time to examine the effect of this situation upon the collective public mind.

THE President and his family are naturals for publicity, and journalists have not been slow to exploit the color, the drama, the human appeal that emanate from the White House. No day passes without the appearance of some news or feature about the Kennedy clan, and while I admit that some of the items revealed are interesting or amusing, much is of

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questionable value. In this category fall recently published articles on the following subjects: the President's preferences in clothes (illustrated, with sizes and patterns); the man who "trims" the President, the barber; the life in the White House of the puppy sent to Mrs. Kennedy by Khrushchev; the President's salary and his budget ("He and Jacqueline are determined to get along on his Presidential pay—of course, they don't *have* to" is the tagline on this). On a slightly higher level are scores of articles like those about the trips abroad by Robert and Mrs. Kennedy, the plans for refurnishing the White House, the cultural interests of the family, the entertainment of distinguished guests (down even to the kind of napkin-folding employed at the White House dinner parties).

Galleys of type and yards of picture spreads about the birthdays of the children, the social affairs of the First Lady, the horsemanship of a sister, the recreational habits of the Attorney General's family, feed the public's desire to know all about the White House inhabitants. Everything goes to deepen the cult.

THAT the mass media should so exploit the President and his family for circulation purposes is serious enough. But I submit that even more dangerous implications arise: the danger of the imbalance of news. In newspapers and on the air, time and space are limited and every inclusion means a corresponding exclusion. Important events and decisions may well be obscured in the welter of feature material. And, even when significant news is reported, as prisoners of the cult we may be tempted to overlook it. Readers, too, are pressed for time; and too often they prefer to be amused rather than informed. Who doesn't gravitate toward the human-interest story, perhaps to the neglect of the duller but more significant news?

The Christmas illness of the President's father is an example. Is it heartless to suggest that the event was woefully overplayed, that the international involvements of the United States became no less worthy of reporting because the elderly Mr. Kennedy had suffered a stroke? A spot check of newspapers reveals that the Kennedy story crowded out, in many cases, the following important international developments: Nehru's stand on Goa, and Tshombe and the Katanga peace talks. Most papers gave "number one" treatment to the President's talks with Prime Minister Macmillan. But because of the emphasis that had been placed upon the father's illness, is it unreasonable to suggest that for many Americans the vision of the "anxious son" in conference became more important than the conference itself?

This is no imputation of machination or of deliberate preying upon public sentiment by the President or his associates. It exemplifies, rather, the furtherance of the cult through circumstances beyond the President's control. But whatever the cause, the effect is the displacement, or downgrading, of significant events.

Stemming from this overemphasis on personality is the danger of the amassing of personal power. A grievous error was made in the American press regarding Fidel Castro, who survived in the media as a hero for a rather long period. If the same kind of mistake had been made by the American people in selecting President Kennedy, how long would it have taken for the media's projection to reverse itself and present the true picture? But such a situation, you will say, could never arise in a democracy.

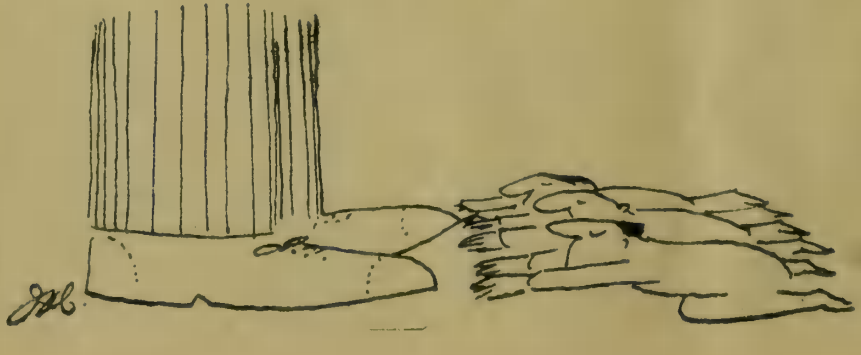
Or could it? As President, F.D.R. had a powerful impact upon the public. He was able to bring about action which would have been rejected if proposed by another; his personal magnetism obtained agreement to treaties and policies which were greeted with cheers when they should have been examined critically and unemotionally. The same was true during the Eisenhower administration, when the public repeatedly absolved the President of responsibility in actions for which he should have been held to some degree accountable.

For the sake of argument, I am willing to concede that President Kennedy will never consciously be guilty of duplicity or of evil or even of error. But even in argument it must be admitted that he will act. His actions should not be judged emotionally, but on the basis of reason.

WHILE the political trend may be toward a personalized Presidency, with the substitution of career experts for politicians in key positions, certain facts are still true. No individual is capable of managing all aspects of government. The nation and the cult to the contrary, there are other politicians whose opinions and actions are essential. Truth is not served, nor the common good, if these men are not adequately reported by the mass media.

This is not to imply that the press is in any danger of approving all President Kennedy's proposals. But the media may cast a cloak of oblivion over political figures who in other times would be prominent in the public eye. Granted that the President makes decisions and that the decisions are news; others make decisions, too, or have opinions worthy of publication. Now, as elections draw near, other politicians do capture a share of publicity, but the Kennedys obtrude successfully even here.

Since 1960, probably the only politician who competed noticeably with Mr. Kennedy for publicity was the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. During his illness, he briefly captured the spotlight on the national stage; daily bulletins, eulogies, reviews and features about his impressive public record had prime coverage. But he was dying, and



then dead, and the divided waters of the cult converged again upon Mr. Kennedy. Strong words, I admit, in a situation in which it is difficult to be objective. But they emphasize the extent of the monopoly and the readiness of the press and the public to accept it.

The cult has its causes in current social and political trends. It is caught in a conveyor belt: the supply increases the demand and the demand increases the supply. Pressures far removed from politics further it, for it is influenced by insecurity, by the anonymity of the man in the crowd, the public desire for status — even if vicarious.

The cult is dangerous because it seems as innocent as a baby's picture, as simple as a man's smile, because it is public and yet unseen. Even if events conspire so that no limitation of freedom occurs because of it, it is still an appalling trend; for it is symptomatic of an American disease: mental apathy.

The best defense against it is awareness, by the President, the public, the press. The White House — elections or no elections — should guard itself more stringently against frivolous reporting. Editors and program directors should weigh news and features for inherent value. And the American people — all of us — should be aware that we are beginning to respond to the Chief of State as we have responded to movie stars — and as other nations have responded to their monarchs. Adulation of a monarch or a star may be permissible; similar treatment of a President, considering the power he wields, can never be.

Taxation With Misrepresentation . . *by R. Peter Straus*

AT THE Constitutional Convention of New York State in 1894, the hall rang repeatedly with a peculiar kind of rhetoric. "A sewer of ignorance and corruption," was the phrase of one rural delegate as he spoke of the people of New York City. "The average citizen of *rural* New York," said another delegate from the countryside, "is superior in intelligence, morality and self-government." The people of the big city, chimed in still another spokesman for the upstate counties, "are unfit for citizenship."

Just what brought forth all this solemn abuse from the great pasturelands of New York State, directed at the entire population of what was already the greatest city in the land? It was all pretty simple. New York City in 1894 was growing faster than ever before or since in its history. The imminent consolidation of the five counties posed the prospect of a single municipality which might soon have a clear majority of all the people in the state. Now, while rural delegates still had the power to write the rules of government, was the time to make sure that the big city could never control the state through the immense voting strength of its great and growing population.

Into the state constitution went the entire apparatus of discrimination against New York City which operates to this day. On their face, the 1894 provisions for apportioning the two-chamber Legislature appear quite innocent. The chief guarantee of upstate rule in the Assembly (the lower house), for example, is the requirement that every county except two have at least one seat all to itself. This is coupled with a limitation of the chamber to exactly 150 seats. By the time upstate counties having fifteen, twenty or thirty thousand people get *their* seats, a fairly high proportion is accounted for. The remainder are then apportioned as additional seats for the bigger counties according to population, and New York City gets the lion's share of these. But it's too late at that stage to disturb the rural voting power in the chamber created by all those single seats assigned to upstate counties with a third, a fifth and even a tenth the population of an Assembly district in New York City. Similar rules laid down in 1894 insure that Senate districts in the city encompass far more people than those upstate, thus guaranteeing upstate control of the upper house as well.

After nearly seventy years, discrimination against New York City requires no special effort on the part of the rural power in Albany when, after each federal census, the time comes to reapportion. The rules are all laid out in the constitution. The mandate is clear. If the upstate majority in the Legislature were to delegate its apportioning powers to Mayor Wagner himself, there is no way in which he could give New York City a stronger voice in the state body than it now gets.

OVER the years, this over-representation of upstate New York has hurt the city in many ways. What might be called the dollar-gap in the flow of funds to and from Albany is easily the most irritating issue. New York City, with its highly taxable big corporations and the highly taxable incomes of its executives and white-collar workers, supplies well over half the revenues of the state. When the state gets around to spending its money, however, only a relatively small share of its great annual largesse to local communities trickles back across the city line.

Just as in the case of apportionment itself, the discrimination against the city in state aid is based in every case on formulas which have an apparent foundation in equity. Take, for example, the vexing matter of aid to education. School aid is a function not only (in direct proportion) of a community's public-school attendance but (inversely) of the assessed valuation of its real estate. Real estate is made a factor on the grounds that communities with relatively high total assessments are in a better position to support their schools by local taxes than those whose total assessments are low. In effect, this means that, over a long period of years, New York

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City—whose assessable real estate is of course enormous — has averaged barely a quarter out of every dollar of state aid to education, even though well over a third of the public-school students in the state have lived in New York City.

The situation of the big-city voters in New York State is not unique. Atlanta, Los Angeles, Baltimore and many other metropolitan centers have suffered even more severe discrimination. For years, municipal leaders around the country hopefully studied the clause in the United States Constitution which says, "No state shall deny . . . to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Could a city voter, say in New York, persuade a federal court that he's denied this protection when he's required by law to share his Assemblyman with ten times as many people as a voter upstate?

For a long time the answer to that seemed to be "no." In 1946, the Supreme Court had ruled that federal justice has no authority over the apportioning of seats in Congress. And lower courts had inferred from this that they had no jurisdiction over the apportionment of state legislatures.

TWO YEARS ago, however, the Supreme Court heard a complaint that the State of Alabama had reapportioned a largely Negro legislative district in such a way as to scatter the voting power of its residents. The Court held this to be in effect a denial of voting rights on racial grounds and thus a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment. If New York City were populated entirely by Negroes, an appeal for better representation in Albany might have been made to the federal courts directly on the strength of that decision. Ironically enough, the fact that most New Yorkers are white almost seemed a handicap. For the Fifteenth Amendment, which specifically bars *racial* discrimination among voters, says nothing about *regional* discrimination.

Nevertheless, the Alabama case opened the way towards relief for the racially-undistinguished city voter, for it did establish the right of federal courts to review the apportionment of legislatures—and that was half the battle. The other half, of course, was to show that the attrition of his franchise by unequal apportionment of the Legislature did deprive him of a specific right guaranteed by the Constitution. Obviously, if a case were to be made, it would have to be built upon the Fourteenth Amendment and its guarantee of "the equal protection of the laws." And in many states city voters have gone into federal courts to make precisely that case.

ONE CASE which was watched throughout the country was *Baker v. Carr* in Tennessee, where the Legislature had not been reapportioned in sixty years. Rapidly growing big cities like Nashville still had the slim representation allotted them in another century. By contrast, rural counties whose populations once were large and today were nearly nil, still had long rows of seats in the Legislature granted under an ancient dispensation.

Baker and his fellow plaintiffs in Nashville lost in the lower court, the judges holding under old precedents that apportionment was a "political matter" and beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, which granted two hearings in 1961. At the suggestion of Max Gross, a former New York City Councilman, radio station WMCA in New York City, which had actively editorialized on city and state affairs for many years, asked its legal counsel, Leonard Sand, to study the case. That was more than a year before the Supreme Court ruled on *Baker v. Carr.*

Sand concluded that the arguments of the Tennessee city voters were strong and likely to prevail. Radio station WMCA then decided that the facts of apportionment in the Legislature of New York lent themselves readily to a parallel action. On May 1, 1961, the radio station filed a complaint before a three-judge federal court. It charged that the New York State constitution creates great inequalities of representation among the regions of the state, that these inequalities work to the great advantage of the rural counties upstate and to the great disadvantage of the four major counties within New York City as well as the big suburban counties of Nassau and Suffolk.

The complaint showed that the twelve Assemblymen from the Bronx represent nearly four times as many people as the twelve Assemblymen from the state's smallest districts—all upstate. The complaint also showed that the average Bronx state Senator represents 344,000 people in contrast to thirty upstate Senators who represent an average of 195,000. And, along with similar citations for the city's other major counties, it showed comparable figures for the relative under-representation of Nassau and Suffolk. In its presentation to the court, radio station WMCA also demonstrated a continuous pattern of discrimination by the Legislature against New York City in the disposal of state money, a pattern attributed at least in part to the enfeeblement of the city's voting power in the body.

The station itself joined in the complaint as a taxpayer in the under-represented city. So, too, did six members of the station, all volunteers, who live respectively in Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Nassau and Suffolk. The volunteers included both Republicans and Democrats.

IN THE lower court, the radio station's complaint never got a hearing on the facts. The judges accepted jurisdiction, but then held that, whatever the facts, "equal protection of the laws" could have no bearing on the apportioning of a legislature so long as there was no racial or religious discrimination. That was last November. Radio station WMCA announced it would appeal to the Supreme Court, and did so early this year.

In March, before the Supreme Court had taken any action in the WMCA case, it ruled on *Baker v. Carr.* In a historic decision, it declared that "equal protection" of all voters is required in the apportioning of legislatures. It reversed the lower court in Tennessee and ordered it to rehear the case and this time to take appropriate action.

On June 11, 1962, the Supreme Court—as was to be expected—ordered a new hearing to be held in the lower courts on the WMCA complaint. The hearing began last week, with New York City entering the case in support of the radio station's allegations.

From Governor Nelson Rockefeller, just a month ago, came an indication of the position the state will take. At this precise moment in history, the Governor pointed out, New York City is better represented in Albany than at any other time in this century. And that is true.

Here is what has happened. Under the 1950 census, New York City had 52 per cent of the people of the state. In 1953, the Legislature was reapportioned on the basis of that census, according to the 1894 formulas. And, as usual, New York City went into the Legislature at a substantial discount. With 52 per cent of the people of the state, it received 43 per cent of the votes in the Senate and Assembly.

Since 1953, however, New York City's population has declined sharply in comparison to the total population of the state. Right now, only 46 per cent of the people of the state live in the five boroughs. And the city still has the 43 per cent share in the Legislature granted in 1953. That, as the Governor suggests, is not too far from being fair.

THE only trouble is that New York City can't hang onto that 43 per cent. The Legislature must, by law, be reapportioned soon in the light of the 1960 census. And, when the formulas created back in '94 are applied to New York City's present 46 per cent of the state's population, the city's share of seats will shrink to barely 37 per cent. In other words, nearly half of all the people in the state will be represented by little more than a third of the Legislature.

R. Peter Straus

In defending the current system of apportionment, the Governor is also fond of pointing to the United States Senate, where Alaska's 200,000 people have the same two votes as New York's 16 million. But it's hard to see how the malapportionment of *one* house of Congress justifies the malapportionment of *both* houses of the New York Legislature. In point of fact, of course, the grossly undemocratic principle of representation in the U.S. Senate was a price which had to be paid in 1787 in order to have any union at all. The smaller states simply refused to come in on any other terms. That does not make it right, however, and as Governor of the state most damaged by this unalterable arrangement, Mr. Rockefeller seems an odd person to suggest that a similar inequity is just what is needed in the Legislature with which he must work.

In doing so, of course, the Governor is open to the charge of playing party politics with the rights of voters in New York City, and Democrats are sure to make that charge very energetically this fall. Upstate New York is one of the most solid Republican strongholds in America. New York City is just as solidly Democratic. With upstate's artificially enhanced voting strength in the Legislature has gone an almost invincible GOP control. In twenty-four of the past forty years, New York State has had a Democratic Governor; but in only two of those years did the Democrats control the Legislature. There can be no doubt that an indirect consequence of the 1894 state constitution was to give the Republican Party a virtually perpetual control of the lawmaking power of the State. As a Republican, Mr. Rockefeller is therefore under strong party pressures not to meddle with the *status quo*. By the same token, at a time when New York City is genuinely aroused over the inequities of apportionment, he has chosen to carry what might prove a heavy burden in his campaign this fall to get the necessary minimum of downstate votes for his own reelection to office.

Time is running out on the upstate empire created so long ago. During all that time, most people in New York City accepted their diminished voice in the affairs of the state as something which could not be helped. They looked not to Albany, but to City Hall or Washington, for most of the services and occasionally the leadership they associate with government. And, if once a year they had to file an income-tax return to the state, they did so after filing a federal return that made the state's comparatively modest check almost painless.

NO LONGER is this true. The state budget has grown enormously, and most of us see that fact reflected in our diminished weekly pay checks. More and more people in the big city would like to see what their money is buying. They are increasingly responsive to city-based politicians who point to the repeated failure of the state government to give their problems and their needs the same tender, loving care which is now reserved for the other half of the people of the state. They wonder, too, why their own community, which supplies so large a part of the state's tax revenues, should be left without the means of raising adequate revenues for its own far more demanding program of public services. And, finally, they are soon apt to get aroused by the fundamental act of discrimination out of which all others flow: apportionment itself.

It may be a long time before the Supreme Court disposes of the final appeal from the final hearing in the final state on the kind of legal contest in which radio station WMCA is now engaged. But by then the amount of public pressure on a national, state and local level which will have been brought to bear on this basic issue of democracy—is one man's vote as good as another's?—is bound to overcome, in or out of court, the cynical handiwork of the men of '94.

BOOKS and the ARTS

First Perspective on Pasternak

THE PASTERNAK AFFAIR: Courage of Genius, A Documentary Report. By Robert Conquest. J. B. Lippincott Co. 192 pp. $3.95.

Sidney Monas

IT IS NOW almost six years since the publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in the West, and two years since the death of its author, but that extraordinary series of events we refer to as "the Pasternak affair" has by no means come to an end. Seldom has a purely literary work, a novel, entered so directly, so obviously, so dramatically into the political-ideological main stream of its time.

Robert Conquest's intelligent, terse, well-documented summary, which recapitulates everything of importance from the circumstances under which Pasternak wrote the novel, through the Nobel Prize scandal to the author's death and the trial of Olga Ivinskaia and her daughter the following year, is therefore a most welcome and timely book, and enables us to view the affair, if not in an ultimate, at least in a lucid, perspective. The book is a "documentary report," abundant in quotations, with the major Soviet documents included as appendices. Conquest is, of course, making a "case"; but in doing so, he is very precise in his references, modest and restrained. And the documents are there to speak most eloquently for themselves.

One can, I think, discard as a relic of the Stalinist past the cheap invective of the professional youth-leader Semichastny, who compared Pasternak unfavorably to a pig. Someone pushed a lever; that was the way the machine had been set up, and this was what came out. More interesting is the rumor circulating among the literary bureaucracy (though not yet in print) that this kind of handling of the affair was a "mistake." The Pasternak that emerges from Radio Moscow's account of the Ivinskaia trial (January 21 and 27, 1961, in Italian; there was no Russian broadcast) is something quite different: a naive man led astray in his old age by a scheming adventuress. Softly, so as not to arouse the embers of recent memory, an attempt is being made to separate the "great poet"—the earlier, now at last respectable, Pasternak—from the author of *Doctor Zhivago*.

EVEN more interesting is the letter written by the editorial board of the journal *Novy Mir* to Pasternak, rejecting the novel. The letter was published two years after Pasternak received it—at the height, that is, of the Nobel Prize denunciations. Preceded by a note couched in the rhetoric of the time (the Nobel committee was being accused of a political decision, influenced by pressure from America, especially from that capitalist journal *The Nation;* the vilest names were being hurled at Pasternak), the letter itself does not share this tone. At least two of its authors were writers of "liberal" tendency. Repeatedly it states that *Zhivago* is being rejected on political-ideological, not on aesthetic, grounds: "As people whose standpoint is diametrically opposed to yours, we naturally believe that it is out of the question to publish your novel. . . ." Naturally. But are Pasternak's views really "diametrically opposed" to theirs?

Quite rightly, the editors of *Novy Mir* associate Pasternak's "nonacceptance" of the Bolshevik revolution with his glorification of the individual. They accuse him of lacking a clear conception of "the interests of the people as a whole." They attack Zhivago's "self-glorification of his psychic essence, taken to the length of identifying it with the mission of a religious prophet." It is not merely that Pasternak has created an apolitical—indeed, an antipolitical hero, a symbol of the old Russian intelligentsia: the letter actually affirms the historical validity of Zhivago—but that he has used all his eloquence to dramatize Zhivago "as the cream of the intelligentsia rather than its disease," that he has written a "political novel-sermon par excellence" and has identified himself (a man they would prefer to respect) with the figure of his hero. The editorial board would have found Zhivago's joining the Whites more acceptable, more truly noble, than his "arrogant" psychic detachment. That would be a standpoint less "diametrically opposed" to theirs. Confidence comes more easily in a world where everyone who is not with you is clearly against you.

The letter quotes extensive passages from the novel. Except for some of the

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Gracie Square

Swelling like puffballs, the pigeons in the park
Clutter and rustle and murmur
to the two men sitting on the iron bench.
Hidden behind their newspapers as usual,
Stolid as stone statues they blur
So comfortably into their natural environment
Nobody notices them, as they do not notice
The child sitting with them in the park.

The child is playing with the pigeons and the leaves.
One man turns a page.
The other man turns on his portable radio,
Puts on his hat and goes to sleep.
But the pigeons are beginning to fly away,
And the child, wondering where they will go,
Picks up a leaf and holds it in his hand
Delicately, as if it were a puffball or a pigeon.

In the late sunlight the leaves are falling,
Out on the river the tug-boats wail
And finally the men wake up.
They do not speak to each other or the child,
One of them hails a bus
But misses it. They walk out side by side
Dropping their newspapers to the ground as casually
As the leaves around them are falling.

Patricia Goedicke

poems at the end, they are the only ones in the book to have appeared in print in the Soviet Union. Chosen with considerable skill, the quotations make it possible to derive an inkling of what the novel is about, and the hullabaloo as well. Here are some of the most significant of these, the first coming from Zhivago's Uncle Nikolai, the next three from Zhivago himself:

> The herd instinct is the refuge of mediocre people. . . . Truth is sought after only by isolated individuals, and they break with all who do not love it enough. . . .
>
> A man is born to live, not to prepare to live, and life as such, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life, is so thrilling and serious! Why then substitute for this a puerile farce of adolescent contrivances, these Chekhovian children's flights to America.
>
> Marxism and science? . . . Marxism is too poor a master of itself to be a science. A science is balanced. Marxism and objectivity? I know of no teaching that is more isolated in itself and more divorced from reality than Marxism.
>
> Transformation of life! That can only be talked of by people who don't know life, even if they have seen a lot of it—by people who haven't felt its spirit, its soul. To them, existence is a lump of coarse material which has not been enobled by their touch and which requires fashioning. But life has never been a material, a substance. If you want to know, life is a constantly self-renewing, self-transforming category. It is constantly refashioning and realizing itself and it is far above our boneheaded theories.

Then there are the following lines quoted from Zhivago's poem, "The Garden of Gethsemane," in which Christ is the speaker:

> To my court of judgment, like a
> convoy of barges,
> The centuries will float out of
> the darkness. . . .

PASTERNAK'S attitude, as expressed in these quotations, is first of all religious; that is, pious toward life. I suspect it is more pagan than Christian, but related in spirit to a particular tradition of Christianity, the Johannine, which sees the world as the creation of God and therefore sacred. It is not, however, the religion of an organized church. It is not, in its implications, politically conservative as more organized systems of religious belief tend to be; but it is, in a sense, anti-revolutionary. It is certainly anti-doctrinaire, and rejects the assumption that Bolshevik doctrine provides its believers with a unique insight into "the interests of the people as a whole."

Against the notion of "transforming life," Pasternak's standpoint poses an idea of "natural process," democratic in its implications, without attaching a positive value to democracy as such. It is tolerant, and highly individualistic, in a sense different from the "rugged individualism" and "self-fulfillment" Americans like to think they live with. For Pasternak, fulfillment comes only through a sacrifice of the self to the historic human community.

History for Pasternak is the history of man's inner life, and the expression of that inner life in art, philosophy, science and religion. A society or an epoch is to be judged, therefore, not by the naked physical power it has managed to organize, nor by its external standard of living, but by its inner wealth. Such a notion was by no means foreign to some of the early Bolsheviks. Trotsky, for example, wrote that a historical era must ultimately be judged by the works of art that it produces. Lunacharsky, in his dimmer way, shared this view; so, probably, did Lenin. But it *is* "diametrically opposed" to Stalin's notion of artists as engineers of human souls or transmission belts in the machinery of production. Political power and economic affluence are not irrelevant to the inner life; but they are not its point. For Pasternak-Zhivago, Christ is the symbol of the inner life, and it is therefore before Him that the centuries pass in judgment, and not before the idols of power and plenty.

HESITANTLY, the editors of *Novy Mir* testify to the beauty of those passages in *Doctor Zhivago* which describe landscape or nature. Nevertheless, they would like to dismiss them as ornament —at best, tokens of the power of a fallen angel. But I think these passages are the very heart of the novel; along with the poems, they rescue it from being a "novel-sermon," for it is through his apprehension of the physical world and through his poems that we come to know that Zhivago's piety toward life is genuinely felt and not merely talked about. These passages convey Zhivago's character, as distinct from his views, and serve to convince us that he lives in the real world, whereas Komarovsky

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MACMILLAN

lives in the mirror of his vanity and Antipov-Strelnikov lives in an idea.

Much of Pasternak's earlier work is difficult and elliptical. But it does not bear out the contention of the *Novy Mir* editors that he once had different views. In what seems to me far and away the best essay on Pasternak that has appeared to date in any language, Helen Muchnic (*From Gorky to Pasternak*, Random House, 1961, pp. 341-404) has clearly demonstrated the coherence of Pasternak's work as a whole. In Conquest's book as well, there are quotations from Pasternak dating back to the thirties that sound as though they came from Zhivago's lips. Pasternak's talent — which commands respect both within and outside the Soviet Union—cannot ultimately be separated from his "standpoint."

The Pasternak affair has occurred at a time of deep ideological crisis in the Communist world, comparable, it seems to me, to the religious crisis of Western Europe at the end of the fifteenth century. The position of intelligent men of good will who are at the same time genuine Communists is a difficult one. The simple authority, within and without, of Stalin's time is no more. As Abram Tertz has put it, "Once you admit that God sinned carelessly with Eve and sent Adam off to labor at land reclamation, the story of the Creation falls apart. Not much is left of the faith." It is still not easy to tolerate real dissidence. The old discipline has many advantages; violating it involves many risks. Publish an Erasmus, and who knows when a Luther will appear? In our world, it isn't easy to be a humanist. On the other hand, it becomes more difficult to remain a doctrinaire.

Behind the Struggle

THE DAYBOOKS OF EDWARD WESTON. Volume I: *Mexico*. Edited, with an introduction, by Nancy Newhall. Foreword by Beaumont Newhall. The George Eastman House; distributed by Wittenborn and Company. 214 pp. $10.

Hilton Kramer

THERE IS a scene in George P. Elliott's new novel, *David Knudsen*, in which the hero, who has vague ambitions to become a photographer, is taken by his father to visit Edward Weston. Knudsen's interest is in documentary, and he regards Weston, then an ailing old man living out his last years in California, as "the archenemy, the antidocumentary, the old formalist himself. . . ." While Weston is looking over young Knudsen's photographs, the latter recognizes that the judgment of "this feeble old man, this formalist with a social conscience the size of a pea," will none the less count for something important. He is exhilarated when Weston finds something good to say about his work.

The ambivalent respect that this fictional episode pays to Weston's achievement as a photographer sums up a great deal of current feeling about his style and vision. There are critics and photographers who find Weston's photographs unbearably arty and cold. The attention he lavished on inanimate objects is repellent to the kind of mind that values photography as, above all, a means of confronting and recording human beings and their social environment. Weston's tendency to deal with living organisms (human beings included) as if they *were* inanimate objects amounts at times to an obsession, but it is the obsession of a serious artist wholly committed to apprehending experience in his own special way. Like many such artists, Weston rarely allowed his attention to be deflected by anything that didn't "fit" his particular *Gestalt*. He was obviously more at ease with open, spacious landscapes and with isolated details of nature, which could be seen as discrete objects, than with complicated human subjects. He had an imagist's eye rather than a dramatist's. His art is not the kind to satisfy an appetite for the intimate and the emotional, for touching idiosyncracies of feeling or telling sociological *aperçus*. As a great deal of current interest in photography focuses — quite rightly, in my opinion — on precisely such factors as these, Weston's style is bound to seem somewhat alien and aloof, perhaps a bit dated in its whole approach to the camera eye.

Yet even Weston's detractors cannot gainsay the breath-taking purity, the absoluteness, of his vision. It was his willingness — his compulsion, if you like — to sacrifice mitigating detail, to do away with all the oddments of feeling that might temper or distract his final image, that places Weston among those modern artists, of whom Brancusi is the greatest, who concentrate all their expressive energy on achieving a radical and vibrant simplification.

There are two types of artist who resort to such simplification as a working principle: those whose experience is so impoverished that they have nothing personal to express and who are therefore free to render their material in the easiest possible terms; and those who, like Weston, bring to art such an immense and variegated experience that only by means of a radical simplification can they hope to rescue something permanent, immutable and autonomous from the chaos of their sensations. Just as in Brancusi one feels the compulsion to place art beyond the reach of memory and desire, so in the best of Weston's work one sees the urge to achieve an expression that stands free of the sentiments and associations, the easy identification and empathy, that may have been its original point of departure.

THERE IS no better way of grasping what lay behind Weston's struggle to achieve his purity of vision than to read this first volume of his *Daybooks*, the journal he kept in Mexico from 1923 to 1926. Weston was thirty-seven when he went to Mexico. He was accompanied by Tina Modotti, a remarkable woman who became a notable photographer herself and something of a personality in the left-wing parties of Mexico, Cuba and Spain. He was already married and the father of four sons, two of whom lived with him at different times during this Mexican period. He was poor, and lived by his work and his wits, with occasional help from his wife and others. Before going to Mexico, he had done some delicate, soft-focus Whistlerian portraits—one of Ruth St. Denis, from 1916, is reproduced in the *Daybooks*—and some brilliant precisionist photographs of factories, immaculate views of machinery and smokestacks of the kind that American painters were then much interested in. Weston was already a pro, with a small accomplishment and plenty of experience behind him, when he entered upon his Mexican adventure. What one sees recorded in the Mexican journal, and in the fine selection of photographs that accompany it here, is not the beginning of an artist's career but its crucial turning point.

The household and studio that Weston set up with Tina Modotti very shortly

---

HILTON KRAMER, formerly chief editor of Arts *magazine, has recently written the foreword to a collection of Milton Avery's painting that is being published by Yoseloff. He is at work on a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be brought out by Doubleday-Anchor.*

became part of the circle of artistic ferment that was beginning to dominate Mexican cultural life in the wake of the revolution. Weston saw a great deal of Diego Rivera, for whom Tina Modotti often served as a model, and of Jean Charlot and the writers Carleton Beals and Bertram D. Wolfe. He was instantly drawn to the folk art and archaeological objects that were then especially valued as examples of indigenous aesthetic tradition. The ethos of the revolution, combined with a style of life that was slightly primitive and completely free of puritan restraints, was congenial to Weston, who was by temperament a libertarian and freethinker. But it is clear from his day-to-day jottings that he had a completely unpolitical mind. It was the atmosphere and momentum of revolution rather than its specific social and political accomplishments that he valued. In the crucible of a revolutionary situation, Weston perfected his technique and purified his vision; he achieved some of his most beautiful photographic statements, but they came more and more to have an aesthetic character completely divorced from the context in which they were conceived. He was determined to avoid the flamboyant aspect of Mexico. The intensity and lavishness of the Mexican scene, into which Weston entered with gusto as a man, were scrupulously excluded from his work. "I might call my work in Mexico," he wrote, "a fight to avoid its natural picturesqueness."

This preference for severity and detachment reaches a comic (but completely serious) climax in the pages Weston devotes to his attempts to photograph the white toilet bowl in his house. This project was not undertaken in any anti-art spirit à la Duchamp. On the contrary, it was the ultra-aesthetic concern of a man whose imagination came to dwell almost exclusively on the form and shape of things. ". . . it somehow reminded me, in the glory of its chaste convolutions and in its swelling, sweeping, forward movement of finely progressing contours, of the Victory of Samothrace," Weston wrote apropos this "portrait of our privy," and the portrait is reproduced here in all its cool perfection.

This first volume of the *Daybooks* is altogether a readable and delightful record, as much concerned with day-to-day events as with the problems of photography. Beaumont Newhall is surely wrong to compare it to the *Journal* of Delacroix, for Weston's journal is ever so much slighter, but it is a work of great interest all the same. It is handsomely printed (in Germany), but unfortunately badly proofread. Mrs. Newhall, as editor, has not done everything one has a right to expect in a job of this sort. Some footnotes and a glossary of names would have been in order. One hopes, too, that in the biography of Weston that Mrs. Newhall is preparing, Tina Modotti will be given her due; she seems somehow not to be granted her full importance in the present introduction. But we can only be grateful for the work Mrs. Newhall has put into bringing us this valuable document.

Bossism and the Complexity of Power

WHO GOVERNS? Democracy and Power in an American City. By Robert A. Dahl. Yale University Press. 355 pp. $7.50.

BOSS CERMAK OF CHICAGO. By Alex Gottfried. University of Washington Press. 459 pp. $6.50.

Blanche D. Blank

"THE PEOPLE—they make the final decisions." This unexpected observation was voiced a few years ago by a man who at the time represented the apotheosis of the political boss—Carmine De Sapio. Today, as though to underline his remark, De Sapio has faded into political oblivion. Yet the notion of a ubiquitous oligarchy of power dies hard; and there is every reason to explore more carefully just *which* people make *what* decisions. In the past six months, two political scientists have looked at the phenomenon of power in two American cities. Robert Dahl, of Yale, has made a classic study of New Haven; while Alex Gottfried of the University of Washington has written of yet another political figure, Cermak of Chicago.

The American public seems peculiarly responsive to books on bossism. Almost every important boss has been immortalized in some work, fictional or otherwise, from Riordan's *Plunkett of Tammany Hall* to O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah.* This fascination may stem from the promised battle between a basic philosophy and an apparent reality. To most Americans it always appears that Democracy (a system of government in which all adults participate freely and equally in community decisions) is incompatible with Power (the ability to cause others to act in a manner contrary, or possibly contrary, to their own inclinations). Yet the general public (save for those few cynics who feel more comfortable under Mosca's Iron Law of Oligarchy) craves a reconciliation of these two factors. And it is just such a compromise that Professor Dahl's new book provides. He explicitly asks the question: "How does a democratic system work amid inequalities of resources?" And his answer, briefly, is that it works through a system of pluralism. There are many centers of decision—even in just one middle-sized city; and the people involved in any one of these decision centers are not generally present in the others. Thus, no monolithic oligarchy rules, as has been suggested by

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so many political analysts from Machiavelli (*The Prince*) to C. Wright Mills (*The Power Elite*). While the structure of an urban government or a political party may well be pyramidal in nature, there are many pyramids and they are all built with different clay. Thus Dahl, using the careful empiricism of the political sociologist, explores the historic record of the elected officials of New Haven and discovers that what once was an oligarchy of "patricians" is now a multi-faceted arrangement of bureaucrats. New Haven changed radically over the years from a tightly knit power unit in which the socially prominent were also the wealthy and the politically powerful; to a system in which wealth broke away from social standing, and still later to one in which political power broke away from wealth. This city, like so many others, has provided a political ladder on which each new ethnic group, following the tides of immigration, has climbed, successively, to the top. Currently, Professor Dahl sees politics as the vehicle of the new administrative class (after the last wave of "ethnics," the Negro, finds its own way up).

Dahl further analyzes three important areas of public participation—political nominations, urban development and public education—and finds that while there is a "political stratum" of leaders and sub-leaders that is more influential than the average citizenry in each of these orbits, the *particular* leadership stratum is *different* for each problem, is *open* to public access, and is *responsive* to public pressure.

. . .

HOW WELL, one may ask, does this agree with the study of a political boss per se? The Cermak book could serve as another case in point for Professor Dahl's more profound work. Despite the apparent contradiction between a story of boss power and an analysis that concludes, in a sense, that there is no one boss, the chronicle of Anton Cermak does, in fact, illustrate the complexities about which Dahl speaks.

Professor Gottfried gives a closely documented review of the political life of a man who rose from obscurity and poverty to a short-lived period of statewide power in Illinois. Mayor Cermak's chief claim to national fame rests upon his martyrlike death. He was the accidental victim of an assassin's bullet presumably aimed at Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In tracing Cermak's career in Cook County, where he parlayed his leadership of a closely bound ethnic minority—the Czechs—into the mayorality of Chicago and a role of almost national influence, the author reveals the labyrinth of associations and deals that go into such a struggle for power. In so doing, Gottfried makes apparent, although this is not his explicit intention, the shaky foundations of political power, the tremendous importance of public opinion, and the large variety of interest groups that invariably influence any single American politician. This may be viewed as substantiating Dahl's thesis.

There are always leaders, always inequities in the distribution of political resources (wealth, ability, motivation and opportunity). But there is *not* in the United States (nor in any individual American city) any single individual or group in control of *all* these resources for *all* important decisions, for *all* time, and without serious restraints on his (or their) powers. The *people* (that amorphous, elusive, but ubiquitous political factor) do indeed reign, even if they do not inevitably rule.

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Historians Taking Stock

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by John Higham. The Humanities Press. 244 pp. $6.50.

Norman A. Graebner

THOSE American historians who are concerned primarily with the history of the United States constitute a large and heterogeneous profession. It is well that some of its members take stock occasionally of the quality and direction of its endeavors. This volume comprises such an effort, and its inescapable sins of omission stem from the limitations of one narrow book to encompass the writings on American history which have spanned the past quarter-century. Indeed, this volume takes genuine cognizance of the work of only a few dozen historians out of the hundreds who have written significant monographs and articles on all aspects of the nation's history. But the sampling is sufficient to indicate the nature and quality of much of the best writing in this field over the last few decades, and to suggest, in the process, the dilemma involved in writing good history at all. No area of this nation's past has been subjected to a definitive study; there is little possibility that any will be in the future. History is too complex, human motivation too illusive, the record too sparse to reproduce many events of the past with even reasonable accuracy. History will always present the dilemma of the elephant and the six blind men.

The essays conform in general to a flexible framework imposed on its contributors by editor John Higham of the University of Michigan. Each author presents what appears to be the best contemporary evaluation of an assigned historical problem and then criticizes the writings of others in the light of his own judgment. Professor Higham introduces the subject of the book with a brief, but perceptive, survey of American historical writing from late colonial times to the twentieth century. His introduction is followed by ten essays which measure the extent to which American history has been reconstructed by historians of the past quarter-century. Each essayist asks the essential questions which historians must answer and illustrates the futility of anticipating consensus on even the most fundamental issues.

PERHAPS the publication of the "American Nation" series (1904-07) first established the existence of a historical profession in the United States. The second generation of historians came under the dominance of two men, Frederick Jackson Turner and Charles A. Beard, for both dealt with fundamentals and introduced or popularized concepts which kept innumerable historians occupied with the task of assaying the validity of their assumptions about the nature of historic processes. Since the thirties, a third generation of historians has come to the fore which has challenged and modified old interpretations and introduced new forms of historical study, especially in the area of intellectual history. Underlying much

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NORMAN A. GRAEBNER, chairman of the Department of History at the University of Illinois, is the author of Empire on the Pacific *(1955),* The New Isolationism *(1956) and* Cold War Diplomacy *(Van Nostrand's Anvil Series, 1962). He has also edited several books on American history.*

of the latest writing is the quest for perspective, a closer attention to the views of participants and a willingness to venture into unprovable speculations. Recent study continues to reveal a nation revolutionary, yet moderate; idealistic, yet conservative; united, yet divided.

It is fitting, then, that the concluding essay in this book be concerned with the question of the American character. David M. Potter examines two apparently dissimilar and inconsistent strains which depict the American as an individualist and idealist, on the one hand, and as a conformist and materialist, on the other. Potter, in his effort to reconcile this conflicting image, finds the key to the national character in the concept of equality, for the notion of equality encompasses that of equality and opportunity. This, in turn, defends individualism and the undermining of equality; but at the same time it does not discourage moderation, cooperation, discussion, permissiveness and the acceptance of a common humanity.

This is an admirable and instructive volume, sound in concept and execution. The individual essays have been carefully constructed; they achieve their purpose. They reveal much about the American historical profession, its past achievements and continuing challenges. Certainly the standards of American historical writing have never been higher than at present. If the limits imposed on historians by the very nature of historical evidence are acute, they are no cause for despair, for in the vast complexities of human experience significance and meaning must be relative, not absolute.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JUST before leaving London I saw Tennessee Williams' *Period of Adjustment* at the Royal Court Theatre. (It has since moved to the West End.) The play, you may remember, is a little comedy which had a moderate run on Broadway two seasons ago, attracting a few enthusiastic admirers but a larger number of detractors. It has been most cordially received by the London press and is a distinct hit — Williams' first real box-office success in England.

The explanation for this sort of reversal of theatrical fortune is often ascribed to an improvement in production. The London performance, it has been said, is superior to the one on Broadway. I am inclined to doubt that this is the cause for the play's greater appeal now.

The actors who play the male leads in London (both Canadians) have more quality and skill than those who played them on Broadway. Colin Wilcox (an American) is darling and her performance is more elaborately (and comically) characterized than that of the actress who played the central female role in New York. The rest of the London cast is inferior to those who played the minor parts here. I have been assured that the direction in London was "straighter" — less farcical—than on Forty-Sixth Street, but again I am not at all convinced that this is so. The London production struck me as broader.

It is not the production in London which has turned the play into a success: it is the audience. The audience provides the play's comment. The English stage has latterly become tougher and rougher, its public more eager to see the depiction of working-class people and environments — and provincial ones at that — a milieu that was rare in the West End theatre before 1956. Greater latitude in subject matter, language, moral and social disposition is increasingly manifest. I believe, therefore, that there is going to be a decided "trend" in London toward plays in which sex will serve as a central theme.

But just as Wesker has tried to show in his most recent play *Chips With Everything* that the English Establishment tends to absorb and neutralize "proletarian" protest, so the new sex plays will, to begin with, not parallel Williams' *Streetcar, Cat* or *Iguana*; nor will they resemble the sex tragedies of the Continental playwrights from Strindberg and Wedekind to Anouilh.

Williams' early plays may have exercised some influence on a few English playwrights — although that is hardly evident as yet — but it is clear that the playgoing public has not generally been attracted by them. They probably strike that public as too private, unmannerly, extreme and strenuous. They take their "nastiness" too seriously.

In *Period of Adjustment* Williams pokes fun at the sexual timidity, frustration, psychic impotence, gingerliness of the average (Puritan) American — and very few among us have been unaffected in one way or another by our now low-grade Puritanism. The English can appreciate this, for in somewhat different fashion, but even more widely and acutely, they are similarly affected. That is especially true of the educated and semi-educated middle class, if not indeed of large sections of the working class as well. The generalization may be disputed with respect to the acts and facts of English sexual behavior, but it is true beyond question that frank, open discussion and presentation of sexual impulses in public places like the theatre is still sketchy. The bonds are about to burst.

The breakthrough will at first probably take the form of good-humored comedies like *Period of Adjustment*, in which the Londoners can have their sexual cake and at the same time laugh it off. It is safer that way — and it is especially safe when the play is American — at once racy and sympathetically sentimental.

As a postscript to this, I must add that, just as the London theatre public is now little interested in literary or studiously poetic plays (like those of Eliot or Fry) and prefers on the one hand Osborne, Wesker, Delaney and Beckett, and on the other Pinter, Ionesco and Simpson, so it is possible that America — if any tendencies beyond musical comedy can be discerned in our anarchy —is beginning to hanker after "dignity." *A Man For All Seasons*, an English play,

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Song

This new lady, does she not intrigue, in her little medieval hair,
Head in [illegible] old snood, eyes all abased, not yet cute-cat-quaint
Like that other, My Songs?
                                        These limbs are too delicate
To possess and touch except eye by eye, slowly;
Her voice sings soft songs quietly
While this other did not, but raged as if your subject
Were not just to dance, gentle as flowers beyond Renaissance.
But, Songs, it is not not too late for reconnaissance;
Be, sound as well as you may, for you may have simply been on my tongue,
Danced on the grass, happily leaping, me piping, too long.

Robert Takas

does even better in New York than in London, while *J. B.* fails totally in London.

BACK in New York I had a thoroughly good time at the Central Park production of *The Tempest*. This — Shakespeare's farewell to the theatre — is sometimes played dreamily as a philosophical pageant, but there is no reason at all why it should not be done, as here, in the mood of a heavenly farce.

The actors' diction at the New York Shakespeare Festival is rarely "distinguished" and sometimes not even wholly distinct, but the play comes through with youthful bounce and a wild gaiety under Gerald Freedman's well-thought-out and delightfully realized direction. We *see* the play: every speech and scene is translated into substantial physical action. None of the performers is bad and some, like James Earl Jones who plays Caliban, are excellent. Every one has a consistent characterization—sometimes a particularly apt and amusing one. That is the case with the Ferdinand of Richard Jordan; he does not hesitate to make this lover a sweet ninny, like so many of Shakespeare's comedy swains.

James Earl Jones is the actor I have seen most frequently on the stage in the past two years. One possible reason for this is that all his acting has been done off-Broadway. He must therefore be more concerned with engaging in his profession than in making good deals and signing careful agent-hatched contracts. Does it follow from this that if one wants to act on the American stage with some degree of continuity one must resign oneself to being poor?

ON Broadway, the latest smash is *A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum*, a respectably rowdy musical by Stephen Sondheim, Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. I can make no extended comment on this entertainment — none certainly is needed — except to say that since my guest and the rest of the audience laughed loud and often, I was impelled to do the same.

There are actually several very funny lines in the show and the plot uses classic farce situations which have served from Plautus (the "book" borrows from a number of Plautus' vulgar comedies) to Minsky. When I had time to think about this — an unnecessary diversion — I wondered who had invented the best lines: the authors or the actors in the course of rehearsals. For there can be no doubt that the graceful Gargantuan clown, Zero Mostel, is a volcano of devilish, almost frightening fun which seems to issue from him like the gush of a geyser.

Funny, too, but more grotesque are tremulous Jack Gilford and brash David Burns. Without anything in his wide mouth but teeth and tongue, Burns always looks as if he were tormenting a cigar. The show is scenically abstemious. I spotted one sumptuous girl in the small "ensemble." You may find others. What more can one ask of Broadway these days?

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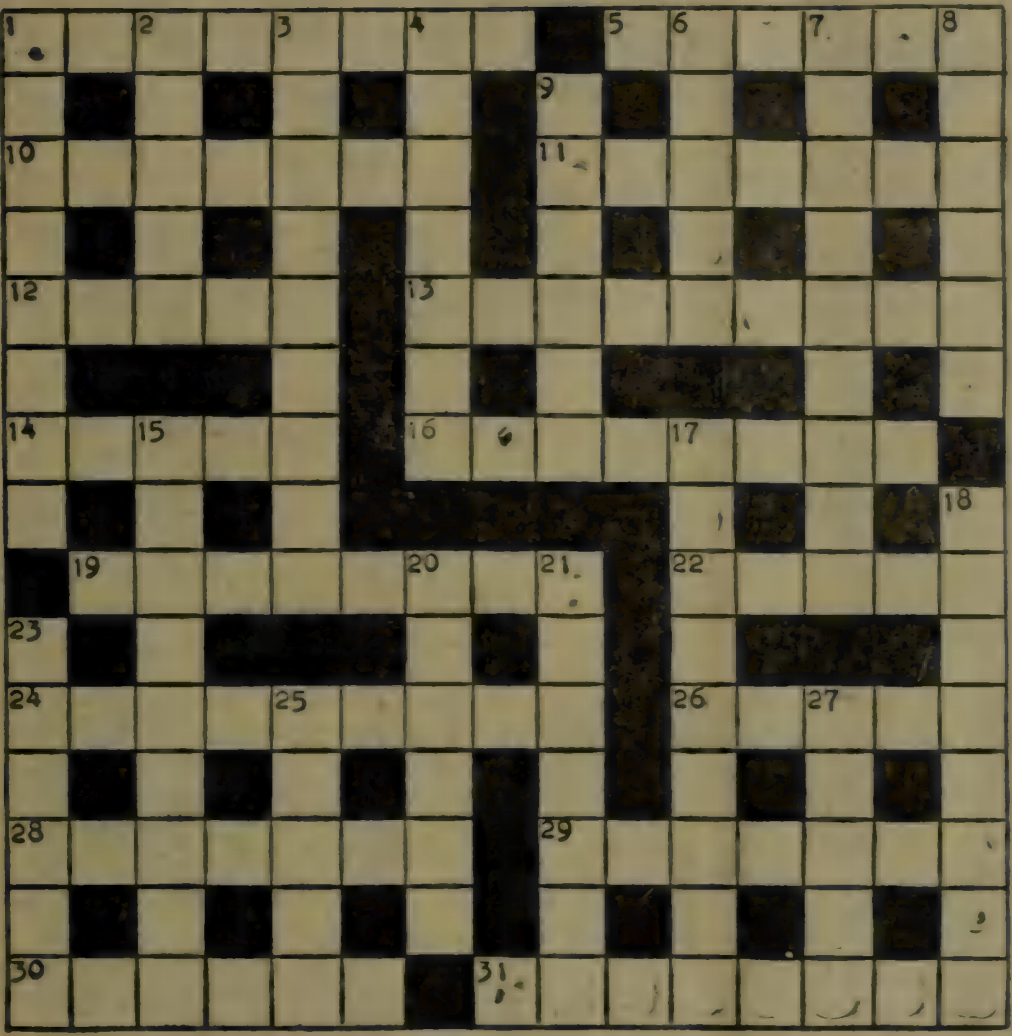
Crossword Puzzle No. 972

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Married Mary, and the two of them are evidently doing fine! (8)
10 Puts on a coat again for inside wear, and rules once more. (7)
11 It's mean for a girl to show her years so extremely. (7)
12 The state of Boston must first bring back a foreign environment.
13 Poor relations of an adherent of Louis Philippe's family? (9)
14 Not an express pain-killer. (5)
16 Planes were, and behaved as cocky ones. (8)
19 Well, it might have been part of this, but it had its points. (8)
22 It involves a hold-up before a hanging. (5)
24 and 5 across The press is monstrous and vulgar, if Lowell's work is any clue. (3, 6, 6)
26 How an animal backs up the street?
29 March might be associated with a time of destructive force here. (7)
30 Certainly not young trees. (6)
31 A rather dull characteristic of the "Elegy"? (8)

DOWN:

1, 28 across and 9 down The cost of the clingers is put to the tar. (8, 4, 3, 6)
2 Shows an inclination, or possibly appears in the lists. (5)
3 What does the quixotic do to them? Two down! (9)
4 Hope, Faith, and Love were three that Schiller would write. (7)
6 Have a care! The nut is already cracked! (5)
7 Six men are necessary to make such a panel of investigators. (9)
8 Obtains a pure strain of gold fish?
15 Set where one might find a college girl about 27, in a way. (9)
17 and 27 What the British might consider a vulgar point of view at Spotsylvania? (3, 6, 5)
18 Calm as an indication of the coming weather there? (8)
20 Please don't disturb, unless you want to get numb. (6)
21 One who acts is a comic at heart, though certainly not a young lady.
23 Racing establishment not likely to fail? (6)
25 Dry pointer, put into the earth? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 971

ACROSS: [illegible] Squab; 9 Impacts; 10 Formica; 11 and 6 down Erasure; 12 and 27 Tumble-down; 13 and 15 down Pink elephants; 18 Employ; 20 Passkey; 23 and 24 Half gainer; 25 and 2 Out of place; 28 Nairobi; 29 Shining; 30 Sedan; 31, 16 and 1 across I Can Get It For You Wholesale. DOWN: 1 and 15 across White elephant; 3 Escutcheon; 4 Assuming; 5 Enfold; 7 Utility; 8 Blackouts; 14 Consorting; 17 Magnesia; 19 Palsied; 21 Egotist; 22 Tahiti; 26 Tight.

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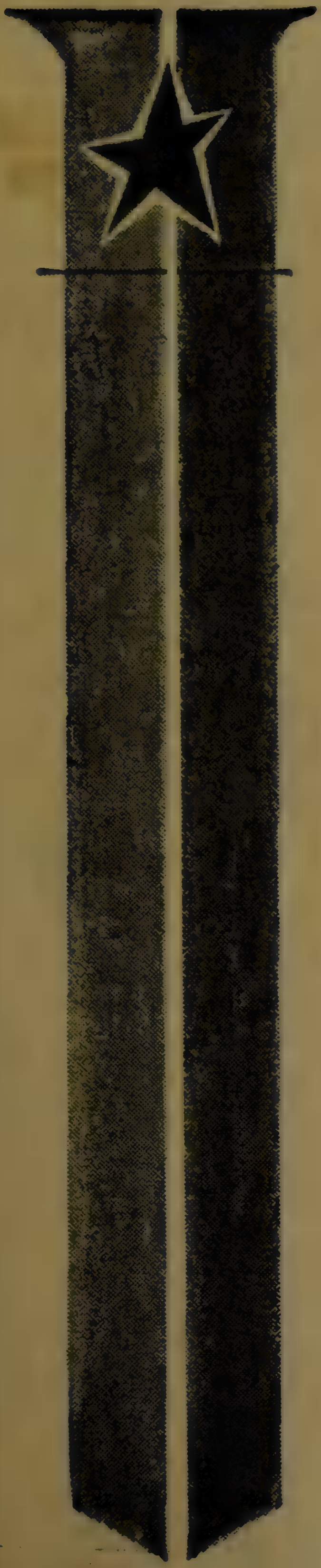

SPENDTHRIFTS FOR DEFENSE

Senator William Proxmire

USSR vs. the Common Market

Alexander Werth

Marilyn Monroe: 1926-1962

Lincoln Kirstein

LETTERS

Mandate for Peace

Dear Sirs: The New Democratic Party in Canada is one year old this month. Born of the combined efforts of the CCF — Canada's farmer-based social democratic party, the Canadian Labour Congress, a large group of university professors and independent progressive citizens—the New Democratic Party is the first genuinely popular party of the democratic left on this continent. . . .

The Nation, which many Canadians consider the most serious U.S. journal, spoke of our party in two quite different articles in its most recent issue ("Doctors vs. the People" and "Peace Takes to the Hustings," July 28, 1962). . . . In the second of these Mary M. Grooms gently criticized the peace movement in Canada for its close identification with and support of the NDP. . . .

In the U.S. it is entirely salutary that the peace movement support candidates of either major party or independents as in the Hughes for Senate fight in Massachusetts. Members of Congress . . . vote with little regard for party lines and may introduce bills as they wish. And there is no important party in the U.S. that . . . has a sound peace and disarmament program.

Under our parliamentary system there is rather rigid party discipline. Deputies of a particular party vote en bloc. . . . In such a system, support of individual candidates would be of little purpose. To be effective the peace movement must try to influence the party. . . .

Before the recent national elections the Canadian peace movement made appeals . . . to all parties. The Conservatives were not listening. The Liberals were all things to all men — until Lester Pearson, their leader, came closer to announcing his willingness to accept American nuclear weapons than any responsible spokesman for any other important party. Only the New Democratic Party campaigned on an anti-nuclear platform and called for fullest support for the United Nations. While non-partisan, the Canadian peace movement could not be neutral. Everywhere its supporters worked for the local NDP candidate. . . . The better than one million votes received by the NDP — the largest vote ever received by a third party movement in our country — was also a vote for peace and against nuclear weapons. . . .

When Parliament reconvenes in September, the elected deputies of the NDP — true to their mandate — will speak out for Canadian initiatives toward disarmament and resist every tentative effort of the Conservatives or Liberals to bring nuclear weapons onto Canadian soil.

EDWARD N. SMITH

Quebec, P.Q.

Spartan Days

Dear Sirs: Hermine G. Basnight ("Summer Camps Revisited," July 28) should take heart; one can still find a few remnants of the old, uncomplicated camping days. Last week youngsters attending a day camp went hiking in the Malibu hills, each child armed with the well-remembered water canteen. Some kids drank too much water too fast, and vomited; others ate melted candy bars for strength. And the youthful counselor got lost on the way back. Everyone on the hike returned with blistered feet.

(MRS.) HAROLD FRY

Los Angeles, Calif.

Rightists and Fluoridation

Dear Sirs: I echo all the praise that has been given to Fred Cook for his article "The Ultras" [June 30th issue]. Why, however, Mr. Cook had to include antifluoridationists with the extreme Rightists I do not understand. I doubt that any opponent of fluoridation of community water-systems would fight for legislation to forbid the sale of fluoridated toothpaste, and fluoride tablets, the use of fluorides in dental treatment, or the addition of fluorides to water systems in private homes. Only attempts such as these would be comparable to the workings of the extreme Right, if comparison must be made. . . .

Leonia, N.J. ANTOINETTE BOLES

[*All extreme Rightists seem to oppose fluoridation, but no sensible person would argue that all who oppose fluoridation are Rightists.*—EDITORS.]

CORRECTION

With respect to statements made about Edward Hunter, Chairman of Anti-Communist Liaison, in "The Ultras" (June 30), we print the following corrections:

1. Mr. Hunter was not an investigator for the late Senator McCarthy, but appeared only as an "expert witness";
2. His testimony was given before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, not before HUAC;
3. He testified prior to the release of Senator Fulbright's memorandum on collaboration between the Military and the Radical Right.

Mr. Hunter states that he was not the father of "anti-anti Communism," and that he did not fire the first barrage of the "anti-anti-Communist" forces last summer.—Ed.

The Hughes Test

Dear Sirs: In an unprecedented sweep, Harvard history professor, H. Stuart Hughes, has obtained a place on the November ballot for his independent candidacy for the United States Senate seat from Massachusetts. The routine politicians said that it was impossible to raise the required 72,514 validated signatures — we filed over 118,000. . . .

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The Nation Aug. 25, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 4

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Saying Nothing, Coast to Coast

After prayerful study of the economic indicators and agonized appraisal of the conflicting counsels of his economic advisers, the President pre-empted half an hour on all the radio-TV networks and delivered some 5,000 words saying practically nothing. The electorate could have received almost as much information from the shooting affrays and blues singers the Chief Executive displaced from their accustomed spots. Viewers who stayed with him to the end must have had a strong sense of civic obligation.

The President told the audience what it already knew — that there would be no fiscal action on the impending recession this year. Everyone knew, also, that this was only partly a Presidential decision, that the real yea and nay sayers in this field were the all-powerful chairmen of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, Wilbur Mills and Harry F. Byrd. And they were saying nay.

This negative decision, in which he played only a recommendatory role, the President coupled with an equally hollow promise. He assured the citizens that there would be the right kind of tax cut at the right time — one calculated "to build the fundamental strength of our economy; to remove a serious barrier to long-term growth; to increase incentive by rooting out inequities and complexities, and to prevent the even greater budget deficit that a lagging economy would otherwise surely produce." All these blessings are to be incarnated by a Congress not yet elected, and over which Mr. Kennedy may have an even less hypnotic influence than over the present one.

The rest of the speech was mainly soothing syrup and political jockeying. On the important, basic issues Mr. Kennedy was silent. Three days before he spoke to the nation he had signed a bill appropriating $48,136,000,000 for the armed forces, the largest single amount ever handed over to the swollen military establishment in peacetime. Everyone wants a tax cut, no one wants a still larger budget deficit. One would never know, from anything Mr. Kennedy said, that these desires are contradictory largely because astronomical amounts are channeled to the services each year, as a matter of course and with little examination by the Congress as a whole. The $48 billion was, of course, not the total. As the President was signing that bill, the House Appropriations Committee was approving another, this one appropriating $1,369,741,000 for military construction in the current fiscal year. Everything Mr. Kennedy requested was approved except some housing for military personnel overseas, twenty-four additional tennis courts for West Point, a swimming pool for the Navy base at Sigeonnel, Italy, and gymnasiums at four military bases.

In his article in this issue of *The Nation* ("Spendthrifts for Defense," page 63), Senator William Proxmire says, "My own experience in the Senate has shown me the painful inability of our democracy to resist the momentum of excessive spending and waste that ac-

THE NATION'S SCHEDULE

With this issue, *The Nation* returns to its regular weekly schedule.

companies our vast military establishment." President Eisenhower at least tried to resist; President Kennedy does not even try. He seems to welcome ever-mounting military spending as a club to use in diplomatic altercations with the Soviets. All it does is make the Soviets spend more in their turn. If, by some improbable conversion, the President were to apply the sense he was born with to this situation, and were to explain it to the people, it would be worth half an hour of network time, and the audience would not be going to the kitchen for a beer after the first ten minutes.

The Wrong Way to the Moon

The discrepancy between the number of earth orbits the Russian astronauts have achieved (64 for Major Nikolayev and 48 for Lieut. Col. Popovich) and our measly three is by no means an indication of relative standing in the race to the moon. Orbital flight, regardless of mileage, is not moon flight by a long shot. Once in orbit, the astronaut's stay is limited, aside from his endurance, only by his life-support system (oxygen supply, disposal of carbon dioxide, etc.) and conservation of enough fuel for re-entry control. He does not need propulsion; that is all supplied for him during the few minutes of ascent. From then on he is falling, but because of his speed he falls elliptically around the earth instead of radially (straight down). He can keep this up as long as he has oxygen to breathe and enough to eat and drink. The problem is not so much to stay up as to get down.

The Russians started ahead in propulsion power to get large vehicles into orbit, and they remain ahead. But both sides have a long way to go, and it is as perilous as it is long. From booster rockets with a thrust of about 1.25 million pounds the Russians must leap to at least 7.5 million pounds. Our leap is perhaps four times as great, but not four times as difficult.

There are other considerations. Even rockets with thrusts of the order of 7.5 million pounds can place a man on the moon only by employing a rendezvous-and-coupling technique which was worked out in the 1920s, but which in the execution involves a multitude of hair-raising engineering problems. These NASA is trying to solve with all possible diligence and it is bringing impressive engineering acumen to the task; its chances appear to be as good as those of the Soviets. The valid criticism of NASA (and equally of its Soviet equivalent) is rather to be laid at the doors of their respective governments. These are engaged in what former President Eisenhower recently assailed as "a mad effort to win a stunt race" — the aerospace front of the cold war. General Eisenhower's objection was primarily monetary. But that is the least of it. The fact is that, in their hurry, the two superpowers are going to kill their astronauts — unnecessarily. One expects some fatalities in an enterprise of this magnitude and novelty, but when the emphasis is on speed and getting the jump on the competition, the engineers and fliers are under irresistible pressure to take excessive chances.

The men will be got to the moon, sure enough, but the first ones to arrive will have a very slim chance of seeing home again. Either they will stay on the surface of the moon or be lost in the effort to rendezvous with the return vehicle; or they will burn up in the 25,000-mile-per-hour re-entry, which must be calculated to a hair if it is to be successful.

They will be a human sacrifice to the vanity of governments. Their salvation lies in cooperation between the scientists and engineers of both countries (and countries other than the belligerents) and a more deliberate pace. This is not as farfetched as it sounds. In late September, the International Astronautical Federation, of which the American Rocket Society is a member, is holding its 13th International Astronautical Congress in Varna, Bulgaria. The papers are being delivered by Americans, Russians, Japanese, Bulgarians and engineers of many other countries. The more sanity prevails, the better the outlook for the men who are to be hurled into space.

Cloture

The effort of a handful of liberal Senators, led by Wayne Morse, to filibuster the communications satellite bill to death in the current session of Congress has failed. After thirty-five years of unbridled debate, the Senate invoked cloture by a vote of 63 to 27. The bill was and is a bad one, and only those who make a fetish of private enterprise will rejoice. For the losers, there is the consolation of Milton's lines: "That strife was not inglorious/Though the event was dire." Nor was the strife useless. Millions of Americans who would never have heard of the communications satellite measure now know something of its terms; the odium of "giveaway" will stick to it as long as it remains on the statute books; it will be administered with due caution by both the private beneficiaries and government officials, and it will be harder to do the same thing next time. There will be a next time and more than one, for with government research at a $12-billion annual level the temptation to feed at the public trough will not grow less.

Much has been made of the supposed inconsistency of the liberals who tried to talk the bill to defeat. They are the very men who object when Southerners filibuster against civil rights; therefore, the argument runs, they should have said their say and sat down. But there is no inconsistency between objecting to a legislative procedure in principle and employing that procedure for ends in which one believes as long as it remains in force. The question here at issue is not cloture, but the giveaway of public property; any Senator who feels strongly enough about what he legally regards as a public wrong is entitled to do what he legally can to thwart those who are perpetrating it. That was what the liberals did. The Senate had an equal right to stop them by a two-thirds majority, and it did that. The giveaway supporters could not win in any other way.

Some hopeful observers suggest that it may be easier to pass civil rights legislation after this assertion of the Senate's right to limit debate. That is unlikely. The senior Southern members of the Senate will stand against the emancipation of the Negro to the end of time and most of them voted against cloture, calculating quite accurately that there were enough Republicans and a variety of Democrats to carry the motion.

General Taylor's Uncertain Trumpet

Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor is a brave and scholarly soldier, but when he is up for confirmation before a Senate committee he does not charge into the cannon's mouth. After resigning as Army Chief of Staff in frustration over his failure to curb cutbacks in Army strength, General Taylor wrote a book titled *The Uncertain Trumpet.* It is almost fatal for a man to write a book if there is any prospect that he will appear before a group of inquisitors, whether it be a Senate committee or "Meet the Press," but in 1959 General Taylor thought he was through with public affairs. Whatever the merits and demerits of the book, it seemed to say clearly that the policy of "massive retaliation" was unrealistic, if not downright suicidal. While not advocating nuclear disarmament General Taylor was revealed in the familiar role of an advocate of preparedness for limited hostilities, i.e., his views were those to be expected of an Army general.

But when President Kennedy appointed General Taylor chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the General's views in the area of massive retaliation hardened considerably. "I am known," he assured the Armed Services Committee, "to be an advocate of a powerful nuclear strategic force and of tactical atomic weapons to support ground operations." And: "In my judgment, if an attack on West Europe comes, we must use whatever weapons and forces are necessary to defeat it." Between 1959 and 1962 the Air Force, with the acquiescence of Secretary McNamara, had evolved the counterforce doctrine, an updated version of massive retaliation and perhaps leaning more toward pre-emptive war. C. L. Sulzberger commented in *The New York Times* (August 13) that "Taylor . . . has managed to adjust his concepts to complete endorsement of the McNamara theory." Now everyone was happy with General Taylor's views since, on the record, he was willing to fight anywhere, any time, with anything. But it would seem that when he puts the martial instrument to his lips, his pitch may be as uncertain as that of other buglers.

SPENDTHRIFTS for DEFENSE . . *William Proxmire*

IT IS a grim fact of life in today's troubled world that America must rely heavily on military strength to maintain peace. Effective, multilateral, arms reduction undoubtedly represents the fervent hope of all peoples. But without United States armed power as the solid basis for negotiation, it will be impossible to achieve.

Peace with freedom is our objective. Our military force is a means to help achieve that objective. Nothing more.

There is an immense potential danger, however, in our reliance on military power, the danger which former President Eisenhower, a lifelong soldier, warned against when he said in his farewell speech to the nation:

> In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together.

My own experience in the Senate has shown me the painful inability of our democracy to resist the momentum of excessive spending and waste that accompanies our vast military establishment.

ON AUGUST 3, 1961, the U.S. Senate voted, 87-4, to buy a hundred additional B-52 and B-58 manned bombers at a cost of $525 million. This resounding mandate for bombers was passed in spite of the fact that:

1. President Kennedy had not requested these bombers in his $47 billion defense budget.

2. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had testified before the Armed Services and Appropriations Committee of both Houses of Congress that procurement of the additional bombers was not necessary for the national defense.

3. The Defense Department officials responsible for strategy, re-

---

WILLIAM PROXMIRE is United States Senator from Wisconsin. He is a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

search and development, and procurement, all testified against buying these planes.

4. In a strongly worded letter to me sent the day before the Senate vote, Secretary McNamara wrote:

> I repeat my previously stated opinion that it is not necessary for the Congress to appropriate funds in fiscal year 1962 above Administration requests for B-52 and B-58 bombers. Inherent in this is my belief that the production of B-52s and B-58s is already adequately protected for the period of time involved in our further study of the bomber concept.

Only three Senators joined me in voting for my amendment, which would have eliminated this appropriation. In the Senate debate, we had made an overwhelming case against spending more than half a billion dollars in this way. Yet some 95 per cent of the Senators voting that day rejected the logic of the case, rejected the advice of the President, the Secretary of Defense and his aides, and voted to appropriate the funds. This was more money than was spent in that year by the federal government for medical research; more than was spent for all federal housing programs; more than the budgets allocated to the U.S. Forest Service, the National Park Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service combined.

This episode is worth noting because it is a classic example of providing money in the name of defense which is not based on a solid analysis of our military requirements. It is a symptom of a growing tendency to use defense to justify federal spending that's not really needed for military purposes.

AS A rationalization for federal expenditure, national defense has few peers. Programs that wouldn't get a second look from Congress flit through if they are attached to an armed forces appropriation. Yet substantial portions of our military budgets do not provide the kind of specific military strength that is needed.

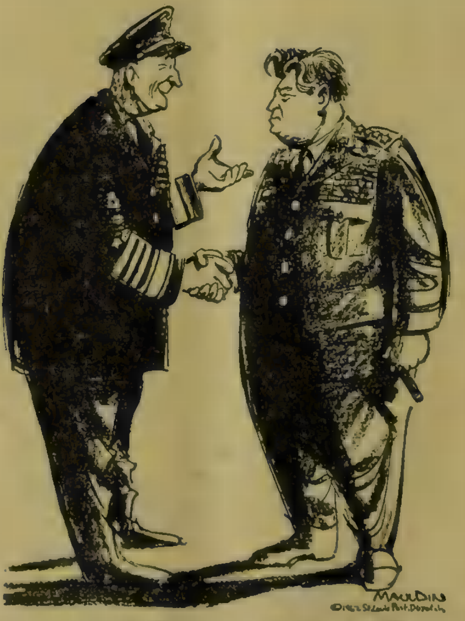
These extra expenditures often are excused on the grounds that they "strengthen the economy." Undoubtedly they serve to keep assembly lines going and plants running, but whether the production of millions or billions of dollars' worth of unneeded hardware can be described as useful employment of human and natural resources is doubtful.

Defense spending not related to military needs also wins support for other reasons. An influential Congressman, a member of the key Appropriations Committee, put it this way in a recent public statement:

> I am convinced defense is only one of the factors that enter into our determination for defense spending. The others are pump priming, spreading the immediate benefits of defense spending, taking care of all services, giving all defense contractors a fair share, spreading the military bases to include all sections, etc. There is no state in the Union and hardly a district in a state which doesn't have defense spending, contracting or a defense establishment. We see the effect in public and Congressional insistence on continuing contracts, or operating military bases, though the need has expired.

I reject these excuses for military spending, not just because they result in a massive unnecessary expenditure of tax funds, but also because I believe that the prime purpose of our military and defense capability should be to make possible meaningful negotiations aimed at securing peace and protecting freedom.

"We arm to parley," said Sir Winston Churchill, and President Kennedy has echoed his words. I do not believe that the present conflict of the interests of the United States and the Soviet bloc in many corners of the world permits any substantial reduction in our military capabilities. Many individuals whom I respect do believe that steps towards disarmament, perhaps unilateral steps, would be useful gestures towards thawing the cold-war climate. I believe, however, that Soviet intransigence, particularly in the difficult Berlin situation, requires the United States to maintain its strength. Only in this way will our negotiators be able to command the respect at the conference table that is essential if effective agreements are to be achieved.



"It's a deal. You speak for battleships and I'll back the RS-70."

UNFORTUNATELY, vast portions of our military expenditure are not based on a sober analysis of the military strength needed to deter Soviet ambitions and to facilitate constructive negotiations. Indeed, most of the lobbying that goes on in favor of increased defense spending bears little relation to our nation's actual hard defense needs. And the lobbying is substantial — often open, sometimes more subtle. It feeds on the "anything goes for defense" attitude that transforms otherwise fiscally responsible members of the House and Senate into open-fisted spendthrifts.

The paradox is that this attitude may be resulting in a weaker defense as well as swollen defense budgets. The heaviest lobbying pressure — and the most potent with Congress—is to hold on to old weapons, keep old assembly lines going and maintain old jobs. In an age when spectacular changes in military technology are routine, such an attitude is dangerous in the extreme.

The most important defense "lobby" is so obvious it is often overlooked since it consists of members of Congress, both Senators and Representatives. In an understandable zeal to aid industry and workers in home states and districts, many Congressmen in effect act as highly potent lobbyists for military spending.

As a Senator, I feel that an appeal from a firm in my state asking for help in getting a defense contract merits my support. Indeed, it is hardly fair to the economic well-being of an area for its legislative representatives not to work to channel defense expenditures to it, since other Congressmen from other states are doing their level best to attract those funds.

An able Congressman from West Virginia, liberal Democrat Ken Hechler, in June of 1959 put it this way in a speech in the House:

> I am firmly against the kind of logrolling which would subject our defense program to narrowly sectional or selfish pulling and hauling. But I am getting pretty hot under the collar about the way my State of West Virginia is shortchanged in Army, Navy and Air Force installations. I am going to stand up on my hind legs and roar until West Virginia gets the fair treatment she deserves.

As long as a large military budget is a fact of life in our country, I must agree with Congressman Hechler's contention that due attention should be paid to achieving a reasonable distribution of defense procurement around the country. It would be foolish to overlook the economic impact of defense spending, which can help promote economic growth and employment in areas suffering from severe depression or recession.

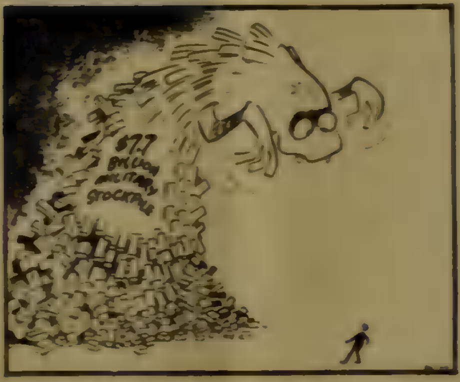
But the important point is that this should not be permitted to lap over into the realm where decisions on what is needed to assure adequate military capability are made. It is one thing to use common sense and good judgment in deciding where certain items should be manufactured, taking account of costs, unemployment, strategic dispersal, transportation and so forth. But it is quite a different thing to let non-military factors influence the choice of weapons, and with it the type of military defense and the size of the defense budget to which our nation is committed.

Testifying before a House subcommittee a few years ago, an officer of a major defense contractor said:

> Many of the most important decisions in the defense of our country are not made by military technicians. They are made in the Congress of the United States.

I do not think this statement is accurate. But it is obvious that many Congressmen act as if it were true. The case of the Nike-Zeus "anti-missile-missile" is a good illustration.

The first successful proof test of this weapon took place in July, 1962. A Nike-Zeus rocket fired from a Pacific island intercepted a rocket that had been fired from another island, scoring the United States equivalent to Khrushchev's boast that Soviet rockets could hit a fly in outer space. The Defense Department indicated there had been a previous unsuccessful attempt to test this device. The restraint of the public announcement made it clear that there is a long way to go before the Nike-Zeus can be counted on reliably to perform its allotted task of meeting and destroying incoming enemy nuclear missiles.



Bastien: San Francisco Chronicle

Yet as long ago as February, 1961 — just after President Kennedy took office — a number of Congressmen rose to sing the praises of the Nike-Zeus system, urging that a $410 million production commitment be made at once. The speeches occurred after an article appeared in the magazine *Army* with a map showing how much of the $410 million would be spent in each of thirty-seven states. Each of the Congressional Nike-Zeus enthusiasts represented one of those states.

More recently, a member of the House Appropriations Committee wearied Pentagon witnesses by his repeated requests that the Defense Department see what could be done to utilize a costly but obsolete item manufactured in his home district.

The debate on the B-70 bomber (renamed the RS-70, for "reconnaissance strike") this year resulted in Congress' adding a generous ladle of funds for further development and procurement of this controversial plane desired by the Air Force. In the months leading up to that conclusion, dozens of Congressmen expounded on the virtues of the RS-70.

Certainly there is nothing sinister about these kinds of public statements and inquiries. Each of the Senators and Congressmen unquestionably has a right to tout the virtues of products of his state or district. However, the total effect of the utterances is, at best, misleading. It can be more serious than that if it sways the judgment of the military decision-makers. These public enthusiasms for specific kinds of military hardware are not based on an informed evaluation of our defense needs — though garbed in language which makes them appear that way — but rather on the benefits they confer on a particular region or industry or branch of the armed forces.

They also have the effect of encouraging the "anything goes for defense" attitude which makes fiscal responsibility in other aspects of federal policy appear so futile. The competition for contract awards is certainly easier for everyone when there is a larger pie to dish out. The argument is made that we should err on the side of caution. More, it is said, is better than war. The authoritative *Congressional Quarterly* has reported that Members of Congress went so far as to telephone President Eisenhower to tell him they were voting for higher defense appropriations in response to local pressures generated by the Pentagon.

IN A colloquy with me in the Senate recently, Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee and a member of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, made the following remarkable statement:

> There is something about preparing for destruction that causes men to be more careless in spending money than they would be if they were building for constructive purposes. Why that is, I do not know; but I have observed, over a period of almost thirty years in the Senate, that there is something about buying arms with which to kill, to destroy, to

wipe out cities, and to obliterate great transportation systems which causes men not to reckon the dollar cost as closely as they do when they think about proper housing and the care of the health of human beings.

The kind of waste that troubles me is what results from the effort to perpetuate the production of items that are not needed to maintain our military strength. It is this that is so profoundly wrong.

I am confident that Secretary McNamara fully shares my view on this. With great dedication and skill he has pursued a course of deciding on the basis of evidence and logic what military capability is needed, then setting out to procure just that amount of strength in the most efficient possible way.

He is apparently unmoved by the appeals of industry, Congressmen or the service branches that he give special consideration to pet projects. In his determination to continue this policy he deserves full support. In addition, he has undertaken a comprehensive cost-reduction program which in five years is expected to cut Defense Department spending by $3 billion per year.

In fact, due to Secretary McNamara's determination, there is a happy ending to the $525 million manned-bomber procurement that the Senate voted last August. When this year's appropriation was up, the Secretary reported that he had not spent the money and that, accordingly, the Air Force budget request was reduced by that amount.

TEACHING MACHINES . .

by Lawrence M. Stolurow

THE BRAIN—an intricate three-pound mass, the product of a billion or more years of evolution—has transformed the world and discovered the power to destroy it. No one can say that these were trivial accomplishments, yet by comparison with the problem faced by the brain in understanding itself, they are as the amoeba to an elephant.

The history of modern science demonstrates that an empirical approach pays off in new knowledge. An important twentieth-century discovery was the realization that a science of behavior was possible, and that it could develop separately from neurophysiology in much the same way that chemistry developed separately from physics. Teaching machines and the instructional programs accompanying them are as inevitable a product of scientific development as the automobile and atomic reactor. The issue is not whether or not teaching machines work; that has been already clearly demonstrated (see *Teaching by Machine,* U. S. Government Printing Office). The question is: "How can we use them to understand the brain?" Like any tool, scientific or other, they can be used properly and for desirable ends, or they can be used improperly and for undesirable ends. Let there be no confusion, however, between the concept and any specific product designed to execute that concept. The product is a highly variable commodity—witness both happy and sad experiences with cars, washing machines and lawn mowers. This article is concerned only with the concept and some of the science involved in this new teaching method.

What is a teaching machine? Not every piece of hardware found in the classroom, no matter the claims made for it, is a teaching machine. Educational aids and devices have been with us a long time, but the machine is new. Its essential ingredient is an automatic self-controlling mechanism that works on the "feedback" principle of the thermostat, which reacts to, as well as controls, the temperature of a room.

The teaching machine, then, puts the feedback principle into the educational process. It operates on the tutorial system—the best and simplest way to teach. The tutorial system has three basic parts: the student, the program of instruction and the tutor. In this instance, the machine simply substitutes for the tutor.

The system works like this. The student looks at the program (a printed sheet, TV screen or rear-view projection screen) and reacts to it. He makes his reaction known to a machine (via push buttons or a writing surface) and the machine does something to the next item on the program. Then the student reacts to this item, again using the machine, and his reaction, in turn, determines what the machine will do next. So the process goes. Conventional classroom instruction of groups—whether or not it includes the use of educational television, films and the like—fails to provide teacher reaction to the responses of the individual student. In fact, no provision is made in conventional teaching to take the student's responses into account until a test is given—and then, of course, it is too late.

FEEDBACK has two important educational functions. The first is to tell the student whether he is right or wrong. Psychologists call this "reinforcement," and it can be accomplished in different ways—by the use of a red or green light, the printing of "right" and "wrong" on the program, etc. The second function is to supply information feedback relating to what is being taught. The information can be corrective or "enriching," i.e., it can add to the knowledge of the student.

Related to the information feedback function is the machine's potentiality for recording and collating each response of the student to every step of the program. While all teaching machines do not do this, they could and should if we are to secure the basic data needed to evaluate and improve the program they contain. Here is where an important

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departure from pedagogical tradition occurs. If the student makes too many errors at any point in a program, it is the program, not the student, that is held to blame. The program is thrown out or sent back to the drawing board. While every student can't learn every subject no matter if Socrates himself were the teacher, it is nevertheless important to take the position that teaching ought to be revised, if it doesn't work, before we give up on the student. The fact is that we do not know how far we can go in teaching. Curriculum-revision projects are currently in vogue; typically, they aim —usually with success—to apply college-level concepts to grammar and high school students. Experimenters are finding that the young learner is capable of mastering many concepts we have traditionally refrained from teaching him. What is the capacity of a brain with an IQ 50, 100, 150? No one really knows, but with teaching machines and basic research on instructional programing, we might find out.

Why will the teaching machine help here? The answer is that teaching machines constitute a scientific laboratory for educational problems, providing the controls needed for truly basic research. Furthermore, if properly used, teaching machines could provide the answer to an even more important (and logically prior) question than the one of capacity. We first need to know how to *feed* the brain, i.e., how we should best organize the information that we want to put into it through receptors like the eye and ear. That this is a prior question than that of capacity should be clear, for much more can be put into a brain if it is inserted in the right way.

THE HEART of a teaching machine is its program. No matter how well the machine is built, the results produced are determined, in the final analysis, by the program.

It is hard to state just what a program is. One answer is that it is a substitute for a textbook — one with a distinctive prose style and a logic of organization all its own. The logic of organization is determined by both psychological and content considerations, for a program embodies what we know (or think we know) about the learner as well as what we know (and want to teach) about a subject matter.

In the final analysis, the students write the program. Usually a psychologist and a subject-matter specialist team together to start the process and develop the first draft. After that, the student's reactions determine what is to be done, and the tailoring job really begins. Writing a program is much more difficult than writing a textbook; the properly written one is like the third or fourth edition of a text, since student reaction has been used to revise and extend the original. Here we see feedback at work at another level: the student's errors are fed back to the writers, who use them to rewrite.

Once the objectives of the program are determined, half the job is done. Program objectives are very specific: they are "behaviors"—technically called "terminal behaviors"—which will be demonstrated by the student. The first things that go into a program, then, are these objectives.

Once the terminal behaviors are decided upon, the next step is to determine the strategy to use in getting the student from his present state to the point where he can perform each of these "behaviors" in the presence of minimal cues. Today this is the problem that is under most intensive study.

Besides its fabric, which includes terminal steps, a "self-instructional program" has pattern and style. The pattern is the organization of the content and consists of an articulated sequence of steps. Each step, though not a question in the formal sense, requires a response from the student, either in the form of filling out a blank space or in making a choice of alternatives. Leading toward each terminal step, a program provides one or more transitional steps designed to get the learner to the point where he is ready to make the terminal response. For example, in teaching long division, steps which teach multiplication and subtraction are transitional steps.

Two styles predominate in current programing. The following, in which the student is required to supply a missing word, illustrates the *linear* style (note that the word to be supplied in each paragraph, or "frame," is printed in capitals in the "frame" immediately following):

> Conversational chaining is a special type of linear programing developed by John Barlow. Of the two basic forms of response it uses constructed response rather than selection ————.
>
> In it the RESPONSE that is correct for the immediately preceding frame is printed in ———— letters in the next frame.
>
> CAPITAL letters are used to make it easy for the student to identify the ———— response and to provide reinforcement.
>
> The CORRECT response need not be made, however, in order to have the student go on to the next step since this type of programing is linear ————.
>
> PROGRAMING which is not the linear type is called the branch ———— of programing.
>
> In ———— TYPE programing it is necessary for the student to make the ———— response before he goes on to the next item. If he errs, the next frame attempts to correct the student before allowing him to go to the next item.

The *branch* style usually uses the multiple-choice form, offering two or more choices. Each choice is associated with an "address" to which the student, after he has elected a choice, can turn to see if he is right or wrong and to obtain additional information. The new "address" also presents him with another step to which he responds and which routes him to still another "address."

Both linear and branch styles can be developed for use in either book format or in a machine.

THOUSANDS of people are presently involved in programing—a very large number from some points of view, but not from the point of view of the educator. One must consider all the courses now being taught, not only in public schools and colleges (undergraduate, graduate, and professional) but also in industry and government to meet a multitude of specialized needs. Furthermore, programing is a slow process; an hour's instruction may take twenty-five hours to prepare. Add the foreign to the domestic needs, and the prospect becomes staggering. Education is probably the largest industry in the world—yet it is one of the last to feel the effects of automation.

To put automation to work for educational purposes, we have to know what we are doing. To know what we are doing requires research and development, not for the purpose of creating cheaper and better machines, but to gather information on the ways of making programs effective and efficient. While this is costly by the usual educational standards, it is peanuts compared with a missile program. We spend hundreds of millions on research for weaponry, but for this new weapon against ignorance, we get no more than bits and pieces of support. Why is this, when brains are our most precious natural resource and ignorance our greatest enemy? Why does the brain find it so hard to recognize its own value?

Russia Reacts to the Common Market . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

BY FAR the most curious development in recent months has been the campaign so suddenly launched by Moscow against the Common Market. It is true that, during the months preceding the signing of the Rome Treaty in 1957, the Russians treated the whole idea with distrust, warning France in particular against putting herself in a position where she would be "dominated" by West Germany. But for almost five years scarcely anything was said in Russia about the subject and during Khrushchev's visit to France in 1960, he spoke often about the German military menace, but hardly at all about the Common Market. It was, somehow, assumed in Russia at the time that, far from being a *unifying* factor in the West, the Common Market was, if anything, a *divisive* one.

Today, with Britain, Denmark and Norway likely to join, and with Switzerland, Sweden, Austria and others about to become "associates," the Common Market is beginning to look in Russian eyes like a vast, self-contained economic area that is bound to create endless difficulties for the Soviet bloc. What is more—so the Russians believe—there are growing signs that the United States will succeed in pushing Britain into joining—less for economic than for political and military reasons. Thus, though the vast European project will, in a sense, be self-contained, it will in reality be closely allied with the United States.

It is curious to note that one of the first European utterances to have alarmed the Russians was a speech made in London on May 1 by M. Jean Monnet, that "great European," who said:

> Everybody will see that the partnership between the United States and a United Europe can transform the West by its own efforts, and cannot be changed by any external pressures; once this is realized, conditions will have been created for a lasting settlement between the Soviet Union and the West.

The implication here of a "position of strength" approach was only too apparent, and there is reason for believing that Monnet's speech acted as a kind of eye-opener for the Russians. There were also many other straws in the wind.

So on May 23, obviously after a top-level discussion on the whole issue had taken place in Moscow, *Pravda* suddenly published a whole page on the Common Market with the banner headline: "The Common Market a Weapon of the Monopolies." One of the articles, entitled "What Is the Common Market?," made the following points:

> (a) That the Common Market was, in fact, run by Hallstein, who was Adenauer's nominee; (b) that "the discriminatory policy of the Common Market towards trade with third parties had strengthened the tendency among a number of countries to join it, or to reach special agreements with it"; (c) that the United States had already lowered its tariffs for the benefit of the Common Market countries; (d) that the Common Market was a weapon in the hands of the monopolies, which were crushing and swallowing up the smaller enterprises, and that the whole thing, as Thorez in France and Togliatti in Italy, had pointed out, would lead to a lowering of real wages; and (e) that Hallstein, Adenauer and even Couve de Murville had all said, with various *nuances*, that "Europe" would fit perfectly into the North Atlantic Alliance, that the customs and economic union were an important step towards achieving political union, and that the close bonds uniting the United States and a United Europe would consolidate the "Free-World," vis-à-vis the Eastern Bloc.

The article continued:

> Now Western Europe is split into two groups, and this does not suit the American and other warmongers. . . . The Seven are falling to pieces, and the small countries threatened by the Common Market will be swallowed by it, and so be drawn into a great aggressive military bloc. . . .
>
> Also, attempts are being made to drag the African countries into it. The United States, scared of European and especially of German competition, is agreeing to a reciprocal lowering of tariffs. . . . *The Common Market, extended to Atlantic dimensions, is now acquiring the contours of a Holy Alliance in which all the powers of American and European reaction would be merged. . . . This is the long-awaited "constructive reply" of capitalism to the Soviet challenge.*

Suspecting even deeper villainy, *Pravda* went on to say that the Common Market countries, for all their "European" verbiage, had contradictory aims: Germany wanted to use the Common Market for achieving territorial expansion in the East, France for keeping full control of her ex-colonies and for acquiring a predominant position in NATO, etc. In

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order to smooth out the contradictions, said *Pravda,* it was essential to create "the greatest possible tension with the East"; and the main aim of the Common Market now was "to strengthen the economic base of the aggressive military machine, by tying to it as many European, African and Asian countries as possible."

THE PUBLICATION of such a full-page blast in *Pravda,* the mouthpiece of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, was naturally no mere academic exercise. It did not take long before Mr. Khrushchev began to thunder against the Common Market in every conceivable context—whether in connection with the meeting in Moscow of the Eastern "Council of Economic Mutual Aid" (Comecon), or in addressing Mr. Mobuto Keito, the President of the little African Republic of Mali, or in almost literally falling over the Italian businessmen who had, on their own initiative, come to open an industrial exhibition in Moscow.

To the Italians, he paid almost extravagant compliments, saying that, unlike all those Common Market people, they were "realistic" in wanting to trade with the Soviet Union. Trade between the two countries, he said, had increased eightfold since 1953, and he urged that Italy get out of the Common Market and become a "neutral." Khrushchev paid the supreme compliment to Premier Fanfani by saying that, in having encouraged this private Italian exhibition in Moscow, he had acted like a good "neutralist."

Actually, the trade between Russia and Italy amounts to only $250 million both ways (the Italians, notably, buy a good deal of Russian oil); nevertheless, Soviet trade with Italy has been greater than with other Western countries.

At the Italian Embassy reception, Khrushchev was in one of his more outrageous moods: he pressed for a World International Trade Conference and then proceeded to urge the Italians once again to get out of the Common Market which, he said, was "an unnatural marriage between males, the kind of thing that's punishable under Soviet criminal law."

As regards Mali, he warned President Keito (and, indeed, all ex-colonial countries) against the snares of the Common Market, which would only prove a weapon of a new brand of colonialism. But while saying that Soviet aid to underdeveloped countries was "brotherly and disinterested," he intimated fairly clearly that the Soviet Union did not now have very much to spare for them. He added that while young African countries were in grave danger from the Common Market, "the Soviet Union was not frightened of it, and it certainly wasn't causing me any sleepless nights."

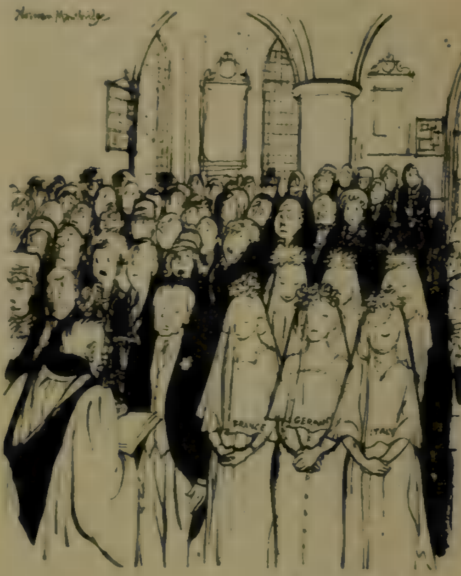
THE BOAST does not quite correspond to the Soviet Premier's real feelings. In Paris, not long ago, I had the opportunity of meeting a Soviet personality, very high up in the Central Committee, who had come here on a "cultural" mission. What he said to me was this:

"The Common Market is not only an economic, but also a political and military conspiracy. But let us assume that it is only an economic plot. Its purpose is, quite obviously, to hamper East-West trade. If Britain were to subscribe to all the rules of the Common Market, it would mean the end of Soviet-British trade. Already our trade talks with the French have broken down, because the French will no longer give us most-favored-nation treatment. If the British want to sell us machinery and a variety of other commodities, then they musn't start raising 'Common Market' barriers against our exports. If they do that, we shall have to buy our stuff elsewhere.

"We may develop trade with Japan on a hitherto unprecedented scale. We also know that Italian business circles want to trade with us, and we know that they will not submit to too many crippling Common Market restrictions. They object to the Common Market's being used to strangle East-West trade.

"The kind of Common Market that is now being planned," he continued, "is totally incompatible with all that the United Nations stands for, and we shall do all we can to get an international trade conference called to set up a World Trade Organization, which would cut out all discrimination throughout the world."

My informant stressed that it would be "insane" for Britain to join the Common Market: Such a step, he said, would "smash up the Commonwealth" and ruin trade with the Socialist countries. In particular, he thought, British discrimination against Eastern agricultural produce would be a "terrible blow to Polish exports to which we couldn't remain indifferent."



Punch: Ben Roth

"If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these seven should not be joined. . . ."

If the Russians' plan for a World Trade Organization came to nothing, it is not very clear what general trade reprisals they could take against Common Market members short of, for instance, trying to buy in Japan what they could no longer buy in Britain. No doubt, Russia could also turn the heat on a number of neutral countries—Austria or Finland—whose association, in one form or another, with the Common Market they could denounce as being "unneutral." But this would not get them very far.

The trouble with the Soviet Union —and indeed the whole Eastern bloc —is that they are not doing as well economically as they had hoped. The lowering of the standard of living, through a "temporary" rise in the price of meat products and butter, is indicative of serious economic difficulties inside Russia. It is also significant that Khrushchev should have decided to go easy in his aid to the underdeveloped countries, even though, ideologically, this was the real basis of that "peaceful competition" with capitalism that was supposed to lead to the triumph of socialism. Khrushchev was not altogether explicit on this point, but what he said to the President of Mali was sufficiently indicative.

Another question, of course, is whether Comecon can really provide an effective answer to the Common Market. Until only a few months ago, the chief Russian ideological review, *Communist*, boasted in its February issue that, as distinct from the Common Market countries, "there is in Comecon a sacred respect for the sovereignty and national interests of each member state; no decision can be taken without the consent of the country affected." The article noted with satisfaction that about three-quarters of the foreign-trade turnover of the Comecon states was "with the countries of the world system of socialism"—which presumably includes China, though she is not officially a Comecon member, any more than are North Vietnam or North Korea.

There is no doubt that the Comecon countries have so far been a much less "integrated" body than the "Europe of the Six." Established in 1949, in the days of Stalin, when "cooperation" between the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies was still very much a one-way affair (that was one reason why Yugoslavia dropped out in 1948), Comecon was dormant for a number of years, especially after Stalin's death. Latterly, there have been some spectacular joint achievements, such as the "Friendship" pipeline which will link the Trans-Volga oilfields with Eastern Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. But the "integration" is very limited; even the currencies of the member states are not mutually convertible; and since "sovereignty" has been an underlying principle of the organization, Comecon does not send out orders, but only recommendations, and these are often ignored.

THE Comecon communiqué issued after its recent two-day meeting dwelt both on achievements and future plans. Among the achievements was the 13 per cent annual increase in the industrial production of the Comecon countries; but no figures were given for agriculture, except that the "socialized sector" had now gone up to 90 per cent. As for the future, the communiqué demanded the calling of a conference that would set up a World Trade Organization and stressed that all the Socialist countries wanted to trade with the capitalist countries. It also outlined in very general terms the much "deeper and more extensive" mutual cooperation planned by Comecon in matters like mutual technical aid, joint capital investments and the rational division of labor—all of which would tend to create, before long, a uniform standard of living and economic development in all the member countries.

It is perhaps significant that the word so often used by Comecon in the past, namely "sovereignty," should not have figured in the communiqué. What is more, the *Pravda* editorial on the following day stressed the fact that the Comecon conference had recognized "that it was an essential condition for a successful further development of economic cooperation that *the role, authority and responsibility* of the Council of Economic Mutual Aid and of all its organs be greatly heightened." (Italics added.) These hints at some kind of supra-nationality were strengthened by Moscow's recent announcement of the creation of a Comecon executive committee to be headed by a new Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union, Veniamin E. Dymshits.

A puzzling point in all these goings-on was the absence from the Comecon meeting of any Chinese representative, or even observer. China's trade relations with both the Comecon countries and the outside world may well be among the things that *do*, perhaps, give Mr. Khrushchev sleepless nights.

MARILYN MONROE: 1926-1962 . . *by Lincoln Kirstein*

THE DEATH of someone who has given you intense pleasure, even if you never met, amounts almost to the death of a personal friend. Having heard the news on the radio and knowing how I felt about Marilyn Monroe, an artist friend wrote me from Indonesia: "I liked everything about her; mainly her power that outwitted the hungry weak for so long."

Extravagant claims need not be made for her capacities as the complete actress; she never had the chance to develop them. But as a classic comedienne of grace, delicacy and happy wonder, she certainly has had no peer since Billie Burke or Ina Claire. The lightness, justness and rhythm in her clowning often held hints of something more penetrating. Her comic tone was sometimes disturbingly ironic; her personal style was more lyric than naturalistic. Irony and lyricism are two prime components of the grand manner. Whether or not she could have succeeded as Lady Macbeth, which she solemnly said she wanted to play one day, after what she had done to herself with the aid and abetment of most of us, we cannot know. But it is possible that her gifts were far more in the scale of the proscenium-frame than the camera-frame.

Imagination boggles at the overtime that would have been loaded onto the rehearsal schedule of any Shakespearean repertory company placed at her tender mercies. But her notorious tardiness or procrastination (it never bankrupted anybody except herself) which so irritated the manipulators for whom she grossed only forty-three million dollars—not, alas, the two hundred million that was first reported—may not have been merely compulsive behavior. Does it never occur to the

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN has been vice president of the American Shakespeare Theatre Festival and Academy since its inception.

producer, director and investor that a performing artist at the peak of her craft may always want to give a peak performance; and that often, for reasons physical as well as psychological, she may not feel up to the peak she knows she can attain? In the theatre, a star is prepared by weeks of New York rehearsals, months of provincial tours, before settling into the final pattern of the Broadway run. Some seductive movie directors manage to get peak performances out of their stars faster or oftener than average, but by and large the American film industry rarely provides working conditions comparable to the comfort of a successful run in our commercial theatre (and we cannot even make comparison with what prevails in more cultivated countries, able to afford institutional theatre: the theatre of Stanislavsky, of Brecht, of Barrault or Olivier). Everything shot in Hollywood, or planned there, is geared for hysteria and the bet on lucky, improvised takes and type casting.

SO Marilyn Monroe paralyzed production by demanding retakes; maybe she took sixty of a single scene and had them all printed. Maybe the sixtieth wasn't as good as the third. And maybe, at the same time, she had a conscience about the cash she was costing her partners and manipulators. She knew what money was about, since she was born with none, died with little and valued it chiefly for the pleasure of giving it to people poorer than herself.

Perhaps such things qualified her art—nothing qualifies her life as the material of tragedy. It has been hard for novelists or dramatists to canonize the performing artist. Sarah Bernhardt inspired Proust and Henry James; Colette drew on her own fascinating life; Sartre worked hard at Kean. But whatever these triumphs were between covers, they have never given great actresses great roles. The performing artist is a complex mechanism, and in the most powerful of them the urge for self-exposure, the shame of an inadequate performance—even the continual racking desire to be rid, once and for all, of the very desire to risk such hazard—often exist in an almost intolerable balance. Marilyn Monroe was used in her own lifetime as the basis of a shoddy commercial film which failed, among other reasons, for its superficiality. The resemblance was duly publicized but no one really believed it or cared. *The Goddess*, cheap as it was in conception and execution, may well become a monument of taste and talent compared to the doubtless inevitable *Marilyn Monroe Story*, starring some as yet unborn replica of the best features of Jeanne Eagels, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Bette Davis and Greta Garbo, with a supporting cast of Joe DiMaggio, Jr., when he gets out of the Marines, and Clark Gable, Jr., when he gets out of the cradle.

But let us assume that one day Marilyn Monroe's story will find that poetic dramatist who can capture its tragedy—not as Norma Jean Mortenson turned into Marilyn Monroe, not as M.M., but rather as the Performing Artist in our country, in our time. Such a dramatist, reading Maurice Zolotow's admirable biography (Harcourt, Brace; 1960), will see that the denouement is indicated from the first chapter. Zolotow's study, which comes up to *The Misfits* and her death, is courteous, humane and extremely perceptive. In it, only Monroe's wisecracks are funny. It is a book that can serve someone as North's *Plutarch* served Shakespeare: everything is there save the choice of scene and the grandeur of words.

Lacking a Shakespeare, who often breathed immortality into far less absorbing originals, we shall look long for someone to encompass her griefs. Her playwright-husband gave her her most serious script, and if it was a flawed masterpiece it is still a masterpiece. But *The Misfits*, unlike her other films, is not essentially about her performance, or about an artist performing. It is about the almost pornographic horror of a famous man who is actually dying and a famous woman who is having a nervous breakdown. Arthur Miller knew her as no one else: "If she was simple it would have been easy to help her. She could have made it with a little luck. She needed a blessing." Had she enjoyed that blessing, she certainly could have played magnificently Doll Tearsheet, Katharine the Shrew, Mistress Page, Portia. And if she had been granted another chance, in another life, in another society or culture, she could have played Cleopatra—not Shaw's kitten-queen, but the Alexandrian princess, the serpent of old Nile. Yet, in our time, who could have encompassed her character? Tennessee Williams naturally springs to mind, since he knows our movie industry well and has what passes for passion and compassion; but judging by his last two and possibly best plays, his largest gifts are for comedy. He writes comedies of manners, more mannerist than tragic. Brecht might have made a cartoon, but Monroe was not grim; O'Neill was almost humorless; neither had the innocence and gaiety which assert Monroe's aura.

HOWEVER, there is one playwright, and evidence has just come to light that he is far more "modern" than many now living in the flesh. Oscar Wilde might have triumphed with Marilyn Monroe's material, since it was so much like his own. When the thousand and more pages of his collected letters appear here in the fall, so magnificently presented and annotated by Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, we shall enjoy not only one of the greatest of English autobiographies; we shall also learn to know, for the first time, a marvelously funny, generous, profoundly decent man, who in his whole short life (he died at forty-six) never harmed a living soul, save himself, the wife he adored and the two very young children who meant more to him than anything in the world. His personal tragedy is certainly one of the most terrible and moving about which we have absolutely complete information. And he was a performing artist in his public as well as in his private life.

Monroe was a woman of considerable importance and Wilde would have known, as few others, just wherein her importance lay. She belongs in the fairly large company of tragedians in life who also performed for money in a broader theatre. Not all of them were stage actors, and in the cases of Oscar Wilde and Marilyn Monroe, some of their greatest scenes were not played on stage. Like Wilde, she often reserved her talent for her art and her genius for her life.

The essence of the star performer's individual contribution is the development of a tone, style and rhythm which make legible his private morality. The intensity of the distillation has an inflammatory effect on the whole world, high-brow, low-brow and middle-brow, because it seems a revelation, at least in part, of their own divine or monstrous qualities. The genius-performer, whose compelling, or "compulsive," problem is the editing of a private identity into an intoxicating icon, has a long line of saints and martyrs: Beckford, Byron, Kean, Baudelaire, Booth, Rimbaud, van Gogh, T.E. Lawrence, Nijinsky, Dylan Thomas, James Dean, Jean Harlow and her legitimate daughter, Marilyn Monroe. The stupendous question: "Who am I, really?"—unless it is answered to one's own satisfaction at about the age when one achieves an end of technical apprenticeship — generates an endless seesaw energy of frustration disguised as brilliant nervous energy, which is no less predictably fatal than cancer. By no means all great performers are martyrs, though some approach the saintly. Many of the best have had the power to solve their own questions of identity, and have heard the lovely music at the end. One thinks of Garrick at home; Walt Whitman, the arch-impersonator, receiving Oscar Wilde in Camden; Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry; Victor Hugo, whom Cocteau said was a madman who thought he was Victor Hugo; Duse, Pavlova, and Cocteau himself, who has played the various disguises of Harlequin for seventy years, surviving all the spiritual and physical exercises that are credited with killing so many of his juniors.

The "healthy," the "wholesome" performers, as opposed to the "compulsive" ones, have been able to balance or employ their compelling behavior in public, usually supported by a technique and a tradition of craft. And in the old days, no matter how horrifying their infancies or adolescences, performers could almost call their souls their own. Edmund Kean, the greatest Shakespearean of his time, had no easier a human apprenticeship than Marilyn Monroe; psychic shocks from his youth certainly killed him sooner than if he had been a nobleman and rich (in which case he could not have been an actor at all). But Kean, in spite of his hysterical behavior, had the final satisfaction of appearing in a great repertory. He himself controlled every element of its production, presentation as well as exploitation. His reputation and body belonged to himself to do with as he pleased, and he pleased to drink. However, he was not both president and partner of Edmund Kean Productions, Inc., a corporation manipulated by a cartel of hopeful wolves, who were treacherous always, and who could yet howl about their property's final, desperate, treachery. There was publicity-seeking in Kean's day and probably in Shakespeare's too. But in Shakespeare's time, repertory troupes were protected by royal patent or noble patrons, and the actors wore their responsible masters' livery. Now we have no repertory companies, except in a few interstitial or putative institutions, and it is highly unlikely that they will ever again dominate our theatre. Our only true repertory houses are the chains of small art-film houses, where *Bus Stop, The Blood of the Poet, Ten Days That Shook The World, Some Like It Hot* and *The Misfits,* will be shown for generations.

CERTAINLY, Marilyn Monroe was victimized, but one must study Maurice Zolotow's book to understand the crafty uses she made of her own adversity, and the legends she helped augment as weapon, protection and blackmail. We all know how juvenile delinquents feed back quite adequately Freudian jargon to their interrogators, who then check off the predictable causes: guilt, rejection, alienation, insecurity, etc. Lacking a Shakespeare, it would take a Bernard Shaw—who understood T.E. Lawrence as Pvt. Shaw, Ross, the Bastard, the Poet, the Adventurer, the Failure, the Success—to utilize all of Monroe's maniacal procrastination, her treacheries to those who "helped" her — that wolf-pack and rat-pack, agents and instructors, who of course expected only a kind word for their investment.

Dance and song, unlike the spoken word or the use of classic diction, have absolute techniques. Virtuosity is the salvation of the singer and dancer; the actor has no such luck. Of course it is true that Nijinsky went mad, that Callas behaves badly (or astutely), and that Dylan Thomas wrote very good verse, read it very well and drank too much. But the greatest performers of institutional theatre, singers, dancers and those actor-managers of the last century, by and large provide a picture of almost bourgeois domestic simplicity. That is also true of many excellent film actors who have come to their own satisfaction with a becoming modesty: James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster, Katherine Hepburn and many others. But these are fine character actors, which is different from a blazing star: a Garbo, who does not die, except to the screen; a Marilyn Monroe.

Hollywood has always been a supermarket of personality. As in most supermarkets, the comestibles come packed with additives, preservatives, detergents; and while not immediately lethal, such nourishment hasn't the savor that nature intended. Very little has issued from Hollywood that has any claim on the most transient memory. Naturally there is in Hollywood no museum devoted to the motion picture; it is a phenomenon without a real history, in which only the freaks, the exceptions, the tragedies are memorable. The one academy it ever sanctioned is suitably enough an annual racket. It is a climate providing less chance for healthy work than even downtown Los Angeles, for all its smog. But it's not the only villain; Hollywood has its conscious and unconscious accomplices.

IT doesn't help the performing arts much that Harvard University, having some decades ago exiled George Pierce Baker to teach at Yale, finally erected a fantastically equipped theatre with the proviso that acting is not to be instructed for credit, and that there be no graduate school of drama. The Loeb Theatre is thus only a clean play-pen for the young gentlemen. It helps less to have Congress grant a land-site for a national cultural center with the proviso that the nation never be called upon either to erect the building or maintain it. It helps least of all that the Kennedy Administration, after a canny survey, has discovered no political mileage in culture, and is cloaking that bit of intelligence with tasteful interest in interior decoration, good cooking and polite literary conversation. Sure, lots of culture centers are going up all over the country. If one wants a fair idea of what happens when they are built, regard the situation in Seattle, which thanks to the planners of a successful World's Fair has an excellent facility. There is a dog-fight as to how the buildings will be used; and there is no plan for any future use, except the pious promise that expensive cultural events should be prudently pruned.

MARILYN MONROE was supposed to be the Sex Goddess, but somehow no one, including, or indeed first of all, herself, ever believed it. Rather, she was a comedienne *impersonating* the American idea of the Sex Goddess, just as she impersonated Hildegarde, the "chantoosie," in *Bus Stop*. When people paid their forty millions to see Monroe, it was for an aesthetic performance, not a simple provocation. And she, perhaps even consciously, exemplified a philosophy which had come to her pragmatically, and which a lot of American women don't like very much—a philosophy at once hedonistic, full of uncommon common sense, and, even to some intellectuals, deeply disturbing. Her performances indicated that while sex is certainly fun, and often funny, it is only one of many games. Others include the use of the intelligence. Sex has a certain importance, indubitably, but the messianic role which has been assigned it in the first half of the twentieth century may have been overplayed, just as it was underplayed in the second half of the nineteenth century. It seems to have been played about right in Greece, Rome, Japan and eighteenth-century France. Marilyn Monroe just played right around it. Her act was fantastic, uproarious and daft. Not the least ironic part of a life so crammed with irony was that someone made so dependent on the shaky therapies of contemporary post-Freudian philosophy should have portrayed to the public the very picture of bumptious sexual normalcy.

A HOLLYWOOD gossip columnist, who should know if anyone does, said that Marilyn Monroe's life was an absolute waste; one wonders what he, in the brief watches of the night, thinks of what he does with his time. Radio Vatican proclaimed that a person should have the courage to face life without turning to the easy way out of suicide. It seems to have been a relatively difficult way for a woman who tried it some half-dozen times without success. Marilyn Monroe turned to Christian Science and let herself, as a good daughter-in-law, be instructed in the Reformed Jewish faith. There is evidence that she believed in divine providence, but its councilors on earth have not proceeded far enough in the ecumenical movement to help miserable performing artists whose God-given talents bring them more burdens than their God-given flesh can bear. More than predictably, the filthiest footnote appeared in *Time's* anonymity. Recapping every detail which could exude a faintly pornographic whiff, its final diapason rolled: "All the same she was a star; it hardly matters she never quite became an actress." Get that *"quite."* Marilyn Monroe's life was not a waste. She gave delight. She was a criterion of the comic in a rather sad world. Her films will continue to give delight, and it is blasphemy to say she had no use. Her example, our waste of her, has the use of a redemption in artists yet untrained and unborn.

Letters

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

Professor Hughes is running on a peace program of American initiatives to end the arms race while also advocating a liberal domestic program. [See book review; page 76]

A large vote for Hughes in November can be important in proving that the peace issue is politically viable in Massachusetts and across the country. We hope that interested citizens throughout the U.S. will make financial contributions to the attention of the undersigned, care of Hughes for Senate Committee, 56 Boylston Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

Jerome Grossman, Secretary
Boston, Mass.

'Ultras' at Work

Dear Sirs: Reading "The Ultras" was like seeing all my own fears in print. In my community, a member of the Radical Right was successful in winning a seat on the School Board. Inside of two weeks he had attacked: psychological testing; *The Nation; The Saturday Review;* Science Research Associates; Langston Hughes; the Overstreets.

Psychological testing, in our district, was suspended pending a policy decision by the board.

We do have in our community some aware parents with the "guts" to try to preserve the rights of our children to be educated and not indoctrinated. Whether we will have any effect on this apparent move toward reaction and its resulting loss of liberties remains to be seen. Any suggestion you or your readers might have will be gratefully received.

Evelyn Silver
Hicksville, N.Y.

Waste in Washington

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the July 28 issue ["A Scent on the Wind"] was very encouraging to me. It is good to know that my concern about the gross waste in government procurement is shared by many people throughout the country, and your editorial will make many more people cognizant of this situation. It is my sincere hope that the public will soon become so aroused about this subject that it will insist that legislation be passed to stop these practices.

I am enclosing a copy of your editorial as it appeared in the *Congressional Record*.

Earl Wilson, M.C. (9th Dist., Ind.)
Washington, D.C.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Who Enforces Utopia?

ISLAND. By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Row. 335 pp. $5.

Arthur Herzog

AT THE beginning of the twentieth century "a future society unbelievably rich, leisured, orderly and efficient — a glittering antiseptic world of glass and steel and snow white concrete," as Orwell puts it, was thought to be almost on the table. The recipe was simple: mix science and technology, fold in mass production, sweeten with democracy and presto! utopia, the dessert of centuries.

Considering subsequent events, it's not surprising that utopia has fallen from fashion. Its principal harbingers, like Edward Bellamy and H. G. Wells, seem dated as gas lamps. None of them anticipated what would prove to be the real problems in the way of utopia —dictators, population explosions, atomic weapons or the terrible difficulties of increasing and distributing wealth even in countries that are already rich.

Utopia, from Plato's *Republic* on, has had a characteristic shortcoming. It is a study of ends, not means, and it has never pondered what might be encountered on the road to its heavenly cities. This oversight has a corollary. Utopia has never solved the problem of power, at least in an acceptable way. What happens when a few cranks don't happen to share the perfect dreams of a perfect society? The utopist, though perhaps not always consciously, tends to rely on compulsion, and behind the rosy future there is the glint of a mailed fist. Utopists seldom have trusted their imaginary subjects.

Utopia continues strong today, except that it has been stood on its head. In place of the traditional, constructive, positive utopias we have what is almost a new literary strain — utopia in reverse, cacotopia, the worst of all possible worlds. It is a surprisingly large and varied body of literature. Huxley himself has written two counter-utopias — *Brave New World* and *Ape and Essence*. Orwell's *1984*, E. M. Forster's *The Machine Stopped* and Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* are anti-utopias of a horrific kind. Chesterton satirized utopia in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, in which he foresaw the day when "men were immensely improved by grazing or taking their food slowly and continuously, after the manner of cows . . . in a field covered with veal cutlets." An excellent counter-utopia, *We*, sent its Soviet writer, Eugene Zamiatin, to a concentration camp. Even Wells seems to have been uncertain at times whether the glittering new world would be heaven or hell. One might also include William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* in the collection. Consider the setting: a tropical island, everybody's idea of paradise, the utopia of the natural man, in which children proceed to demonstrate their basic bestiality.

BUT WHILE the counter-utopists may have put a cautionary light on many contemporary ideals, they have provided nothing in their place. It is this job that Huxley attempts in *Island*. It is a curious book, more successful as a vehicle of ideas than as a novel. It is written heavily and without the incisiveness of *Brave New World*. The characters are weak and poorly drawn. The later Huxley flaws — the verbosity, the over-intellectuality — are much in evidence. Like a nervous lover, Huxley seems almost to talk himself out of the main chance. And yet, despite its defects, *Island* is a stimulating visit.

Like most utopias, *Island* is a study of ends, but Huxley is also aware of the difficulties of means. He quotes Aristotle as saying, "In framing an ideal we may assume what we wish, but we should avoid impossibilities." Huxley's utopia is what he calls "near-in" — that is, the ideas are presumably susceptible to being put into practice.

Huxley's island is called Pala (Paladin? Pallas — wisdom?), and on it East and West have united to produce utopia. Pala, population 1,000,000, lies somewhere in the Indian Ocean. It has no harbor and has thus escaped Arab slave traders and European colonists. In the nineteenth century a Scottish doctor named MacPhail arrived there and, with wild improbability, saved the life of the Palanese Raja through an operation conducted under hypnosis. The two of them, Raja and doctor, built a new society on Pala, the doctor offering the brittle knowledge of the West, the doctor the mysterious wisdom of the East.

The result is the present-day Pala as seen by a neurotic English reporter named Farnaby, who wrecks his sailboat on the island and stays to recuperate. (Farnaby had wanted to visit Pala anyway because he is secretly trying to get an oil concession there for his publisher-oilman boss, Lord Aldehyde—*Form*aldehyde?) Pala is called the Forbidden Island because progress-carrying Westerners are not welcome, but the islanders prove hospitable and proceed to demonstrate and explain their social system. The discussions are in English — in keeping with the fusion scheme, the islanders use English for science and business, Palanese for religion and love — and they are of interminable length and determinedly impressive erudition. In fact, the Palanese are some of the longest-winded people around.

GREAT borrowers and sifters that they are, the Palanese have kept only the best from the two worlds. From the West they have taken electricity, but they have thrown back state socialism and private property. They could be called co-operators or communitarian Socialists. They keep the Western family but broaden its base so that raising children is a community project, much as in a clan system. They love science, especially what Huxley calls the sciences of life, psychology, biology, eugenics, the same sciences that created *Brave New World*. They are firm believers in birth control, and contraceptives are distributed free. They attempt to improve the population through artificial insemination from selected, deep-frozen male seed. They think that character is often inherited and try to sort out potential troublemakers as babies, to redirect them. They practice auto-hypnotism as an aid to learning. There is a great deal more of this, but in a way it is window-dressing. The West provides only conditions for the good life. The heart of the good life comes from the East.

One gathers that Huxley agrees with Koestler that Eastern thought is a shambles, and the islanders have swept most of it away. They have retained, though, a variety of Zen Buddhism. Roaming wild on Pala are mynah birds that cry "Attention!"—meaning, I gather, attention to the self of selves, or, as Huxley puts it, "If I only know who

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ARTHUR HERZOG, a former magazine editor, is now a free-lance writer. He has recently completed a novel.

in fact I am, I should cease to behave as what I think I am; and if I stopped behaving as I think I am, I should be what I am." The islanders are immersed in the yoga of everything, which Huxley attempts to dramatize in a scene where Farnaby takes Palanese perception mushrooms and has a visionary experience. They are keen on the yoga of love — it is not clear whether the Palanese are promiscuous, but they are certainly not inhibited — and reach total fulfillment in sex. They believe, in short, in living deep.

Farnaby, obsessive and guilt-ridden, is set off against these supposedly calm and happy people as an example of Western man; and, always just, Huxley gives us some pretty unsavory non-Palanese Eastern types as well. But Farnaby falls in love with a Palanese and decides to stay. In the meantime, the greedy, overpopulated world closes in. It wants the oil and can't stand the existence of a truly sane society. But Huxley suggests that the world can still learn from Pala.

WILL IT? I think not. For one thing, life there seems a little dull — at times the Palanese are uncomfortably close to grazing in Chesterton's fields of veal cutlets, curry-style. It is a regrettable truth that the wicked utopia makes better reading than the good, and one sympathizes with Huxley's efforts to make Pala interesting. (He might have done so with a little more plain Palanese fun.) And then, it seems unlikely that Zen and perception mushrooms are going to be used by any large number of people. Huxley suggests, in fact, that the Pala-model might be something for underdeveloped rather than developed countries. "You're irretrievably committed to applied physics and chemistry," a character says to Farnaby, "with all their dismal consequences, military, political and social. But the underdeveloped countries aren't committed. They don't *have* to follow your example. They're still free to take the road we've taken — the road of fertility control, and the limited production and selective industrialization which fertility control makes possible, the road that leads toward happiness from the inside out, through health, through awareness, through a change in one's attitude toward the world. . . ."

Focusing as it does on the inner and not merely the material life, *Island* is a new departure for utopia. Impractical as much of it may be, it is still more provocative than the usual reports of commissions on national goals. Perhaps we need less pragmatic thinking; need instead, a few of Ruskin's locomotives dressed up like dragons, more imagination, more utopian ideals. This, basically, is what *Island* says, and it is worth repeating.

The Party

After the party
I was left with too many
cookies and candybars

and carried them over
to the tenement sidewalk
across the street:

Here take a handful
and one for your sister
go ahead it's free
do you have any friends?
hurry call them before
it is all gone

Ever since then
our doorman smiles
as if we share a secret

but I don't feel
all that sure
and evade him now
or look the other way.

Marguerite Harris

No Work for a Shy Man

THE DESTRUCTION OF LORD RAGLAN. By Christopher Hibbert. Little, Brown & Co. 338pp. $6.50.

Raymond Postgate

THIS BOOK comes to the reader blackened by the foolish and frantic overpraise of the publisher. "As gripping and terrible as the chapters on Borodino in *War and Peace*"; "One rises from it charged with torturing emotions." Such is the rubbish written by a member of the House of Lords, and fed to critics, whose nausea may easily make them overlook the fact that the book is a reversion to the type of historical writing which was the glory of the Victorian and Edwardian periods.

That is to say, it is an absorbing, accurate and scholarly work, by a man who has studied the sources and can write clear and pleasant English not disfigured by hysteria nor distorted by prejudice, and about a subject (the Crimean War) which in itself is both entertaining and dramatic. Because of Messrs. Little, Brown's foaming at the mouth, one is forced to note that it is not on the high level of, say, Cecil Woodham Smith's study of the charge of the Light Brigade, called *The Reason Why*. Mrs. Woodham Smith painted an astonishing and even appalling portrait of the two worst generals, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, and explained the social background that not only molded them but also made it probable that two such maniacs should be in high commands in the British Army. Anything like this is beyond the powers of Mr. Hibbert.

Nevertheless, the book is an excellent one, and would make good bedside reading for nights on end. The Crimean War was as pointless as any war can ever have been — a largish French Army, a smaller British Army, a tiny Sardinian one and a totally useless Turkish one attacked Sebastopol for reasons which even Mr. Hibbert cannot make plausible. The Cabinet which decided to invade the Crimea was, half of it, asleep; when the armies reached Eupatoria, the Mayor allowed them to land after they had signed quarantine notices. Lord Raglan, the Commander in Chief, had been Wellington's secretary and his military thinking had stopped at Waterloo. "You and I," said his second in command, "are accustomed when in any great difficulty to ask ourselves how the Great Duke would have acted." He still absent-mindedly referred to the enemy as "the French" during this campaign, and had to make some embarrassing apologies. He had once read a book: it was a novel by Dumas; disliking the experience, he did not repeat it. His French colleague, St. Arnaud, was mortally ill and unable or unwilling to cooperate.

RAGLAN was one-armed, polite, gentle and shy. He worked himself almost to death — indeed, literally to death, for he did not survive to the end of the campaign — and Florence Nightingale said "it was impossible not to love him." He was not responsible directly—all top-ranking soldiers were to some extent responsible indirectly — for the incompetence of the commissariat and the whole supporting organization of the Army which caused the devastating illness and misery that shocked the whole nation, and are still remembered. Neither was he responsible directly for

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RAYMOND POSTGATE, who describes himself as a gourmet and radical writer, has written many books, ranging from Verdict of Twelve *(a thriller) to* 1848: The Story of a Year *(a history) to* The Plain Man's Guide to Wine.

the muddles called the battles of Alma, Inkerman and Balaclava, nor for the greater muddle that made it necessary to spend a whole horrible Crimean winter besieging a town that would have fallen easily had it been attacked at once. If his French colleagues had listened to his mild remonstrances, the campaign would have been over quickly; if his generals had obeyed his over-polite orders, his battles would have been victories. He was venomously abused by the press correspondents, headed by Russell of the *Times*, as if he had been personally responsible for the disasters; his Wellingtonian tradition of reticence prevented his replying, even in his dispatches to the War Office.

Yet, although Mr. Hibbert gains our affection for Raglan as a man, he hardly succeeds in rehabilitating him. It is plausible enough to say that Raglan left the initiative to his generals on the theory that the man on the spot knows best; but a Commander in Chief's duty is to command. On several occasions, he could have prevented minor or major disasters had he sent plain and firm orders instead of vaguely phrased suggestions to subordinates who were usually arrogant, if not worse. (Four of them were half-blind.) It is plausible to argue that Raglan had, at all costs, to keep on good terms with the French; but by allowing himself to be overridden, he twice lost opportunities of ending the campaign quickly. A Commander in Chief must know how to dominate his allies on occasion, how to be effectively peremptory even to a French general — difficult as this may be, as we all know by now.

A Call for Martyrs

AN APPROACH TO PEACE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By H. Stuart Hughes. Atheneum Publishers. 204 pp. $4.50.

Theodore Roszak

IN THE formulation of a foreign policy, nothing is more crucial than the image around which that policy crystallizes in the public mind. The image not only sells—or fails to sell—the policy; it often guides the policy in its application, and may very well prop up a policy that has outlived its usefulness. During the Truman-Acheson-Dulles years, the controlling image of American diplomatic thought was dramatic and widely appealing. It was the image of Horatius at the bridge. Along a 20,000-mile frontier, stretching from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan, America was the glamorous and embattled champion defending the lands of the free from the Marxist onslaught. The societies on "our side" of the line were so many dominoes: if one fell to what CIA agents on the scene called Communist aggression, the others would topple in turn. And where would it all end? The analysis was simple and the remedy obvious: heavy doses of military force to hold that line.

H. Stuart Hughes thinks it's about time we retired poor old Horatius, who has clearly gotten a little stiff in the joints and is suffering acutely from nibbling in the rear. In "An Approach to Peace," the title piece and longest of seven essays that make up his new book, he commends another noble Roman for our consideration: Quintus Fabius Maximus, who defended his homeland by cunning, restraint, strategic retreat and above all, patience: "a systematic policy of *delay*," as Hughes here calls it.

What would such a foreign policy look like today? Hughes does not hesitate to warn that it would involve drastic diplomatic retooling. For one thing, it would mean bowing out of impossible, if highly emotional, commitments to regimes we can't, and often shouldn't, protect. For another, it would mean nuclear disarmament, negotiated if possible, unilateral if necessary. (Yes, the man even says he'd rather be Red than Dead, in the unlikely chance it should come to that. So now the worst is out.) In saying things like this, Hughes is laying his head on the block—and he knows it. No doubt, there are many who will take advantage of his candor to disparage him—most of them, I'm sure, without bothering to study the context in which Hughes places his recommendations.

What Hughes would have us do essentially is separate our private, power-political dispute with Russia from the revolutionary movements that are sweeping the new and underdeveloped nations. It is neat and simple to perceive these two problems as one. It is also wrong. They are different problems, requiring different solutions. And in neither case is the solution military force. The solution to our troubles with Russia is disengagement in Europe—which to all appearances the Russians are prepared to consider seriously—and the cultivation of neutrality between the parted rivals. The secret to influencing the revolutionary forces that are raising havoc among the hungry and backward billions of Asia, Africa and Latin America is political sophistication and economic generosity. Even so, among these angry peoples the prestige and control of the West may be minimal for years to come. But we must be prepared to take the role of the intelligent parent. We must let the adolescent rebelliousness of the former colonial lands vent itself, accepting the righteousness of much of their indignation and at the same time patiently offering whatever aid our wisdom, know-how and plenty permit.

IN SUM, Hughes feels we must play for time and roll with the punches. Eventually "the Communist world itself will undergo vast changes," new forces will appear in international politics, the bipolar world will give way to a world made up of many regional groupings, sharing power among themselves with approximate equality. America and the Soviet Union might even be wise to hurry this transition along and guide its development by cooperating to introduce China into the family of nations.

> In the future world I have been trying to delineate, the United States will cut a more modest figure than it does today. It will undergo (on a smaller scale) the sort of readjust-

---

THEODORE ROSZAK teaches history at Stanford University.

The Envious Hunter

As they pause and circle back,
Cup wings, inquire, and pitch in by our guns,
There's something mirrored about them,
Something rigged. The way they turn,
Dip, survey, and circle once again,
Each as each, each with each,
Offends me, and I press the trigger.
One slaps down upon the winter pond.
Now, at least, that startled flock
Is not so equally tuned.

Frederick Rebsamen

> ment to the rise of new powers that Britain and France have already experienced. . . . It will not be an unbecoming role. On the contrary, it will be a role more congenial to our national temperament and institutions than the task as embattled leader of the "free world" that we have felt obliged, with mounting difficulties, to assume during the past two decades.

WHAT after all is the alternative to what Hughes proposes? It is clearly a policy based on threats of massive retaliation we dare not carry out and on commitments we cannot meet, or often have no business meeting. I wonder, does anyone remember Kennedy's telling us in 1961—he was talking about Berlin at the time—that "any place on earth is defensible if free men choose to make it so"? Bold words, those. They made the front cover of *Life,* alongside an appropriately square-jawed, blood-in-the-eye picture of our President. But a year later the Administration writes off Laos as indefensible, and this despite repeated intimations over the last fifteen months that if Laos "goes Communist" tomorrow, we can expect the Pathet Lao to invade California by the middle of next week.

Embarrassments like this are more the product of the limited vocabulary and inflexible syntax of cold-war rhetoric than anything else. Hughes is right when he warns that if the rhetoric continues, the illusion of defeat will grow; "heroic despair" will accumulate. "The real danger for our country will come when our nationalist Right finally wakes up to the fact that it has been 'had.'" At that point the pressures of a frustrated patriotism may not permit us the option of shutting up; they may demand that we put up. Which means preventive war, the desperate flight forward into disaster.

Hughes's book closes with a call for a new political party, a party which will buck the "conventional wisdom" of the cold war. "A church in the catacombs," Hughes calls it, a tiny band of the dedicated prepared to be martyred at the hands of unenlightened public and official opinion until the people and their leaders hear and are educated.

> We need calm and quiet figures—men with a talent for telling unpleasant truths in a tone that will forestall both anger and panic, men equipped to lay bare our illusions, but gently and humanely. Such men should be without vulgar ambition and with little regard for popularity. . . . Today is not a time for "greatness"—at least as conventionally defined—or for leaders who want to make a name in history. It is a time for reflection and compassion.

Not one to leave the practice of his preaching to other men, Hughes has taken his challenging view of world affairs into the Massachusetts Democratic primaries as a candidate for the Senate.

Of the other essays in his book, most of them reprinted here from various periodicals, three deal with contemporary European politics and two with the dilemmas of the American intelligentsia. The same grace of style and thought, the same quiet good will that characterize the title essay pervade the remainder.

Country of Love

FOR LOVE: POEMS 1950-60. By Robert Creeley. Charles Scribner's Sons. 160 pp. $1.45 paper. $3.50 cloth.

Paul Carroll

ON THE back cover of this book is a photograph of the poet looking, with one wry, cold, but human eye, directly at you; the other eye is a slit. An elegant wood crow stands, in profile, on the table on which Creeley is sitting. The picture is a mirror of these close-to-the-bone, fiercely personal poems. Reading them aloud — most of them are brief, taut lyrics — one gets the feeling that the poet is down the road apiece, tending his chicken farm (Creeley worked one in the late 1940s, in New Hampshire, I believe), talking, half aloud, half to himself, of those few essentials that matter to a man: Who am I? What is this love I feel, or this woman?

One of the qualities which stamped Creeley as an original when his early work was being published in Cid Corman's *Origin* back in 1952, and which, as it turned out, stamped him as a leader of his generation, was this incessant personal voice, unmistakable, stingy at times, foreign, often perverse, the budding lyricism clipped. (When I first came to know the work of Creeley, I felt: "This poetry is whittled from too dry a stick; it wants blood.")

None of his contemporaries in the poetry scene of ten years ago — Paul Blackburn, John Logan, James Wright,

---

PAUL CARROLL, a Chicago poet, is associate editor of WFMT Perspective, *a monthly magazine of ideas and the fine arts, published by WFMT, Chicago's Fine Arts station.*

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Denise Levertov, W. S. Merwin — seemed further from the Establishment than Creeley and, for that matter, from the *avant-garde*, too. These were the years when American poetry was still absorbing the High Styles of Yeats, Eliot and Ezra Pound — vaticinal, erudite, crafty — and coming to appreciate from Wallace Stevens how the nuances and exacerbations of the nerves and heart can be elegant; and learning, too, the civilized lesson of the New Critics — the poem as self-conscious and intricate, a museum piece being catalogued in a Platonic classroom located somewhere between Kenyon College and Alexandria of old. Even the *avant-garde*, which in those days meant experiments with spoken idiom and with attempts, usually pretentious, to smash the iambic form of the Establishment, was no home for Creeley, who was writing:

> The crow in the cage in the dining-
> room
> hates me, because I will not feed him.
>
> And I have left nothing behind in
> leaving
> because I killed him.
>
> And because I hit him over the head
> with a stick
> there is nothing I laugh at.
>
> Sickness is the hatred of a repentance
> knowing there is nothing he wants.

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The austerity of those early poems, with their niggardly use of metaphor and lack of the verbal richness usually associated with the genuine article in poetry, was a shock to many of us. Here was a voice, curt and ironic, that never beat around the bush, that delineated complicated states of feeling in a bald style. The crow may be a symbol of all in life that bedevils us, the enemies concealed in the everyday whom we must murder, the enemy in ourselves; but what makes this poem memorable is the concentrated intensity of the relationship between man and bird, no matter what the bird may or may not "mean." If the young Robert Lowell had gotten his hands on that crow it would probably have become one of the melancholy lovers swept by the eternal winds in the *Inferno;* or Allen Ginsberg would have transfigured it into a famished bird of the soul. For Creeley, the bird is itself.

Creeley is, above all, a poet of immediate, concrete, personal relationships — between lovers, friends, a man with himself. Landscape, weather, architecture, human appearances have no place in his work except as backdrop — and then only rarely — for the particular relationship being embodied in the poem.

Although Creeley's poetry is American to the core — empirical, no-nonsense, indifferent to traffic with history, myth or the supernatural — *"hoc opus, hic labor est./*That was the Cumaean Sibyl speaking./This is Robert Creeley . . . " — the poet to whom he seems closest in spirit, when at his bald, biting best, is Catullus. The man who wrote:

> *Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse*
> *requiris.*
> *nescio. sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*
>
> ("I hate: I love. You're curious,
> perhaps, how this can be?
> I don't know. I feel it. Excruciating.")

is a brother to Creeley's

> To be in love is like going out-
> side to see what kind of day
>
> it is. Do not
> mistake me. If you love
>
> her how prove she
> loves also, except that it
>
> occurs, a remote chance on
> which you stake
>
> yourself? But barter for
> the Indian was a means of substance.
>
> There are records.

Creeley is, in fact, a poet whose country is that of Love; and although Catullus is more hot-blooded and darker, both poets share an endless fascination with the power, beauty, pain and grace of that country.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

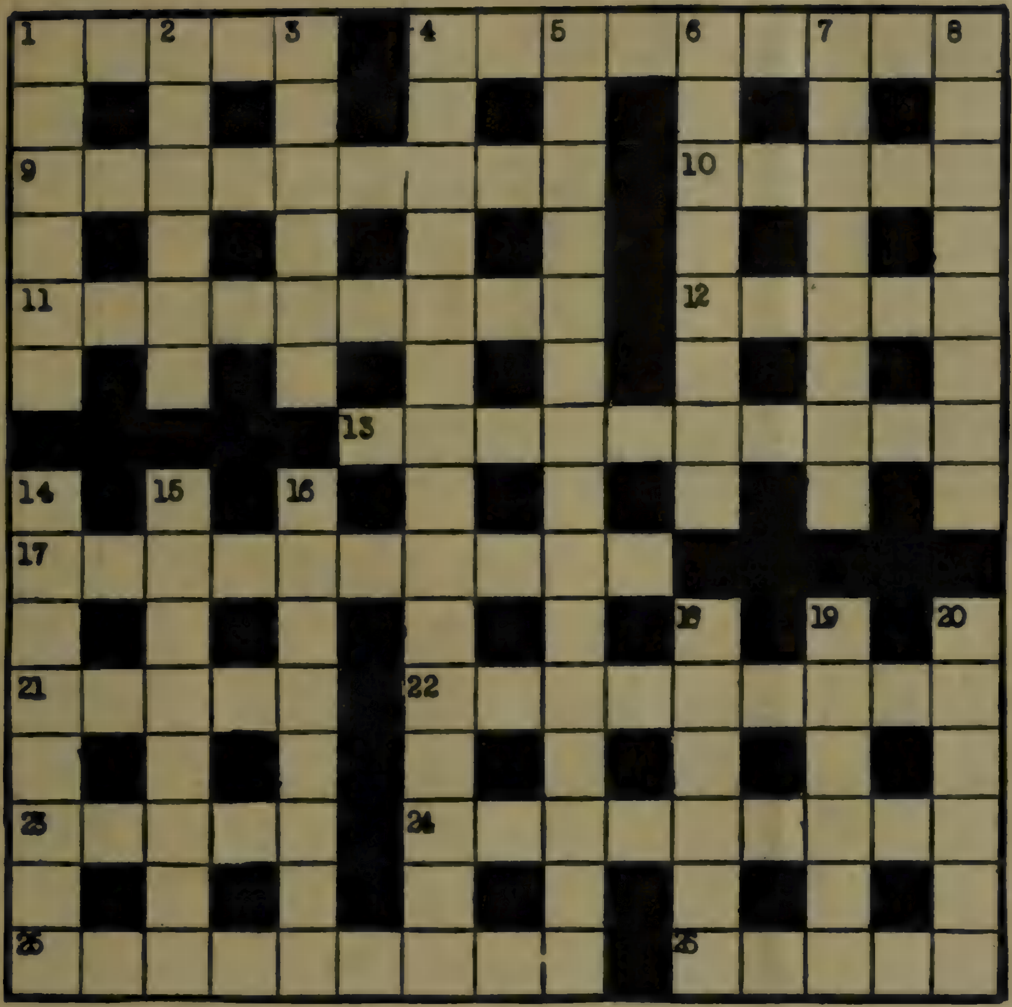
Fugitive Agrarians

I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition (Harper & Row, $2.25) is to be favorably regarded as an attack on the Whig interpretation of history, the tendency to equate change and progress. Unfortunately, it shrinks to a dated rear-guard action of 1930 by twelve gifted and nostalgic Southerners who very nearly bring the grave into the house, as Allen Tate put it in his "Ode to the Confederate Dead." Hence the book is now chiefly a datum in the history of American thought, as even the contributors generally might well agree. At least Henry Blue Kline early threw in with TVA, and Robert Penn Warren, in *Segregation* (Vintage, 95c), recanted his youthful indiscretion, "The Briar Patch." Stark Young, never a professing Agrarian, is the most humane and least in need of revisions and allowances. He still speaks to the times by going directly to the unlocalized and undated problems of social value and the defense of individual integrity.

I received *I'll Take My Stand* in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, at the end of a particularly unsavory Democratic primary. A plea for "our Southern way of life" and a promise to stand in the schoolhouse door if any scalawag on the federal bench ordered integration, won the governor's nomination and whetted my appetite for a more urbane, perhaps rational, defense of "the" Southern view. But superior rhetoric could not hide familiar errors: a bland distortion of the old regime, the pretense that the Agrarian view is the one Southern view (as if only Jefferson Davis, not Aubrey Williams and Martin Luther King, Jr., as well, had graced Montgomery) and a defensive truculence. This was understood and pitied by Mr. Young and exemplified by Andrew Nelson Lytle's closing sentence: [The Agrarian way] "is our own, and if we have to spit in the water bucket to keep it our own,

Crossword Puzzle No. 973

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where to look for mongrel characteristics to bring upon oneself. (5)
4 Are the plumpest turkeys so dressed? (3, 2, 4)
9 Fashionable money center, by the sound of it. (9)
10 To picture this without true make-up is subject for discussion. (5)
11 It makes a thin PHD go crazy with the composite sound. (9)
12 There's at least one animal in the city! (5)
13 The sentry is troubled about his injured chin—it might prove fatal. (9)
17 Certainly not a very out-going personality. (4-2-4)
21 One of those topless things of the Latin version of 12? (5)
22 A regular conclusion to quarter a movement that doesn't move so fast. (9)
23 Bulwer Lytton implied curses come home to it. (5)
24 Long since rebuilt with the surrounding. (9)
25 Prosaic? An arrangement such as this would be more like fancy dress. (9)
26 Championship? Right! (5)

DOWN:

1 It seems as though a lover of Zeus departed this world (though obviously worth her salt). (6)
2 Makes one's style more conservative? (6)
3 About old soldiers' facings? (6)
4 Not retiring places for dismissed soldiers. (7, 8)
5 What Grey saw vanishing is currently not so pretty. (3, 4, 8)
6 Left in? Otherwise, otherwise! (8)
7 Is the devil permitted to be so unreserved? (8)
8 Grants. (8)
14 Rather secret and confidential coteries. (8)
15 Military circle, by the sound of it. (3, 5)
16 Teller, in a way. (8)
18 The one of war was brazen, according to Milton. (6)
19 Such confidence is absolute, perfect, and complete. (6)
20 One shouldn't so stare at a giant with a broken leg. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 972

ACROSS: 1 Bothwell; 10 Relines; 11 Average; 12 Assam; 13 Orleanist; 14 Local; 16 Strutted; 19 Inkstand; 22 Easel; 24 and 5 The Biglow Papers; 26 Llama; 29 Georgia; 30 Elders; 31 Grayness. DOWN: 1, 28 and 9 Barnacle Bill the Sailor; 2 Tilts; 3 Windmills; 4 Lessons; 6 Areca; 7 Examiners; 8 Smelts; 15 Congealed; 17 and 27 The Bloody Angle; 18 Almanacs; 20 Asleep; 21 Dowager; 23 Stable; 25 Inter.

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LETTERS

What Caused the Famine?

Dear Sirs: Perhaps it would be too much to expect from a banker that he exhibit any extended understanding, or even graciousness, toward 100 million people struggling to enter the modern world as their own masters, and doing this on severely limited rations. I refer to "The Great Leap Backward," by Reed J. Irvine (*The Nation*, Aug. 11). His general tone is in especially bad taste for one sitting atop the world's hugest surplus of food grains.

Furthermore, it would seem that Mr. Irvine all but completely misses the point of present and immediately past organizational forms in New China. Certainly it is only these forms that have enabled the great Chinese people to stave off the million-fold deaths from starvation that were common after only one season of drought, flood, or other reason for crop failure in the bad old days. And the recent crop failures stretched over three years.

Perhaps Mr. Irvine is privy to intelligence sources not available to this correspondent, but a number of his flat statements ("Morale in the country has been seriously lowered.") seem of extreme dubiety. Another such statement is to the effect that "The shortage of consumer goods has *evidently* dampened the enthusiasm of peasants as well as workers for increased labor." Love that "evidently"! RALPH IZARD
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: "The Great Leap Backward," is a well-reasoned and unemotional presentation of Washington views on China's present economic situation. Concerning the accuracy of Mr. Irvine's factual data I am not in a position to give an opinion. There is one point of psychological interpretation, however, on which I believe he is profoundly wrong. He writes concerning the communes:

> It seems likely that the decentralization process will have to go much further . . . if the incentives of the Chinese peasant are to be rekindled. Sharing responsibility and income in a group consisting of twenty-five to thirty households is not likely to bring out the drive and sacrifice that is required to maximize labor productivity.

Americans take for granted that . . . a good football player is always ready to sacrifice his personal glory so that the team as a whole will win. Why is it then that we cannot visualize similar group cooperation in the economic sphere? What I saw of the beginnings of the present government in China in 1949, and everything that has been told to me by visitors who have been there since, confirms the fact that . . . the idea of working together as a group so as to create a better society, in place of the idea of working alone for one's private benefit, has been a tremendously exhilarating and liberating force. Until we Americans realize that man does not necessarily live through selfishness alone, and that, given a different kind of social environment, it is possible for large numbers of individuals to be fired by an ideal which is larger than themselves, we shall never understand the meaning of the revolution taking place in China, Cuba, and other countries throughout the world.

Philadelphia, Pa. DERKE BODDE
Professor of Chinese
University of Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs: While attempting to place all the blame for the failure on the leadership capabilities and bureaucratic bungling of the Chinese, Mr. Irvine makes the following incredible statement: "This is not to deny that in recent years the climatic conditions in China may have been something less than ideal." Indeed.

The year 1959 was the beginning of a continual devastation of the country by climatic conditions. In 1959 almost one-third of the sown area suffered from drought or floods (against one-sixth in 1958). The harvest, however, was 10 per cent larger than the all-time record of 1958. 1960 was the worst year in a century for destructive weather conditions. Drought affected almost every province. . . . Floods and typhoons hit twenty provinces. . . . In all, some 60 million hectares of land suffered. Against this the acreage under grain crops was increased by 11 million hectares or over 10 per cent and the harvest was thus as large as in 1958.

This year drought has been reported from Chang Tung, Honan and Hupeh, typhoons and torrential rains from Kwang Tung Fukien, and hail and snow from a wide area between the Yellow and Yangtze Rivers. . . . Failures and regrettable mistakes are in evidence throughout the agricultural community, but to write off the disastrous effects of climatic conditions shows something less than the academic honesty one would certainly expect from a member of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE
New York City

Dear Sirs: Mr. Luce appears to have missed the point of my article, which was to suggest that there are good reasons to believe that the Chinese claims of climatic disaster which he cites were grossly exaggerated if not fabricated. REED J. IRVINE
Washington, D.C.

(*Continued on Page 100*)

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The Nation, Sept. 1, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 5

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 5

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EDITORIALS

The Powder Keg

The West Berlin gangs which have been rioting in reaction to the barbarous death of the East German youth in the shadow of the wall undoubtedly include some honest idealists, but they are largely composed of neo-Fascists and the other brawling hoodlums who, in every country (including the United States), find their greatest joy in stoning someone. They are the pristine mobmen. Cabling from Berlin on August 21 to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Gaston Coblentz reported a feeling in the West Berlin press that "the demonstrations of the last few days took on in their most recent phase more and more of a rowdy character, with the less desirable part of the city's youth playing an excessively important role."

This would all be local and unimportant, were it not a symptom of a graver problem—the deadlock of the great powers over Germany, with Berlin as a focus. And because the problem is of this scope and amplitude, local actions, such as the protests and counter-protests of U.S. Commandant Maj. Gen. Albert Watson and Soviet Commandant Col. P. V. Siganov (whose post just last week was abolished, as a new pressure tactic in the cold-war campaign over Berlin), are merely surface treatment. Nor are the colloquies of the more puissant Secretary Rusk and Ambassador Dobrynin likely to prove more fruitful. Mr. Rusk may exhort Mr. Dobrynin to urge Mr. Khrushchev to request Herr Ulbricht to order his janizaries to be more humane, but the fact is that the East German rulers find a certain amount of terror expedient, if not absolutely necessary, under the circumstances. And while the rights and wrongs of the situation are being assessed, Mr. Dobrynin may remind Mr. Rusk that the wall did not go up until the West, subsidizing West Berlin as a "showcase" to the tune of about five hundred million dollars a year, had siphoned out of East Germany a large and debilitating segment of its professionals and skilled workers, with the allure of gracious living.

In the meantime the West Germans are feeling their oats more and more. Dr. Adenauer demands "quick action"— not, of course, by his own forces in West Germany, but by the four occupying powers in Berlin, i.e., the three who are on his side. German newspapers are demanding that Gen. Lucius D. Clay, whose famed firmness is much to their liking, be returned posthaste to Berlin. Providentially, General Clay is in West Germany at this period of crisis.

Obviously the situation is a threat to the peace and, as such, it should be laid before the United Nations. The U.N. is always appealed to when no one knows what else to do, and that is precisely what it is for. Nothing could be lost by instructing the U.S. delegation to try its hand at settling this protracted wrangle; it could not do worse than those who have worked at it up to now. According to information emanating from Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev is contemplating a trip to the U.N. General Assembly this fall. The U.S. press seems to regard this prospect with horror, fearing that the Soviet statesman will bang his shoe on the desk. But the desk can be re-varnished, and the American people might get both sides of the controversy in the ensuing melee. Not least, both sides would, or should, welcome a chance to get out of their deadlock without intolerable loss of face.

Terra Incognita in Space

When the United States proposed to explode a nuclear device at high altitude, some scientists in this country, and many abroad, protested vehemently. One argument was that the electronic effects might distort the Van Allen radiation belts before they could be studied in their original state. Dr. Van Allen threw his own great influence against this foreboding and silenced the critics. He called it a "splendid experiment." After two failures, the bomb was exploded over Johnston Island on July 9 with spectacular aurora borealis displays and no apparent effect on the belts.

Soon after launching Maj. Andrian G. Nikolayev into orbit on August 11, the Soviet Union sent a diplomatic note to the United States requesting that no explosion be set off during the flight, lest the astronaut be harmed. We complied, but the State Department added that the Soviet request was obviously made for propaganda purposes. If State had checked with AEC and NASA, it might have been less sure. In its August 6 issue, *Aviation Week* had carried a story titled, "Soviet Tests Cited as Peril to MA-8 Pilot," referring to the six-orbit flight by Commander Walter M. Schirra scheduled for September 18 and later put off to September 25 or early October.

Then followed an even more disconcerting development. On August 19 Dr. Van Allen announced that a new, low-lying radiation belt had been created by the July 9 explosion which "had increased the potential danger for manned space flights" and that possible radiation peril to astronauts "needs to be explored in detail in order to determine effects on Project Mercury flights." The flights might have to be delayed. There was also a possibility that Nikolayev and his fellow astronaut, Lieut. Col. Pavel R. Popovich, might have been exposed, but this seemed unlikely, since on July 28 the Soviet Union had launched an unmanned scientific satellite at the same angle with the equator as that of the astronauts, and had probably decided that the Nikolayev-Popovich flight paths were safe.

One can only conclude that the best scientific minds are able only to surmise what will happen when such experiments as that of July 9 are carried out. In any other field, they would be deferred until more was known of the possible effects. The impulsions of the cold war—these are military experiments and any scientific results are purely a by-product—relieve scientists of their normal caution. As for the State Department, it fails to take advantage of information released to the trade papers and certainly available, earlier and in greater detail, to a senior department of the Executive. This may make for greater freedom in fabrication of propaganda, but the end-results are lugubrious.

Symington vs. Humphrey

One would have to go back to the days of Joe McCarthy to find a legislative spectacle more shameful than the manhandling of former Treasury Secretary George M. Humphrey by Senator Stuart Symington on Friday, August 17. To state the case for Symington first, the investigation per se was thoroughly in order. It established — insofar as so intensely political a proceeding can be said to establish anything — that the M. A. Hanna group did very well in its relations with the government; nor did Mr. Humphrey suffer personally. He held onto his stock while serving as Secretary, and it increased in value by almost $6 million; dividends amounted to more than $2.4 million. His son, Gilbert M. Humphrey, profited almost as handsomely. Without going into ramifications, one may conclude that what Mr. Humphrey told General Eisenhower — that the American businessman "believes in getting as much as he can while the getting is good" — applies to Mr. Humphrey himself. What else could be expected? One does not become chief executive of a group of companies like M. A. Hanna unless one is sagacious, bold and prehensile. And, as far as one can judge at this juncture, it was all done legally and in accordance with the accepted mores of business and politics.

It is also true that, particularly at the August 16 hearing, Mr. Humphrey, from his pre-eminent position in a pecuniary civilization, treated the members of the committee in a somewhat cavalier and patronizing fashion. He knew more than they did and was at no pains to conceal it. But this was merely a question of manners and the Senators were perfectly free to admonish the witness if they felt offended.

Nothing that Mr. Humphrey did, nothing that he said, can excuse in the slightest degree the brutal treatment which was meted out to him the following day. That it was insulting and injurious to the witness is not as important as that it prejudiced the rights of every American citizen and further marred the American image abroad. James Reston, in a brilliant column in the August 19 *New York Times*, referred to this episode when he wrote, "Scarcely a week passes now that some capricious, unfair or dictatorial personal act does not stain the reputation of the Congress of the United States." In this respect Senator Symington transcended all the rest. He rode roughshod over the Republican members of the committee as well as the witness, and gave a memorable exhibition of what Walt Whitman called "the arrogance of elected persons."

When one considers Mr. Symington's record, one could expect little else. He sat at McCarthy's side in the palmiest days of the Communist witch hunt as coadjutant inquisitor, and there he learned the lesson that the witness has no rights when he is in the committee room and his recourse, if any, comes years later in the courts. Handsome, half-smiling in anticipation, he would invariably ask the alleged Communist or fellow traveler whether he believed in God. The moral is that the tyranny which is exercised on the lowliest citizen, Communist or otherwise, can and will be exercised on the highest sooner or later. If everyone is not entitled to justice, no one can be sure of it. If anyone was not sure of this principle, Senator Symington resolved all doubts on August 17.

U Thant and the Congo

The United States takes so many pratfalls in the international arena that its good deeds should not go unrecorded. Currently, it is supporting Secretary U Thant of the United Nations in his efforts to bring a semblance of order into the chaotic affairs of the Congo. As much cannot be said of the Belgian and British parliamentarians and financiers who control the Union Minière du Haut Katanga which, in turn, is in cahoots with Moise Tshombe and his cabinet—"those clowns," U Thant called them. In the eyes of Senator Thomas J. Dodd, Tshombe is one of the world's great statesmen, standing between the Congo and communism. U Thant's seems the more realistic view.

"At the risk of oversimplification," U Thant observes, "I may say that the problem of the Congo is now the problem of Katanga, and the problem of Katanga is the problem of finances; and the problem of finances is, in turn, the problem of Union Minière." He then goes on to point out that for years, under Belgian rule, the Union Minière and the other big mining company, Tanganyika Concessions, paid taxes to the central government of the Congo, and when the Congo became independent in July, 1960, it was agreed between the companies and the new government that the same practice was to be continued. The agreement was immediately violated, and the revenues went to Elizabethville, the capital of Katanga. "All that the United Nations has been trying to do," U Thant continues, ". . . was to honor the agreement arrived at between the Belgian Government and the Central Congolese Government at the time of the transfer of power. If this practice can be resumed, then it will be the end of most of the problems which we are facing in the Congo."

The latest report from Elizabethville is that Tshombe may be willing to accept federal status and give up part of the Katanga revenues to the central government. He does not say what part, nor is there any assurance that he will not say the opposite tomorrow. Moreover, an *Observer* (London) story of August 5 reports that Union Minière has made a new arrangement with Tshombe under which he will receive some 20 million pounds sterling in exchange reserves by an under-the-counter arrangement agreeable to both sides. As soon as copper, cobalt, germanium and other outgoing metals cross the Katanga frontier, the company will be called on to pay 75 per cent of the value in convertible currency, equivalent to about 65 per cent of the eventual sale value. At this rate, Tshombe will never want, and his hand in negotiations with the central government is further strengthened.

The Conservative government in England is having its own internal struggles, with the British board members of the Union Minière and Tanganyika Concessions speaking through Foreign Minister Home for good old reliable Tshombe, while Senator Dodd extols him in the United States. But Senator Dodd is only one Senator, and many other Americans know the score in this matter. Only U.S. backing for U Thant can prevail on England and Belgium to persuade Tshombe to return to the Congo, together with his cash income. No one else can do it.

BASIC RESEARCH FOR PEACE . . *Donald N. Michael*

> In order to do a special study, we trained up a team of highly specialized young scholars with extraordinary combinations of skills in mathematics and statistics, Chinese and Russian languages, political science, psychology and computer disciplines. It took the better part of six months to put this team together, and with funds we could have kept them at work on problems of disarmament, international crises, alternatives to war and the like. As it is, we have had to terminate nearly all of them and scatter the research team to the four winds.
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> The irony is that during the period of disorganization I was asked to consult with several peace groups and individuals who wanted dreadfully to "do something" *right now* about the frightening state of world affairs—but not to contribute or raise funds for basic research into the processes of conflict and integration—how wars break out and grow and how laws and institutions take root. These same people complain about the vast sums of money being spent on missile research and development, but they cannot perceive that alternatives to war may require something more than good intentions, may indeed require large-scale financial support for a parallel kind of research and development.

IN THESE two paragraphs in a letter to the author, a distinguished scholar sums up the problems and purposes of peace research. This article will examine both in more detail.

In the last few years, there has gradually grown a new state of mind in some whose profession it is to study man's individual behavior and that of his institutions. What once were, for example, simply studies in international affairs, political science and the psychology of decision-making are now viewed, in a few

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quarters, as peace research. In the past, scholars in these fields might have been motivated to seek knowledge and understanding, or to improve our capability for conducting world affairs in traditional ways. Today, the professional peace researchers seek to discover the criteria and conditions for viable alternatives to the looming annihilation toward which traditional perspectives and operating styles are driving the world.

Given this state of mind, the range of studies defined as peace research is steadily broadening and interdisciplinary studies have blossomed in what were traditionally the special, usually non-overlapping, provinces of the students of international law, the psychology of behavior under stress, arms-control inspection and so on. Joint effort—or at least the awareness of the need for joint effort—is the methodological order of the day. Evidence of this is found in the above-quoted letter from a political scientist—and in the growing number of summer seminars, study groups and working conferences, such as that sponsored in 1960-61 by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the special seminar on disarmament in 1960-61 held at the California Institute of Technology, the disarmament seminar composed of Harvard and MIT scholars which is now in its third year, and the arms-control seminar which meets regularly in Washington.

AN illuminating example of the multi-disciplinary approach is a research program on the meanings of "deterrence," supported by the Naval Ordnance Test Station at China Lake, California. Working on grants from NOTS, historians, mathematicians, psychologists, anthropologists and physicists in several universities are gradually evolving a systematic understanding of the assets and liabilities of deterrence as a generalized concept and, thereby, the extent of its applicability for helping to attain a reasonable state of world affairs. (This example is also important in that it demonstrates an underlying difference of opinion in the research community. Some scholars feel that peace research is by definition never undertaken by the military and that such studies should have nothing to do with weapons of any sort, even if they are part of a carefully planned carrot-and-stick approach. They would therefore not accept the NOTS program as being part of the peace-research effort. But other researchers feel that, given the state of our present ignorance about plausible alternatives to annihilation, such studies are necessary and can be usefully applied to other problem areas as well.)

Whatever philosophy is emphasized, there are, in fact, only a few organizations established for the specific purpose of conducting research on peace, though there are a number doing related studies: the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the Institute for International Order in New York, the Center of International Studies at Princeton, the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, the Center for International Studies at MIT, the Institute of War and Peace Studies at Columbia, the Institute for Defense Analyses in Washington, RAND and the Hudson Institute. Organizations established specifically to do or support peace research include the Center for the Study of Conflict Resolution at the University of Michigan, which also publishes the highly professional *Journal of Conflict Resolution*; the Committee on Research in International Conflict at Washington University in St. Louis; some of the work of the Research Foundation at Colorado State University, and the Peace Research Institute in Washington. Small groups of informally organized researchers are to be found at a number of universities and in a few private organizations; some professional groups, notably in the legal and psychological disciplines, are also active.

And, of course, there is the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. (It's worth noting that while ACDA will study many aspects of arms control and disarmament, its responsibility for providing a basis for negotiations means that there will be strong pressures to emphasize short-term, immediate pay-off research rather than long-term; and for a variety of reasons it will be slow to emphasize political, psychological or sociological studies.)

In Europe there are the Institute for Strategic Studies in England, the Institute for Social Research in Oslo, and a few other groups in France and Denmark. And there is the newly formed Canadian Peace Research Institute [see "Task Force for Peace," by David Spurgeon, *The Nation*, May 26].

IN SPITE of the impressive titles and the number of interested groups, these peace-research facilities (even including ACDA) are pitifully financed and pitifully small. The reasons are several, and they say much about the present state of private peace research and the limits on its future possibilities. Money is perhaps the greatest single limitation. At present, efficient peace research needs only relatively modest funding. Nevertheless, the disparity seems disproportionate between the billions spent on military research and the $6 million proposed budget (fiscal 1963) for ACDA, overwhelmingly the best-financed peace-research effort.

What makes peace-research people bitter and discouraged is not the lack of large-scale financing, but rather the fact that there are no reliable and easy sources of funds to cover projects that may cost from $2,000 to $200,000. It is in this range, and particularly at its lower end, that fundamental contributions can be made. And for this situation, individuals and organizations directly involved in peace action (as contrasted with peace research) must shoulder much of the blame. In their preoccupation with immediate "action," most of them continue to overlook the imperative need for future action programs based on systematically derived and validated knowledge.

The fact that it takes ten years, an army of scientists and engineers and a large bureaucracy to develop a weapons system, and that it will take at least the same order of time to develop the ideas and knowledge needed for evolving peaceful alternatives, has yet to stimulate these groups to support research on an adequate scale.

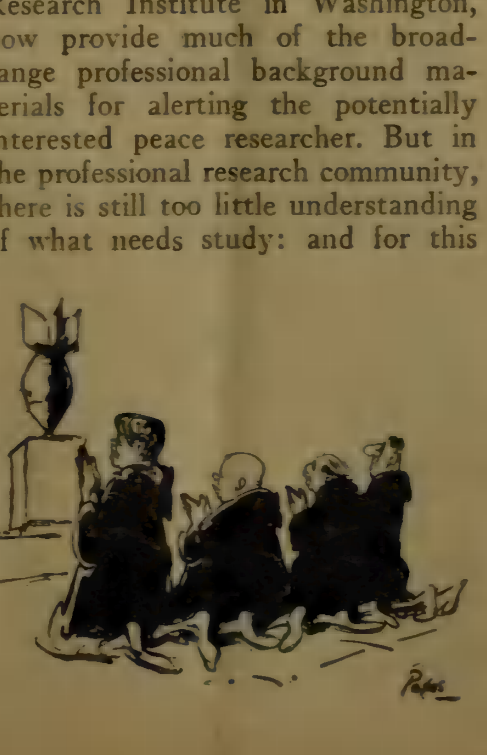
The picture is not wholly discouraging, however. A few peace action groups, for example the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Friends Service Committee, have cautiously begun to support small studies. The Canadian Peace Research Institute is sufficiently optimistic to be mounting a grass-roots fund-raising campaign on its own behalf, and is basing it on the assumption that funds will be forthcoming from peace action groups in that country.

So far they have managed to collect some $250,000; how much more they can tap remains to be seen. The big foundations so far have not arranged their programs to encourage peace research as such, but an ingenious researcher can sometimes translate his particular project into one which does fit the going programs of the foundations. And there are some smaller foundations whose purposes, in principle at least, admirably lend themselves to the support of peace research. But the foundations, big or little, grind slowly. All in all, funds from all sources have been too small and too slow in materializing to meet the growing need.

THE PRESENT and future of peace research is not entirely a matter of money. There are scholars in the universities and industry doing studies which have profound significance for peace action, but who are not aware of the implications of their studies for this area. There are also scholars unaware that there are crucial problems needing study which would interest them professionally. Away from Washington, the subtleties and ramifications of the endless problems which must be solved, if we are to work our way out from the present maze into a reasonably sensible world, never reach much of the research community. Even a *Nation* reader would be hard put to understand, for example, that a major unsolved problem in a weapons-control inspection system is: how does one nation go about providing highly convincing information that it is doing what it says it is to an opponent who distrusts it deeply? It isn't only the paranoid who can read malevolent intent into charitable actions. To the scholar not intimately informed about arms-inspection problems, it is unlikely that the variety of profoundly important basic- and applied-research projects implied in this question would be evident.

Also, many scholars are under the impression that finding solutions to major problems requires secret information. In fact, most of those with access to classified information deny this. Thus, for example, important contributions to the systematic study of means for recruiting, maintaining, training, controlling and using an international police force can be made without any secret information, and yet this problem so far has received very little attention. This applies also to the profoundly important area of decision-making in crisis (though here familiarity with the Washington scene and access to discrete, if not classified, information would be necessary for checking out theoretical formulations).

To help close this gap in appreciation of what needs study, the Institute for International Order commissioned and published in 1960-61 five documents outlining many of the problems in need of research: *The Technical Problems of Arms Control, Economic Factors Bearing Upon the Maintenance of Peace, The International Rule of Law, National and International Decision-Making,* and *Communication and Values in Relation to War and Peace.* These and the journal *Current Thought on Peace and War* (originally started by IIO and now independently incorporated and struggling for lack of funds), along with the new Peace Research Institute in Washington, now provide much of the broad-range professional background materials for alerting the potentially interested peace researcher. But in the professional research community, there is still too little understanding of what needs study: and for this reason, too, there is a shortage of good people doing peace research.



One uncomfortable and crucial question is whether the findings from peace-research studies will be applied in any systematic manner. Even the recommendations of RAND and other "hard-nosed" contributions to the prevailing approach to world affairs are not always applied. Bits and pieces of studies are used, and occasionally large chunks of programs; but research findings as such serve chiefly as swords or shields in internecine battles for power and appropriations. Peace-research products can hardly expect more careful or sympathetic attention or application. In fact, the hurdles are higher, since much peace research heavily involves the social sciences, which are still thought intellectually dubious—in some cases rightly—by leaders and decision-makers in government, private institutions and peace action organizations. However, in other cases the findings are solid and crucial. Indeed, sometimes the findings so decisively challenge favored viewpoints or beliefs that the information is, and will be, used only reluctantly or be suppressed or ignored —whether those who should use it be devout counterforce proponents or unilateral disarmers.

INDEED, THE very people who should be most eager to use the findings from social science in general and peace research in particular, namely the peace action groups, seldom use what already is known. Rather than basing their case on validated studies and research about human behavior in crisis, the characteristics of nations, their weapon systems, their values, etc., many action-oriented groups rely chiefly on emotion-based arguments. This is not to say that such appeals do not have power, but rather that knowledge now available from peace research and related studies is not used effectively by the very groups who should make the most of it.

This is not a new state of affairs in the ways of human action, but it is a particularly disturbing and inadequate approach to peace action. Grass-roots support is needed and is impressive in governmental eyes; but in the end only by using the formal knowledge we have, and only by increasing that knowledge, will the peace movement develop the sophisticated arguments which can move leaders of government, inspire members of Congress and encourage private-opinion leaders to support the positions espoused.

It is by no means clear at this time that the peace-research effort will grow strongly enough and in a sufficiently organized fashion to provide information fast enough to contribute significantly to a way out of the present terror. It will take much money and time. If we haven't the time, it doesn't matter. If we do have time, those committed to developing a peaceful world cannot afford to leave the support or conduct of peace research to someone else. It's chiefly their job to support this effort. Professional competence is needed. Sympathetic and sophisticated understanding of the role and utility of research is needed from those who cannot themselves do it. Those who wonder what they personally can do to help in the search for peace might well consider contributing hard cash for the hard study which seeks answers to the world's most pressing problem.

LABOR'S EBBING STRENGTH . . *George Kirstein*

THE ANNUAL paeans for organized labor's contribution to our society will ring forth next week from Detroit's Cadillac Square and from the editorial pages of a thousand newspapers in the customary manner and in the volume consonant with an election year. Labor's "statesmen" will be cited; labor's political strength will be hailed. No sour notes will be struck about the fight of the railroad brotherhoods for survival, and Jimmy Hoffa's uneuphonious name will barely be mentioned. But, in truth, sour notes should be the main theme of this oratorical occasion, for labor's power and prestige have sunk in 1962 to a depth unequaled since World War II.

Union membership, continuing its descending curve, has shrunk to new lows for the last twenty-five years; still worse, perhaps, the enlistment of new members has ground to a frustrated halt on almost all fronts. We are no longer treated even to promises of the perennial "Crusade in the South," or anywhere else for that matter. If we look at the present labor scene without benefit of the politician's rose-colored glasses or the editorial writer's once-a-year dedication to the worker's cause, what do we see?

In New York, a Congressional Committee is conducting hearings on charges that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union discriminates in various ways against its Negro and Puerto Rican members. The committee intends to investigate other "nefarious conditions," including alleged racketeering in the industry. The ILGWU, which is the main financial support of the Liberal Party, claims that these hearings, being conducted by a Democratic Congressman who failed to win Liberal Party endorsement, are "political blackmail." Whether or not the investigation will damage the union, the fact is that its aging leadership assumed office years ago, when Jewish and Italian needle workers completely dominated the work force in this industry. Today, these ethnic groups have been largely replaced by Negro and Puerto Rican workers who feel that they have little in common with the entrenched officials.

Frictions within this union were publicized in another way recently when the business agents employed by the ILGWU organized into a separate union and demanded recognition. The ILGWU leadership refused to bargain with the business agents, and the dispute went to the NLRB, which recently handed down a decision in favor of the agents. To those who study the indices of unions' political power, this setback for the ILGWU must be a shocker. Imagine the phone calls, the trips to Washington, the heart-rending pleas to reciprocate past favors that must have preceded this decision. Following the ruling, the ILGWU leadership took advertisements in local newspapers, reminiscent of the messages usually contrived by besieged employers, disputing the NLRB decision and citing AFL-CIO support for its stand. Here, then, is one of America's leading unions, beset from outside and torn from within on Labor Day, 1962.

But the plight of the ILGWU, serious though it may be, is insignificant when compared to the life-or-death struggle that faces the railroad brotherhoods. The hard-pressed railroads are preparing to wage the long-delayed battle to eliminate the unneeded workers and scrap the outdated work rules that have added mounting labor cost to their other tribulations in recent years. At stake in one major bloc are the jobs of some 40,000 firemen who are no longer needed now that diesel locomotion has replaced the old coal-fed engines. While legal maneuvering will delay the showdown for a couple of months more, the brotherhoods have little to celebrate next week.

UNDER normal circumstances, the one bright promise in labor's future might be the growth and expansion of the Teamsters. Automation and mechanization have not taken their toll in this industry as they have in almost all others. More and more trucks use the ever-expanding highway system, and more and more men are required to drive them. Against labor's declining trend, the Teamsters are growing in membership and wealth. But success will not be permitted to spoil Jimmy Hoffa. Indictment after indictment piles up

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GEORGE KIRSTEIN was the Executive Secretary of the National War Labor Board during part of World War II and is the author of Stores and Unions *(Fairchild).*

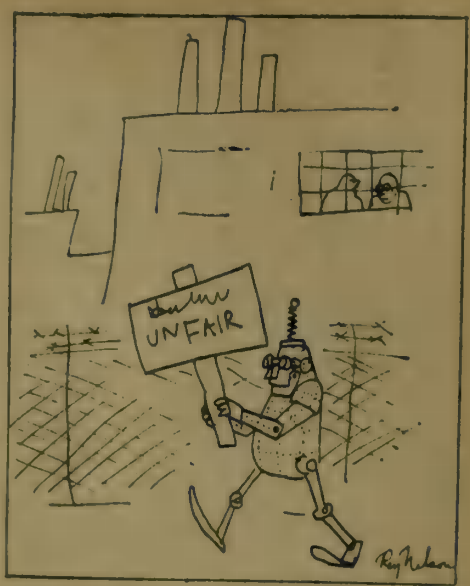
around the head of the beleaguered Teamsters' president; he is hardly acquitted of one criminal charge before he is accused of two more. In what is generally conceded to be a personal vendetta, the Attorney General of the United States pursues Hoffa from courtroom to courtroom. It is probably only a question of time before one of the many agencies of government which are competing in their pursuit of Hoffa bring him tumbling from his uneasy perch. But with or without Hoffa, this union promises to be the single exception to a trend that is sapping labor's economic and political strength.

CURIOUSLY enough, it is at this time of obvious weakness that a strident clamor is arising for further shackles to labor's strength. *Life* magazine, in its June 29 issue, voiced this chorus in a full-page editorial appropriately titled "Let's Put Teeth into the Labor Laws." In a thousand fighting words, *Life* demanded a crack-down, and warned that in dealing with labor disputes "persuasion is not enough." Not long before *Life's* plea, the Solicitor General of the United States, Archibald Cox, had urged an audience of lawyers to consider new methods of resolving industrial disputes without strikes. One would think that our economy was being brought to a halt by a rash of stoppages. The fact is that strike idleness in the first five months of this year, although higher than in 1961, was less than in either of the last two years of President Eisenhower's administration. The cries for restrictive legislation, by no means limited to the two samples cited, are additional evidence of labor's falling prestige.

Why has labor descended from yesteryear's heroic struggle for higher wages and better working conditions to the rear-guard holding actions that characterize today's scene? The answer is that manual labor, particularly the unskilled labor of the production line, is becoming a national surplus as permanent as the wheat and other grains that glut the nation's storage bins. The great industrial unions in auto production, steel and textiles decline in membership as the machine replaces man in the manufacturing process. This is scarcely a startling observation; we have been witnessing this union erosion for the past decade. What few observers recognize, however, is that because of it the objective of organized labor has changed from a constant improvement of wages and working conditions to the liquidation of members' jobs in an orderly way. Not wages but pensions are at issue; not hiring rates but termination pay is the subject of dispute; not vacations but lay-off procedures occupy the attention of negotiators.

John L. Lewis, one of America's greatest labor leaders, was forced, by circumstances within the coal industry, to set the pattern that other union leaders are now following. As machinery replaced men in the mines, and the union's rolls decreased each year, Lewis negotiated a welfare plan based on royalties on each ton of coal, whether it was mined by men or machines. This strategy did not save the miners' jobs, but it prevented the retreat from becoming a rout. Other labor leaders, challenged by similar developments, have adopted variations of the same policy. Harry Bridges, once the storm center of the San Francisco waterfront, capitulated to the future last year by agreeing to eliminate men on the job in return for financial consideration for those displaced by the machines. Harvey Swados described what this accommodation has meant in human terms in a detailed article in *Dissent* last fall, "West Coast Waterfront — End of an Era." As each of yesterday's militant labor leaders is molded by technological progress into a labor "statesman," the process of union decline moves on its sober course. The union becomes the accomplice, no matter how unwillingly, of the machinery-minded employer determined to reduce his work force.

THE official doctrine, embraced by the Kennedy Administration and echoed by the financial community, is that if somehow capital were to be invested in industrial facilities, employment would increase. According to this argument, business, through tax concessions, more sympathetic depreciation schedules and allied encouragements, should be persuaded to modernize plant and equipment. Production would then rise and employment would pick up. In my opinion, nothing could be further from the truth. Does anyone seriously believe, for example, that the steel industry—which has been operating chronically below capacity and sometimes for extended periods at only one-half optimum output—would add new plants and new employees if capital were made available? On the contrary, present plants would be modernized, mechanized and automated so that less and less manpower would be required for the same productive capacity. Industry, if capital were more readily available, would invest it to eliminate jobs, not to create them. This would certainly improve the profit picture, but it is difficult to see how it would pump new blood into the unions. A similar situation has developed with the investment of large capital sums to renovate office buildings and apartment houses. Invariably, a major step in such improvements is to replace attendant-operated elevators by passenger-operated ones. In New York alone thousands of elevator operators have been displaced, and we will not have to live much longer to remember the "elevator boy" with the same nostalgia that now surrounds the blacksmith.



Labor's Daily

"You and Your Automation!"

In human terms, there is nothing sad about the disappearance of repetitive and in some instances dangerous jobs. Anyone who, years ago, heard John L. Lewis thunder against the mine owners for endangering their fellow men will hardly weep now that fewer and fewer miners are required to brave these dangers. That an ever-diminishing number of auto workers is needed to perform the repetitious tasks which Charlie Chaplin mimicked so hilariously in *Modern Times* should be no cause for sorrow. Nor would it be, if other means of livelihood were available to the workers so displaced. But that is exactly the rub. The displaced miner in West Virginia and the displaced auto worker in Detroit find no other way to support their families than to stand in a long line outside the employment office and then in a longer line outside the state relief agency.

IS THERE an alternative to the job erosion that results when man's hand is replaced by mechanization and his brain by automation? If there is, far more ingenious men than this commentator, with far more at stake, have failed to find it. None the less, it does seem to me that the historic palliative, if not solution, to this problem—the reduction of hours of labor—should be given much more thorough tests than it has yet had. President Kennedy, who is willing and eager to re-examine the myths about the nation's fiscal policies and finances as they affect the economy, seems utterly unwilling to re-examine the even more hoary clichés regarding the 40-hour factory work week. The arguments being set forth today against a reduction in the prevailing work schedule could be taken verbatim from arguments in the nineteenth century when the 72-hour work week was standard.

The rule of thumb is that for each hour that the work week is reduced 300,000 workers will be added to payrolls across the nation. A standard 35-hour week would thus absorb approximately 1,500,000 additional workers, or one-third of the present unemployment rolls. Certainly employers cannot be expected to welcome a shorter work week. Historically they never have, and predictably they never will. It does no good to point out that their companies have grown and prospered with each era's shorter hours of work; they argue and will continue to argue that costs of production must not be allowed to rise. However, it was only two weeks ago that the AFL-CIO Executive Council finally endorsed a program to fight for the 35-hour week both in Congress and at the bargaining table. Perhaps they had been so engrossed in funeral plans for their organizations that the tested but unpopular palliative of reduced working schedules did not previously commend itself to them.

For palliative is all that the shorter work week would be. Man and his hand labor are the basic surplus in the affluent society. With the mechanization of agriculture, surpluses rise year after year, although fewer and fewer farmers till less and less acreage. It takes little imagination to foresee that the country's steel needs could be satisfied with one-tenth of the present work force. Each reader can name other industries and insert the residual work force required to maintain the equipment after automation and mechanization have been completed.

BECAUSE the United States will unquestionably be the first nation to move into the final stages of the industrial revolution, when mechanization and automation will reach their ultimate development, it is of value to ask what institutions will replace the doomed blue-collar unions that initiated so many of the progressive programs of the past. To review briefly—the labor movement in the '30s and '40s was the keystone in inaugurating an era of reform that led to shorter work schedules, a fairer distribution of the nation's wealth, and a general improvement in the country's concepts of social justice. At this writing, organized labor is not participating in the progressive programs of our era. The peace movement, which is slowly gaining strength with the support of intellectuals and women, has no labor support whatever. On the contrary, almost all labor spokesmen and the vast majority of the rank and file see disarmament, or even arms control, as an additional and major threat to their already shaky jobs. Toward the other great progressive movement occupying the country's attention, the crusade for equal rights for the Negro, the labor movement is indifferent—although lip service is sometimes paid to the ultimate objective of racial equality, as long as no immediate action is required that might threaten the privileged position of white union members. In the struggle currently being waged in Albany, Georgia, ministers of the gospel assemble to give support to the aspirations of their fellow man; the United States government, in the form of *amicus curiae* briefs submitted to the courts, supports this struggle for increased dignity. But no labor leaders descend on Albany; few union resolutions pledge men and money to the fight. Labor for the most part is divorced from this struggle.

THERE are those who believe that the white-collar worker, who is now surpassing the blue-collar worker in numbers, will eventually be unionized in impressive numbers and assume the role of leadership in the social, economic and political fields which is today slipping from the grasp of organized labor. However, the problems of organizing the white-collar worker are enormous for the reasons C. Wright Mills set forth in his best book, *White Collar.* For one thing, the white-collar worker feels no such hostility to the boss as typifies management-employee relations in large manufacturing. Nor are class distinctions emphasized in office work as they are in a factory. The white-collar worker is apt to have enjoyed a better education than his blue-collar brother, and in the case of the many women clerical workers, job security and permanent employment are of secondary interest. Young women are working until they get married and begin to raise their families. Finally, the employment turnover in white-collar areas makes an organizer's work a nightmare. In some stores, for example, where the majority of employees are women, it exceeds 40 per cent a year.

One thing is certain, the white-collar worker will not join the production worker's union. Efforts by the United Auto Workers and other unions to enlist their white-collar co-workers have failed totally. In England, a new type of labor figure, the well-educated business executive type, is emerging as leader of some of the white-collar unions. Perhaps in this country, too, as scientific progress begins to pose the threats to the white-collar worker that it presently does to the production worker, a demand for white-collar organization will be felt. I doubt it.

IF ONE could look ahead into the structure of our society after we have passed through the final and total stages of the industrial revolution, one might well see us emerging as a one-class society. Even today, employers are for the most part no longer owners; they are essentially hired managers employed in a supervisory role. Marx, Engels and the other revolutionary thinkers of the nineteenth century could foresee only as far as a society in which the key segment was the proletariat. But it seems to me quite possible that within the next century the proletariat will be entirely absorbed in a one-class affluent society which emerges from the completion of the industrial revolution. How will man then occupy his leisure time? Georges Friedmann suggests some answers to this question in the article that follows. More important, what methods will be used to distribute wealth when man's work time loses its market value? We do not know the answers, but some who are alive today will see answers emerge.

Tomorrow's problems await solutions by our children; today's problems face us. In view of the technological unemployment caused by the development of the machine and the computer in the present and the immediate future, it is difficult to see how the palliative solution of the reduced work week can be postponed much longer. And so far as the over-all picture of the union movement can be painted on this Labor Day, 1962, the militant labor leader of yesteryear is evolving into the aging labor "statesman" of today, and is presiding with experience and tenacity over the decent burial of the organization which he built with such energy and bravado and hope a mere thirty years ago.

Leisure in an Automated World . . *Georges Friedmann*

WE LIVE in a world where overwhelming technological progress has profoundly altered traditional ways of work. The average work week which in 1860 was approximately 70 hours in the United States and 85 hours in France, has been reduced only a century later to 37 and 48 hours respectively. This continuing decline affects not only industry but also, and increasingly, trades, white-collar jobs and even farming which, under the impact of mechanization, has become more and more "the food-production industry" (as Henry Ford once called it). The shortened work week characterizes all economically advanced countries, whether they be capitalist or Socialist and includes the USSR—as I have seen for myself in the course of many field trips there, most recently in 1958.

However, not only hours of work but the very nature of work is being transformed. Within a few decades, automation will probably reach the point where traditional skilled labor will become only a memory, at least in industry. What this means for most workers is the progressive elimination of jobs requiring physical, and particularly manual, skills. As the process of automation goes on, the worker will become more and more an operator who merely receives and transmits audio-visual signals activating push-button activities.

TODAY, in a quite advanced but still imperfect system of automation —and except for maintenance jobs whose numerical importance has yet to be established—skilled workers and supervisors are already fast becoming superfluous. Thus, in certain automated jobs inspection duties take approximately 39 to 40 hours a week, while only one hour is required for activities involving physical responses to signals, such as recording readings on a chart, using hand gears, buttons or pedals, or taking calls by intercom or telephone. Some word other than "worker" will be necessary to avoid confusing the duties and responsibilities of such automatic operators with the performance of workers in the past. While these present-day operators share with earlier workers the common trait of more or less skillful manipulation of such materials as metals, wood, fibers, textiles, leather, glass, etc., they are quite different insofar as knowledge and operational skills are concerned.

We must also remember that factory employment, at least in the United States, has already declined, and as industry increasingly relies on atomic energy, with operations performed by remote control, thousands more will be thrown out of jobs. At the same time in offices, trades and the increasingly vast area of "service" occupations, mechanization and automation will also tend to transform traditional jobs.

With this in mind, let us turn to the problem of work as it has been conceived over the course of the centuries preceding the era of automation, atomic energy and electronics which we are now entering. One need not romanticize the past or forget that most men were doomed to servile and brutalizing labor to say that work, nevertheless, played an important role in helping people to achieve personal equilibrium and a degree of happiness. This role has been illuminated for us by contemporary psychology and has been confirmed by successful psychiatric experiments with various types of occupational therapy. Although I am neither a psychoanalyst nor an unreserved admirer of Freudian theories, I consider that Freud more than any other modern thinker

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GEORGES FRIEDMANN, French sociologist and Director of Studies at the Sorbonne, is the author of The Anatomy of Work *and other books. This article was translated from the French by Eric Josephson.*

has drawn attention to the benefits of work and its equilibrating functions, particularly when the work is freely chosen and can therefore fully engage the personality of the worker. The followers of Kurt Lewin have also demonstrated the psychological importance of performing a job. Indeed, studies in the psychology and sociology of work have shown the harmful effects of loss of work on the personality of the unemployed, the invalid, the pensioner.

Any observer of the emerging social order is justified in wondering —not without anxiety—what is to become of man in a future world from which traditional forms of work will have disappeared. Of course, the new technology may be credited with progressively eliminating the more degrading kinds of labor and offering the masses of mankind hope of eventual liberation from them. Furthermore, while a well-chosen trade is satisfying for the person who performs it, the elimination of routinized, highly detailed, exacting jobs, repeated hour after hour, month after month, year after year, is something to be welcomed. Nevertheless, we must recognize and accept the challenge of a revolutionary development, namely, that in the world of tomorrow for most men and women presently engaged in physical or manual labor, work in the traditional sense of the term is fated to disappear.

Let us consider the top levels of the new industrial order—executives, repair men, maintenance workers, skilled technicians and professionals whose responsibilities are often transformed by technical progress and increasing specialization. Without going into statistical details, it is clear that the mass of the population of mankind (itself rapidly growing and in some countries actually "exploding") will be unqualified or unsuited for such specialized work. What, then, will become of these masses whose center of gravity and whose opportunities for personal achievement will no longer lie in work, but outside of it? Can "leisure" (a generic term to be used cautiously, since it covers the most varied behavior) replace work as the center of psychic equilibrium and satisfaction in human life?

Such are the general problems which present themselves to the observer of industrial civilization, and which must now be examined in the light of recent developments.

IT IS evident that the time freed by the reduction of the work week is in most cases not really "free," that is, available for hobbies or for doing nothing at all. Rather, so-called "free" time is usually consumed by numerous obligations and duties, or even by supplementary work such as a second job. Studies in the Paris area have shown how important are the many familial, educational and professional demands on our free time. We must recognize an increase in chores which, depending on the circumstances, are more or less altruistic and more or less utilitarian. According to a study conducted by Dumazedier, 60 per cent of the workers in the town of Annecy, France, report that their leisure is occupied by such activities, 25 per cent by second jobs and 15 per cent by both. In the United States, there has been a tremendous growth of do-it-yourself activities, especially during the past decade or so. I doubt, however, that this phenomenon has been adequately studied by social psychologists and sociologists.

Another important trend is the multiplication of educational courses taken after work by white-collar and industrial workers who are anxious to protect their jobs, improve their positions or adapt themselves to endless changes in organization and production. One manifestation of this tendency is the success in Paris of the National Conservatory of Arts, and Trades, an evening and weekend technical school which has spawned some thirty associated centers throughout France. But is such study to be considered "leisure" activity?

So much for the hybrid activities and partly utilitarian pursuits, occupying part of our free time, that we too easily and quickly call "leisure." But there is more. For many salaried workers, and even for professionals, free time is taken up with a second job and sometimes even by a third. To understand this development, we must consider the significance of and motivations for dual job-holding, which vary in accordance with the economic development of the countries where the practice has spread.

In the highly advanced industrial countries and especially in that country which is the model of affluence —the United States—the search for a second job reflects new "wants," but is stimulated less by economic necessity (rising consumer prices) than by the anxiety to experience new and constantly changing standards of living. This phenomenon manifests itself chiefly in the lower middle class, as in "keeping up with the Joneses" not only in the style of eating and vacations, but also in purchasing a more comfortable house, a new car or a color TV set. In various chapters of *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith has brilliantly described the economic background of this behavior. Such studies as that by Harvey Swados in Akron probe the phenomenon at the local level. Other works, such as that by Joseph S. Zeisel *(Monthly Labor Review,* January, 1958) have evaluated its importance at the national level. According to Zeisel, 3.6 million persons, or 5.3 per cent of the working population, had more than one job in July, 1957 (the corresponding figure for July, 1950, was 1.8 million, or 3 per cent). Extra jobs in trades and the service industries tripled between 1950 and 1956. In this connection, Zeisel notes: "With continually rising income, people can increasingly 'afford' leisure. However, it is not at all clear that, for all individuals, rising income and the ability to afford more leisure will necessarily be translated into demand for more leisure." Interestingly enough, the rapid increase of dual job-holding took place in a period of full employment when real income was rising.

CONFIRMING the analysis sketched above, it is noteworthy that dual job-holding is by no means concentrated at the lowest income levels. A U.S. census survey has pointed out that the proportion of professional and technical workers holding two jobs in July, 1957, was the same as that among non-farm laborers. Indeed, the percentage was higher among craftsmen than among production and service workers. In France, 25 per cent of the workers in Annecy plied a second trade or were engaged in extra jobs after their ordinary work day had ended. In 1959, "moonlighting" was so widespread in Paris that an association for the protection of craftsmen circulated posters asserting that they alone could guarantee "satisfactory" work and beseeching Parisians to remain faithful to them.

On the other hand, in underdeveloped countries a second job is sought chiefly to augment incomes which are insufficient to meet the fundamental needs of housing, clothing and nourishment. But even in such countries the concept of need is rather confused and shifting, evolving constantly with the growth of per capita income and improvement of the general welfare. In Latin America, a second job is common and sometimes almost institutionalized, as in the case of many municipal employees in Rio de Janeiro. In Argentina, Brazil, Chile and even in some Mexican villages, second jobs are held by industrial and white-collar workers, schoolteachers and underpaid professors.

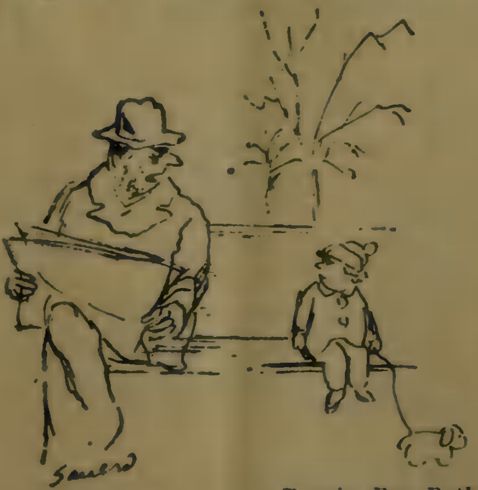
As for countries with collectivized economies, a recent study in Yugoslavia showed that workers' free time is occupied not only by theoretically voluntary participation in civic activities (workers' and communal self-government), but also by a more or less open search for the supplementary income offered by overtime: gardening, operating a small family farm, etc. In Poland, too, I can report that the practice of holding a second (or third) job has spread as widely among manual workers as among intellectuals. But in these cases, motivations for taking on a second job can be considered transitional; they arise chiefly out of conditions that economic developments will eventually render obsolete.

What is crucial to the thesis of this article is the continuous quest for supplementary income in societies as prosperous as those of the United States and certain countries of Western Europe. Here the cause lies in the economic system itself—the extent to which the system leads to an uncontrolled race between production and consumption and the degree to which it stimulates ever more artificial "needs" for material things and ever more complicated gadgets. The citizen of the affluent society is condemned to be a new Sisyphus, exhausting himself in ceaselessly pushing against a burden that is always descending upon him.

ALONG with the increase of dual job-holding, we must note two other trends which the new technical era has accentuated: the proliferation of recreational associations and the exodus from the great cities toward more or less distant suburbs.

In the United States around 1930, in "Yankee City"— a typical small town of 15,000 inhabitants — W. Lloyd Warner counted approximately 400 voluntary associations. According to a study made in 1958 by Wright and Hyman, 36 per cent of American adults belonged to at least one voluntary association (other than a labor union). The authors of an important study of industrialization (Kerr, Dunlop, Harbison and Myers) predict that voluntary associations will in the future play a major role in free time after working hours. In France, we lack figures on a national scale; but studies in Annecy show that there are 200 active voluntary associations and that the average head of a household participates in at least one of them. Three-quarters of Annecy's citizens belong to recreational organizations which offer—in order of importance—fishing, sports, other fresh-air activities, bowling, music and various other cultural activities.

In the United States as in France, the question is whether participation in such organizations encourages or discourages participation in local and national civic life. In France, at any rate, it appears to foster a form of escape by the individual citizen, who tends to close his mind to the political, social and cultural life of his community, his country and his time. According to G. Magnane, sports clubs, for example, produce "retarded children playing under strict supervision." If these trends continue, isn't there a danger that leisure will become a new "opium of the people"? I pose the question for the United States as well as for the more advanced European countries. Furthermore, isn't the danger accentuated by the flood of information, furnished by the mass media, that encourages superficial conversation on all sorts of subjects—in short, vicarious activity in all areas?



Punch: Ben Roth

"What's the matter? Haven't you seen planned obsolescence before?

The danger may be intensified by still another trend in industrial civilization: the exodus from great cities to residential suburbs. As David Riesman has suggested, the more the day's work is shortened, the less frequently will large families be willing to tolerate city life. This exodus constitutes a kind of revolt against the new technical environment which, more often than not, is unable to satisfy human needs either at work or after work. In days to come, the leisure-hours problem will become more and more critical if we do not take into account the average worker's personal aspirations (which he himself may not express clearly) and if the leaders of our societies fail to come up with adequate solutions.

HAVING made these observations, we can now return to our initial problem. In tomorrow's world, with its atomic plants and new technology, can man realize himself and find happiness in leisure?

It is difficult to answer such a question, since conditions vary widely. Men and women for whom work is only drudgery, repetitious, routinized, detailed—as for the operator of a semi-automatic machine, an assembly-line worker, a minor office employee, or those who for weeks and months wind thread on a bobbin—have little to lose if their center of gravity is displaced from work to non-work. Actually, this shift has already taken place for many persons. For those who have a major hobby, whatever it is (and the list is almost infinite, from photography to small-scale modeling, from tapestry to stamp collecting, from carpentry to the selective culture of roses, from painting to amateur theatre) there may be a natural restructuring of the personality. Some observers even foresee in the automated society of the future the emergence, paradoxically, of a new artisan class dedicated to painstaking craftsmanship and, with the aid of manual tools, creator of its own materials—a new *homo faber,* resuscitated by the increase of leisure.

But the number of persons who can be benefited by a hobby constitutes only a tiny fraction of the multitude. For the great masses of mankind, it must be frankly recognized that the achievement of dignity depends on the manner in which future societies succeed in mastering a mass culture which in the United States, in Europe and even in the underdeveloped countries, tends to smother free time night and day. Will men and women in the future be exposed more and more intensely for ever longer periods to the mass-circulation newspapers and magazines, to the TV, films, radio, comic strips, tabloids and juke boxes which already inundate them with the best and worst — without their having been given the education and experience necessary for the exercise of discrimination? In a nation of free citizens, leisure is essentially freedom —including the freedom to do nothing, "the right to be lazy." But faced with the ever-growing power of the mass media, can democracy persist in its laissez-faire attitude? It should not, of course, go to the extreme of the Fascist "Dopolavoro" or the Nazi "Strength Through Joy" movement. But faced with commercialized entertainment, must not democracy greatly extend its role in providing educational leisure activities—libraries, museums, concerts, theatrical productions, art films, educational TV, etc.? Isn't it only by such an effort that the cultural superiority of the affluent societies can be demonstrated to the underdeveloped countries? It is only at this price that there can be compensation for the decline of work, for the loss of the frequently salutary constraints and the beneficial experience that work offers to many individuals.

The advent of a leisure civilization obliges the most advanced societies to take advantage of the rich opportunities before them, but also to recognize the immense risks which the mass media—carriers of the mass culture—pose for the happiness of their citizens. Should leisure be handed over to free enterprise or should it be organized by the government? The road ahead lies straight between anarchy and despotism. Therefore, it is urgent that we carefully explore this road and follow it wisely toward a richer and more abundant future.

THE SINGLE-MINDED GIRL . . *Eve Merriam*

EVERY publisher longs to have a premeditated money-maker, a book that will leap onto the best-seller list and stay there. At one time, the subject matter was ordained: a nonfiction work containing anecdotes about Lincoln; or a stirring novel of a doctor's dramatic days and nights in the hospital, torn between Wife Goodheart and Nurse Stronghand; or a heart-warming true-life story of a dog, with photographs taken by the author. In fact, so predictable were these themes that George Stevens wrote a book about the business of best-sellers and called it *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog.*

However, the current Civil War centennial has about exhausted the market for Lincolniana. The doctors have moved over into television, with Ben Casey's scalpel flashing on the home screen like shining Excalibur. The dear old dogs have given way to seals, otters, lion cubs, monkeys and dolphins; now instead of being written about, the dogs themselves collaborate on manuscripts, like John Steinbeck's poodle Charlie.

Certain themes remain, nevertheless. A good cookbook flourisheth forever. The Bible still has a lot of mileage. And even without strong assists from Henry Miller, Nabakov, and the unexpurgation of the expurgated gamekeeper, so does sex. The money-minded publisher plots wistfully: if only it were possible to combine all these continuing sure-fire themes into one book, what a terrific triple play that could be! Recipes, Religiosity and Raciness: the three Rs brought together; put the whole thing out in a super-textbook format, easy to read, with subtitles and catchy paragraph headings. What would it take, do you suppose, to get a combined byline from Fanny Farmer, Billy Graham and Norman Mailer? Or suppose—might as well make it a big-time brainstorm — one new author could serve for all three and could, at the same time, also be a looker? The lucky publisher of such a prefabricated book would have it made.

THE LUCKY publisher is Bernard Geis, the author is Helen Gurley Brown, and the winning title is *Sex and the Single Girl.* A deal of pondering must have gone into the title. Just plain Sex is not enough: too generalized and too stark; besides, single-word titles tend to sound like soap or detergents—*Joy, Tide, Dreft, Duz, Vel.* How about "Sex Among the Married Suburban Set?" But that's been split-leveled to splinters. "Sex and Men" or "Sex and Women"? Kinsey staked those claims; one must specialize. "Sex and Single Men" might appear too much like an American Wolfenden report. And so

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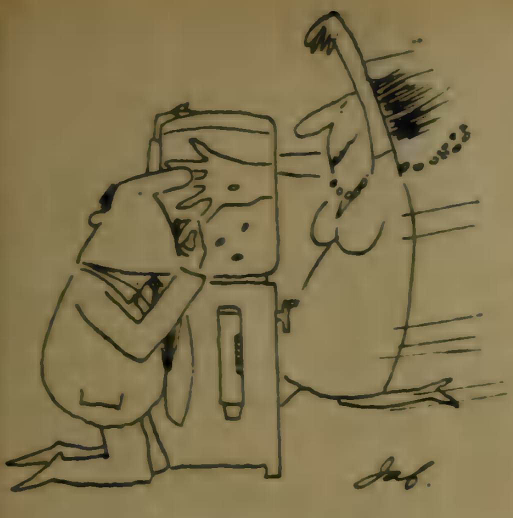
EVE MERRIAM is the author of Figleaf: The Business of Being in Fashion *(J. B. Lippincott) and of many articles on the war between the sexes.*



finally, by natural selection, we are left with sex and the single girl. Here is a feast for all: surely the single girl herself will be interested; so will men of all degrees; and so will married women who will want to know how those outside the fold get along. So, something for everybody and onward and upward to the best-seller list and movie rights to Warner's.

The author is from California, the state that gave the nation the dateburger, and hers is the dateburger de luxe, price $4.95. It is a glorious success story, in the best Alger tradition. Our heroine starts out poor and humble, taking the streetcar to her secretarial job. From the streetcar she steps to her own Mercedes Benz and becomes, in her own words, "The Girl of at least twelve eminently successful men, including an advertising tycoon, a motivational research wizard, two generals, a brewer, a publisher, a millionaire real estate developer and two extremely attractive men who were younger than I." How does it all end? Does she become, like Grace Kelly, a real live Princess? Or a living doll of a First Lady? Far better: she becomes the highest paid advertising copywriter in Los Angeles and marries a Hollywood film producer who, after the wedding, encouraged her to write this lesson book.

Since we are told on the very first page that she is now a Married Lady, her instructive little notes on seduction, culled from her own experiences and those of her friends, are altogether proper. The tone is religiously exhorting throughout, and the philosophy monist: how to get a man or — as the author phrases it more subtly — how to "sink into," "trap" or "bait" him. How she captured one alive, and how other unmarried women can do the same, are the theme without variations. A more accurate title would be *Sex and the Single-Minded Girl.*

Clearly this is a woman's bible, but men can benefit, too, just as Kennedy's staff has read Ché Guevara's handbook on guerrilla warfare. For here is the enemy and she is at work everywhere (quite literally, since the author makes plain that a job serves one purpose: it is a stalking ground for meeting men). What are men? "Men are to buy you cocktails." Where do you flush them out? At the water cooler, behind the filing cabinets, up and down in the office-building elevator, looking over the In and Out bins. Occasionally, off-the-job grounds may provide some likely territory. One friend of the author's found her man at a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. Mrs. Brown also suggests joining a political club, and if you are enterprising, she adds that it may be a good idea to join both Democratic and Republican clubs at the same time.

ON THE job, however, is the best bet. Find a job where you can "meet some of those pleasant traveling executives on expense accounts." Better yet, a job where you can do the traveling. "This is terrific fun. Someone else pays." If this is not feasible, go to Europe on your vacation and impersonate being on a business trip like her friend Carol, who used this as "an excuse to meet and talk to people not otherwise approachable. . . . In Paris, for example, she visited a reducing salon and chatted with the manager about exporting the same techniques to the States. In Rome, she called on the American Consulate to ask if there were any Italian knitwear companies who wanted representation in the United States. . . . Once home, she realized she was in no position to import Italian sweaters. She was much too busy managing the office of a CPA."

Get to a job where a sales convention is going on. "The lid's off! If you can get assigned to work at one, you're apt to have fun galore." Polly, another dear friend of the author, reports that "It's like being the only sorority girl in fraternity row on a Saturday night. . . . Her company's sixty salesmen, from all parts of the country, some without their wives, some single or *permanently* [italics in original] free of wives, are there to work, but they also have time off for fun and games and visits to the city's best night spots. Polly has heard Mort Sahl fourteen times. See if you can track down a convention!"

One of the author's favorite words, new to me, is pippy-poo. It seems to mean the business of daily living, and by now you should know what business is for. Yoicks and a pippy-poo manhunt to all, as she continues with a chapter on "How to Be Sexy": "Clean hair is sexy. Lots of hair is sexy, too. Gossip is not unsexy. A small portfolio of stocks is very sexy. . . . Expect and encourage gifts from men."

However, under the heading of "Man-Bait," you sometimes have to spend your own money, but it's worth it when you get your local silversmith to make up a lapel pin with an individualized slogan on it. Our heroine has three silver ones that set her back $18 apiece. One says, "I have gray hair, brown eyes and a black heart," and she confesses in her modest way that it "has always been a smash hit." Can you doubt that she deserves to be the highest paid copywriter in the Los Angeles area?

Another suggestion you may wish to adopt is to "carry a controversial book at all times — like Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* or *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. It's a perfectly simple way of saying 'I'm open to conversation' without having to start one." There are many other nuggets in this girl-scouting book. My own favorite passage is this: "This book is written on the premise that you, like me, are warm and friendly on the inside but outwardly a pitiful, cowardly coward."

And now, will cowardly little Medusa please stand up and show her pretty hair-do to the class so we can copy it?

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Country Squire and the Hero

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, His Family and Private Life. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Row. 348 pp. $6.95.

Michael Lewis

THE original English title of this work, *Raleigh and the Throckmortons*, is perhaps the more descriptive, because the book is divided, about fifty-fifty, between two separate themes, tenuously connected both here and in real life. Broadly, the themes are (1) Raleigh (mainly his private life), and (2) The Throckmortons, Nicholas and Arthur (mainly Arthur). The ostensible link between them is Elizabeth Throckmorton, Arthur's sister and—but only after 1592 — Raleigh's wife. Before that date, the families were quite unconnected; afterward only slightly so because "Bess" — the sole link — is here treated almost exclusively as a Raleigh, not a Throckmorton. Otherwise, Arthur Throckmorton and Walter Raleigh moved in worlds which had practically nothing in common: the one a minor country gentleman, quiet and rather ordinary; the other that famous Public Figure for whom epithets like "quiet" and "ordinary" would be outrageously inappropriate. The reviewer faces the unusual task of having to notice what are virtually two books under one cover, both interesting to historians, but in different ways, and for quite different reasons.

He will give precedence to the Throckmorton theme as being, in his view, the more historically valuable. The first three chapters deal exclusively with the father of Arthur and Bess—Sir Nicholas, that astute diplomatist of the middle 1500's. Of this able but rather unattractive man Dr. Rowse presents a brief and lively portrait. But, again, links with both Arthur and Walter are distinctly tenuous, for he was not in the least like either of them, and both were mere striplings when he died. Indeed, he provides something suspiciously like a third theme. Yet the study of him is in itself a worthy contribution to Tudor biography; and at least he is the parent of Arthur, who next occupies the stage, alternating thereafter with Raleigh.

Here Dr. Rowse is using altogether new material: Arthur Throckmorton's diary, recently discovered at Boughton Malherbe near Canterbury. This "Arthur" section is pure social history, its excursions into politics and war being negligible. As a close-up account of how one Elizabethan country gentleman fared, from early manhood to late middle age, it has unique interest and value. True, it might have been even more valuable had Arthur been a less prosaic fellow, less interested in his rents, estates and ailments, and more in the very fascinating people with whom he daily rubbed shoulders. But we can accept gratefully what chance has given us—an opportunity to see what careful husbandry could do for a medium-sized Elizabethan estate: how, though starting life under the constant necessity of pawning, redeeming and repawning his personal possessions, Arthur could gradually bal-

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MICHAEL LEWIS, the English naval historian, held the Chair of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, from 1934 to 1955.

'I Want To Live'

for Humberto Anaya

Balantino says
How can he want
to leave this town?
blonds buying
him supper, five languages to hurl
at tourists, the anxious smile
of mother to bless his natty
suit (bed-posts swiped
from those dead New-
Englanders

In his room a mother
rat trapped in rafters
pissing every 3 PM
on the canvas-sail bed-spread
Clothed by hands alone a Varga girl
covered with boils from
wall sweat also draining
Christ's beard in a candy-box lid
filled with photos
yellowing on the bed-table
On top Don Quixote
beaming from burro-back
sombrero . . .

wearing his father's boots, his
at thirteen he left home
to move across the street

Autumn, ponchos belly sail
from market-line —
in Guadalajara
twenty-five miles away matadors
strut, clouds
flush vermilion over Tampico wharves

He squats in a museum-hall of mango trees
Back gimleted with sun-spots
he sees squirrels
disappear in their hollows with
thumbs, listening
for figs to plop
pellets to drop in a can
of acid like
once happened in an American movie

Clayton Eshleman

ance his budget, and then—somewhat gingerly at first—begin "improvements," in the end completely rebuilding and beautifying a new home. Then, for all that Arthur was a careful soul, meticulously counting his pennies, we see how generous he could be to both friends and dependents; how he prudently built up his flocks of sheep, still the mainstay of English economy; how he visited his neighbors to "kill his buck" or fly his falcon, and had them to visit him; how he did his duty as justice and militia-captain. We learn his taste in literature and the books he bought; what he ate, drank, wore; the remedies—oh how awesome!—which he suffered at the hands of his physicians, and what fabulous sums he spent on "cures" which would assuredly demolish us degenerate moderns out of hand (he proudly mentions one which gave him 22 "stools" in 24 hours!). The whole adds a substantial chapter to our knowledge of how, at one of his most formative periods, the English Country Gentleman began to come into his own.

IT IS a far cry from the placid stream of Arthur's life to the turbulent torrent which was Walter's. Here Dr. Rowse has no new find comparable with the Throckmorton diary. He disclaims, wisely, all intention of writing another full "life," so often attempted before. He is concerned only with the *private* life. That is fair enough. But then, from this limited angle, can he really expect (as he puts it) "to grasp the problematical, essential nature of this so difficult man"? It seems that he does so expect: indeed, feels that he has "*got* him."

Here, however, I venture to disagree: to doubt even the possibility, under his self-imposed conditions. The "essential nature" of a Public Figure cannot, of course, be "got" by merely examining his public activities. Yet it is surely flying to the other extreme to expect to get it exclusively from his private life, especially from that of a character like Raleigh who, for all his amazing versatility, was still primarily a "man of action," touching public life at a dozen points. These contacts made up so large a part of his total life—and incidentally are so much better-documented than are his private thoughts and reactions—that it is surely tempting providence to drop his story whenever he is about to *do* something; to say deliberately, "I shall not follow him here: I am concerned only with his *private* life." Sometimes this method will clearly not work. Thus, though Dr. Rowse admits, incidentally, that Raleigh was well loved and served by his own people, officers and common men alike, he never explains why—because, presumably, he won that love when on "public" service, where Dr. Rowse is not following him. Yet the dynamism implicit in leadership is surely an "essential" component in any man lucky enough to possess it?

And what manner of man is the Raleigh whom Dr. Rowse finally "gets"? This "difficult" and fascinating Elizabethan proves—when Dr. Rowse has resolved the difficulties—to be a good deal less fascinating than is usually supposed. A brilliant mind, yes; ahead of its time, active, daring, original: but otherwise hasty, unscrupulous, unstable; over-combative, overbearing and intolerant, yet of faulty judgment; a self-seeker, a hypocrite; a scoffer—of man, though not quite of God. The author's assessment is challenging, well worth making; and it may be right. All I am saying is that I am not convinced of its rightness, mainly because it seems to be based on too narrow a foundation.

Military Thinking on Peace

DEFENSE OR RETALIATION. A German View. By Helmut Schmidt. Frederick A. Praeger. 264 pp. $7.

Raymond Fletcher

IT IS thirty years since Captain Liddell Hart revealed a new truth by amending an ancient dictum. If you wish for peace, he said, *understand* war. Today it seems as though the message has finally penetrated. Industrious academics, industrious publicists and industrious computers have produced a vast literature on the interlinked subjects of war and its avoidance. Yet though the revised dictum is understood by modern military intellectuals, few of them show much understanding of war itself.

Most of the strategic advice that is showered on the political and military leaders of the Western Alliance is about as much use as the wildly erratic mathematical calculations that went into Foch's pernicious work, *Des Principes de la Guerre*. Like the pre-1914 French Army, NATO has been consistently misguided by doctrines that contradict generations of military experience while purporting to summarize it.

Helmut Schmidt, a leading Social Democrat spokesman on defense in the West German *Bundestag*, has two great advantages over most of the other writers who regularly instruct NATO in what it should do with itself. Neither by training nor temperament is he a doctrinaire; and his understanding of war derives from the most rewarding of all military experiences—that of defeat. Both advantages, combined with his capacity as an analyst and his lucidity as a writer, make his book almost a curiosity among books on defense. For it is actually about defense.

Though deterrence and defense are intertwined concepts—an effectively organized defense should deter a potential aggressor—nuclear deterrence (i.e., the threat of retaliation) is essentially a substitute for defense. Schmidt's central argument, therefore, is capsuled into his title. He wants the defense of West Europe to be so organized that NATO ceases to be a gigantic nuclear booby trap that would certainly destroy what was being defended if war broke out.

His treatment of battlefield nuclear weapons demonstrates the superiority of distilled experience over computer calculations. A few years ago the computers and their attendant theorists were telling us that battlefield nuclears would replace men, give the defenders decisive advantages over the attackers and so limit nuclear war as to make it an acceptable instrument of policy.

SCHMIDT'S skillful dissection of these fallacies is not so superfluous as it might appear. While it is true that the Kennedy Administration is now doing much of what Schmidt advocated, it is equally true that the policy of pulling battlefield nuclears out of the front line is being strongly resisted by two of America's European Allies. France resists because of pique, Germany because of doctrine. The *Bundeswehr*, now the strongest contingent in NATO, still insists on having nuclears up front.

Defense Minister Strauss is, of course, more logical than Defense Secretary McNamara. If nuclear deterrence remains the immutable first premise, then it follows that NATO must remain a hair-triggered booby trap. But Mr. McNamara, one hopes, is beginning to counterpose the logic of politics to the

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logic of nuclear deterrence. This is what Schmidt does in the key chapters of his book. Take, for example, his common sense (which is what political wisdom mainly consists of) about disengagement, the mere suggestion of which makes official Bonn foam at the mouth.

Most of the proposals for a zone of limited and controlled arms in Central Europe have been put forward on political grounds as tension-reducing measures. Schmidt accepts that they would, in fact, reduce tension and at the same time provide valuable pilot projects for policing a general disarmament agreement. But he goes on to show that even the Rapacki Plan, if agreed on, would be to the military advantage of a West Europe that had opted for a non-suicidal defense policy.

Not only would the suggested non-nuclear zone comprise twice as much territory in the East as in the West, but the Soviet Army would be withdrawn behind three major barriers to the surprise attack that has featured in NATO nightmares for so long—the rivers Oder, Vistula and Bug. "By contrast," writes Schmidt, "the troops of the other NATO powers stationed in the Federal Republic would have to cross only one extra river, viz. the Rhine." This strand of argument alone should demonstrate the difference between military thinking and the abstract arabesques that have been substituted for it in recent years. Schmidt is a military thinker of the first quality. His book merits all the praise it has received in Europe.

'Pity the Giants'

THE BEAN EATERS. By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper and Row. 71 pp. $3.

ANNIE ALLEN. By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper & Row. 60 pp. $2.50.

A STREET IN BRONZEVILLE. By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper & Row. 57 pp. $2.

Harvey Curtis Webster

IN TIMES as troubled as ours what sensitive writer can avoid a certain obsession with contemporary ills that may be temporary? Gwendolyn Brooks, from her very good *A Street in Bronzeville,* through her nearly as good *Annie Allen,* to her better *The Bean Eaters,* has never denied her engagement in the contemporary situation or been over-obsessed by it. In her engagement she resembles Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen and Margaret Walker, to name the other Negro poets I know best. In her ability to see through the temporal she equals Richard Wright, James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison, writers of fiction who accept Negro-ness as prizeable differentiation and a dilemma, include it to transcend it. Of course she writes of Emmett Till, of Little Rock, of Dorie Miller, of a white maid disgusted to see her child embrace the Negro maid. Of course she uses (less frequently and less successfully than Langston Hughes) blues rhythms, writes of the blessing-curse, the accident of color. Like all good writers she acknowledges Now by vivifying it, accepts herself and the distinguishing background that is part of her distinction. But she refuses to let Negro-ness limit her humanity. She does not "marvel at this curious thing:/to make a poet black, and bid him sing." Gwendolyn Brooks accepts to transcend.

To me, now, her poems about the Negro dilemma today seem her best because they help me and others to identify as we must. Excluding the trivial verse that emphasizes Now or color too much ("patent leather" and "the battle" in her first volume; "downtown vaudeville" and "old laughter" in *Annie Allen;* "My Little 'Bout-town Gal" and "For Clarice . . ." in *The Bean Eaters*), her bitter and sympathetic poems make the Negro a problem in the heart of every American. Her best social poems yet are in *The Bean Eaters.* "A Bronzeville Mother Loiters in Mississippi. Meanwhile, a Mississippi Mother Burns Bacon" is notable because it is written from the point of view of the white woman married to a man who thinks with pride of the killing of Emmett Till. "Mrs. Small," serious light verse about Mrs. Small's spilling of coffee on the white insurance collector, is as good. So are "The Chicago *Defender* Sends a Man to Little Rock," "The Ballad of Rudolph Reed" (perhaps her best in this mode) and "Bronzeville Woman in a Red Hat."

Yet these poems, necessary for Gwendolyn Brooks to write and for us to read, are not really the best. Negro-ness, the contemporary situation, Miss Brooks's individuality, mastered craft and foreverness coalesce in her best poems. "Race" is then an accident; the contemporary situation a source of detail; craft the skilled accomplice of matter; Miss Brooks everywoman differentiated. Increasingly in each of her books these poems have appeared.

From *A Street in Bronzeville*:

Surely you stay my certain own, you stay
My you. All honest, lofty as a cloud.
Surely I could come now and find you high,
As mine as you ever were; should not be awed.
Surely your word would pop as insolent
As always: "Why, of course I love you, dear."
Your gaze, surely ungauzed as I could want.
Your touches, that never were careful, what they were.
Surely—But I am very off from that.
From surely, From indeed. From the decent arrow
That was my clean naivete and my faith.
This morning men deliver wounds and death.
They will deliver death and wounds tomorrow.
And I doubt all. You. Or a violet.

From *Annie Allen*:

"pygmies are pygmies still, though percht on Alps"
—Edward Young

But can see better there, and laughing there
Pity the giants wallowing on the plain.
Giants who bleat and chafe in their small grass,
Seldom to spread the palm; to spit; come clean.

Pygmies expand in cold impossible air,
Cry fie on giantshine, poor glory which
Pounds breast-bone punily, screeches, and has
Reached no Alps: or, knows no Alps to reach.

From *The Bean Eaters*:

A Lovely Love

Let it be alleys. Let it be a hall
Whose janitor javelins epithet and thought
To cheapen hyacinth darkness that we sought
And played we found, rot, make the petals fall.
Let it be stairways, and a splintery box

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER, who is on the English faculty of the University of Louisville, has been appointed Fulbright professor at the University of Leeds (England) for 1962-63.

Where you have thrown me, scraped me with your kiss,
Have honed me, have released me after this
Cavern kindness, smiled away our shocks.
That is the birthright of our lovely love
In swaddling clothes. Not like that Other one.
Not lit by any fondling star above.
Not found by any wise men, either. Run.
People are coming. They must not catch us here
Definitionless in this strict atmosphere.

In these poems, and in others I would like to quote, the iceberg beauty depends on what is not said. (And note the mastery of the half-rhyme sonnet in the first, of the skilled opening of each line with trochees followed by a basic iambic rhythm in the second. Space permitting, it would be a pleasure to show how expertly Gwendolyn Brooks commands differing kinds of sonnets, of *terza rima,* of couplets, quatrains, free verse, even a variant rhyme royal in "The Anniad," a diffuse, inferior poem despite its technical excellence. It would be pleasant, too, to show the gradual development of freedom, of her own spontaneity disciplined, culminating in the frequent free verse that is used almost as often as regular forms in *The Bean Eaters.*)

Though like any poet she continues to print bad or only adequate poems, *The Bean Eaters* contains her best work. I have mentioned the excellent social poems. The poems that may last longer are more and better: "In Honor of David Anderson Brooks, My Father," a dignified eloquent elegy; "Jessie Mitchell's Mother," the always war of generations, with "race" a happy accidental increment; "The Lovers of the Poor," bitter irony about "loathe-love largess"; "A Sunset of the City," spare brilliance about aging; "The Crazy Woman," Yeats absorbed; "A Lovely Love," the Virgin Mary's conception and Lillian's contrasted; "Leftist Orator in Washington Park Pleasantly Punishes the Gropers," a fine hortatory poem for those who believe gradualism rights everything; "In Emanuel's Nightmare: Another Coming of Christ," a poem about the flaw of everyman that deserves comparison with Marianne Moore's "In Distrust of Merits." She is a very good poet, the only superlative I dare use in our time of misusage; compared not to other Negro poets or other women poets but to the best of modern poets, she ranks high.

Current Titles of Interest to *Nation* Readers

ROCKING THE BOAT. Gore Vidal. Little, Brown. $5.75.

Journalistic pieces in the areas of politics, books and the theatre. The volume includes Mr. Vidal's celebrated interview with Barry Goldwater; also his review of Robert Graves's translation of Suetonius and "The Unrocked Boat," on modern satire, which originally appeared in *The Nation.*

RADICAL INNOCENCE. Ihab Hassan. Princeton Univ. Press. $6.

The critic investigates contemporary American fiction in three related contexts: the changing image of the hero, the shifting formal structure of the novel and a detailed view of four novelists — McCullers, Capote, Salinger and Bellow — who have dealt with pressing contemporary concerns in their work.

THE TWILIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT. Thomas H. Uzzell. Bruce Humphries. $4.

The author writes a reasoned but impassioned appeal to the American people to take the powers and responsibilities of government back into their own hands before the democratic structure of the country collapses from lack of use.

THE USES OF POWER. Alan F. Westin, ed. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

Seven case studies of how power, of office, wealth and influence, operates in American politics today. The studies focus in turn on Congress, The Presidency, The Supreme Court, Regulatory Agencies, Political Parties, State and Local Governments and Pressure Groups.

THE CASE FOR COURAGE. William M. Kunstler. Morrow. $5.95.

The author reviews ten cases in which American lawyers have placed their own reputations and careers in jeopardy by defending persons whose alleged crimes had outraged the community. Among the attorneys are John Adams, William Seward, John Peter Altgeld, Clarence Darrow, Homer Cummings, Harold Medina and Joseph Welch.

EGGHEAD'S GUIDE TO AMERICA. Wade Thompson. Macmillan. $3.50.

The iconoclastic professor of English fights on a number of fronts: Education, Military, Entertainment, Anti-Communist, Social. Many of these essays were first published in *The Nation.*

THE AGE OF HAPPY PROBLEMS. Herbert Gold. Dial. $4.95.

A television producer once asked Mr. Gold for stories about happy people with happy problems. The novelist's wry and somewhat alarmed reaction to that request has produced a number of magazine articles on American mores and American activities that are here collected.

TV IN AMERICA: THE MORALITY OF HARD CASH. Meyer Weinberg. Ballantine Books. 75c.

An account of the notorious Quiz Show scandals which probes beneath the surface facts, analyzes the huckster ethics of television and explains the causes for the "wasteland" in TV programing. Carefully documented, well indexed, with a useful bibliography.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT A STARVING WORLD. Ritchie Calder. Macmillan. $2.95.

A thoughtful primer—one of Macmillan's "common sense" series of books on international social problems—on the race between population and the food supply. Ritchie Calder, a science journalist and diplomat of science, surveys the present resources, speculates as to future supplies and techniques, warns of the hazards involved in the most intricate process of converting natural processes to human ends.

DAVID KNUDSEN. George P. Elliott. Random House. $4.95.

The author of *Parktilden Village* and *Among the Dangs* writes a novel about a young man of the World War II generation whose adventures of the mind and frustrations of the will become symbolized in the fact that he falls victim to that most modern of diseases, radiation sickness.

The Notorious Parent

THE FAMILY LETTERS OF SAMUEL BUTLER, 1841-1886. Selected, Edited and Introduced by Arnold Silver. Stanford University Press. 295 pp. $6.50.

Newton Arvin

"I HAVE purposely refrained from reading any of your books except Canterbury and could feel more sympathy in any artistic success you might attain than in this." So wrote the Reverend Thomas Butler to his son Samuel in 1878, after the latter had published *Erewhon, The Fair Haven*, and *Life and Habit* (the "Canterbury" to which the old man alluded being a volume of letters Butler had written from New Zealand, which his father himself had bowdlerized and published). Both the sentiment and its expression were perfectly characteristic of the relations between this most notorious Victorian parent and his long-suffering son. One recognizes at once the peculiarly disagreeable voice of the Reverend Theobald Pontifex, the small-minded and tyrannical father of Ernest Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh*, the novel which Butler was already writing in 1878 but which he arranged to have published only after his death.

Professor Silver has brought together in this volume a series of letters (two-thirds of which have never before been published) exchanged among members of the Butler family from the time when Samuel was a small boy at school until his father's death, the bulk of them being letters between Butler and the older man. They do little to mollify the harshness of the portrait of Theobald Pontifex in Butler's best-known work; on the contrary, they tend rather to confirm that harshness, or to suggest that it errs somewhat on the side of restraint. The elder Butler, these letters now make clear, was in actuality something of a monster of parental tyranny, of stupid incomprehension, bullying intolerance, and petty rancor. He was human, of course, and there is a certain pathos in the anxiety and disappointment his own stupidity and meanness brought upon him — in the person not only of Samuel Butler but also of a black-sheep younger son — but it is impossible to judge him as anything but an embodiment of the most repellent characteristics of Victorian middle-class parenthood. As such, he has an almost allegorical largeness of outline — for surely no book went farther toward discrediting the whole Victorian conception of the rights of parents than *The Way of All Flesh*. Quite unwittingly, Thomas Butler dug the grave of all the paternal bullies of his era.

"HE NEVER liked me, nor I him," said Butler in one of his notebook entries; "from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear him and dislike him." And quite understandably. It is clear from these letters that Thomas Butler disliked both of his sons from the beginning (though not the two submissive daughters), but disliked the older son the more intensely because he sensed, one feels sure, when Butler was still a boy, that he was a highly gifted child, who would make his mark in some unconventional and not really "respectable" manner, and outdistance his envious parent. That parent held the whip-hand over his sons because he also held the purse-strings, and these letters are to a very large extent — both amusingly and oppressively — concerned with the subject of money. The £ sign is everywhere in them, for Canon Butler objected pettishly to almost every choice his son suggested for a profession, sneered at his capacities for any of them, and threatened to cut him off without a penny if he should follow his inclinations and become a painter or a writer.

On the whole, Butler himself emerges in an honorable light from this miserable record; emerges as a stronger and even as a wiser character than Ernest Pontifex in the novel. He, too, was obsessed with the subject of money, but this becomes understandable in the light of all the circumstances; and meanwhile the dignity, the temperance, the calm self-respect that pervade most of the answers to his father's abusive letters are those of a young, and then a middle-aged, man who is essentially aware of his own superiority and capable of biding his time in spite of insensate opposition and dull misunderstanding. There were disagreeable traits in Butler's own make-up — and his resemblance to his father cannot be ignored — but some of his most genuine virtues shine out in this correspondence.

PROFESSOR SILVER has included not only letters between Butler and his father but letters to and from his unpleasant sisters, May and Harriet, and the original text of that incredible letter from the mother to her two sons, written when Fanny Butler was about to be "confined" and was convinced that she would not survive, and intended to be read by them when Samuel (then only six) should reach the age of sixteen. (Fanny Butler survived the confinement for thirty years.) This is the letter, both sanctimonious and hysterical, which Butler reproduced almost literally as having been written by Christina Pontifex in Chapter XXV of *The Way of All Flesh*. His own boyish letters to his mother from school are charming, and, all in all, this collection, painful as it mostly is, enhances and elevates our impression of Butler as a man.

NEWTON ARVIN is the biographer of Hawthorne, Whitman and Melville. He is the editor of The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals *and* The Selected Letters of Henry Adams.

LETTER from WALES

Ralph Maud

The Buganda are a nation: not a servile tribe like the Welsh in Britain —Amos Semba, Minister of Finance in Buganda.

It would certainly help to balance things if Europe had a few newly emancipated smaller nations. The unique contribution of Dr. Conor O'Brien and the Irish contingent in the Congo illustrates that the most useful bond between Africa and Europe will probably be the fellow feeling of the previously oppressed. Cannily taking his audience's viewpoint, Gwynfor Evans, President of Plaid Cymru (the Party of Wales), recently wrote in an Indian journal: "There still remain in Europe a few small nations without political self-government. . . . Two and a half million Welsh people live on a mountainous peninsula of 8,000 square miles on the West of the largest of the British isles." An independent Wales—one heard the phrase in Jamaican calypso recently — "would have a fine reception."

The people of Wales as a whole, however, have little inclination toward independence since, whatever Plaid Cymru might say, they feel quite well off as a quaint corner of Britain. Even the sophisticated polemicists at Coleg Harlech,

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RALPH MAUD is on the English faculty of the University of Buffalo.

Parlor Car Beer

They look coach, in the morning
pants wrinkled.
And I *am* coach, CHICAGO spelled out
across my front teeth.
Don't want to be sleeper.

They
look sleeper
coming in from the other end, the
dirty & tired
have a beer
with the rested & clean.

Get this:
we talked of the all England
ice skating championships, 1959

How
some skills pass the understanding
of the uninitiated
right in the middle of Nebraska

Edward Dorn

though very keen on Welshness in language, literature and life, argue that the present tolerant English rule preserves more than could be retained under home rule. The closing of mines and railway lines by the central (nationalized) authorities is debated inconsequentially by the thirty-six Welsh M.P.s in the House of Commons; but the people feel that they are still ahead of the game, being part of the going concern called Britain while enjoying the luxury of separate cultural patriotism.

And the larger nations, with their impersonal spacemen, might well envy a small nation the less expensive excitement of a poetry contest (the National Eisteddfod was held last month in Llanelly) in which the winner turns out to be everybody's cousin. Wales is just of a size that anyone who distinguishes himself is fussed or worried over (including, currently, Richard Burton on Circe's island). This kind of recognition from one's cultural group, which is also one's nation, is a luxury that the world could do with more of. As a visitor, I have been seduced into the self-deception that I am, after all, a Welshman. It began in that piece of Welsh soil in London, Griffs Bookshop, just off Trafalgar Square. The four brothers, the proprietors, survey you with suspicion; for, if you have no connection at any point with Wales, then you cannot be thought to exist. But, encouragingly, any connection at all. . . . Hurriedly I found a Swansea grandmother and a professional interest in a Welsh poet who died not many years ago in New York. Laughter and happiness: they knew my grandmother and they knew my poet.

My address for the past three months has been "Bennar, Dolgellau, Wales"—a convenient and endearing conciseness. The postmen of the world, at least, know Wales as a nation. And Dolgellau knows all its houses by name, who owns them, who has lived in them, and who is living in them. I arrived temporarily penniless, and lived for three weeks by grace of the local bank manager. In a small town, in a small country, human dignity counts for something.

I attended a meeting of the Merioneth County Finance Committee. The minutes, reports and other formalities were conducted in English; but when it came to the question of buying some old Army huts near Trawsfynydd, the Committee somehow found itself better able to argue it out in Welsh, the language of the shops, streets and farms. Although I believe that a non-Welsh-speaking Wales could justifiably have national status, the persistent and widespread use of Welsh is one of the more obvious signs of separateness.

For a whole afternoon I watched two farmers shearing. The sheep belonged to one of them; the other farmer was his neighbor. Not on particularly good terms as to their fences, still they had worked together from early morning and would go on till dusk at this rather unpleasant task: one farmer sits back hugging the sheep, holding the rear legs open, while his partner clips off the dirty wool from around the rear end. This kind of cooperation is built into the system of hill farming. Rounding up the sheep for lambing in the spring is a mass "collective" effort; each day a different farmer gets the services of all the farmers of the area. This comitatus functions regardless of personal animosities, and has its counterpart in the mining valleys of South Wales, where the strong voluntary unions do everything but run the pits—and could, it seems to some people, very well do that. The two basic occupations of Wales, then, are indigenously cooperative; and the voting record shows that, left to itself, Wales would have had an easy-going Socialist government decades ago.

Great natural beauty and resources, an amiable and talented people, a host of distinguishing characteristics to be proud of—Wales is the kind of country where you swear to yourself to throw nothing, *nothing*, out of the car window. It has all a small country might want, except self-determination. In these comparatively affluent days, the Welshmen who feel a bitterness about the missing element, who feel that without self-determination Wales is no bet-

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ter than a side show, a national park, an Indian reservation, are bound to be few in number. But they are also bound to be among the best. While Plaid Cymru loses election after election, more and more of the best writers and thinkers are joining.

THOUGH a small minority, the members of Plaid Cymru eschew fanaticism—following the lead of their president in this. I visited Gwynfor Evans and his large, young family in their comfortable home near Llangadog. He is descended from land owners in the region, and is himself a trained solicitor and gentleman farmer. A pleasant host, rather on the Kennedy model, he is very much at ease with life; his political devotions come out of very natural affections. It is some years now since he led a group in blocking the entrance to an Army camp (September, 1951, as a matter of fact—a good while before sit-downs became "popular" in other countries). Nowadays the Party is concentrating on local government, literally on *home* rule, rather than on trying (and failing) to send members to Parliament.

Plaid Cymru is much concerned about the moral means of achieving its ends, but it is hard to see how it can succeed without exerting some form of blackmail on the British Government, using the threat of an aggrieved populace. The blundering days of George III are long gone, and good grievances are hard to come by. The remoteness of Plaid Cymru's ideal goals offsets their attractiveness. Nevertheless, Welsh Nationalism presents a personal problem for each Welshman. I was interested to see how an old friend of mine, Meredydd Evans, lecturer in philosophy and well-known singer of Welsh ballads in Boston, Massachusetts, and in Bangor, North Wales, solved the dilemma for himself. One of the pamphlets I picked up at the house of Gwynfor Evans was a collection of statements from a dozen new members of the Party. Summarizing his position, Meredydd Evans wrote: "I considered it a hopeless task to win over most of the Welsh electorate to Plaid Cymru. I now realize that this is no excuse for not giving what support I may be able to give to Y Plaid's efforts. Moreover, it is obvious that its impact on Welsh political and social life is steadily increasing. It has now gained one more person's support; may it gain more."

A benign nationalism, this. And with wider implications. In our Kafkaesque world, we are all members of one "servile tribe" or other.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

Is Caroline News?

Dear Sirs: In my opinion as a newspaperman, Sister Mary Paul Paye's "The Kennedy Cult" (*The Nation*, August 11) is mostly nonsense. . . . Her article seems to be based on two popular fallacies about the press. One is that publicity necessarily implies approval. The other is that publicity is necessarily beneficial.

My impression, after thirty years in the newspaper business, is that overexposure can be just as dangerous for politicians as for television comedians. It destroyed the late Senator McCarthy. It has already caused some irritation in connection with the Kennedy family, an irritation your author seems to share.

She advances the dubious notion that the publication of so much feature material about the Kennedy family crowds out more significant news about the Presidency.

Actually, the problem is not too much frivolous reporting about the Kennedy family but too much frivolous reporting on all subjects. The death of Marilyn Monroe has distorted the news far more this month than the vacation of Jacqueline and Caroline Kennedy in Italy.

New York City CLIFTON DANIEL
The New York Times

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to *The Nation* for publishing the article by Sister Mary Paul Paye. The dangers, insidious and otherwise, which this article describes deserve the thoughtful consideration of every alert citizen.

GIFFORD B. DOXSEE
Department of History
Athens, Ohio. Ohio University

The Peace Store

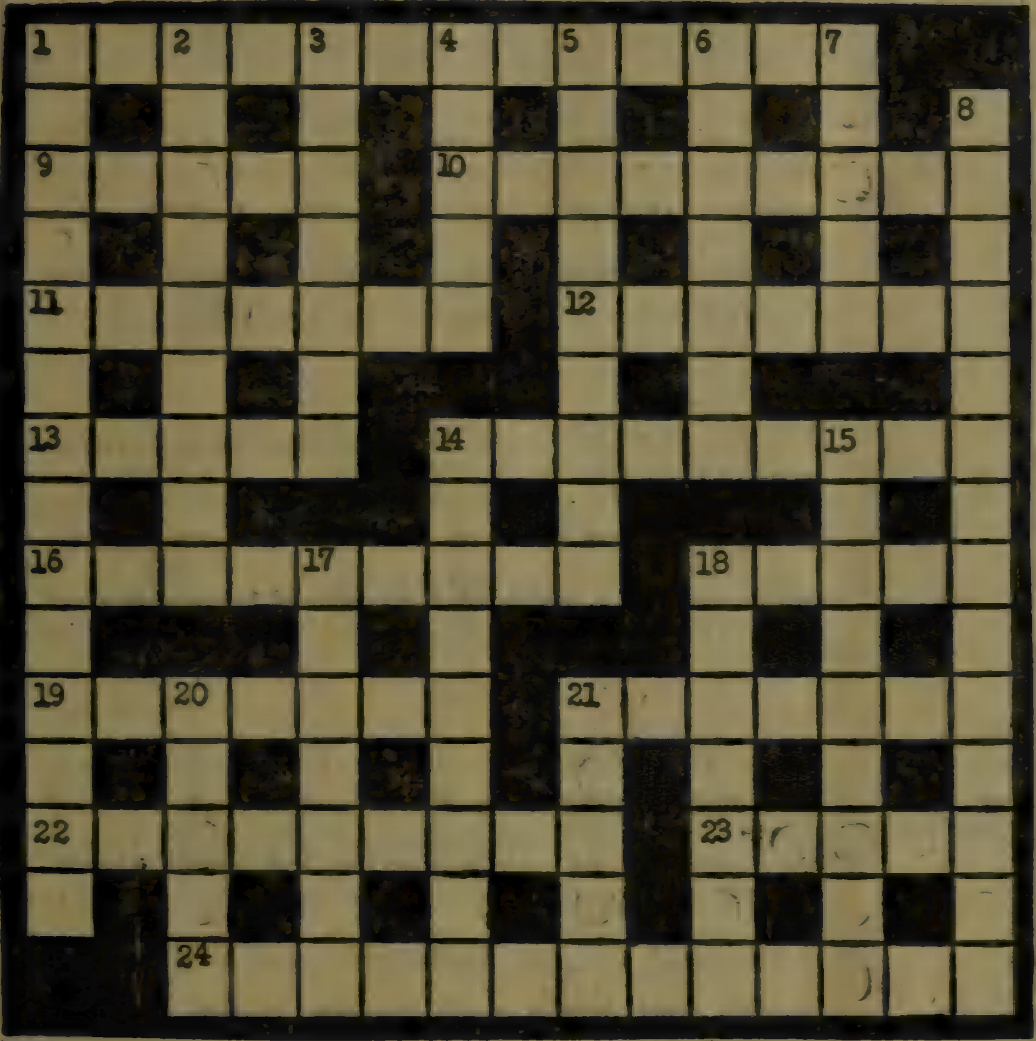
Dear Sirs: If Mr. Arthur Dean at Geneva wishes to prove that the Kennedy Administration desires peaceful relations with Russia, he will spend less time trying to get the Soviets to sign a treaty . . . and instead place an order with the USSR for six shiploads of raw materials. . . . If I go into a store run by an Italian, or by a Jew, or by an Irishman, do I show bitterness or distrust because of his nationality? Not at all! If the goods are right, I buy. When I see him again, he greets me pleasantly.

Why can't Mr. Dean go back to this ancient method of establishing friendly relations?

Burbank, Calif. JOHN MANNING

Crossword Puzzle No. 974

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Homer, perhaps, should have a message. (7, 6)
9 This might be rather *drôle*, but you'll probably get it. (5)
10 If one weren't loud, one might be only mischievous, but one of the deep sort. (9)
11 Baseball teams, or typified by the muses. (7)
12 It might be an inducement for continuing layers. (4, 3)
13 Tracks things in the shape of 12.
14 Sail on the ice in the fall? (9)
16 Not an illegal diamond operation, though hardly recommended for those in the traffic. (3-3-3)
18 Exhortation of the health faddist to be appropriate? (5)
19 Havelock Ellis said all civilization has from time to time become a thin crust over one of revolution. (7)
21 A name, it seems, for imbecility. (7)
22 Certainly not a telling description.
23 What many an old-time baseball player does sounds as though an option is expected. (5)
24 One might not expect to find the naval text gray out of bounds. (13)

DOWN:

1 Rather 22 but logical way to play a heart flush? (5, 2, 3, 4)
2 Not exactly essential for the Russian and German worker, perhaps.
3 Where one wouldn't expect to find 15 parking? (7)
4 What some go for in iridescence?
5 One assumes a Bach number did not spring from necessity, however. (9)
6 Secures for cause. (7)
7 In conclusion, 21 down and 22 should be rather simple. (5)
8 This novel doesn't imply the super-weapon is at hand. (3, 5, 6)
14 Nothing in the manner of the chairman suggests such an instrument. (9)
15 Your car certainly won't be in the way here. (3-6)
17 A broken pledge might be the closest thing to it. (7)
18 Proving one rock makes another. (7)
20 Did the one referred to in 19 owe a good deal to this philosopher? (5)
21 Make a field of the compass point in space. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 973

ACROSS: 1 Incur; 4 Fit to kill; 9 Deauville; 10 Topic; 11 Diphthong; 12 Ilion; 13 Strychnine; 17 Stay-at-home; 21 Tower; 22 Larghetto; 23 Roost; 24 Enclosing; 25 Caparison; 26 Title. DOWN: 1 Iodide; 2 Cramps; 3 Revets; 4 Fallout shelters; 5 The Ugly American; 6 Outright; 7 Implicit; 8 Licenses; 14 Esoteric; 15 War whoop; 16 Narrator; 18 Throat; 19 Strict; 20 Goggle.

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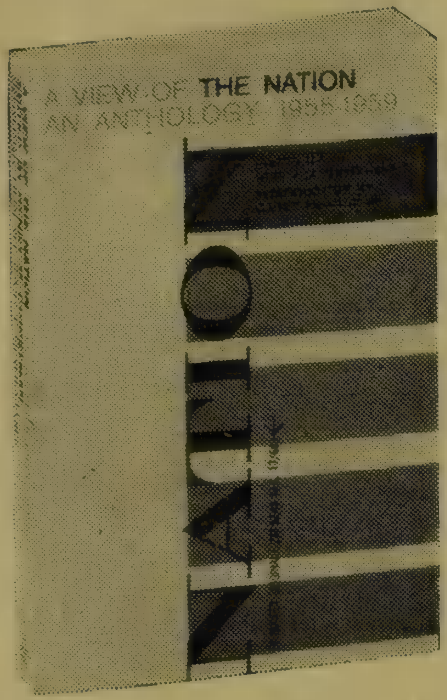

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The authors represented include J. Bronowski, Kenneth Burke, David Cort, George P. Elliott, Harry Golden, Robert Hatch, Josephine Herbst, Myron Lieberman, Carey McWilliams, Eve Merriam, Stanley Meisler, Walter Millis, Kenneth Rexroth, M. L. Rosenthal, Harvey Swados, Wade Thompson, Dan Wakefield and a host of others.

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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 8, 1962 . . 25c

ECONOMICS OF DISARMAMENT

William S. Royce

Failure in Congress

The Leaderless Liberals

Gar Alperovitz and Kim Willenson

Fear in a Small Town

The Editor vs. the Sheriff

Gene Wirges

LETTERS

Doctors and Ballots

Dear Sirs: I was amazed to read the purported account by Mark Gayn of the Medicare issue in Saskatchewan ["Doctors vs. the People," July 28]. From the outset, it is obvious that this man has not been in Saskatchewan at any time during the controversy. . . .

Mr. Gayn has forgotten to mention a few very significant happenings that are a matter of fact, not of opinion. For instance, in preparation for the Federal election of June 18 last, the New Democratic Party under its leader, Mr. T. C. Douglas, made the introduction of a compulsory, government-sponsored medical care plan a main plank in its platform. This was particularly stressed in Saskatchewan where the local provincial NDP government is fighting for its political life. When the election results were at hand on the night of June 18, every single NDP candidate in Saskatchewan had been soundly defeated, and one of those who sustained the biggest defeat of all was the aforementioned Mr. T. C. Douglas who managed to get barely more than half of the votes garnered by the Progressive Conservative winner. This despite the fact that an NDP slogan for the election was "A vote for the P.C.'s is a vote for the M.D.'s." Province-wide, the NDP obtained only 22 per cent of the popular vote (and 13.4 per cent throughout the whole country). M. J. Twohig
Regina, Sask.

Dear Sirs: Nowhere in the article — datelined Toronto—did I indicate I was in Saskatchewan during the dispute. My story was based on a dozen long telephone conversations with key participants on both sides of the controversy, as well as on information gathered by *The Star's* own large team which covered the province as no other newspaper did.

Mr. Twohig's letter demonstrates it is possible to be on the scene and yet be confused. The Medical Care Plan was the main, if not the only, issue in the *provincial* election of June, 1960. In this election, the Socialists won 38 of 55 seats in the provincial legislature, and took this as a public endorsement of their Medicare proposal. As Mr. Twohig should know, when the *federal* election came around two years later, the Medicare bill had already been in the law books of the province for eight months, and wheat sale rather than Medicare was on the voters' minds. In this *federal* election, *as in the previous two* (in which Medicare was not an issue), the Conservatives emerged triumphant. Nationally, the Socialists improved their vote this year to nearly 14 per cent, from 10 per cent in the previous federal election in 1958. Mark Gayn
Toronto

Marilyn Monroe

Dear Sirs: In his article on Marilyn Monroe [issue of August 25] Lincoln Kirstein states: "More than predictably, the filthiest footnote appeared in *Time's* anonymity. Recapping every detail which could exude a faintly pornographic whiff, its final diapason rolled: 'All the same she was a star; it hardly matters she never quite became an actress.' Get that *'quite.'* "

Except for the accurate quote of the concluding line, I would say that any resemblance between Mr. Kirstein's and the article is purely accidental. It seems to me that Mr. Kirstein owes Barry Farrell, who did the *Time* piece, an apology. George Bluestone
New York City

Mr. Kirstein's reaction to Time's *obituary was clearly a matter of taste, or rather distaste, and he would therefore be unlikely to apologize for it. If an apology had been called for, he could scarcely owe it to an individual, in view of* Time's *policy of group journalism.*—Editors.

Yes and No

Dear Sirs: Lincoln Kirstein's article on Marilyn Monroe was excellent; but Senator Proxmire's ("Spendthrifts for Defense") was certainly in the wrong publication: he should have sent it to *The National Review.* Guy Caparelli
New York City

What's the Use?

Dear Sirs: A group of psychiatrists, psychologists, writers and laymen have gotten together here in Los Angeles because of our interest in the emotional impact of the nuclear age and the cold war upon our children.

When our group was meeting, several child psychiatrists reported that they had heard many expressions of concern about children. One mother stated that she was driving her car with her two children and the children dropped to the floor when they heard a siren. Another mother reported that her seven-year-old boy refused to practice his piano lesson, saying, "What's the use? Next year we'll all be dead anyway." . . . A child accused his parents of not loving him, not caring for his safety, because they were not building a family fallout shelter.

The material which we are accumulating will be part of a public discussion held here in Los Angeles this fall. . . . The theme of this meeting will be: "What Shall We Tell Our Children?"

We would welcome any suggestions and we would be particularly happy to obtain more case material. All interested can write me at 4454 Clayton Avenue.
Los Angeles, Calif. Daniel Panger

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The Nation, Sept. 8, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 6

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14. Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 6

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

When Is a Law Not a Law?

The answer is when it involves an assault on a government tinged with communism. In that event the Department of Justice can be relied on to prove that no law has been violated or, if there was a purely technical violation, well, boys will be boys.

On August 24, at 11:30 in the evening, buildings on the shore line of Miramar, the Havana suburb, were shelled from the sea. The shells were small — 20mm — and the damage was slight. The principal effect was to give Fidel Castro a chance to bawl that the United States had launched another attack on Cuba and to mobilize and reinvigorate his militia. What had actually happened was obscure until the following day, when the Cuban Student Revolutionary Directorate, an exile organization of former Havana University students, issued a statement in Miami avowing that two ships manned by their members "bombarded the Chaplin Theatre on Miramar First Street while a meeting of Russians and Czechoslovaks recently arrived in Cuba was being held. Cannon shots destroyed the place where these foreigners that dare to invade our country were assembled."

Except that no meeting was being held, the Chaplin Theatre was not hit, and the foreigners were not invaders, this account was accurate. To fill in the details, three leaders of the Revolutionary Directorate announced that they had led the expedition, composed of twenty-three men. The three gave their names and had themselves photographed by the United Press. The ships were 36-foot motorboats based in Miami and the number of shells fired was said to be sixty, although other reports indicated that this was twice the actual number. There was no longer any doubt, however, that the boats had shot up the Havana shore front to the best of their ability, such as it was. The leaders of the expedition, moreover, had presented the government with all the evidence needed for an indictment under Title 18 of the United States Code, which declares it a crime to launch "a military expedition or enterprise" from the United States against a country with which the United States is not at war.

In Miami, the Coast Guard impounded the two boats. In Washington, the Justice Department began issuing statements through an anonymous spokesman, explaining, in effect, that the English language has become an unknown tongue, engraved on stone in hieroglyphics which scholars had been unable to decipher. First, asked the spokesman, who could be certain that the boats had not touched at some Caribbean island en route to Havana? Obviously, then, no military expedition or enterprise had been launched from the United States. Second, did shooting up the Havana waterfront with such light weapons as 20mm cannon constitute a military expedition or enterprise? Rather, it might be considered in the nature of a symbolic act, un-actionable under the law.

Finally, if any doubt remained, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had already dispelled it. He had personally ruled that the 1,000-man rebel landing in April, 1961, did not constitute a military expedition, consequently there had been no prosecutions under the Neutrality Act. Such prosecutions would indeed have been awkward, since the U.S. Government would have had to prosecute itself.

To make things absolutely clear, Attorney General Kennedy's opinion was cited verbatim. He told what the law allows and what it prohibits. "What the law does prohibit," he said, "is a group organized as a military expedition from departing from the United States to take action as a military force against a nation with whom the United States is at peace." Twenty-three men are not a group. Even a thousand may not be a group, much less a military force. Shooting does not make a military expedition, and departure from the United States depends on where the nonmilitary expedition goes. If the United States is on bad terms with the country to which the non-group innocently goes, we are not at peace with it, although we may not be at war either. The Department of Justice has made an unforgettable contribution to the epistemology of the law, and now all that remains is to restore the boats to their rightful owners.

Lucky Massachusetts!

Who won the first Ted Kennedy-Ed McCormack debate? One correspondent who went all the way from New York to Boston to be in the same hall with the young statesmen found it hard to say. Many who saw and heard a short but probably representative section of the debate on TV found the decision easy. Both boys lost.

Neither is unattractive, and if they were running for alderman, or trying out for a part in amateur theatricals, it would be a tossup. The trouble is they are running for the United States Senate. The average IQ of the Senate has never been determined, but it must be well above 100, since the job is a desirable one and it takes a certain amount of acumen, as well as money and backing, to get it. Unless Messrs. McCormack and Kennedy did themselves grave injustice, however, the election of either would appreciably lower the intelligence level of a body which has had so many august members and still has a few. The debate was held in the auditorium of the South Boston High School. There are plenty of high school debaters who acquit themselves better.

Since Ed is a South Boston alumnus, he had the gallery with him and he took full advantage of the fact. His principal indictment of Ted was that he had traveled in Europe, Latin America and Africa. And he had never worked for a living. And he was the President's brother. Ted, the more polite and impersonal of the two, refrained from retorting that Ed's uncle is Speaker of the House of Representatives which, judging by the way legislation has been going recently, is a position more important than the Presidency in any case.

Yet the Democrats of Massachusetts are fortunate. They can vote for Ed or Ted in the primaries, as they choose. Then, in November, they can vote for H. Stuart Hughes, an independent, who is not only a Harvard professor but a scholar, who is running on a rational and practical peace platform, and who in any single sentence he utters makes more sense than the Democratic contestants can muster between them in two hours of debate. The net result of their polemic, so far, is to make Hughes look even better than he looked before.

No Room for Bargaining

In its September 1 issue *America*, the Jesuit weekly, ran an editorial titled, "To Our Jewish Friends." It began: "Since June 25, date of the Supreme Court's decision on the Regent's prayer case, there have been disturbing hints of heightened anti-Semitic feeling." Full responsibility for taking the issue to court, the editorial went on, is not to be pinned on the Jewish community, since not only Jewish groups opposed the prayer, but also the American Civil Liberties Union, the Ethical Culture Society, Humanist organizations, some Unitarians, many atheists "and certain other groups with doctrinaire views on the meaning and application of the principle of separation of Church and State." And the Jews themselves, *America* conceded, are divided on the issue.

Nevertheless, the Jews are likely to receive the brunt of the blame, especially if efforts are made to follow up this judicial victory in other sensitive areas, such as birth control, Sunday-closing laws, censorship, child adoption, etc. "We wonder, therefore," *America* concluded, "whether it is not time for provident leaders of American Judaism to ask their more militant colleagues whether what is gained through the courts by such victories is worth the breakdown of community relations which will inevitably follow. What will have been accomplished if our Jewish friends win all the legal immunities they seek, but thereby paint themselves into a corner of social and cultural alienation?"

This does sound somewhat minatory, and somewhat patronizing, too. *America*, however, is a very intelligently edited paper, and its general tone is one of moderation and good will. Its audience is mainly one of Catholic intellectuals, lay and clerical, and it has never had any appeal for Christian Fronters and the like. The fact is, unfortunately, that the warning is probably well-founded. Nor is it fair to say, as the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Central Conference of American Rabbis said in a joint statement, that "in the guise of a kindly warning *America* is encouraging the very evil it claims to be trying to avert." There are Catholic — and Protestant — papers of which this might be truly said, but *America* is not one of them.

What is wrong with the stand *America* advocates is that it is cowardly and amoral. The magazine asks American Jews "what bargain they are willing to strike as one of the minorities in a pluralistic society." Many of them are willing to strike any bargain at all — all they want is to be accepted by the predominantly Christian community, or at least not to be disliked. But there are other Jews who will not purchase tolerance on these terms. As devoutly as *America*, and many Americans, believe in prayer in the public schools, other Americans believe the Constitution says it must be kept out, and they purpose to continue to use the courts to keep it out. And of course it is not a Jewish question at all. There are far more Protestants than Jews who hold these beliefs, and the beliefs themselves were first promulgated by non-Jews; there was probably not a single Jew among the framers of the Constitution or the Bill of Rights.

Jews are often contemned or hated for no reason except that they are Jews. They are the social victims of those in whom hatred is bred, and for whom a feeling of racial superiority is a necessity. If, in the controversy over a basic tenet of our political philosophy, the Jews incur obloquy, it will be in a good cause. And if our country is so precariously poised on the racial abyss, we might as well know it today as tomorrow.

FAILURE IN CONGRESS

The Leaderless Liberals . . *Gar Alperovitz and Kim Willenson*

A LEADER of liberal Democrats in the House of Representatives shrugged his shoulders recently and said wistfully: "The 87th Congress is a dead issue as far as we're concerned. The only thing we can do is act like baseball fans—wait till next year."

From the liberal point of view, no more succinct assessment of the 87th Congress has been made. It has been a dismal failure. It has reverted to know-nothingism and do-nothingism. It has struck down nearly every significant program presented to it. Aid to education, farm subsidy reform, medical care for the aged, revision of drug controls—all have gone by the board. In truth, the only significant piece of legislation that did pass the House under the "liberal" title this session was the President's trade and tariff reform bill.

The tragedy of it is that none of this had to happen. There are 260 Democrats in the House, of whom 110 are Southern conservatives. Subtracting also a scattering of Representatives from the urban and rural North who are "old style" Democrats, there still remain 125 seats occupied by men who are liberal with respect to any legislation now pending or conceivable in the foreseeable future. If they had organized for power as the conservatives have been doing for years, if they had bargained from strength as well as voted from principle, there is more than an even chance that they would have been successful in passing at least some of the liberal legislation.

When the 87th met in 1961, the liberals were highly optimistic. Although they had lost about twenty seats in the 1960 elections, they had gained a new, young, dynamic President, who talked in terms of sweeping social reform and regaining the initiative in international affairs. Their new President, unfortunately, led them into a trap. For the liberals were over-willing—indeed, they were overjoyed—to "let Jack do it" when it came to guiding the country along the liberal path. And when it turned out that Jack couldn't, wouldn't, or didn't want to assume the leadership, the liberals were boxed in.

By refusing his option to take command, Mr. Kennedy not only relinquished leadership to the old men at the top of the Congressional ladder; he also made it almost impossible for the House liberals to lead him and his legislation out of the morass—even if they had wanted to. For some liberals, it was impossible to organize for leadership because of their election fears—they did not want to stick their necks out beyond JFK. But the bulk of the Congressional liberals did not lead because they are entrenched in a power system of their own. They do not step out of line because they are bent on pleasing the Congressional elite.

Hoping to climb the ladders of their Congressional committees, they curry favor with the leadership. For to be known as someone who is "with" the leadership means a chance to be assigned to major committees, and to be placed on exciting and important subcommittees. It means approval of pet projects from the "pork barrel." It means that a Representative's best bills will be given a hearing by those higher up the ladder of seniority; and that means they will have a chance of acceptance.

It is very difficult for today's liberal Representative to get away with openly criticizing the leadership or the President. He fears that being openly more liberal than the President will gain him a reputation for instability among his colleagues. He thinks he cannot criticize what are often weak-kneed or downright conservative Administration policies without acquiring a reputation as a fuzzy thinker or a "pink"; without being accused of damaging the party; and most important of all, without antagonizing the leadership.

That is, as an individual he can't. But as a member of a solid voting bloc as well organized and integrated as the conservative Southern Democrats or the Republicans, he could. If a liberal knew that he had the 125 votes of the Northern Democrats solidly behind him, he could afford to defy the leadership.

THE liberals sensed this in 1960 when Rep. William Colmer (D., Miss.) and four other Southerners defied the entire party by bolting the national ticket as members of the Electoral College. At that time, the liberals tried to kill two birds with one stone. They tried to punish Colmer by ousting him from his seniority and committee positions. More important, they made a major effort to unblock the House Rules Committee by unseating him from it. But when the party caucused, the liberals found themselves lacking the majority for a move which might have revamped the House.

They found that they couldn't count on the big-city delegations, which had bartered away their votes, or on the older Northern Democrats, who were already well up the seniority ladder and didn't want to see the system destroyed. In the meantime, the 110 members of the Southern bloc made it clear that they would vote en masse for Colmer.

If in this key test at the beginning of the first New Frontier Congress—as in other instances—the liberals had turned themselves into a solid voting bloc, their power would have been multiplied many-fold. But the liberals demur, arguing they have no "mandate from the people." They point to their twenty lost seats, and to the fact that the President's margin in 1960 was less than one per cent, as evidence that there is little popular sentiment for reform. (This is not true, of course, for the lost seats were for the most part in marginal districts which had been unexpectedly taken in the landslide Democratic year of 1958. Moreover, liberals in most of the country ran well ahead of Mr. Kennedy.)

But ironically, as soon as the liberals have finished with the "no mandate" excuse, they turn around and cry that Mr. Kennedy isn't using

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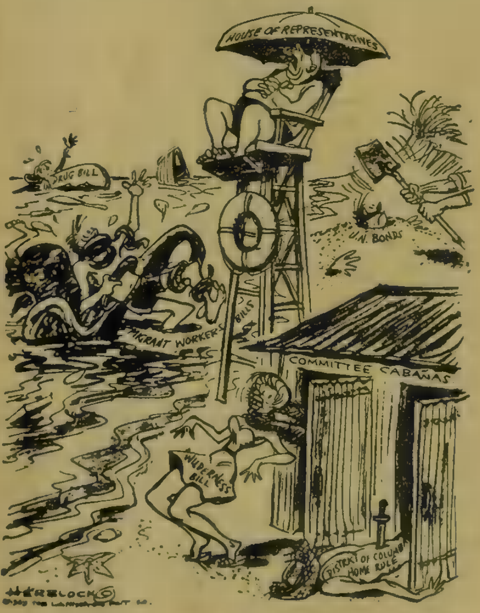
his mandate strongly enough. They argue vehemently that during the Progressive era and the New Deal, vigorous Presidents—the two Roosevelts—demanded and got action from Congress. But this too is a liberal excuse for impatience and laziness. For the liberals conveniently ignore the fact that fiery progressives and liberals lighted the way for these two Presidents. When T.R. was in the White House, Sen. Robert LaFollette was sitting on Capitol Hill demanding vigorous action to curb the trusts, control the railroads and create the income tax. With LaFollette and the Progressives out ahead, T.R. could point to these demands as a way of getting conservatives to accept his more cautious program.

Again, when Franklin D. Roosevelt occupied the White House, the liberals were pushing for a 30-hour work week to curb unemployment. The conservatives snapped up F.D.R.'s milder offer of 40 hours.

"But we cannot be ahead of the President," the liberals argue. "In the old days the more radical a man was, the less he had to worry about keeping his seat in Congress." And again the liberals conveniently forget a political fact of life—that the temper of the country does not just "happen." It is made, and it could be made as easily by the liberals in the future as it has been by the conservatives in the past. Sentiment on many issues can be manufactured as easily as it can be assumed.



The Washington Post.

"Ho Hum — It's Sure Dull Around Here."

Indeed, the essence of the liberal failure in the House can be understood by comparing their excuses for inaction with the successes of hard-hitting and diametrically opposed operations on two bills recently before the House—the trade-tariff proposal and the medical-care measure.

The Administration forces knew from the beginning that the trade measure would face its toughest fight in the House, where members are most easily influenced by cotton planters and textile-mill owners, coal miners and oil importers, small pottery manufacturers, bicycle builders, tuna fishermen and others whose livelihoods are directly affected by foreign competition. It was to this area that the Administration delivered its only effective attack of the Congressional years, the exception that demonstrated the rule of mediocre leadership.

BEGINNING last December, it called leaders of such diverse organizations as the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the AFL-CIO, and the American Farm Bureau Federation to meet with White House personnel. They were exhorted to rise above their immediate interests and look to the future of the nation and the Western world. They were promised an immense harvest of benefits in the future; and for the present they were offered subsidies and retraining programs to soften the local impact of foreign competition. They went away from the meetings convinced, and they spread the word across the land.

Beyond this, the Administration sent spokesmen on speaking tours before local trade associations and individual merchants and manufacturers. After the selling job, they came back and told the Representatives of districts they had visited what the local elites were thinking and doing about the trade bill. Proof that the selling job was a success came to the Congressmen through the pages of their local newspapers. It is not surprising that the bill sailed through the House, by a vote of 298 to 125.

The story of the medical-aid bill is a mirror image of the trade legislation. No Presidential drive for passage of this bill was ever really launched. It was put off in 1961, partly because Mr. Kennedy was concentrating on the aid to education bill, and didn't want to turn the liberal screws on Congress too tightly at the start, and partly because at a mid-April conference with the House and Senate leadership, he was advised that the bill would have a better chance during the 1962 session—an election year in which Congress could be expected to follow its traditional practice of throwing a social-security sop to the voters.

But when 1962 rolled around, the President still sat on his hands. He accepted the view presented to him by the Congressional leadership that he could get either the trade bill or the medical-care bill through the House Ways and Means Committee. It appears now that the strategy adopted around the beginning of the year was to dump the latter bill while attempting to get as much political mileage out of it as possible. The requirement was not *passage* but a roll-call vote, during which Republicans could be expected to go on record against medicare, thereby setting up an important campaign issue.

IN THE meantime, the American Medical Association, smelling a threat to its fees, had begun manufacturing sentiment as soon as the proposal was set forth. It went hat in hand, during the first session, to some of the same powerful bodies that the President used in his campaign for trade. It struck a bald bargain with the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and the NAM: support for opposition to federal aid for education, in exchange for support in opposition to medical care under Social Security. It got the American Bar Association to endorse its position. In a single six-month period (Jan.-June, 1961) it spent $140,000 on lobbying — more than any other group in the capital.

And it went ruthlessly after individual Congressmen, using the only variety of patronage it had at hand —campaign funds. It decided that the best place to make a stand was in committee, where only a small number of Congressmen would have to be "influenced," and where it did not run the risk of letting the political combustibility of the issue sway the minds of Representatives who might otherwise be counted on to remain in ranks. So it attacked the men sitting on the House Ways and Means Committee who had been expected to vote for the bill. Doctors in home districts freely admitted to reporters that they had raised what one of them termed "substantial" amounts of money for the campaigns. There were reports that two committee members switched votes at about the time they began receiving large campaign contributions from doctors.

The AMA's pressure tactics were so effective that the Administration began to realize there was not only little chance of getting the bill through the House, but little chance of getting it to the floor. So it abruptly switched its attention to the Senate, but there, too, it found the opposition well prepared. When the bill finally came to a vote on the floor, it was defeated by a coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats that left the Administration and the liberals staggering.

The story of these two bills is an effective counter to the liberal argument that a "real demand for social reform" does not exist today, and that therefore it is impossible to get progressive legislation through the Congress. For the tale of the trade bill demonstrates that powerful support can be whipped up where it did not exist before; and the history of the medical-care bill proves that even where popular sentiment is pushing in one direction it is possible through hard work and organization to get Congress to move in the other.

What is really wrong with the liberals is not that they are foolish men, but that they are unwilling to undergo the pain of strict discipline or to undertake the difficult tasks of organization that effective legislative action requires. It is much easier, much less painful, to ride along with the seniority system and the entrenched leadership than it is to defy the organization by setting up a solid voting bloc and demanding a price for cooperation.

In point of fact, the liberals have enough strength in the House—if they could be assured of a bloc vote—to prevent either the conservative Democrats or the Republicans from organizing the body alone. By threatening to withhold their support from the organization, they could force the conservatives to give in on demands for liberal legislation. And they could get significant changes in the seniority system itself, which would put fresh life into many of the stodgy, encrusted strongholds of the diehard Southern leadership.

THE QUESTION is whether they will do it. The answer is that it appears to be possible, but it is unlikely. The possibility comes from the fact that the Democratic Study Group—the closest thing that House liberals have to a caucus of their own—has a new chairman, John Blatnik (D., Minn.) who is talking in terms of substantial reorganization. Already the number of areas into which the group divides the country has been reduced from five to three, and leaders of the research and campaign committees have been made members of the group's executive committee. The group has begun to lay plans for the fall campaign.

But the DSG is a weak amalgam of 100-150 liberals that was founded in September, 1959, to promote liberal legislation, and while it has done a good deal of legislative research, and even a bit of campaigning, it has never made much of an effort to become a hard-nosed political body, intent on passing laws. It does absolutely nothing in the way of manipulating the press, or in playing with patronage and pork barrel to line up votes.

While it conceives of itself as a group of "liberals of a new breed—more interested in performance than publicity, undoctrinaire, hard-headed, schooled and skilled practitioners of the legislative art," it consistently has failed to undertake the very actions that would make this glowing description a reality.

The House liberals, like liberals everywhere, think of themselves as intelligent, sensitive, but highly independent men. "They regard themselves as mavericks," says one liberal leader. "There are so many forces at work on them, such constant interaction between members of the group and between the group and outside forces, and there are dozens of other considerations. It isn't surprising that they don't act as a bloc." Indeed it isn't. But until the liberals think twice about the dismal 87th Congress and do start acting as a bloc, there can be little hope for progress on the New Frontier.

ECONOMICS OF DISARMAMENT . . *by William S. Royce*

COMPARATIVELY few economists in the United States have had either the opportunity or interest to think through the broad question of disarmament and its economic impacts in terms of the real world. Most of those who have considered the question at all take positions at one of two extremes: they do a quick double-take at the thought of an America that is suddenly bereft of all defenses, and rush back to the arms race, or they mentally abolish the defense budget overnight and then become overwhelmed by the $46 billion question: How to replace that huge gap in the gross national product?

These people see either a hopeless defense problem or a hopeless conversion problem. In either case, they forget that neither a "defense" nor a "gross national product" is a single entity. What really would happen throughout the economy in the wake of an approach to disarmament can be known only if one examines the separate reactions and decisions made by a host of persons—individuals,

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corporations and agencies—each of them motivated by differing goals and preferences.

The hasty conclusion that elimination of the defense budget would mean ruin for the "aerospace industry" or the "electronics industry" is wholly unwarranted. It would have great impact, to be sure, on such companies, but the extent of the impact would depend on how well each company had prepared for such an event, what alternatives were available to it, and what other conditions affected its ability to carry out its plans.

Similarly, the impact on any given community would be not just a simple subtraction of defense dollars now poured into it from military contracts, but the complex result of numerous actions taken by the official agencies, business firms, families and individuals that compose it.

THE assumptions that must be made by any person having a planning function related to some future disarmament move are of several types: timing, or the schedule of specific actions; the nature of the world that will exist at various stages along the timetable; the division of responsibilities among government, industry, labor, communities, for coping with specific problems; and the policies to be followed by government regarding various alternatives open to defense industries converting to non-defense activities.

I consider it grossly unrealistic to assume that a transition from the present arms race to a condition of general and complete disarmament (GCD) would take place in as abrupt a span as five years, despite the fact that certain proposals under international negotiation call for such "fast" action. International agreements of so vast and profound a nature simply do not get implemented so quickly. Realistic planning for adjustment to an eventual state of disarmament should be based on a series of transitional steps—stages of arms control—each of which would have its own impact on the economy.

Given three to five years in which to prepare disarmament plans, and a span of five to ten years during which they would be carried out, both public and private agencies should be able to make the necessary adjustments without undue hardship on any major sector of industry or segment of the population.

THIS brings us to some consideration of the nature of a world in which two great power blocs, each totally opposed to the other's socio-economic-political system, may have achieved a negotiated state of disarmament. Very little thought has been given to the subject: most people mentally say "good riddance to the military" and assume we could relax. But is this realistic?

In all their proposals for GCD, the Soviet leaders have never once renounced belief in their destiny to rule the world. On the other hand, they have repeatedly promised to "bury us"—if not militarily, then in the political, economic and social graveyards. Let me recall the official statement of Soviet doctrine on "peaceful coexistence":

> . . . The chief force of aggression and war is U.S. imperialism. . . . The policy of peaceful coexistence is a policy of mobilizing the masses and launching vigorous action against the enemies of peace. Peaceful coexistence of states does not imply renunciation of the class struggle . . . [it] is a form of class struggle between socialism and capitalism.

Clearly, even in the event of a retreat from the arms race, we must anticipate continued Soviet-Allied confrontation across other segments of the spectrum of conflict. There is grave question whether the American people have yet faced up to this fact and to its inevitable consequences. We seem always more ready to spend money for weapons and uniforms than for less forceful ways of resolving conflict. In the fifteen years since World War II we have spent, with little hesitation, more than $450 billion on military forces. (This investment can be evaluated either way: that it deterred the Soviet bloc from launching a world-wide aggression or that it failed to bring us peace.) During this same period, we have spent about 10 per cent of that amount on the non-military foreign aid and information programs—and the expenditure of nearly every dollar has been contested.

Can it be some mark of heritage that we are more willing and able to fight with our fists than with our brains, with military force than with friendly persuasion? The Communists have made it quite clear that, if we are to forswear the use of arms and still prevent them from taking over the world, we will have to change our attitudes rapidly and commit substantial investments in ideas, money, manpower and resources to the battle on the economic, social and political fronts.

Now there are two economic questions involved in this. The first is the extent to which a condition of GCD actually enables us to reduce the defense budget. The second is what compensating expenditures will be required to enable us to win the conflict on the non-military front.

Even the most far-reaching proposals for disarmament make provision for retention by each country of forces for maintaining internal order and for contributing to an international peace force. Implementation of any secure disarmament agreement would also require establishment of sophisticated and expensive systems for insurance against cheating.

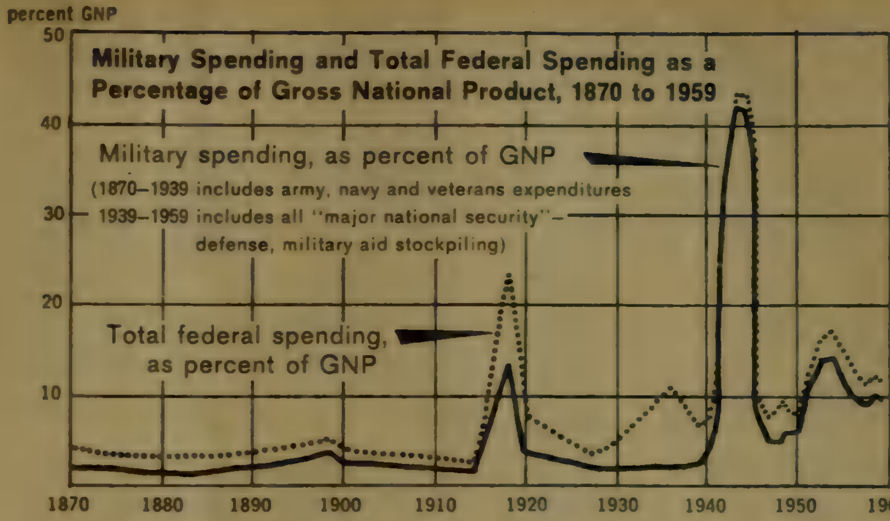
The Bureau of the Budget estimated in 1960 that the effect of GCD ten years after adoption of the plan then proposed by the United States at Geneva would be to reduce major national defense expenditures by $30 billion per year from the levels that would obtain if the arms race continued. If agreement were reached today, the amount of reduction would come to about 4 per cent of the gross national product estimated for the year 1970 (this does not account for displacement of the multiplier effect attributed to defense spending). The defense budget then might be between $20 and $25 billion per year, instead of between $50 and $60 billion if the arms race continues. And we know already that this timetable cannot be kept.

AS I have indicated, it is most unlikely that any agreement on general disarmament can be implemented fully in as short a span as five years. During much of that period, while procurement of arms was tapering off, military spending would be gradually replaced by expenditures for inspection and communications systems to monitor the process of demobilization of forces and destruction of weapons. The equipment to assure conformance with a nuclear-test ban alone would cost between $20 and $25 billion, spread over three to five years (one estimate on the cost of enforcing a ban on orbital bombers runs to about $15 billion). Enforcement of a ban on production of nuclear weapons probably would cost more than the $2 billion annually we have been spending on production of nuclear warheads. I have, as yet, seen no estimate on the costs of an over-all international inspection system that might be set up to prevent cheating on a general disarmament agreement.

Of perhaps greater significance to the economy, but more difficult to predict, would be the changes in allocation of the remaining defense expenditures. Presumably, the procurement of nuclear-missile weaponry would be ended, as would the deployment of long-range air and naval strike forces. But much of the industrial capacity now devoted to producing these items might be diverted to satellite monitors and electronic-detection systems. Heavier dependence on militia and international police forces would possibly mean a larger share of total defense expenditures for pay and support of ground forces, reversing the trend since World War II. These are only a few of the many possibilities, but they indicate the kinds of information that industry and communities must have if they are to prepare for adjustments to a GCD situation.

Beyond this, we need better planning guidance on the efforts required to carry on the non-military aspects of the struggle against communism and the specific contribution that can be made by various industries, communities and classes of people in the country. To most Americans, foreign aid has been nebulous and remote. Before it can mean anything to most citizens, the Alliance for Progress, for example, must become a program in which individual Americans can feel they have a personal stake—through participation in activities like the Peace Corps, through business relationships with their counterparts in newly developing countries, by realizing that some portion of what they produce (other than taxes) has a direct influence in demonstrating to people in other lands the advantages of our system.

There is a real need for study of means whereby we can not merely match the Communists in appealing to others, but can seize the initiative with programs of peaceful development that will be of lasting benefit both to them and to ourselves.


Military Spending and Total Federal Spending as a Percentage of Gross National Product, 1870 to 1959

IT IS HEARTENING to see that President Kennedy has included the functions of planning for economic and social adjustment to disarmament among responsibilities assigned to the new United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. It may be noted that the National Security Act of 1947, which set up our present mobilization-planning agencies, gave these agencies authority to plan only for war, not for conversion to peace.

Neither corporations nor communities can do much realistic planning toward economic adjustment to disarmament until the federal government provides them with some reasonable guide lines on a number of vital questions. These include such problems as alternative rates of curtailment of specific arms programs; probable rates of government procurement of civilian products similar to those used in defense (communications satellites and related electronics, for example); provisions for conversion of government-financed war plants and machine tools to non-defense production; government attitudes on encouraging major private investment in and patent protection for new industries growing out of defense-supported research; and the possible priorities for instituting new government public-works programs.

One problem of considerable importance is how to reallocate the $30 billion or so that may ultimately be saved in the annual federal budget. Three alternatives, or combinations of them, are open: reduce the national debt, reduce taxes, or increase expenditures on social welfare and economic development programs. It is not possible to go into this question here in detail, but the potential for controversy is obvious. A partial answer has already been given by the decision to press forward with the national space exploration program. Expenditures in this category will be nearly $3 billion in fiscal 1963 and may reach $10 billion per year by 1970. These could rapidly replace much of the military business of the missile-electronics and related industries.

OF PERHAPS greatest concern to the industrial planner trying to set strategy for a period in which defense contracts would no longer be available is the question of the government attitudes toward "monopolies." There are firms today with the capital and the desire to diversify outside of military business that have difficulty selecting investments they would be allowed to make. An example is the current situation in which American Telephone and Telegraph finds itself. The Justice Department has disclosed its consideration of a plan to force AT&T to get rid of its overseas communications network. At the same time, other government agencies are playing a major role in

AT&T's plans to get into outer space communications.

Perhaps it is time we review our whole attitude on the antitrust question and start developing positive federal policies to encourage the growth of competing companies, instead of merely negative efforts to hamstring firms that are already successful. In a related direction, maybe we should concern ourselves less with an arbitrary estimate of a desirable total tax bite and more with the effect of specific tax rates on the ability of young corporations to blossom into healthy competitors.

Finally, the defense agencies have the problem of preparing adequately for the curtailment of their own operations—the reduction of military forces and return of their members to civilian life; shut-down of bases, depots and arsenals; and the redirection, hopefully, of many of their resources to constructive, peaceful efforts to strengthen the Free World in a continuing struggle. None of these tasks would be simple; the manner in which they are performed will have great impact on the country, on local economics and on our international relations.

Military procurement at present accounts for about 10 per cent of the nation's total output, and production for the military has grown at about twice the rate of growth of the economy as a whole. Moreover, studies by the Stanford Research Institute have indicated that a large proportion of the "growth" companies in the United States during the past twenty years have concentrated heavily on defense products, while companies primarily dependent on consumer goods have experienced much slower average growth.

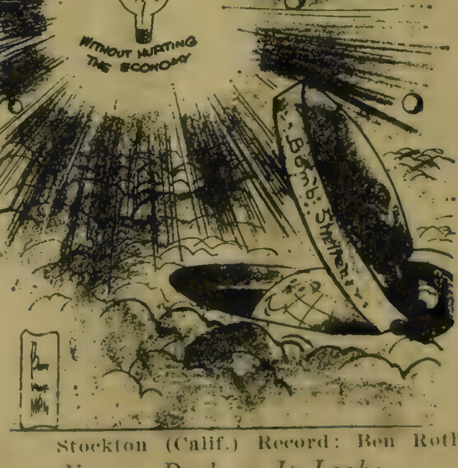
But these studies also indicated there is more than mere coincidence here. The "growth" companies were also characterized by organized research and long-range planning efforts, proven competitive ability and the courage and aggressiveness to take risks in new ventures. Under changing conditions resulting from the transition through arms control to disarmament, most of these companies can be expected to take the conversion in stride, provided they have assurance of a generally prosperous economic climate and are given adequate advance data on which to base orderly planning.

There are other firms that are less capable of meeting the challenge. These are mostly small and medium-sized firms specializing in narrow product lines. They will need more guidance to help them reduce their vulnerability to sudden changes in the nature of military requirements, since they lack the flexibility of plant, capital and management to switch rapidly to other products.

MANY of the adjustment problems resulting from disarmament are likely to be related to workers rather than corporations. In an age of specialization and security-seeking, workers have become much less versatile and less mobile than companies. "Retraining" seems an obvious answer. But retraining for what? By what techniques and in what type of institutions? Under what auspices? The proposed retraining program, now before Congress, will have to meet these questions.

For many years, our major effort in industrial research and technology has been in the direction of "labor-saving." Perhaps it is time to mount a counter-effort toward "labor intensive" — not by outmoded means of featherbedding, but by stimulating development of economic activities that would result in useful work at competitive prices.

Industrial firms are not likely to finance the research and development necessary to this end. But labor organizations should do so. There is an urgent need for identification of functions that will be in demand a decade from now, and for the application of new techniques for educating and training workers to be ready for them. Government and business both must help, but this seems a fertile field for a new brand of labor statesmanship. [See "Labor's Ebbing Strength" by George Kirstein; and "Leisure in an Automated World" by Georges Friedmann, *The Nation*, September 1.]



Stockton (Calif.) Record: Ben Roth

Not as Dark as It Looks

BY THE very nature of present programs for employment security, vocational retraining, urban renewal and housing, highway and other public-works construction, the major responsibility for planning and executing measures of direct benefit to those affected by shutdown of defense facilities falls first on city and state officials. Federal activities are mostly in the form of national planning and guidance and the furnishing of financial support to state-administered programs.

It would seem, then, that a very real need exists for development of a much better understanding of the whole range of possibilities both at the federal level and, through federal guidance, at state and local levels. State and local officers need to begin thinking also about how their areas and people would be affected by various actions the federal government might take. For instance, actions to increase economic opportunities in Eastern depressed areas may help to slow down migration to the West Coast and ease the conversion unemployment problem in Los Angeles.

But such things take time; we cannot wait to start until military spending is cut off.

The American economy has already made at least four major adjustments since World War II approaching or exceeding the magnitude that would be required following a possible GCD agreement. First was the reconversion of 1946 and the tremendous surge to satisfy pent-up consumer demands while accommodating the mass migration of servicemen, war workers and their families to new homes throughout the country. The television revolution came next, with impacts — many of them adverse — on a host of other industries. We hardly recovered from these before the Korean build-up sent us back to a new defense effort, much of it patterned along World War II lines. Just about the time this was completed, our whole defense system made the massive switch from surface carriers and human-aimed explosives to nuclear-electronic-missile weaponry. Coincident with these changes came the pervasive movement toward automation and the geographic relocation of several major industries.

These adjustments have not been simple and we are still living with some of the residual problems in the form of depressed areas, chronic unemployment among certain classes of workers, comparative stagnation of some industries and a complex host of problems at the metropolitan levels of government. Nevertheless, we have made these adjustments within the framework of a dynamic, regulated-enterprise economy and, compared to what people in other parts of the world have gone through during the same period, the worst hardships were hardly more than inconveniences.

A REREADING of Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* should be in order whenever people start to list the things that should be done to take up the slack left by cutting off defense spending. The problem is not so much one of listing new peacetime spending programs that could total the same federal budget as before. It is more one of political economics and behavioral science — how do we manage it so that the mechanisms to meet the real needs of the people can be geared up to the already fantastic capacity of our production machine?

What this all adds up to is a plea for recognition of the fact that conversion problems are complex, that they are as much political as economic, and that the federal government does not now have the capability or even the organization to make plans or to carry them out or even to guide others on how to plan for disarmament. There is still time in which to do a proper job of research and planning before we run into the "danger" of a real disarmament situation. The challenge is before us to begin now examining the alternatives and to be ready with acceptable solutions when, as I hope, the time does come.

DEFEAT ON THE GREAT LAKES . . *Leo J. Hertzel*

IN THE second week of August, the mine at Montreal, Wisconsin, largest underground iron-ore mine in the Lake Superior area, ceased operation. Six hundred men were put out of work. No effort will be made to prevent flooding in the mine, since it is considered permanently closed. The Montreal mine was opened in 1886 and has provided United States furnaces with more than a million tons of ore each year since then. Mining officials say that at least several million tons of rich ore still remain in the mine.

Sounding something like a harassed Ayn Rand executive, E. W. Sloan, president of the corporation that operated the mine, commented on its closing:

> It is with the greatest reluctance that we are forced to this decision. This mine and its employees have been outstanding performers for the iron and steel industry and for the nation over almost three-quarters of a century, including two great world conflicts . . . [but] a thorough testing of the markets and our research efforts have convinced us that the future is hopeless.

A few days after the closing of the Montreal mine, the Peterson mine in Bessemer, Wisconsin, announced it would lay off eighty employees and close down one shift. About the same time, the American Iron Ore Institute announced that foreign ore imports in 1962 were up more than 60 per cent above last year. As the foreign ore imports continue to rise year after year, the once-vigorous Lake Superior ore fields are worked less and less.

Along with the cutbacks in production and the closing of mines comes the rapid decline of the United States Great Lakes ore fleets. The ships that were the critical link between mines and furnaces during two world wars are now fast being retired and cut up for scrap. Meantime, the Canadian fleet on the lakes grows rapidly, and present signs indicate that it will eventually control Great Lakes shipping.

Behind the curtailment of mining, the decline of the American fleet, and the rise of the Canadian fleet is a complicated political-economic situation made further difficult by certain technical advancements in the making of steel.

FOR MANY YEARS, United States ore boats have carried iron ore mined in the rich Lake Superior area from "upper lake" ports like Superior, Duluth, Two Harbors and Ashland to "lower lake" ports like Detroit, Toledo and South Chicago. Blast furnaces at the lower lake ports, conveniently located near both coal and limestone deposits, turned the ore into pig iron and eventually steel. Upper lake ports have sent down an average of 58 million tons of ore a year for the past fifty years; in 1953 the tonnage reached an incredible 95.5 million tons.

With almost no variation in fifty years, the quality of the ore shipped from the Lake Superior mines has been 52 per cent natural iron.

Almost every pound of this ore was shipped on the Great Lakes in United States vessels that were built in United States shipyards and manned by United States crews. The

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earliest act regulating commerce in our history, passed in 1789, restricts all domestic trade by water between the states to vessels of United States registry built and owned by citizens. Thus the Lake Superior ore deposits made jobs for American sailors as well as miners and the shipyard workers who built the long, maneuverable ore boats that came to be a trademark of the Great Lakes.

But during the late years of World War II, signs of a decline in the American fleet began to appear. In the first place, a concern for the future of our ore supplies caused American corporations, often with federal financial aid, to seek sources outside this country that could supply raw ore. It was said that the Great Mesabi was not inexhaustible. Enormous deposits of high-quality ore were soon uncovered in Canada, Chile, Venezuela, Africa and other spots throughout the world.

TODAY, these foreign sources of ore are beginning to produce at a high level. Venezuelan and Canadian deposits have begun to produce at particularly high rates. In 1957, for example, imports of ore from Venezuela totaled 12 million tons; by 1960 they totaled almost 15 million tons. The rate increases yearly. Canada shipped about 11 million tons in 1960.

Along with the increase of foreign ore to American furnaces came a demand for ore of a higher iron concentration than the 52 per cent traditionally maintained by the Lake Superior suppliers. Improved refining techniques called for a richer blend, and the foreign deposits, particularly those in Canada, Venezuela and Chile, could deliver it with ease.

To complicate matters still further, the Lake Superior ore delivered at lower lake ports was expensive, because it had by law to travel in ships built and manned by American labor. But ore from Canada, Chile or elsewhere could move in foreign bottoms.

When the St. Lawrence Seaway opened the Great Lakes ports to foreign shipping, when Canadian ore deposits began producing at a high rate, and when South American shipments began arriving at the furnaces in ever-increasing quantities (often via barge shipment on the rivers), the competition began to take its toll of the Lake Superior mining vigor and the United States fleet on the lakes. Upper lake ore shipments to United States mills declined from 80 per cent of the total used in 1954 to 54 per cent in 1958 to 47 per cent in 1959. With yearly fluctuations, the percentage continues to drop.

In the early 1950s, American fleet owners began scrapping their less economical vessels. According to the Lake Carriers Association, the American fleet tonnage declined 20 per cent between 1945 and 1961. The number of American vessels actually sailing, however, was reduced even more sharply, since the smallest vessels were dropped first. One industry survey shows that the number of U.S. lake vessels actually sailing fell from 330 in 1955 to 186 in 1962.

At least ten United States lake fleets have gone out of business altogether since 1955. No new United States vessels are now under construction, nor are any planned. At a time when larger hulls are the only economical means of transporting ore, when naval architects talk only of super super carriers, the American fleet on the lakes is composed chiefly of old, small, inefficient vessels. This year a Canadian shipping official observed, "The simple fact is that, from a shipping cost point of view, all but a handful of the U.S. lake fleet is today as obsolescent as are the Canadian canallers."

The effects of this decline in domestic ore mining and shipping have been severe in states bordering Lake Superior. Unemployment is widespread among miners, railroad men, sailors, shipyard workers and all of the service trades that relied on ore and its transportation for economic health. For example, some lake vessels this year sail with four licensed captains aboard. The captain oldest in seniority is master of the vessel; the remaining "bumpback" captains serve as mates.

Two years ago John S. Wilbur, vice president of Cleveland-Cliffs Iron company, summed up the situation, "It looks as though Lake Superior mines producing standard ore may be used as a safety valve with rather low rates of production until a real big year or some emergency comes along. . . ."

ON THE other side of the lakes, the Canadian fleet grows rapidly. Between 1945 and 1961 it expanded 80 per cent in numbers and 194 per cent in carrying capacity. At this rate of growth the Canadian fleet will soon surpass the United States fleet.

The monthly cost of operating a 20,000 to 25,000 ton Canadian ore carrier is about $54,000; cost of operating a similar United States vessel is about $78,000. Labor accounts for a substantial part of the difference. Pay for U.S. crews averages about $8,000 per man, with captains drawing as high as $20,000.

Another factor accelerating the growth of the Canadian fleet is the support it has received from the Canadian Government. Seemingly aware that Canada could now dominate lake commerce, the Canadian Government announced in May of 1961 an assistance program for Dominion shipbuilders. It provides subsidies for 40 per cent of construction costs of vessels built or contracted for up to March 31, 1963, and 35 per cent thereafter. In effect, the subsidy means that a Canadian ore carrier can be constructed at a cost to its owner of about $188 per carrying ton, as compared to a cost of about $340 per carrying ton for a U.S. owner. Total cost of a 25,000 ton Canadian carrier is now about $4.7 million as compared to $8.5 million for a carrier of like capacity built in the States. In addition to the subsidy, the Canadian Government's liberal policy on depreciation for tax purposes has done much to stimulate the growth of the fleet.

In view of all this, it is clear why the Lake Carriers Association, in a report to the Secretary of Commerce last year, observed:

> While not a single Great Lakes vessel is under construction or conversion for a U.S. owner, Canadian owners have six ships with a combined trip capacity of 152,000 tons under construction or conversion. . . . American flag operators have witnessed their Canadian counterparts grow in stature until newly constructed Canadian vessels now dominate the trade in bulk commodities between United States and Canada.

ALTHOUGH the demand for a higher grade ore than that mined in the Mesabi is a large factor in the general picture of decline, many Great Lakes management and union officials believe that much could be salvaged for the American ore economy on the lakes if the United States fleet could compete successfully with Canadian operators. At worst, United States vessels could vie with Canadians in the transportation of Canadian ore to U.S. furnaces.

The Lake Carrier Association last year appealed to the Secretary of Commerce for a four-part program that would assist in modernizing the American fleet, a program that would in some way duplicate the advantages now enjoyed by Canadian shippers. In addition to asking for construction subsidies, the Lake Carriers asked for a faster tax write-off schedule for vessels, the authority to trade in obsolete ships to the United States Government for credit on the cost of building new ones (now done in the case of subsidized ocean shipping lines, with the requirement that the new vessels be built in U.S. yards) and authority to deposit earnings before taxes in a special construction fund.

The appeal was transmitted in part to Congress by Wisconsin's Republican Congressman Alvin E. O'Konski who introduced legislation that would provide construction for the lake vessels. In what was an almost unique case of cooperation, the bill was supported by the seamens' union as well as the ship owners. Fred Neubauer, president of the Lake Sailors Union, observed in the union newspaper: "We have no quarrel with our brothers in the Canadian Labor Movement. We are sure that they recognize that Canadian Lake shipping has certain advantages not now shared by American fleets. We in the United States feel justified in seeking similar advantages."

THE Department of Commerce did not look with enthusiasm on O'Konski's bill and early in July recommended that Congress not pass it. O'Konski then issued a statement accusing the department of "strangling" the Great Lakes shipping industry and said: "Unless our nation's leaders wake up, it will be the end of U.S. shipping on the Great Lakes with additional thousands of unemployed because of foreign competition." But O'Konski's statement, like his bill, received scant attention. The bill is now considered dead.

In the meantime, some United States shippers began laying up their vessels in July this year instead of the usual November. A federal food-stamp program on the Iron Range feeds people who once earned their keep by mining and shipping ore.

Hard facts indicate a continued growth of Canadian activity and a decline of United States importance on the Great Lakes. The vigor and the strength seem to lie to the North.

FEAR IN A SMALL TOWN

The EDITOR vs. the SHERIFF . . *by Gene Wirges*

THIS is a story of what fear does to a community. More important, it's a story of what a community can do when it begins to rid itself of that fear. In this case the community is Morrilton, Conway County, Arkansas.

The "story" has been simmering in Morrilton for years, even decades. It began to boil in 1961 and promises to explode in 1962. Part of the showdown came in the July Democratic primaries; more of the same seems a certainty in the November general election.

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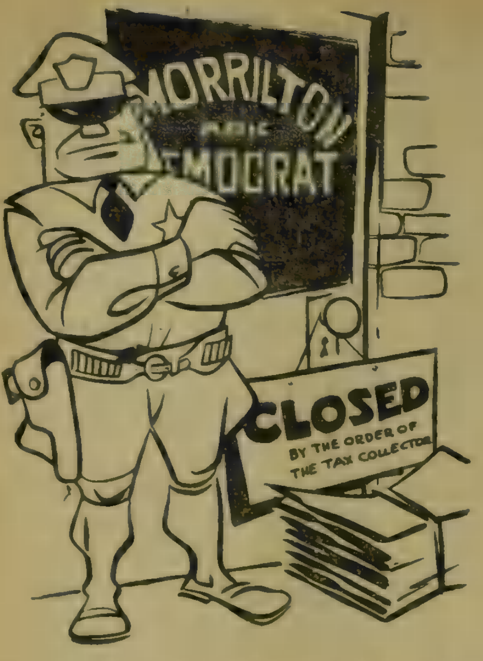
Politics has played a major role in the history of Conway County, but you could hardly call it political action. Old-timers here say there has "always been a machine." The present version is operated by Sheriff and Collector Marlin Hawkins, twenty-two years in the courthouse. Some counties in Arkansas have two factions of the Democratic Party; some even have a few Republicans to contend with at election time. Not so in Conway County: just one party (Democratic), just one faction, just one machine. The effect has been stifling. Every time the census is taken, fewer people are found to be living here. Industry seems disinclined to move in. There's nothing wrong with the general area: a town just east of Morrilton has nearly tripled in size in the last twenty years; one to the west has doubled. Morrilton lingers on.

I CAME into this story five years ago when I bought the weekly *Morrilton Democrat* and the weekly *Perry County News*. The papers are in adjoining counties of Central Arkansas. As a newcomer, and as an editor and publisher, I tried to meet


MORRILTON
DEMOCRAT
CLOSED
BY THE ORDER OF THE TAX COLLECTOR

as many people as possible and to learn as much as I could about my new home. My inquiries included the local political situation — and the local elections. An old-timer cocked a knowing eye at me: "Son, we don't have elections here — we have selections."

At the start, I kept controversy out of the papers. I was determined to master the background before I editorialized on any critical subject. But by the time the first election had rolled by I began to get the idea. *There were no races, no opposition, for any county positions.* This seemed strange; stranger still was the fact that no one said anything about it.

Another year went by, during which politics was not discussed by me or anyone else. Then one day a group of citizens — mostly farmers — from the northwest corner of the county came to my office. Their school district, Wonderview, was in terrible shape. Lunchroom funds were being misused; school buses were owned and operated by members of the school board; teachers taught nine months and were paid for seven; money collected for class rings and class trips simply disappeared. And the district was "broke." The group asked me to help them get school affairs back to normal. A school recall election was planned, with the three board members who were identified with the political ring as targets. In a rather cautious way, I supported their effort. The opposition paper printed the "other side," explaining that upkeep on the buses was simply tremendous and suggesting that the present setup was a happy one. I was rumored to be a "radical," if not a "Communist"; someone began covering the school district with handbills and there were threats that "even if you people had enough votes, we'd steal it from you — so why fight us." People on welfare were convinced they'd lose their meager checks if they voted wrong; people on state and county jobs also saw the handwriting on the wall; and the fear spread to relatives and friends — or almost everybody.

BUT AN aroused citizenry is a sight to behold. Leaders for the recall demanded and received the right to watch at most polling places, and this was a major victory. Previously, only the political ring had been allowed to station themselves inside polling places, with predictable results. But this time one election official actually sat on top of a ballot box to prevent stuffing after polls had closed. The three board members were recalled by a very slim fifteen votes of the several hundred cast. A couple of weeks later, a special district election was held to name three new members to the board. Leaders of the clean-up movement put up three candidates; so did the political ring. This time, however, the atmosphere was different. People in the district had learned the political bosses were not unbeatable, and the reform candidates were elected by a vote of about 3-to-1.

Not unbeatable, but yet not exactly beaten. Still another election came along shortly thereafter. The Morrilton School District sought an 11-mill increase to cover rising operating costs and to begin a building fund for a new high school. The politicians, now alert, lined up solidly against the millage hike and everyone seemed to be almost automatically against it. This puzzled me because the need was obvious and great. I appealed editorially for support of the increase, and I received several score of telephone calls from people telling me to "mind my own business." I had thought I was doing exactly that. The 11-mill rise was defeated 2-to-1.

Then in 1961 some leading citizens of Morrilton decided to ask for a change to the city-manager form of government. The existing mayor-council system had been unable to provide adequate streets; a sewer system twice rejected by the voters had been imposed by the council; money to build the sewer system was borrowed eighteen months too early and the city lost nearly $20,000 in interest. On top of that, the sewer didn't work when it was finished.

Having watched the mayor-council system in this kind of action, I threw my support behind the city-manager campaign — and ran head-on into our recognized political boss: Sheriff and Collector Hawkins. The sheriff-collector bought an ad in my newspaper to say he found it necessary to fight the city-manager plan because it was really designed to oust him from office.

During the campaign I attacked political hoodlums, corruption, etc.; the atmosphere became so warm that some citizens sent their families out of town for election day, and state troopers were called in from other counties to insure the peace.

At about 4:30 on election afternoon — two hours before the polls closed — I joined Hawkins and two city-manager workers in an automobile near Ward 3's polling place. Hawkins predicted the outcome of the election, ward by ward, box by box. I asked how he could be so sure, and he said: "I know these people. I can watch them go in and know how they're going to vote." His analysis was fantastic — within a few votes in every box. The city-manager proposal was defeated 1,300 to 800.

I WENT to the courthouse that evening to get the official vote tally. As the outcome became crystal clear, the remnants of the city-manager movement retired to their homes to mourn in private. I stayed for the final boxes to be tabulated, in order to publish a complete account. There were perhaps 150 courthouse officials, political cronies, deputies and troopers on hand. I waited in the county clerk's office and got talking with Hawkins and election commissioners Loid Sadler and Rufus W. Morgan, Jr. We discussed — rather, argued — our opposed political theories and the "gang" gathered around to take it in. The discussion continued for about an hour, and was finally ended by the 220-pound tax assessor, W. O. "Bus" Hice, who bolted into the clerk's office, cursing, and charged me. Others stepped in to check him and Hawkins ordered him to "simmer down." When he wouldn't, he was led from the office. A few minutes later, Sadler offered to "knock my head off." He too was led from the office. When I was ready to leave, Hawkins said, "I'd better walk with you." He did, along with a cordon of troopers.

It was by no means for show. In the courthouse hall and outside on the lawn, some of the cronies had formed into a "mob" and awaited my exit. Across the street, several of my employees with press bars and pipe wrenches were waiting to come to my aid. Hawkins and I walked half a block from the courthouse and he said he "couldn't guarantee my safety" if I continued to write about politics. I returned to my office — two blocks away — and two carloads of troopers immediately stationed themselves down the block.

Shortly after midnight, I went home. My wife and I had been asleep only a few minutes when we were awakened by the sound of stones crashing against the house. We hurried to our second-story window in time to see a car speed away.

Next morning, Hawkins called at my office to insist that he couldn't "guarantee my safety" if I continued my political writings. I told him it was a "sorry state of affairs" if my opinion or the opinion of anyone else couldn't be freely expressed.

THREE WEEKS later, there was yet another special election. Governor Faubus was promoting a $60,000,000 bond deal and, locally, there was a county representative's position to be filled. Loid Sadler hastily placed himself beneath the "machine" banner, and a feed dealer, Houston Mallett, opposed him. I backed Mallett, who counted on considerable support north of Morrilton. The politicians said flatly they would "show" us this time, and they did. An election official at Catholic Point predicted that Mallett "won't get three votes in my township." He turned out to be an accurate forecaster: the vote was 93-2 for Sadler and 93-2 for the Faubus bond deal. Across the state, the bond deal was crushed.

Mallett took the outcome at Catholic Point particularly hard, for he thought he had many friends there. A couple of days later, therefore, I drove him and another of his boosters up to Catholic Point. Of the first sixteen persons we talked to, *every one* said he voted for Mallett: fourteen of them signed sworn statements to that effect; almost all of them also said they had voted *against* the bond deal. Next day, another Catholic Point resident told me "at least thirty-five others" had voted for Mallett. It was clear that, having carried Catholic Point, he was allotted only two votes by the officials.

WORD spread rapidly that I had begun an investigation. People began phoning and coming by to tell me it would be better if I dropped the whole thing. On Tuesday, the day before the paper came out, our prosecuting attorney phoned long distance to tell me he "probably would have to file criminal charges against me" soon, explaining it had something to do with a "double mortgage" on my property. I told him to go ahead, that it wasn't so. Answering a direct question, he said the complaint had come from Hawkins. He never filed the charge.

Meanwhile, other people had asked me to look into matters in other townships, and I decided to wait another week before breaking the story. I learned, among other things, that at Austin Township more votes were tabulated than there were people to cast them. With about ten other citizens, I went to our circuit judge with my facts and asked for a grand jury probe. He took it under advisement and I re-scheduled my news story for the following Wednesday. On Tuesday afternoon, however, our chief deputy sheriff came to my office and tacked up a "Notice of Sale" — because of a delinquent employment security tax. The tax was owed, all right, but only three days earlier a field representative of the ESD had come to my office and worked out a satisfactory agreement with my wife, who keeps our books. The whole matter involved only $600 and we paid it off, thus averting the sale.

I questioned an ESD official in Little Rock about this coincidental attempt at foreclosure. He admitted he had "talked to Hawkins" before action was taken. It was becoming clear what Hawkins meant about being unable to protect me.

TWO MONTHS later, the grand jury investigation was ordered, but any hope of a useful result vanished when the list of jurors was released—several of them had served as officials in the elections they were to investigate. I presented scores of irregularities and violations, all documented. One involved an instance of ballot-box stuffing — and my charge included testimony by two creditable eyewitnesses. But the grand jury simply asked "is that all?" when I finished my charges. Then they began to investigate me. They subpoenaed two years of my files and suggested I was guilty of libel in my articles about city and county government. They threatened me with contempt citations when I refused to divulge some sources of information. After several weeks (I was a witness almost every day, sometimes morning and afternoon) the jury handed down its report: irregularities existed, they admitted, but no indictments were returned because they were "customary."

There were no more elections for a while, but I continued my attack on corruption and on what is gen-

erally known as the courthouse gang. I delved into county audit records in the State Capitol and came up with some startling facts. We had already published figures showing how Hawkins' magistrate court automobile mileage compared with counties of similar size. Equivalent mileage for Logan County in 1959 (for example) was $136.75; in Drew County, it was $104.65. In Conway County, Hawkins claimed an incredible $8,126.60. Then I reported how Hawkins' mileage and car expenses as sheriff had been spiraling. During his tenure in that office, he had collected approximately $81,000 for that item alone.

The following week, we turned our attention to Hawkins' hire of deputies. His wife, Marvine, is seldom seen around the courthouse, yet she has been drawing full-time pay. The records showed Marvine received $3,000 last year, $3,000 the year before that and $4,000 the year before that. The records also showed that Hawkins' nephew, Carl Stobaugh, was on the deputy list — notwithstanding the fact that he serves and draws full-time pay as county welfare director. Again, the facts went to press.

In addition, we filed lawsuits challenging the validity of names in the current County Poll Tax Book. This book purports to show the names of legal, qualified electors in the county. A study of the book, however, yielded nearly 1,000 names of persons who were dead, fictitious, unknown or of persons who long ago had moved to other towns and states. Many persons were also listed in several different townships or wards. The local court dismissed the suits on a technicality, but the cases have gone to the Arkansas Supreme Court.

The "big battle" appeared to be turning strongly our way when a judgment was entered against the *Democrat* for $11,399.90 and Hawkins (the collector) sought to enforce immediate satisfaction. He scheduled sale of the *Democrat* property for July 5.

On Independence Day, however, Dr. Stanley Gutowski in neighboring Perry County stepped in and bought the judgment, thereby saving the paper from auction. I had never met Dr. Gutowski; he told me he wanted to help because he was opposed to "boss rule." He also said he had been in Russia and he didn't think America ought to work like that.

But Sheriff Hawkins was not so easily appeased. Early on the morning of July 5, I called to make certain he knew of Dr. Gutowski's move and that the sale, scheduled for 9 A.M., had been canceled.

Hawkins replied that the sale had not been canceled because "my costs haven't been paid." He said he still didn't know how much they were. It was then 7:20 A.M. and it was not until 8:52 A.M. that Hawkins' attorney (Lt. Gov. Nathan Gordon) notified me the costs were about $528, and demanded a cashier's check in immediate satisfaction. The banks didn't open until 9 A.M., which was when the sale was to open.

I managed to pay the costs (friends in town raised the cash), but I did so under protest, and later I filed suit to recover about four-fifths of the amount. I also filed a suit for $150,000 against Hawkins for "officious intermeddling" in my personal affairs. And I filed a libel suit against the opposition paper which I contend is controlled by the machine. The entire affair has become a legal maze of suits and counter-suits, claims and counter-claims. But that's only the background of the front-line fight.

IN 1962 the Democratic Primary came on July 31. Remember, no county official had been opposed for ten years. By filing deadline, five of the six offices in the county courthouse had opposition. Three more opposition candidates were seeking a State Senate post, and the machine-backed district prosecutor (there are five counties in this district) was opposed by a young Russellville attorney (Jeff Mobley) who attacked the machine with great vigor. Mobley had opposed the prosecutor (Hartje) four years earlier. The machine was in its heydey then and Hartje smothered Mobley in Conway County by about 8-to-1.

The prosecutor's position is a key post and the fight raged all-out for that race. Mobley won the election (in a five-county district) by more than 2,000 votes. In Conway County, Hartje's one-time margin of victory had disappeared and he carried it by only 600 votes. The machine thus sustained its greatest setback.

But the other county positions still remain in the hands of the machine, and the extent of its control is reflected, perhaps, in several court rulings this year. At one point, Chancery Judge Wiley Bean ruled that the qualification of voters could not be challenged in the poll book — that the proper time and place to challenge such qualifications is on election day. He then issued another ruling that no one was to be challenged within fifty feet of any polling precinct. Our polling precincts were roped off and special state troopers were called in on July 31 to back up the judge's orders. Other counties in Arkansas didn't enforce the Bean ruling, even though it was proclaimed as a state-wide edict.

The election of a prosecutor over machine opposition has given rise to new hope for the people of this community. And there's growing belief that another "citizens' slate" will be on the ballot in November.

AS FOR me personally, there's not much more the machine can do. My advertisers have been harassed; likewise my subscribers and country correspondents. My employees have been annoyed and threatened. My suppliers frequently are told how "unstable" my newspapers are. Once I was beaten, often I have been threatened. Phone calls come in the middle of the night, and there's no one on the line. My home has been stoned and, just before the July 31 election, a pop bottle came crashing through the plate-glass window of my office. I have appealed to local courts, the prosecuting attorney, the Attorney General of Arkansas, even to Governor Faubus. Recently I took my pleas and complaints to the FBI, Department of Justice, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Senate Investigator John McClellan. I'm still waiting for help.

It's been going on for a long, long time. And I believe my stand is right. A farmer from the Cleveland community, north of town, put it well when he said the morning after the July 31 election: "Mr. Wirges, don't back up. We have just begun to fight!"

BOOKS and the ARTS

Figures in the Distance

FENOLLOSA AND HIS CIRCLE: With Other Essays in Biography. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co. 321 pp. $5.

Hilton Kramer

THE CASE against Van Wyck Brooks has long been stated—and no doubt overstated. That his books have been occasionally disfigured by pastiche and blurred by an excessive optimism is beyond dispute, but one suspects they will continue to be read for some time to come. Whatever quarrels one may have with the five volumes of "Makers and Finders," there is still no other work on the cultural development of America in the nineteenth century that can be compared with it for its range of interests or for the sympathetic detail with which obscure corners of American life are brought to light. Brooks's vision of American culture is surely not the last word on the subject, and his literary method is not likely to be imitated in the future; but his books are very often the best place to begin an acquaintance with their subjects, and they are consistently well written. The harsh attacks made on his work a few years ago did not really pay very close attention to his aims as a writer.

One begins to feel, too, that Brooks's influence has not been sufficiently acknowledged. None of the critics who have written lengthy commentaries on Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore* seem to be aware of its debt to the "Makers and Finders" series. No one seems to have noticed that the first inkling of *Patriotic Gore* occurs in Wilson's essay on "Van Wyck Brooks on the Civil War Period," his review of *The Times of Melville and Whitman* in *Classics and Commercials*. Wilson himself has always been generous in his appreciation of Brooks's achievement without being blind to its faults, but by and large, appreciation has not been the rule among sophisticated critics.

This new work is not likely to change that situation. Made up of seven essays in addition to the long title piece, *Fenollosa and His Circle* will be of interest primarily to readers who already admire the "Makers and Finders" books, to which it is in some degree an addendum. The essay on Ernest Fenollosa, for example, concentrates far more attention on his American background and his American colleagues than on the Japanese art objects and literary works that so absorbed, and indeed transformed, Fenollosa's life and sensibility. Brooks has always had an eye for good subjects that have lain neglected by his contemporaries, and in Fenollosa, as with several other figures in the book, he has found a fascinating story to tell. But in the end Fenollosa's real story is only suggested, it is not really given.

Fenollosa was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1853, a member of the Harvard class of 1874 who studied under Charles Eliot Norton. In 1878 he was appointed to the faculty of the University of Tokyo as a lecturer on modern European philosophy, espousing particularly the doctrines of Herbert Spencer. But the man who came to Japan to teach the philosophy of the West found he was much more interested in learning—and ultimately mastering—the culture of the East, especially the visual culture of Japan itself.

The Thud

He cannot ever sleep
but tosses and untucks
himself, and looks out
the curtain at the thin
sleeted trees and stars,
severe continuum,

And hears again a thud,
the softest thud of dog
on bumper, close to him,
along the underneath,
and settling far behind,
humped like a beaded toy,

And cannot understand
how any act that meant
so little to himself,
and out of his control,
blanked the brisk world
for something else alive.

He hunches on the quilt,
drowsy with deadly cold
and perished in himself,
and all the lost outside
glitters with the heave
and withering of frost.

David Lyttle

Fenollosa arrived there at a difficult and crucial moment in the history of Japan, when the first contacts with Western civilization coincided with the decline of the old medieval order to produce a widespread disparagement of and indifference toward its own artistic past. The keen interest Fenollosa developed in all forms of Japanese art—poetry and the theatre as well as painting, print-making and other visual expressions—exerted a great influence in moving the Japanese to reclaim their aesthetic traditions. His own effort to master the Japanese past thus stimulated a great revival of artistic self-consciousness in Japan, and led to the recovery of important works and forgotten methods. He was later appointed Commissioner of Fine Arts for the Japanese Empire as a recognition of his unique accomplishment — an accomplishment that secured a direct link with the poetry of our own day when Fenollosa's widow turned over all his literary papers to Ezra Pound.

FENOLLOSA was joined in his work by a number of other Harvard figures, and Brooks sketches the details of their adventure with as much sympathy and intelligence as his distance from the principal interest of their lives — the physical and spiritual reality of Japan itself—permits. It is this distance, however, which prevents his account of Fenollosa from being anything more than a sketch. And the same condition obtains in varying degrees in a number of other pieces here. The essays on George Catlin, the painter of the Indians who was written up by Baudelaire and befriended by Louis Philippe; and on John Lloyd Stephens, the archaeologist who explored the Maya ruins of Yucatan after journeys to Russia and the Holy Land, at times attain an extraordinary vividness. But the first is weakened by Brooks's reticence on the visual character of Catlin's paintings, and the latter is hampered by an air of bookishness that is rather at odds with the story it tells. The piece on Charles Godfrey Leland, the eccentric scholar of gypsy life, is also a bit too quaint in a literary way to render its subject in a convincing manner.

Brooks's essays are largely portraits

HILTON KRAMER, formerly editor of Arts *magazine, is now at work on a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be brought out by Doubleday-Anchor.*

of an old-fashioned type. Immensely readable and dealing for the most part with figures whose lives were exotic and whose works were the direct expression of odd interests and daring adventures, the bulk of these pieces trace the contours of their subjects without ever quite bringing to life their complex characters. One would be tempted to call the portraits Sainte-Beuvean if Brooks had not so completely eschewed any suggestion of psychological analysis, for it is always Sainte-Beuve's equally vivid grasp of the psychological and the historical aspects of his material that makes his great biographical studies so memorable. Working for many years in the tapestry-like mode of "Makers and Finders," which makes up in historical richness what it lacks in psychological detail, has not been the best sort of preparation for writing the individual lives of untypical sensibilities. It is only as vignettes designed to take their place in a larger and more copious scheme that they can be said to succeed as literary performances.

The absence of a psychological point of view that can elevate forgotten literary material to a new level of dramatic credibility is especially felt in Brooks's portrait of Fanny Wright, the Scottish woman who tried to establish a utopian colony in Tennessee for the liberation of the slaves. The story of this amazing woman who moved in the world of Jefferson and Lafayette and Mrs. Trollope is told with a documentary earnestness and a historical clarity one can admire. Yet the subject is really too large for so modest an approach. Comparing it with the vivid portraits in *Patriotic Gore*, one sees why Wilson rather than Brooks has become Sainte-Beuve's true successor. Historical portraiture requires a gift for psychological penetration which Brooks long ago abandoned—he once had it in abundance—for a more "objective," and inevitably more distant, literary method.

Encouragement to Murder

88 MEN AND 2 WOMEN. By Clinton T. Duffy with Al Hirshberg. Doubleday & Co. 258 pp. $4.50.

DEATH ROW CHAPLAIN. By Byron E. Eshelman with Frank Riley. Prentice Hall. 252 pp. $4.50.

C. H. Rolph

"I THINK I know as well as anyone alive," says Clinton T. Duffy (drawing on his long years in San Quentin, man and boy), "the horror and senselessness and injustice of what I am fighting against." He watched 150 executions: 60 in eight years as secretary to the Warden, 90 in eleven and a half years as Warden himself. In both jobs he should have been present at many more, but he got out of it whenever he could — and people knew that he was getting out of it.

Why didn't he get out of the whole monstrous thing? How could a man with Duffy's humane and sanguine temperament take part voluntarily in this obscene ritual, and do it seven or eight times a year for twenty years? In particular, if a Warden believes a man to have been wrongly condemned, how can he possibly take part in the killing? The fact that Clinton Duffy and his wife were both born in this vast prison, that their fathers were San Quentin guards, that he knew from early childhood the decent side of thousands of prisoners — these sharpen the question, they do not help to find an answer. But the fact that he did stay so long has given the world one of its most powerful abolitionists.

Much the same is true of the Rev. Byron E. Eshelman, who now joins him as a propagandist powerfully equipped with facts and experience. For Mr. Eshelman has been Chaplain at San Quentin since 1951, has hated the gas chamber as much as Duffy did, and yet is still there now — plainly aware that his job at executions is generally seen as the supplying of a sedative, "a more socially acceptable substitute for the shot of whiskey once given to men about to be executed." Reading both these books as an Englishman accustomed to the veil of secrecy that shrouds capital punishment in England, I am astonished that a serving Chaplain and a former Warden are permitted to make the revelations to be found in them. How firmly the Official Secrets Act gets in the way of public education in Britain — of knowledge to which the public is entitled and which alone can promote essential law reform!

Obviously true and yet almost beyond belief, the case histories in these two books, rarely overlapping, make up an indictment of the death penalty so withering and so circumstantial that the State of California, at least and at last, should now get rid of its ghastly cyanide pellets and show the world that Western courage is not dead and Western intelligence not atrophied. Chessman's case caught the world's imagination because it dragged on for twenty years before they killed him, but Rayna Tom Carmen was in Death Row for ten years, Wesley Robert Wells for seven, and the Negro Henry Thomas was executed after six. Especially disturbing is the story of Barbara Graham, of whose guilt Mr. Eshelman clearly has grave doubts (he finds no fault with the version of it enacted by Susan Hayward in *I Want To Live*). Barbara Graham, as she went into the death room, said: "Good people are always so sure they're right."

BOTH books, written up by journalists (Al Hirshberg for Clinton Duffy, Frank Riley for the Chaplain), reveal a lot about the personalities of their main authors and of how they developed in the prison atmosphere. Unusually revealing is Mr. Duffy's story about his schoolmistress in the San Quentin school, who, as she taught the guards' children their spelling, dramatically counted first the minutes and then the seconds leading up to a hanging (this was before the gas-chamber days) and ended in a screaming frenzy as the victim took the drop. It is a truly horrifying episode and typical (it seems) of a ghastly childhood.

The death penalty, says Clinton Duffy, is condemned by its inconsistency. "Too many factors other than the crime itself are brought into play. No two juries, no two judges, no two prosecuting attorneys, are alike. . . . Money can buy the best of counsel while poverty must settle for what it can get." In California you can also buy time and the purgatory of Death Row, San Quentin. Both these authors knew Caryl Chessman. Mr. Eshelman was with him for ten years and until the last hour of his life — and he tells the astonishing story of how that last manuscript was written and smuggled out of the prison.

It is in these ransomed years that California's death-penalty prisoners are studied, befriended, compared and understood by the penitentiary staff — and it is this inordinate lapse of time that makes the final killing so evil. The story of Harvey Glatman, executed in 1959, is retold here as a testimony to the futility of capital punishment as a "deterrent." But he created an all-time record by getting his death-date brought forward to a mere eight and a half

---

C. H. ROLPH, former Chief Inspector of the City of London, is the author of Common Sense About Crime and Punishment *(Macmillan).*

months after sentence. You have to compare this with an exceptional six or seven weeks in England, where the capital offenders are killed off before anyone can get involved with them.

The California experience of public reaction includes one feature unknown in England: the admission of witnesses to the death chamber. It proves that there are always people depraved enough to want to go — more people than can ever be accommodated, despite the offer of fifty-dollar bribes to the gate guards. The law itself requires the presence of twelve jurors and excludes anyone else, but the law hasn't seemed to count for much, and for this we now have the word of a former Warden and the present Chaplain. This throws some doubt on a theory popular among English abolitionists, namely that a resumption of public hangings would hasten the day of reform. If it were likely to do this, I should be for it. But a study of these two remarkable books, appearing with such cumulative effect in the same month, does not bear this out. What the books do suggest is that the death penalty, in any form and any place, brings about more murders than it prevents.

Inside the Problem

THE NEGRO REVOLT. By Louis E. Lomax. Harper & Row. 271 pp. $4.50.

DIARY OF A SIT-IN. By Merrill Proudfoot. University of North Carolina Press. 204 pp. $5.

William Melvin Kelley

IF, on this earth, there is a person who knows nothing at all about America's great domestic problem — that of race — and wants to educate himself, he can plan no better course of study than to read *The Negro Revolt*, by Louis E. Lomax, and *Diary of a Sit-In*, by Merrill Proudfoot. The former is a general study; the latter deals with the representative Knoxville sit-in of 1960.

Mr. Lomax has taken 343 years of chaotic and emotion-laden history (Negroes were first herded onto these shores as slaves in 1619), and pounded it into some kind of order. I can only attempt to give an idea of the material covered. His book includes a short but thorough history of race relations in this country from the American Revolution to the present; a sociological and psychological history of the Negro race; some reasons why the current revolt began when it did (Mr. Lomax credits Mrs. Rosa Parks, a Montgomery, Alabama, seamstress, with starting things when, on Dec. 1, 1955, she refused to give up her bus seat to a white man); discussions of the NAACP, the sit-ins, the Freedom Rides and the Black Muslims. There is still more, but those are perhaps the major topics.

Mr. Lomax is trained as a journalist, and throughout the book you can see the evidence of that discipline. His work is surprisingly uncluttered with the kind of nonsense that usually mars books on The Problem. But the discipline has not eliminated the author's sensitivity and commitment. By using the first person singular (when relating his own Southern upbringing and experiences as a Negro) and the first person plural (when speaking of the Negro as a whole), he makes you feel that you are talking with an informed, cool-headed Negro who not only holds sound opinions and decent feelings, but also has at his disposal two or three briefcases full of facts and figures. True, the writing occasionally lapses into the woodenness of a *New York Times* feature on the national economy. But he always manages to say what he wants to say — and says it with great clarity.

AT THE time of the Knoxville sit-ins, Dr. Merrill Proudfoot was "a white, bespectacled college professor at the usually conservative age of thirty-six," teaching at a Negro college in that city. The authority of his book grows directly out of his timid personality and his whiteness. Somehow all that happens seems more believable (and some of it is almost incredible) because he is not a fiery-eyed Negro fanatic. He took part in the sit-in almost by mistake, when he promised one of the more militant students that he would be with them if negotiations to integrate store lunch counters did not work out. At the time, it seemed a safe promise; negotiations were going well. But three months later, the negotiations stalled. On Thursday, June 9, 1960, Dr. Proudfoot found himself participating in a sit-in. The *Diary* starts with that Thursday and ends on July 24, when some of the goals of the movement had been won.

One reason, I think, why the moral and spiritual pressure for reform being

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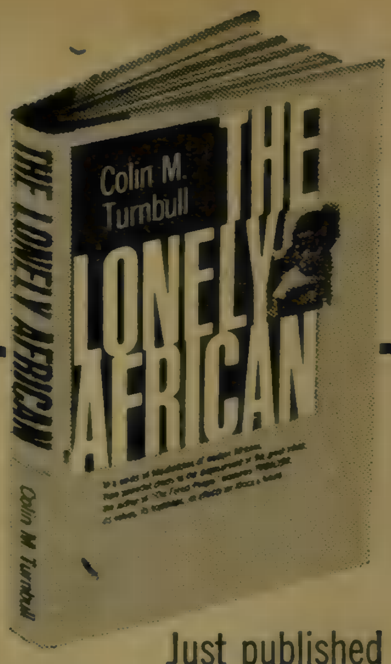
WILLIAM MELVIN KELLEY is the author of the novel, A Different Drummer, *recently published by Doubleday.*



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COLIN M. TURNBULL, author of *The Forest People*, examines African tribalism and shows — through a series of individual portraits — the dilemma of the "new" African: the political leader, slum dweller, college graduate, new woman and others caught between a discredited past and an uncertain future. Here, from critics and reviewers, a few of the first tributes to *The Lonely African*.

SANTHA RAMA RAU: "Excellent and penetrating. It is a most rewarding and sympathetic account of individual Africans facing the incredible problems of the white world. Mr. Turnbull's analyses, his view of people, places and societies make, anyway for me, a major step forward in the understanding between races."

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THE LONELY AFRICAN

$4.50. Simon and Schuster

exerted on the South today is far weaker than it was a hundred years ago is that to most people segregation does not seem as real as slavery. But a reading of this book can cure that fuzziness. Dr. Proudfoot tells of the day "an old tramp came shuffling in, dressed in dirt-encrusted, baggy overalls, with a dirty felt hat crushed down on his forehead. The tramp looked as out of place in this slick store as a donkey in church, but he had that one indispensable qualification — beneath several days' growth of whiskers, his skin, one could still discern, was fundamentally 'white.' The assistant manager [who had been holding a rope between Negroes and the lunch counter] welcomed this man with a special show of hospitality, while all the time casting triumphant glances at us. The logic of our cause could not have been more effectively dramatized."

And again, there is the day when a Negro picketer is carrying a sign: "Khrushchev Could Eat Here — I Can't." One heckler says to him: "Yeah, but Khrushchev ain't a nigger." Several times that same day, Dr. Proudfoot had been accused of being a Communist.

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Because of the deep religious conviction of its author, an ordained minister of the United Presbyterian Church, *Diary of a Sit-In* borders on a candy-sweet piety. Happily, the going is not sticky enough to be incapacitating. What emerges, and endures, is the picture of a man who, in spite of himself, had to take part and, much to his own surprise, found bravery in himself. In the process, he saw and set down a moving portrait of the South in the torment of change.

Death of a Hero

MURDER OR SUICIDE? By Vardis Fisher. Alan Swallow. 288 pp. $4.95.

Jonathan Daniels

THE NEWS did not come rapidly in those days from such a Far West as Tennessee. Much time passed before the young country which had properly made him a national hero knew that Meriwether Lewis had died a violent death at Grinder's Stand on the old dangerous trail called the Natchez Trace. Even today, more than 150 years later, the clear straight story has not come into the history books as to whether Lewis was murdered or committed suicide that October night in 1809.

Thomas Jefferson, who had sent Lewis with William Clark on the great Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific, gave his verdict confidently four years after the death that it was suicide due to inherited "hypochrondriac affections." Others since then have not been so sure and in recent years historical argument has grown about the question, "murder or suicide?" which Vardis Fisher has made the title of this book.

Nowhere at such length and in such detail has the evidence been so arrayed as in this fascinating work of historical detection. Mr. Fisher has not only studied the scene and the documents; he has also studied the characters who were on the scene and those who prepared the documents upon which various historical verdicts have been rendered. On the basis of vast research, he historically cross-examines every witness, including Jefferson who, of course, never visited the death scene. After this thorough and careful search, Mr. Fisher, while aware of the impossibility of absolute certainty, inclines to the view that Lewis was murdered. So do I.

My only fault with the book is that Mr. Fisher did not examine — and probably could not have examined in the scope of his story — all the widening circle of historical questions which spread from the scene of this death in the wilderness. Bigger questions than "murder or suicide?" seem to be involved. On the basis of the evidence, it seems doubtful to me that this was one of those killings for cash on the Natchez Trace for which that trail became notorious.

Of course, it may have been suicide. Perhaps Mr. Jefferson merely reported the facts when he said that he had always known that the man, to whom he entrusted the greatest enterprises, was congenitally maladjusted. Considering his own family, Mr. Jefferson could have been an expert on congenital derangements. Still if Lewis came mentally disturbed to the lonely place where he died, he also came from St. Louis. And St. Louis then was a human wilderness which contained the tracks of Aaron Burr, of the traitor General James Wilkinson, and of the furiously jealous and evidently agitated Frederick Bates, deputy governor under Lewis. Some of the ties between them are still as mysterious as the death of Lewis, whose body was left for years in a grave unprotected from the wolves and the hogs. It is at least possible that Lewis knew too much about matters which even Jefferson preferred be forgotten.

JONATHAN DANIELS, editor of the Raleigh *(N.C.)* News and Observer, *is the author of many histories and biographies. His most recent work is* The Devil's Backbone: The Story of the Natchez Trace *(McGraw-Hill).*

A Lullaby, Old Country Style, for the Dancers

Snow in the white doorway
and bells, green bells
And the wind carries your shoes
to its other house
My mother dances in Poland
in white, in love's color
while from the sky are falling
a green ladder, a bear

But dance, dance
or the bells will not hear you
Dance in green shoes
where the wind dances
and God on the oven
trembles
gently, dreaming, and scatters
the snow from your voice
with his love, his hands

Jerome Rothenberg

THEATRE

Ben Shaktman

ALTHOUGH The Association of Producing Artists was born two and a half years ago as a workshop group that met month after month in the Sullivan Street Playhouse, Greenwich Village, the company was tested on the road, and toured a repertory of classical productions in cities, large and small, this side of the Mississippi, before officially entering New York. In addition, APA established theatrical precedent in the fall and winter of 1960-61 by being the first professional company to go into residence on the campus of a university — at the McCarter Theatre, Princeton University.

Last spring, when the company arrived in New York, hopeful historians smiled wistfully at the impression APA made as potentially another Neighborhood Playhouse, Provincetown Players, Washington Square Players or Group Theatre. The smile was friendly, but the recollection of the fate of those earlier ventures was not calculated to be encouraging. However, there are aspects to APA's organization that make it one of the brightest and most sensible rays of hope in the American theatre today.

First, the company is composed chiefly of established actors, who have been through the mills of Broadway, off-Broadway, summer and winter stock, films and television. At the outset, Ellis Rabb, the company's thirty-two-year-old founder and artistic director, sought proven actors who would join APA, not out of desperation to act, but out of a need to act well in good plays. Mr. Rabb said, "When an actor joined APA he knew his salary would be a great deal smaller than he was presently making on Broadway or television. He would have to go through the small irritations of a touring company and the audiences it found. And he would have to work harder than he had ever worked to bring new plays into our repertory."

Some well-known and successfully established artists took the challenge: Peter Donat, Olive Dunbar, Richard Easton, Joyce Ebert, Will Geer, George Grizzard, Rosemary Harris, David Hooks, Gerry Jedd, Nancy Marchand, Donald Moffat, Christine Pickles, Joanna Roos, Paul Sparer, Frances Sternhagen. These were full-fledged professionals who expected to continue earning their living in the theatre. A few had starred on Broadway. With APA they were offered an average minimum salary of $100 a week, which could climb as high as $200 depending on the touring arrangements. From the start Rabb promised his players no great wealth for their work, but something else.

REPERTORY is APA's second promising characteristic. It is a true "rep" company in the traditional European fashion. A number of productions are prepared and maintained for performance in rotation night after night. Since January, 1960, the company has done fifteen plays in repertory, including six by Shakespeare, *Man and Superman, The Lady's Not for Burning, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Follies of Scapin* and the three which were produced in New York: *The School for Scandal, The Seagull* and *The Tavern.*

That repertory doesn't seem quite the thing to bring to Milwaukee! Case in point: there, APA played to its smallest audience, and lost a bundle of money for the producers of the Fred Miller Theatre. (Except for its appearance in New York, APA has not acted as producer in the usual sense. It has offered its productions to theatre managers or other producers who pay APA a fee and often a percentage to perform at a particular theatre.)

"The Milwaukee experience was a case of bad judgment by the producers, who acted courageously on one hand and in bad business sense on the other," said Robert Alan Gold, APA's general manager. The Milwaukee management told its regular audience to beware, that APA was a high-level entertainment, something they weren't accustomed to receiving. APA was thus alienated in advance from its public.

One of the additional peculiarities of the Milwaukee engagement was the local citizens' severe if silent boycott of *The Seagull.* "The public in Milwaukee was highly suspicious of a Russian play, wouldn't respond when they came, and

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BEN SHAKTMAN is a playwright and director who as a Fulbright fellow studied at the Berliner Ensemble, the Comédie Française and the Vienna Staatsoper.

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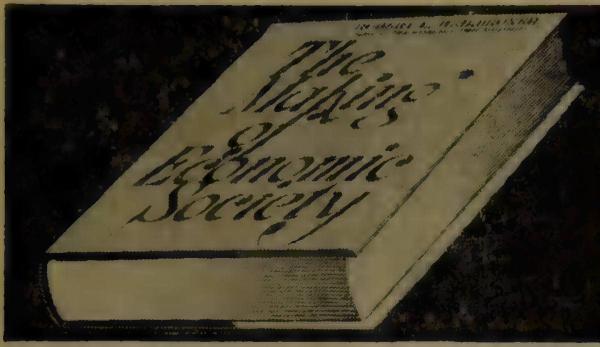
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finally showed their doubts by staying away from the box office," recalled Rabb. This event reveals the point and purpose of the repertory system. Although a particular audience might stay away from a great play, the performers could recognize their work as artistically valid, because it had proved successful when played elsewhere as part of their repertory.

APA's only competition on the road, other than the Broadway road shows that play only the largest cities, is Eva Le Gallienne's National Repertory Theatre, another honorable, if more opulently financed troupe. NRT is in many ways a star company, whereas APA is trying to become a well-knit, well-balanced ensemble.

Despite some unevenness in performances during its New York season, APA's productions showed astute theatrical know-how, and in places, brilliant work. For example, Rosemary Harris' Lady Teazle and David Hooks's Oliver Surface were outstanding in *The School for Scandal.* But their delightful control of Sheridan's mercurial word management, and of the pace it requires, enforced a definite gap between the rest of the ensemble and themselves. However, Mr. Rabb's aggressive, and definitely unfussy, direction unified the production, so that by the last performance the distance between Miss Harris and Mr. Hooks and the others was not great. That is the measure of a hard-working ensemble and one of the artistic rewards of repertory.

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New York remained unconvinced. Theatregoers responded meekly to the local critics' unanimous rave for APA's productions at the off-Bowery Folksbienne Playhouse. Business was poor, averaging slightly less than half of capacity. But manager Gold seemed unperturbed that only about 5,000 people saw APA's work in seven weeks (5,000 see any one of the three top Broadway shows in four nights). "The New York appearance more than wiped out our surplus funds, but it was worth every cent."

A FEW DAYS before its New York opening the group had signed a contract with the University of Michigan for a three-year residence at twenty weeks per year, in the 700-seat Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre. As part of Michigan's professional theatre policy, APA felt itself in a relatively weak bargaining position, since the manager of the program made plain his evaluation of the whole venture as risky. After the New York reviews, that attitude changed sharply. Subscriptions for the coming APA-Michigan season jumped to 1,800 with a new high of 3,000 expected; university authorities were being credited with a discovery, and APA itself could move confidently forward in its creative plans to bring new productions, even new plays, into the repertory. Thus, the investment strategy of amortizing the New York season against the Michigan venture paid off.

This position of mobility, the complexity of which would certainly have been alien to earlier "amateurs" such as the Provincetown Players or the Neighborhood Playhouse directors, is APA's happiest business security at the present time. Yet, having been prepared for a financial loss in New York, they by no means take the loss lightly. They already doubt that repertory can ever succeed in New York, and are seriously thinking that their next appearance there might offer the extended presentation of a single production. If this were to happen, APA could be following a dangerous precedent — one that has wrecked earlier outstanding American theatre groups: playing the opponent's game. If APA believes in repertory, and can succeed in creating a solid ensemble over an extended period of employment, it must think more than twice before breaking the pattern that gives it life.

Descort

nine tolls
& light lies heavy on the fields
the end of May

walking the road's edge
darkness is on every side
but at the left

has white
flowers in it blossoming tree
up an alley of trees

bushes Lady
I walk in an enormity every thing
we touch we

make mud
but we'll dry out of it & leave
it full

of our life not its own
We make a road through things
but never pass

outside them
Lady the light goes nowhere
when it goes out

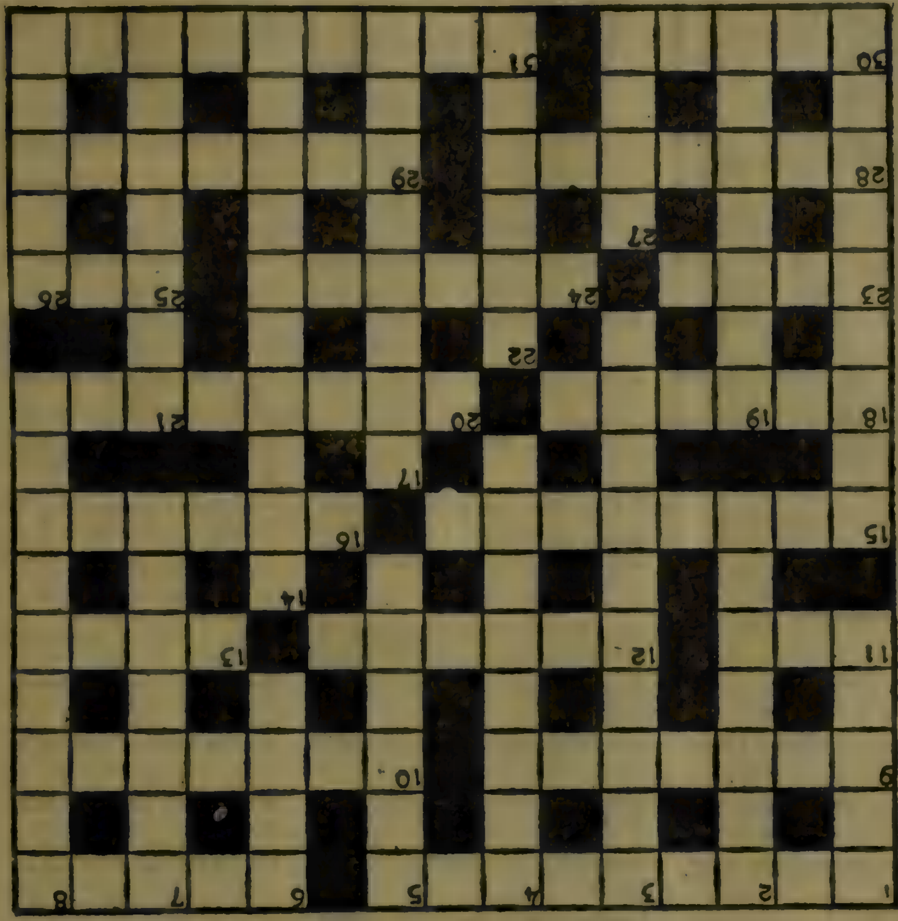
Robert Kelly

If APA successfully maintains its repertory system at Michigan and later on the road, and then arrives next season in New York to play only one production, it could be in serious conscience trouble. On what terms would the selection of a single production be made? It would probably be based on a conjecture as to what the New York public would buy. Whereas the season recently completed was based upon what the New York public might try.

That difference constitutes the current distinction of APA. It secured the season's best critical reception, and won the active interest of individuals as far-ranging in motives as the director of the Board of Education's Bureau of Audio-Visual Instruction, who would recommend APA's shows for every school in New York; a television film company which would film one production for commercial use each season; and a noted producer who has offered to produce APA's next New York appearance. While each of these motives may be different, APA's must remain constant: to produce great plays well, with experienced actors who can respond creatively to the repertory system.

Crossword Puzzle No. 975

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Swell way to make a bow suffice without tea, by the sound of it. (9)
6 and 23 Parry arguments with letters (though a wire might reach one). (5, 4)
9 From whence to speak, or contrariwise, play carelessly. (7)
10 The sort of fuel account, in short, acquired by the boat. (7)
11 and 24 This is enough to make a little fellow speculate like a young genius. (3, 6)
12 Did he occupy the bench during at least one administration? (6)
13 and 6 across Would his merchandise logically go on hot ties? (4, 5)
15 This provides us no loud (but rather bumpy) pattern. (8)
16 Straightforward control. (6)
18 What they might do in the pen before delivery to the plate. (4, 2)
20 A little money, pure and simple, can provide the material. (8)
23 and 5 down Travel with speed, but not on the rink, where you might drop a letter or so. (4, 6)
24 and 26 Beat the German completely and spectacularly. (11)
25 Sort of a clod? (3)
28 Element associated with the rainbow? (7)
29 You may not have pressed your suit properly if you have to ask for one.
30 and 13 Does it usually have a transportation charge? (5, 4)
31 How Eisenhower commanded? (9)

DOWN:

1 This bean is the main product associated with Central and South America and the West Indies. (5)
2 Tried to write like Lamb? (7)
3 Director of a movement in a purely voluntary capacity. (10)
4 Does it make a mouse run quite a lot? (8)
5 and 11 The first term of Sir Joseph Porter? (6, 3)
6 It's cruel to knock down or hide. (4)
7 Wink—some people put it inside.
8 Perhaps this version should be worn by Wave officers. (9)
14 and 30 Was he unsuccessful in the horse trading business? (7, 3, 5)
15 Not the same old lap at last implied, though a good press might focus your attention on it. (9)
17 Greeting a pick-up with it? (8)
19 How to get across in it without an act of the composer? (7)
21 Not really like Cupid — more like water, winds, and waves. (7)
22 Does he have an irregular following? (6)
27 Sort of nice? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 974

ACROSS: 1 Carrier pigeon; 9 Older; 10 Devilfish; 11 Enneads; 12 Nest egg; 13 Ovals; 14 Hailstone; 16 Hit-and-run; 18 Befit; 19 Volcano; 21 Amentia; 22 Secretive; 23 Chews; 24 Extravagantly. DOWN: 1 Close to the vest; 2 Redundant; 3 Inroads; 4 Rides; 5 Invention; 6 Enlists; 7 Naive; 8 The Great Gatsby; 14 Harmonica; 15 Off-street; 17 Nearest; 18 Breccia; 20 Locke; 21 Arena.

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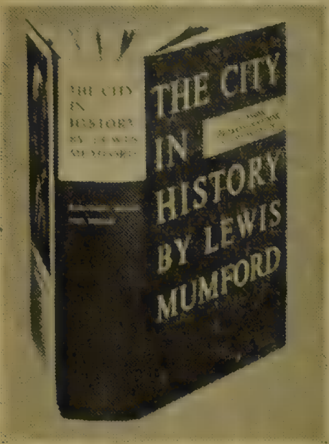

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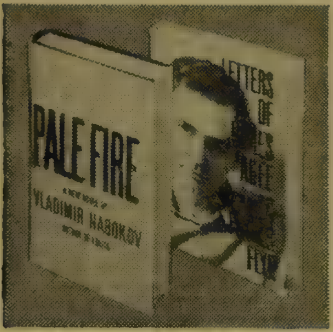

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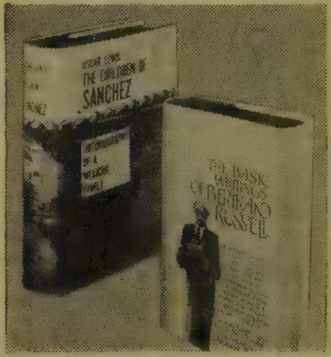

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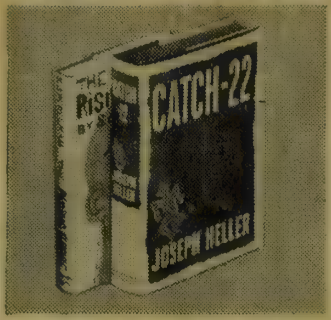

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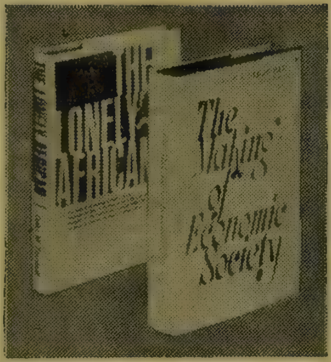

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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 15, 1962 . . 25c

WRONG WAY TO THE MOON

Carl Dreher

★

EXPLOITING THE MODEL CHILD

Marylin Bender Altschul

★

PUERTO RICO

Plebiscite for Identity

Carey McWilliams

LETTERS

Workless World?

Dear Sirs: The popular view that we are hurtling toward a workless world is endorsed by both Georges Friedmann and George Kirstein, in their articles on "Labor and Leisure" [*The Nation*, Sept. 1]. This pleasantly prescient view needs some strong qualification, I believe. Its sensationalistic elaboration by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and other organizations and authors is leading many people to overlook the real problems which face us in the area of technological progress.

The view is based largely on an imaginative extrapolation of the technical potentialities of automation. But unless such extrapolations take into account the social, psychological and political forces which determine the direction and utilization of technology, they are merely non-fictional science fiction.

What are these forces? Nationalism, for one; Kennedy tells us we can't cut the work week because we're competing with the Communists. Simple humanity, for another: with most of the world still starving, there's enough work left to last quite some time, once we recognize it as *our* work. Education is a third: we just don't have the trained intelligence to automate at breakneck speed.

Both Kirstein and Friedmann are aware of these factors, but their easy references to "the world of tomorrow" may lead many readers to forget that that world is a century away. As Mr. Kirstein says, "Tomorrow's problems await solution by our children; today's problems face us." RONALD GROSS

New York City

Dear Sirs: The basic problem regarding labor relations today is the question of who can assess the worth of a particular type of work in the economy as a whole. The individual union member would not seem to be too unbiased an arbiter in these matters. Here in Boston, the salary of the janitors in the Boston School System is as high as that of some teachers; brickmasons earn more money than many architects! Under such conditions, little wonder that management wants to automate wherever possible. RICHARD M. TITUS

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Kirstein says that 300,000 workers will be added to payrolls across the nation for each hour the work week is reduced. At that rate, the work week could be reduced to ten hours and it would require only nine million more workers. Surely this figure is way off.

In my view, capitalism and communism are two aspects of the same monster—industrialism founded on technology. The cure is to return to a more primitive agricultural life with plenty of meaningful work for everyone.

Raymond, N.H. ARTHUR HARVEY

Dear Sirs: As a labor journalist of more than forty years' standing (though now writing in other fields), I must reluctantly agree for the most part with George Kirstein's "Labor's Ebbing Strength." But I do take exception to two of his pessimistic utterances.

I do not share his lack of faith in the likelihood of unionization of white-collar workers. Could any group of workers have seemed less likely union material than newspaper men and women? Yet the American Newspaper Guild, despite mergers, strikes and firings, continues to grow in coverage and power.

And I disagree heartily with his behind-the-times contention that most women are working merely until they "get married and begin to raise their families." More than a third of the women in the United States are now gainfully employed, and more than half of these are married; and the proportions are rapidly swinging upward. Women . . . are as concerned as the men in job security . . . and are more amenable to organization by the present type of labor "statesman" than by the old-fashioned kind of labor leader.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

San Francisco, Calif.

Independent Mr. Hughes

Dear Sirs: We were pleased to see Theodore Roszak's review of H. Stuart Hughes's *An Approach to Peace* [*The Nation*, August 25]. There was, however, one error. Professor Hughes is running for U.S. Senate in Massachusetts as an independent, not as a Democrat. JOEL I. COHEN

Hughes for Senate Committee

Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. Stickney's Papers

Dear Sirs: I am continuing the work of the late Thomas Riggs, Jr., who wrote a life in the form of a dissertation on the American poet Joseph Trumbull Stickney (1874-1904). Dr. Stickney was among the most brilliant of our poet-scholars working at the end of the century. . . . Horace Gregory wrote of his poetry, "As one turns the pages . . . one seems to stand in the unshaded presence of poetic genius."

If any readers can give light on the problem of much lost material I would appreciate word from them. Any letters or papers made available will be handled with care and used according to the wishes of the owners. J. WM. MYERS

5 West 63rd St.,
New York 23, N.Y.

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The Nation, Sept. 15, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 7

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14. Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 7

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Ninety Miles Off Florida

The President's statement of September 4 concerning Cuba falls into two separate and distinct parts. In the first, he deals realistically and calmly with the Soviet-supplied military buildup in the island. Defensive anti-aircraft missiles with a slant range of twenty-five miles (similar to our obsolete Nike-Ajax) have been imported, together with the electronic equipment required for their operation (likewise obsolete by Nike-Hercules, not to speak of Nike-Zeus, standards). Several Soviet-made motor torpedo boats, carrying ship-to-ship missiles with a range of fifteen miles, are also on hand. In the way of manpower, about 3,500 Soviet military technicians are known to be in Cuba, or en route. But: "There is no evidence of any organized combat force in Cuba from any Soviet bloc country; of military bases provided to Russia; of a violation of the 1934 treaty relating to Guantanamo; of the presence of offensive ground-to-ground missiles; or of other significant offensive capability either in Cuban hands or under Soviet direction and guidance."

The statement could have ended there and it would have constituted a precise, coherent and complete account. But that would have been to ignore the realities of domestic politics. With Senators Keating, Goldwater, Capehart, Smathers, Thurmond and others bawling for the preservation of the Monroe Doctrine by all possible means, including blockade and invasion, Mr. Kennedy had to show that he was equally solicitous. He therefore appended a few more paragraphs, sternly warning the Castro regime that it "will be prevented by whatever means may be necessary from taking action against any part of the Western Hemisphere." That this will quiet such experienced viewers-with-alarm as the aforementioned Senators is hardly to be expected and the President knows it as well as anyone, but he has dutifully gone through the motions.

The President also spoke of the larger issue of the world-wide challenge posed by "'Communist threats to the peace." He could have added anti-Communist threats to the peace, for both types exist and feed each other, to the glory and prosperity of the armies, navies and air forces of both sides. It is all simply standard cold-war operating procedure. When one of your staunch and beloved allies gets shaky on his pins, it is obviously your sacred duty to prop him up. When his subjects become restive, you supply him with materiel and experts. This has a doubly salutary effect: (1) the attention of the disgruntled citizens is diverted to the external enemy, and (2) they are made aware of the fact that the arms may be used against them if they become too obstreperous. All this we have done for the past fifteen years all over the world, and all around the borders of the Soviet Union. Now it is being done to us, and we like it no better than the Soviets like it.

As for the Monroe Doctrine, it is not only in danger, it is superseded. It had a long and satisfactory life, but the Second World War, with its rockets and atom bombs, finally killed it. In a letter to *The New York Times* calling for an end to the arms race, the Nobel laureate Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi points out that the 1,000-megaton bomb is in sight, capable of wiping out six of our states at one bang, or inundating our whole East (or West) Coast with one "tidal" wave. It makes little difference whether the bomb is launched from Siberia or Cuba or China or Argentina. "Very soon," Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi points out, "the United States will be surrounded by USSR atomic submarines, carrying hundreds of Polaris-like missiles which can destroy our country from close range within minutes." Such submarines are, of course, already on station in north European waters, but they are American and their missiles are trained on Soviet targets. The Senators who are most excited about Cuba are not excited at all about this far greater mutual menace, which daily they do their best to exacerbate. They had better stop charging up San Juan Hill and begin seeing the world as it is.

The Moon: No Go?

In the picturesque argot of Cape Canaveral, "go" is good, as in "All systems are go." "No go" means trouble. Even more trouble seems to be impending than Carl

Dreher foreshadows in "The Wrong Way to the Moon" (page 128). According to a long article by J. Anthony Lukas in *The New York Times* of September 2, the increased radiation in space caused by the American high-altitude nuclear test on July 9 (see *The Nation*, September 1, editorial, "Terra Incognita in Space") may be much more serious than previously believed. The Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department have revealed that the added radiation knocked out transmission from three satellites, one British and two American, and may take years to decay to an inappreciable level. Added to natural radiation hazards, such effects might prevent manned flights to the moon.

Perhaps, however, it is a blessing in disguise. The United States and the Soviet Union are racing to the moon. Neither feels it can slow down, much less stop, but radiation could slow down both — perhaps force them into agreement on the neutralization and internationalization of the moon and the flight paths between it and the earth. In the guise of nuclear tests for its own defense, any nation with nuclear and rocket capacity can interdict travel to the moon by interposing and intensifying belts of radiation at dangerous or lethal levels. Shielding could be resorted to, but the weight penalties would probably be prohibitive.

If further study should confirm this prognosis, some incentive would also be added to an agreement on nuclear testing. Heretofore only malformed and leukemic children have been involved and since for the most part these victims were still unborn, nobody except Linus Pauling and other eccentrics bent on keeping the world a livable place could get very excited about it all. But if testing in the ionosphere threatens to interfere with high-altitude and planetary flight, that will be quite another matter. And if the superpowers can agree on banning explosions in the ionosphere as an urgent necessity, they may decide to be less disagreeable in other regions as well.

Look Within

America, the Jesuit weekly, has taken something of a lambasting over its editorial, "To Our Jewish Friends," on which *The Nation* commented last week under the title, "No Room for Bargaining." The quality of the criticisms varied, and *America* will make its own rejoinder when it is ready. What the editors will have to answer, however, is not so much outside objections nor anything verbal at all, but an Associated Press wirephoto with the caption, "A Nun Leads the Way — A sister of the St. Francis De Sales Catholic Elementary School in New Orleans peacefully leading two children, one a Negro girl, into school."

America asked American Jews "what bargain they are willing to strike as one of the minorities in a pluralistic society." In this matter of desegregation, the Roman Catholic Church, to its eternal credit, has been willing to strike no bargain whatsoever. When, a good many years ago, some of the laity objected to desegregation in St. Louis, Joseph E. Ritter, the archbishop and now also a cardinal, in effect offered them a choice between desegregation and excommunication. Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel took a similar stand in New Orleans and his successor, Archbishop John P. Cody, is equally obdurate. The New York *Herald Tribune's* staff correspondent in New Orleans, Robert S. Bird, explains why integration of parochial schools went smoothly on the opening day. The most important reason, he believes, is that "Church authorities have stood by the integration decision with Rock of Gibraltar firmness, treating it as a matter that needs no defending or apology and leaving it up to the parishioners to take it or leave it, but not to interfere with it." Of equal weight, in Bird's estimation, was that "this was the decision of the Archbishop himself, made on a moral ground. . . . It was a decision that seems to have won the respect of the Catholic parishioners, even those who disagreed and disliked it."

Compromise and bargaining are, to be sure, of the essence in commercial life and in some areas of politics and legislation. It is also true that moral intransigence may be abused, and often is. But there are some issues that are *not* subject to compromise, on which those concerned with moral values must take a firm stand or abandon their values. The editors of *America* need not go far afield to find the unanswerable objection to their editorial: the Roman Catholic bishops have provided it in the desegregation controversy.

It's Delightful, It's Delectable, It's Deductible

It's also depreciable and delicious. If Abe Burrows or E. Y. Harburg wants to use it, *The Nation* feels morally entitled to a piece of the show, but unfortunately is not in a position to obtain it by force of law. The source is the uncopyrighted *Congressional Record*, August 28, pages 16825-46.

The business before the Senate was the tax-revision bill, and specifically that section which, hopefully, was to make it difficult for the hard-pressed organization man to charge up his moments of relaxation to the kindly taxpayer. The good life is based on the recently discovered principle that businessmen do not buy on the basis of price or quality of merchandise, but preponderantly on the quality of the entertainment they are furnished. The entertainment must not only be good, but free. *A* entertains *B*, presents the bill to his own corporation, which pays and deducts from its income tax. Then *B* entertains *A*. Uncle Sam pays it all.

Offhand, this may seem like an abuse: as the President has said, the purpose of the tax-revision bill was to restrain the businessman who "disguises personal expense with business associations." But this is a misconception bordering on slander. Actually the man who rides the expense account is the guardian of the family which, as everyone knows, is the cornerstone of the free-enterprise system. He stands for togetherness. This was brought out in a colloquy between Senators Gore and Douglas.

"I am sure," said Mr. Douglas, "the Senator has seen reports on domestic discord which has arisen when the husband rides the expense account and the wife sits at home and eats hamburgers."

"I have heard neighborhood rumors," Mr. Gore conceded.

"Is it not to be expected," Mr. Douglas continued, "that if the husband is living at the Ritz Carlton or in Miami and is cruising in a yacht and paying $10 for lunches, or is eating expensive dinners at Antoine's in New Orleans, and the poor wife is at home eating a humble sandwich, she becomes discontented and domestic discord increases—"

Mr. Gore: "And she feels neglected."

"She feels neglected," Mr. Douglas concluded triumphantly, "therefore, in order that the business executive may function more efficiently he must take his wife along and dish out the gravy to her, also."

Mr. Long of Louisiana, in whose state Antoine's is located, and Mr. Smathers of Florida did not appreciate the heavy-handed mockery of Messrs. Douglas and Gore. "I recognize," said Mr. Smathers, "that many musicians, restaurants and hotels make conventions their business and thereby contribute to the welfare of the economy of the States in which they are located. I do not wish to see them put out of business. . . ." He asked the opposing Senators to "stop ranting and raving about the safari, about taking wives on trips, and all that sort of thing."

It was to no avail. Messrs. Gore and Douglas went into a staccato routine which needs only to be put to music:

Mr. Douglas. "Sixty-five-dollar tickets to see *My Fair Lady.*"

Mr. Gore. "Yes."

Mr. Douglas. "Expenses at the 21 Club."

Mr. Gore. "If that is amusement."

Mr. Douglas. "It *is* amusement."

Mr. Gore "Or entertainment."

Mr. Douglas. "Or for good will."

Mr. Gore. "Is that not wonderful?"

Apparently the melodic possibilities appealed to Senator Long, for he answered with the theme song of his late father, Senator Huey Long. Whether the Senator sang, or merely recited, the ***Record*** does not indicate, but these are the words:

Every man a king.
Every man a king.
For you can be a millionaire.
But there is something belonging to others;
There's enough for each one to share.

Burrows and Harburg, take it from there.

PUERTO RICO: PLEBISCITE for IDENTITY

. . by Carey McWilliams

San Juan

THE PERENNIAL question of status has come to a new boil in Puerto Rico. With no advance warning, Gov. Luis Muñoz Marín used the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Commonwealth (July 25) to call for a plebiscite on the question. Dozens of witnesses of all shadings of opinion have appeared to testify on the plebiscite bill. "One hundred years of Puerto Rican thought, convictions and meditations on political status," writes A. W. Maldonado in the San Juan *Star*, "have been presented before the legislative plebiscite committee" — and the end is not yet. Sometime in mid-1963 Puerto Ricans will have a chance to express their preference for (1) Statehood; (2) the "culmination" of Commonwealth (which the Governor proposes); or (3) Independence. Of far-reaching interest and importance, the issues merit close and sympathetic attention stateside.

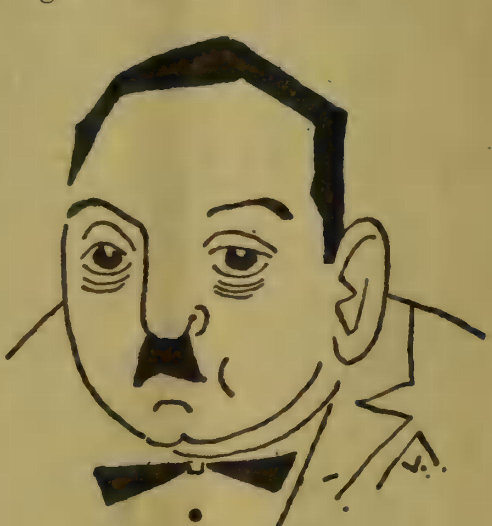
The key question relates to the timing — why now, and why so suddenly? In a month of interviewing, including a session with the Governor, I received scores of answers to this question. While Statehood and Independence leaders will tell you that the initiative for the plebiscite came not from the Governor's office but from the White House, there is strong evidence to indicate that the initiative was Muñoz'. This is not to deny that Washington had good reasons for favoring a plebiscite at this time. Jamaica and Trinidad-Tobago have been granted their independence and British Guiana is next up. The Puerto Rican question is slated for an airing this fall in a United Nations increasingly under the influence of "new nations." The Alliance for Progress is not progressing, the situation in the Dominican Republic is touch-and-go, and Cuba is a greater irritant than ever. Washington, as well as the Governor, is annoyed by the reluctance of many Latin Americans to regard Puerto Rico as anything other than a colony. And in the offing is the future status of the Virgin Islands.

Moreover, Puerto Rico has been sold — some would be inclined to say "oversold" — as a "showplace" of what American-style free enterprise can accomplish in combination with local democratic political initiative. Puerto Rico, it is said, is the American answer, the American-sponsored alternative, to Fidel Castro's Cuba.

The "showplace" theme has, of course, served the joint interests of Washington and San Juan. Undeniably, Puerto Rico is a model of what we would want all Latin American countries to become — loyal friends and splendid customers — and, by the same token, it has much to teach Latin Americans on how to coax funds and concessions from Washington. The Governor is a key adviser, a pivotal figure, in U.S.-Latin American relations. Quite naturally, he has made the most of the role in order to "sell" Puerto Rico, stateside. Moreover, nowadays nothing is left to chance in politics; the Puerto Rican "image" is kept ever-bright by the public relations firm of Sontheimer, Runkle & Associates under contract with the Puerto Rican Government. To sustain the brightness of the image, both Washington and San Juan may have felt that now, with the Caribbean in a state of ferment, was a good time to demonstrate to the world at large, and Latin America in particular, that Puerto Rico is in no sense a "straw man" or colony.

BUT THERE were also domestic political reasons why Muñoz decided to call for a plebiscite now. A friendly Administration is in power in Washington; the Governor's own Popular Democratic Party had close ties with the New Deal and can be thought of as a "Democratic" party in Puerto Rico. More significant is the fact that the island's Statehood Republican Party has made significant gains of recent years and might, at some future time, become a real rival for power, even though at present it is divided and ineptly led. At the outset the Statehood party could not decide whether to participate in the plebiscite or not and no final decision has yet been made. At the moment, also, the Independence forces hardly exist as a "party" and the new left wing of the movement is against the plebiscite on principle. From the Governor's point of view, therefore, the political timing was ideal.

But the timing was propitious for other reasons as well. Dynamic as ever, Muñoz is no longer a young man and he is well aware that tensions are beginning to develop in his own party over the status issue. From the outset, the Governor has done the political thinking and provided the political leadership of the Popular Democratic Party. If anyone is to see the Commonwealth idea through to "culmination," he is that person. Given new leadership — say someone like Jaime Benitez, Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico — the Statehood forces might become a real threat.



Luis Muñoz Marín

Statehood has acquired a new voice in Gardner Cowles's San Juan *Star*, which has injected some new, and much needed, vigor into Puerto Rican journalism. (In the States, *Look* has, of course, been pushing Statehood; see "Puerto Rico: the 51st State?", January 17, 1961.) Under the editorship of W. J. Dorvillier, the English-language *Star*, now with a circulation around 17,000, opposed the San Juan hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee, took a strong stand (with the Governor) against the intervention of the Catholic hierarchy in Puerto Rican politics and, last May, exposed a very messy situation in the legislature. Caught red-handed, the legislature whacked something like $800,000 in concealed political payola from the budget in a frenzied all-night session. The legislative scandals, as well as certain scandals in San Juan, have appreciably dimmed the "luster" of the Popular Democratic Party. The Governor took advantage of the scandals to purge some objectionable elements from the party, but he is aware that its morale is slipping and a plebiscite campaign might serve to keep it strong and united.

BUT TO SEE the Governor's problem in perspective, it is important to understand the growing Statehood sentiment. The stock thesis has long been that Statehood is backed by "the rich land-owning families." No doubt they do back it, but today Statehood sentiment is widespread. It is this sentiment, not the Statehood Republican Party per se, that concerns the Governor. Statehood is supported by federal employees who now number approximately 7,300 (the only Puerto Ricans who pay federal income taxes); by some, but by no means all, of the large—50,000 (including family members) — influential and growing community of "continentals" (resident North Americans); by many Negroes; by some elements in the Governor's own party and, above all, by the rising native Puerto Rican middle class, many of whom are bilingual and have been educated, in part, in the States. (It is ironic that this middle class, created largely by the Governor's own economic policies, should now represent one of the most formidable obstacles to the amended Commonwealth status for which the Governor is campaigning.) It is also supported by many well-to-do business and financial elements for whom Statehood stands for security and stability in a Caribbean world which is very much in flux. These elements, including many wealthy native Puerto Ricans, fear that Commonwealth is not permanent and may end in Independence. Some 15,500 refugee Cubans, many of whom are well-heeled and have gone into business — and are looked upon with distinct misgivings by most Puerto Ricans—are a potential increment to the Statehood faction. Oddly enough, I came across many working-class people who were pro-Statehood: domestics, mechanics, taxi drivers, et al. To these elements, the tie with the United States means, above all, the unrestricted right of free migration.

In a word, Statehood is today an

across-the-board sentiment—a sentiment fostered not so much by love of Statehood per se as by fear of Independence (just as the sentiment for Independence is fed, in no small measure, by the fear of Statehood, which suggests an irrevocable status). Curiously, the more the Governor's programs have advanced the economy, the more feasible Statehood has become economically; similarly, the more self-government he has won for Puerto Rico, the more feasible Independence has become politically. And by constantly stressing the disastrous economic consequences of both Statehood (which, as he puts it, would bring the "income-tax collector") and of Independence (which would bring the "customs collector"), the Governor has inadvertently added to the feeling of general unease and uncertainty which feeds both sentiments. In a sense, therefore, history has caught up with Muñoz; he can no longer, or not much longer, continue to play one extreme against the other.

LIKE Statehood, Independence is more a movement than a party; pro-Independence sentiment is much more widespread than the election returns indicate. Beneath the surface, the rapid and accelerating American economic penetration of Puerto Rico has stimulated fears and apprehensions which feed the sentiment for Independence. For example, American-owned supermarkets — a boon in themselves and potentially a fine market for native produce — have had the immediate effect of undercutting hundreds of small Puerto Rican shopkeepers. Muñoz Marín broke up the fusion of economic and political power that existed when sugar was king; but continued American economic penetration is exerting an ever-increasing cultural and political pressure on Puerto Ricans of which they are very much aware.

The sub-surface thrust toward Independence shows up, also, in the current drive to "nativize" the Catholic Church. Many prominent Catholic laymen are critical of the American-oriented hierarchy (most of whom, probably, favor Statehood, at least privately). Dr. Jose M. Lazaro, Dean of Humanities at the university, complains that the Church still maintains the appearance of "a foreign institution," as indeed it does. Recently thirty prominent laymen petitioned the Vatican to designate Puerto Rican bishops for a change: the first was named in 1803; the second, and last, is the present Auxiliary Bishop of Ponce. Puerto Rican Catholics are demanding Spanish-language prelates; they are also insisting that Spanish, not English, should be the language of instruction in parochial schools. The long-deferred resolution of the language issue in the public schools — Spanish is now the language of instruction, although English is emphasized as a second language — is another symptom of the strength of the sub-surface forces that feed the sentiment for Independence. The continued use of English in the schools of dentistry and medicine at the university is keenly resented.

PUERTO RICO'S interesting artistic intelligentzia — painters, writers, graphic artists, playwrights — are, I should say, pro-Independence almost to a man. The "operational" intellectuals — technicians, bureaucrats, labor leaders, et al.—are largely pro-Commonwealth. It should not be forgotten, also, that Independence has a long tradition in Puerto Rico; almost every "first family" has some *Independentista* skeletons in its closet. The fact is that a great many more Puerto Ricans are for Independence than will admit it. "These people," Dr. Asher Tropp writes of the Puerto Rican middle class, "are confident of the value of Hispanic culture and have no desire to become 100 per cent Americans. Regardless of how they vote, they want to be Puerto Ricans, first and foremost, because they feel something new is being created here."

No doubt most Puerto Ricans, as the Governor insists, want some tie with the United States; but it is my impression that there is growing resentment of the American "presence." Puerto Ricans have had very little contact with neighboring Caribbean islands; Havana is much more remote, and "foreign," than New York. Nearly every other family has members who lived in, worked, studied, visited, or are now living in the States. But this merely means that they are familiar with us, not that they love us; their feelings about us are, in fact, quite ambivalent.

The chronic failure of the pro-Independence elements has been, and still is, their inability to work out a political program and to organize in support of it. Nowadays the artistic intelligentzia like to foregather in the Casa de Sam, where they expound the case for Puerto Rican Independence, often with a brilliance and eloquence that are persuasive. But they have neglected the new middle class. And for this, of course, there is an explanation. A firm economic basis for a Statehood party exists; the pro-Commonwealth elements also have a firm economic base. But the Independence elements do not—at least at this time. Another reason for the political impotence of the Independence sentiment is that its leaders have turned their backs on politics. Any number of them made it clear to me that they could imagine no circumstances under which they would participate in the plebiscite. Their argument, of course, is that the hard facts of U.S. and Commonwealth power, political and economic, stack the cards in such a way that a free plebiscite is impossible. There is something to this argument, but abstention from politics is hardly the best way to educate or inform the people; it is essentially a negative political position.

AS AGAINST a divided Statehood party and a largely unorganized Independence movement, the Governor would seem to have every advantage. The Popular Democratic Party has its roots in an entrenched bureaucracy; it is firmly in possession of the reigns of governmental power. Many American businessmen, and bankers, are pro-Commonwealth; economically it offers them many advantages — government loans, tax-exemptions, etc. Labor is pro-Commonwealth. On his recent trip to Europe, the Governor set the stage for a formal—if not cordial—reconciliation with the Church. The Christian Action Party endorses the idea of a plebiscite.

But the basic strength of the Commonwealth position is to be found in the reality of its accomplishments. The Governor's eulogists, who are legion, like to speak of Puerto Rico's "revolution." It has not been that, even though the fact of improvement is self-evident. It is symbolized by the Fomento-assisted factories that dot the island; by the luxury hotels, the supermarkets, the mad auto traffic, the bustle along Ponce de Leon Avenue. The shift from rural to urban residence has triggered an FHA-financed building boom (20,000 construction workers), which has skyrocketed real estate values and produced a rash of new middle-class subdivisions with such names as Hyde Park, Los Angeles, Eleanor Roosevelt, San Francisco, Truman, Beverly Hills, Villa Las Lomas, etc. That American-style affluence is exportable is symbolized by the fancy new *condominio*, in which apartments sell for $25,000 and $30,000 a unit.

True, the improvement is spotty. The failure to reform the agricultural setup is striking. Sugar is still a sick, and in many ways a parasitic industry (Puerto Rico has not been able to meet its quota under the Sugar Act for some years). But cattle and poultry raising have now topped sugar as the largest producer of agricultural income and as Puerto Rico agriculture shifts from sugar to the production of foodstuff, most of which is imported at high shipping costs, the local economy should be steadily strengthened.

La Fortaleza (*Governor's residence*)

All the same, the present economy of Puerto Rico is a brilliant, if slightly dizzy, improvisation: cigars, brassieres (one out of every five sold in the American market), wallets, shoes, lotteries, rum, government gambling casinos, El Comandante race track, luxury hotels, tourism ($55 million), etc. True, this improvement may have been bought at a high price in terms of shifting economic and political controls; the American mortgage is huge and it is steadily increasing (see Ben Weberman's itemization in the New York *Herald Tribune*, August 8, 1962). The Puerto Rican middle class is even more heavily in hock than its stateside counterpart. But the fact of improvement is not to be denied and it should pay political dividends for the Commonwealth forces. (Note: Earl Parker Hanson's *Puerto Rico: Ally for Progress*, which D. Van Nostrand will publish later this month, traces the improvement in detail.)

SO THE question is really not whether the Governor's party will win the plebiscite, but rather at what price such a victory might be won. The Commonwealth idea, like the program which came in its wake, was a brilliant improvisation; but the Governor has always known that it would one day have to be strengthened or Puerto Rico might turn to Statehood or Independence. At the outset, Muñoz was not in a position to insist on a clear-cut resolution of the political issue; it was enough, at the time, to induce Congress to approve the "compact" which established the Commonwealth. But the compact is a fragile affair, a mere beginning. Puerto Ricans are haunted by the thought that Congress may, in an absent-minded moment, pass some legislation adversely affecting island interests; it has nearly done so on several occasions. And there are minor irritations and frustrations. Puerto Rico must ship in high-priced American shipping; it can refine only a portion of its sugar, etc. And why should the FCC regulate Puerto Rican radio and TV? In 1952, Commonwealth was an administrative, in part a semantic, device by which to gain a measure of self-government; it was a means, also, by which "the sterile debate" about status could be side-tracked long enough to permit a measure of economic development. And it was also an excellent political gambit by which to play one extreme against the other and, at the same time, unite the Popular Democratic Party.

But just what is the Commonwealth? Stateside, Muñoz Marín speaks of Puerto Rico as a Commonwealth. The word has a familiar ring to Congressmen and Senators who come from states that are called commonwealths. But on the island, the Governor refers to *Estado Libre Asociado* (Free Associated State), which has a different connotation. The fact is that Puerto Rico is not free and it is not a state. The Supreme Court has never construed the compact; and while it is unthinkable that Congress would ever unilaterally change or revoke it, the power to do so is probably there.

IN THE plebiscite, as proposed, the Commonwealth column would read:

> I vote in favor of Commonwealth perfected to (1) Put beyond all doubt the permanence and irrevocability of the union between Puerto Rico and the United States; (2) Extend the freedom and authority of the people of Puerto Rico over its own affairs; (3) Define the authority which, in turn, the U.S. Government must exercise according to the nature of the permanent association; (4) Create a method of participation by the people of Puerto Rico in matters affecting Puerto Rico, which may include, if the U.S. Constitution is amended to that effect, the right of the Puerto Rican electorate to vote in the election of the President and Vice President of the U.S.; and (5) Create a formula which is adequate to the economic development of Puerto Rico to make contributions of funds to the general expenses of the U.S. Government.

This is purposefully vague because, in any case, the new arrangement would have to be negotiated with Congress. The business about a vote in Presidential elections is not mandatory and is probably offered as "bait" to lure Statehood voters. The Governor thinks of it as an extension of self-government in areas of defense, security and foreign policy; if Puerto Ricans are to be compelled to serve in the Armed Services, they should have something to say about the selection of the Chief Executive, the more so because the Executive has a great deal to do with Commonwealth affairs at all levels. A Presidential vote would also reassure American investors. But it would require a Constitutional amendment and it has aroused opposition from members of the Governor's own party, who see it as a step toward Statehood and who fear that it would involve stateside political parties in the status issue. The Independence people, of course, contend that it is designed to foreclose the idea of eventual Independence. In Congress, the Presidential vote provision would probably be denounced as "representation without taxation."

"Free Associated State," as a concept, might have interesting applications; conceivably the Dominican Republic or even Haiti might opt for this formula in the future. It might be applied to the Virgin Islands. A group of "free associated states" might form a loose federation and seek American protection, etc.

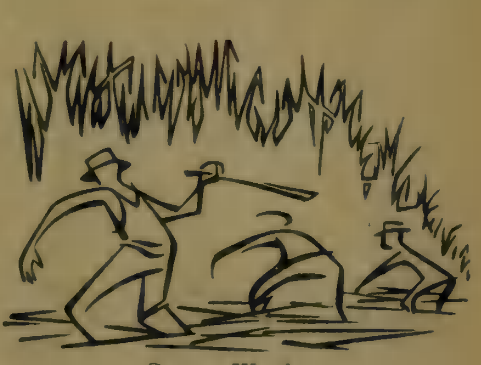
A WISE Puerto Rican told me that if the islanders were to ask Congress for Independence, Congress would feel hurt but would probably grant it; but if Puerto Rico asked for Statehood, Congress would feel flattered and would probably deny it. Just as the Puerto Ricans are ambivalent about us, so we are slightly ambivalent about them. The difficulty is that the American Constitutional system does not provide any mechanism by which a true Commonwealth might function. One session of Congress cannot bind subsequent sessions — at least in theory, although in practical effect it happens all the time. But — in theory — the permanence of any agreement reached with Congress would be limited to the term of that Congress, i.e., until the next election. From the U.S. point of view, a good case can be made for a greatly strengthened Commonwealth or even for Independence, since many problems could then be settled by treaty with a degree of permanence that is now lacking.

At the end of a three-hour lunch at the Swiss Chalet, I managed to get a top pro-Commonwealth spokesman to give me his specifications of what the "culmination" of Commonwealth implies: complete local autonomy, including an end to the power of Congress to intervene unilaterally; an understanding that federal legislation will not be extended to Puerto Rico without prior consultation and consent; common defense, a common currency, a common market (tariff-free access to the American market and vice versa), common citizenship, and an American-directed foreign policy with provision that Puerto Rico might join such U.N. organizations as WHO, FAO, UNESCO, the OAS — and perhaps eventually even the U.N. "Other matters," he said, could be negotiated.

But "other matters" include an intricate network of legislative programs and institutional arrangements around which a thicket of vested interests has developed. For example, Puerto Rico enjoys a full complement of federal services: Post Office, Immigration, FBI (increasingly active in Puerto Rico), Veterans Administration, Park Service, FHA, Social Security, Agricultural Extension Service, Farmers Home Administration, etc. Above all, the fact that Puerto Ricans are citizens is a complicating factor, despite the fact that they have never been able to exercise full political citizenship. Citizenship cannot be "withdrawn" or waived. Conversely, can Congress give a group of citizens the right to adopt some other status?

UNDERLYING the Constitutional issues is a matter of even greater importance. Puerto Ricans "suffer" —their word — from a troubled feeling of insecurity that arises from a chronic uncertainty about status. For years Puerto Ricans have engaged in a kind of individual and collective soliloquy ("to be or not to be"), often with disastrous consequences. During the Korean War, for example, Army psychiatrists discovered a specific Puerto Rican syndrome, a subject of considerable interest in itself. The roots of the twin problems of identity and status extend far back in Puerto Rican history. Suffice it to say, as Dr. Richard Morse has observed in a widely discussed article, that social, economic and political influences have "not been of such a nature as to allow the emergence of group identities. . . . We are faced with a mildly neurotic patient suffering from a weak ego structure." For years commentators have discussed "the docile Puerto Rican" — even the Arawak Indians were described as "docile"—isolated, dependent, insecure; product of a passive history, victim of an imposed society. (Note: for a brilliant rejoinder to this line of comment see *"El Puertorriqueño Dócil"* by Rene Marques, *Cuadernos Americanos*, February, 1962.) Actually the problem would seem to be less one of "docility" and identity than of extreme ambivalence, at all levels and in every direction.

WHAT the plebiscite hearings have demonstrated is that Puerto Ricans want to see this uncertainty about status resolved. Ideally, Puerto Rico should be given its independence, its sovereignty, if only to enable it to *feel perfectly free* to decide what it wants to be. Conceivably this could be done by an Act of Congress or a Congressional resolution which would state, in effect, that Puerto Ricans can determine their status and that Congress will respect their choice. Perhaps the first plebiscite could be followed by a second after Commonwealth spokesmen, on the basis of the upcoming plebiscite, had worked out an arrangement with Congress. This arrangement would enable Congress to approve the terms of the plebiscite and it would give Puerto Ricans an assurance that their determination would be accepted.



Sugar Workers

In any case, there must be no question about the electoral procedures and no lack of clarity about the principles. A plebiscite heavily weighted in favor of Commonwealth might leave the basic political issues more muddled than at present. A plebiscite in which major parties did not participate would resolve nothing. A plebiscite in which the Commonwealth government — in effect the Popular Democratic Party—had exclusive supervision of the voting would be of dubious value. A plebiscite which was merely a pseudo-event would be meaningless. Latin America would no more accept the results of such a plebiscite than it would cease to call Puerto Rico a colony if it were stampeded into Statehood. How we handle this plebiscite issue can have a decisive bearing on the Alliance for Progress program and on Latin American relations generally.

One thing is clear: The resolution of the status question will require great tact and patience and foresight all around. The ongoing hearings on the proposed plebiscite have brought forth a flood of criticism and comment of a notably high level of thought and insight. One can only hope that Congress will demonstrate in its approach to the Commonwealth negotiators the same spirit and intelligence. It must accept these negotiators as equals, it must negotiate with them in good faith, and in a spirit of free collective bargaining. It is deeply in this country's interest to see that Puerto Ricans find the status they *really* want, based on an awareness of their ambivalence about status — and not one that a combination of circumstances might compel them to vote for. Our stake in the outcome of the plebiscite is hardly less than theirs.

WRONG WAY to the MOON . .

by Carl Dreher

BEFORE the Vostok III and IV flights, some prominent scientists and politicians were expressing misgivings about the cost of American participation in the race to the moon. The rising volume of protest was drowned out by the cries of anguish over the manifest Soviet lead. Most of this clamor was quite baldly inspired by partisan and commercial considerations, and since the earlier criticism had and still has a solid technological basis, no doubt it will be voiced anew. Those who say what they think, rather than what the Pentagon and the aerospace industry would like them to say, will be helping to safeguard the lives of our astronauts, which are endangered by energetic space promoters like Vice President Lyndon Johnson, who incessantly warns us that "our future as a nation is at stake," and that "we dare not lose."

In the first place, we may lose even if we commit everything we have: neither men nor money will necessarily overcome a late start. In the second place, why don't we dare? The moon race has little to do with military power at the present time and, the Air Force and its Congressional reserve generals to the contrary, may never assume decisive military importance. A space war is much more likely to be fought in earth orbit. We cannot, then, be overwhelmed by a Soviet victory in the lunar sweepstakes. Nor has the breakneck effort now in the whooping-up stage anything to do with our industrial and agricultural capacity and our ability to aid other nations; rather, it detracts from these assets. And they are assets in that older race against hunger and disease; the sick and hungry are not interested in the moon, but in food and medicine. As for the things of the spirit, if our national self-respect is on such a shaky basis that it cannot survive one more Russian triumph in space, we are in a bad way indeed. The Russians launched the first satellite and we felt somewhat humiliated, yet here we are, five years later, still grappling with them and causing them as many worries as they cause us.

Aside from the extravagant and juvenile character of these alarums, their authors ignore the fact that a premature moon landing, followed by the death of the astronauts on the moon or subsequently in space, would not enhance national prestige. This is a risk for the Soviets as well as for us. The more sanguine contestant may fail; the more wary one may wait, learn from the other's disasters and succeed. That is, indeed, a likely denouement, for the lunar problem is one of enormous difficulty. Hans Thirring, the noted Austrian physicist, has likened it to the leveling of the Rocky Mountains. If the first attempts succeed, it will be little short of a miracle.

ON THE SIDE of moderation there are some impressive names and arguments. Already in December, 1960, when plans and budgets were still relatively modest (and they will seem minuscule in another year), Dr. James R. Killian, chairman of the M.I.T. Corporation and President Eisenhower's first scientific adviser in the post-sputnik era, said, "Will several billion dollars a year additional for enhancing the quality of education not do more for the future of the United States and its position in the world than several billions a year additional for man in space?" More recently, General Eisenhower has inveighed against what he called "a mad effort to win a stunt race," which it is, and "a great boondoggle," which is rather an oversimplification. More conversant with the technological realities, Dr. Lee DuBridge, whose California Institute of Technology manages the Jet Propulsion Laboratory for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, has referred to "space idiots" and shown that the arguments for a military crash program in space are fallacious. Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky, another scientific adviser to President Eisenhower, Dr. James Van Allen, Dr. Edward U. Condon and Senator William Proxmire have reasoned to much the same effect.

None of these critics can be brushed off, but perhaps the most cogent evaluation has been provided by Dr. Warren Weaver, former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and one of the most highly respected of scientists, in the *Saturday Review* of August 4.

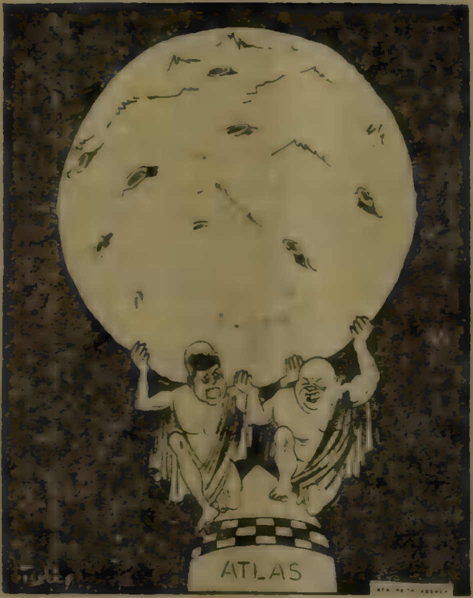
Assuming that it would cost the United States $30 billion to put a man on the moon, Dr. Weaver pointed out that this would give a 10 per cent raise in salary to every teacher in the country over a ten-year period, give $10 million each to 200 of the best small colleges, finance seven-year scholarships (freshman through Ph.D.) for 50,000 new scientists and engineers, contribute $200 million each toward the creation of ten new medical schools, build and largely endow complete universities for all fifty-three of the nations added to the United Nations since its founding, create three more Rockefeller Foundations and still have $100 million left over to popularize science, which bestrides us like a colossus and of whose spirit, principles and procedures probably not one American in a hundred has the faintest conception.

WE HAVE got so used to throwing around billions that we no longer comprehend what a billion means in human terms, but even these comparisons fall far short of the actuality. There is no assurance that the moon operation will come in at $30 billion; all such forecasts have turned out to be low, and this one is little more than a guess. Before the House Appropriations Subcommittee, NASA Deputy Administrator Robert C. Seamans, Jr., estimated the agency would require $50-60 billion over the next ten years. The June *Fortune* put the cost of the space effort at about $20 billion *annually* by 1970 and calculated that by that time the United States will have spent $75-100 billion on space activities, while missiles will have accounted for another $50 billion. No downtrend in NASA's spending is expected after the moon has been conquered; races to Mars and Venus are planned next. And of course any slackening in the missile and nuclear bomb races would be over the dead bodies of thousands of admirals, generals, veterans, munition manufacturers, labor leaders and other dedicated patriots, aided by Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky who, after Major Nikolayev and Lieut. Col. Popovich landed, rubbed it in with the admonition: "Let our enemies know what techniques and what soldiers our Soviet power disposes of."

The monetary argument does carry some weight and should continue to be pressed, but it does not follow that because the money could be put to good use here below there will be a popular revulsion against shooting it off into space. The moon race, as Dr. Condon has pointed out, is a kind of lunar Olympic game, exciting to both Russians and Americans and providing a much-needed effervescence for millions of drab lives. The astronauts have largely supplanted movie stars and ordinary athletes as popular heroes.

INSTEAD of talking only about money, therefore, we should be talking of ways to spare as many of these attractive young men as possible, rather than offering them as a human sacrifice on the altar of nationalistic passions. There will be fatalities in any event, but we cannot condemn the moon project on that account. There is nothing particularly admirable about dying in bed. The appeal, if it is to be effective, must be based on the fact that astronauts will die unnecessarily and, by accelerating the moon race, we shall be accessories to a crime.

Of this there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who is willing to make an honest appraisal. The moon program is in a state of flux bordering on confusion. Up to a few months ago NASA seemed committed to the method of direct ascent. A single heavy vehicle would be put into a moon trajectory by an enormous rocket, on arrival would decelerate itself by proportionately powerful retro-rocket action, land, stay a while, then take off with another massive spurt of rocket power for the trip home. When it was realized that a booster large enough for this brute-force method could not be built until the 1970s, if then, the planners turned to earth orbit rendezvous and coupling—sending the astronauts and the moon vehicle, or the fuel, into earth orbit in separate packages and connecting them at an absolute speed of some 18,000 miles per hour and a differential speed of about a foot per second.



"If our countries were to unite their efforts in the conquest of space" — Mr. Khrushchev to President Kennedy, Feb. 1, 1962

Although rendezvous and coupling is an untried procedure, a mishap in earth orbit would not necessarily be fatal. The man-carrying vehicle might be able to re-enter, or other vehicles might be orbited rapidly for rescue operations. But then, from earth-orbit planning, NASA switched to lunar rendezvous and coupling. This involves sending a duplex vehicle from the earth into moon orbit and dropping a part of the assembly with two men to the moon, while one man stays with the main vehicle. The ferry, or "bug," returns to lunar orbit for rendezvous with the mother ship, couples to it, the two lunar explorers go back into the main cabin, the bug is jettisoned, and the three astronauts return to earth in the remaining unit.

All the modes of getting to the moon (and getting back) must give the experienced engineer the shivers, but the lunar rendezvous technique seems the most perilous of all. The juncture must be accomplished hundreds of thousands of miles from earth, with very little chance of survival if something should go wrong. The rapid transition from direct ascent to earth orbit to lunar orbit also raises a question. Does it represent technological progress, or are the planners merely jumping from one tour de force to another?

Some of the NASA engineers contend that lunar rendezvous and coupling is not only the fastest and cheapest method, but the one most likely to succeed. It is true that takeoff from the moon will be in a relatively light vehicle, in an environment where gravity is only one-sixth that of the earth, and the "bug" may approach the mother ship at a relatively low speed — only about one mile per second. But there will still be the risk of takeoff from a probably unfavorable surface and topography and the subsequent problems of coupling will be extremely critical.

Just when these matters are being debated in NASA's conference rooms, the Department of Defense has adopted a policy of restrictions on information based on the "need to know" principle. Tight secrecy is likely to spread to NASA, if it has not already done so. This would be a disservice to all concerned. Scientists and engineers inside and outside the government should be able to obtain the facts on which to base an opinion, and to criticize the conclusions reached by the insiders if they wish. Above all, safety, not speed, should be the overriding consideration. James E. Webb, Lyndon Johnson's choice as NASA administrator, may deny that there is a lunar race, but of course there is one and this fact alone may influence the judgment of the teams inside the agency whose members are making crucial decisions that will affect not only their own careers, but decide the fate of the astronauts. The more publicity there is, the better the latter's chances. The scientists who have spoken out against the general aspects of the project as it is being conducted, might well have something to say on the technical decisions as well.

ANOTHER direction in which the risks of the lunar venture can be reduced is through cooperation between the contestants. Since, no matter what experiments precede the initial attempts to land on and escape from the moon, the odds will be against the early explorers, one would think that the two sides would at least exchange views on rescue techniques and perhaps work out a plan for common utilization of rescue facilities. They could still compete, but must it be a competition to the death? After the Nikolayev-Popovich flights the director of Britain's radio-astronomy and satellite-tracking station at Jodrell Bank, Sir Bernard Lovell, remarked, "More than ever one is appalled by the foolishness of these two countries attempting the moon problem in competition. After all, the common problem is the exploration of space and the manned conquest of the solar system." The common problem, unhappily, is subordinate to the separate problem of the superpowers, which is to do each other in by whatever means come to hand. Space may be infinite, but in the minds of the diplomats and militarists it is compressed into just one more counter in the war game. They brush off advice of the sort offered by Sir Bernard, just as they frustrate the attempts of the neutrals to get them to stop nuclear testing. They are perfectly ready to sacrifice the astronauts, their own lionized fellow countrymen, to national ambition, and in the fullness of their masculinity and patriotism the astronauts are willing and eager to take their chances.

This perhaps paints the situation darker than it actually is—but not much, I am afraid. To some extent the governments do realize what is at stake and that if the moon voyagers do not return the governments themselves will not go unscathed. Last March, in a letter to Premier Khrushchev, President Kennedy made a number of cautious proposals for cooperation in space. One called for a satellite weather observation system with the two countries sending their respective satellites into complementary orbits. Also, radio tracking stations might be established in each other's territory, manned by indigenous personnel. Information on developments in space medicine would be exchanged, etc.

Mr. Kennedy's letter was forwarded two days after Mr. Khrushchev sent a congratulatory message on Colonel Glenn's flight. At the same time the twenty-eight-nation U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space was meeting in New York and U.S. delegate Francis T. P. Plimpton told the opening session that "there are hopeful prospects of collaboration between my country and the Soviet Union in outer space projects," and Soviet delegate Platon D. Morozov replied in kind.

Mr. Khrushchev, replying to Mr. Kennedy, suggested that space cooperation was linked "in some degree" with the solution of the disarmament problem which, of course, was not, and is not, being solved with notable celerity. Nevertheless, in June, Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, deputy director of NASA, its top technical administrator from the beginning, and a very solid citizen, met in Geneva with Prof. Anatoly Blagonravov of the Soviet Academy of Science, and the State Department reported that the talks had been "businesslike and useful." Another meeting was to be held, perhaps in Moscow.

PROGRESS will be at best slow and whenever cold-war tensions are exacerbated will come to a standstill or retrogress. It may be that only after they have broken the necks of a goodly band of their respective heroes, who look so much alike that it is impossible to distinguish them except by their uniforms, the chastened governments will lay aside their lethal antagonisms. Clearly, that time is not yet. But it may come. The sports-minded public has no conception of the difficulties of lunar exploration, and even the heads of governments, with access to expert information but no expertise of their own, tend to be oblivious to the obstacles and disasters that lie ahead. But this will not avert the troubles.

For the present, the prospects of limited cooperation among voluntary bodies, with the sufferance of the governments, are considerably better than for cooperation between the governments themselves. Enlightened scientists and engineers on both sides, as well as their counterparts in the allied and neutral camps, know that the existing status of space research is grossly improvident, that it risks human lives unnecessarily, and that it tends to retard rather than promote progress. Celestial mechanics is the same for Russians and Americans and for all races and nationalities. The two sides are simply duplicating each other's research and in the end arrive at the same techniques and vehicles. Along the way sometimes one will be ahead, sometimes the other, in some particular sector. Just now the Soviets are ahead in boosters and life-support systems, while the United States is ahead in the number and versatility of its unmanned satellites. But, as the race continues, the technological and industrial resources of both will be taxed to the utmost. The moon flight alone threatens to swallow up a significant proportion of the superpowers' resources and to keep the Soviet people, in particular, in a state of permanent poverty. The military technicians of each look jealously on the funding of quasi-peaceful space activity and struggle for a better position at the public trough. To the extent that the superpowers find it possible to cooperate, these dangers and burdens may be mitigated. The scientists see this more clearly than any other group and it is the obligation of the big names among them to call attention to it at opportune times.

THE ULTIMATE, sensible answer would be an international consortium of the industrialized powers in which, it should be noted, the Germans would have to be given a prominent place. Before and during World War II they were the leaders not only in military rocketry but in many phases of theoretical space research. But the prerequisite to anything like this is an end to the cold war.

The scientists, in the meantime, are steering a course between nationalism and the traditional internationalism of their fraternity. As this is written, preparations are under way for the 13th International Astronautical Congress, to be held September 23-29 under the auspices of the International Astronautical Federation. The federation is a nongovernmental, professional organization of astronautical societies in nearly forty nations. It was founded "to encourage international cooperation in this field and specifically for facilitating the exchange of technical information on an international scale in the many disciplines of the astronautics field." The U.S. voting member society is the American Rocket Society, which will probably merge in the next year or two with the Institute of Aerospace Sciences, to form an organization of 40,000 professional members.

The advance program lists technical papers to be delivered by forty-five Americans, nine Russians, five Rumanians, four Bulgarians, three Japanese, three Belgians, two Poles, two Englishmen, and one apiece from Sweden, France, Ireland, South Africa and Israel. In this company the United States is certainly not hiding its light under a bushel. An even more international group will discuss the law of outer space under the auspices of the International Institute of Space Law.

The Congress is being held at Varna, Bulgaria. In all this there is some modest ground for encouragement. The world is not altogether sane, but it is not altogether crazy either. There is room for a continuance of efforts to slow down the moon race and eventually to establish it on a civilized basis.

EXPLOITING the MODEL CHILD . . *Marylin Bender Altschul*

CHILD LABOR summons up Victorian visions of coal-smudged youngsters emerging from mines, of hollow-eyed girls toiling in textile factories, of emaciated tykes hawking newspapers at midnight. Since the enactment of the Federal Fair Labor Standards Act in 1938, and complementary state legislation, minors under sixteen are generally supposed to be in school and those between sixteen and eighteen are barred from a number of obviously hazardous occupations. Children of twelve to sixteen may work under certain well-regulated conditions. But two laws recently passed in New York State point to an area for child exploitation which has from the beginning been exempt from the protection of federal and state child-welfare laws.

The first of these laws, enacted in 1961, provides for court approval of any contract involving the services of a child actor or performer. It empowers the court to withhold its approval unless the agreement includes a plan for saving part of the child's earnings until he comes of age. The second law, passed so quietly last spring that most of the parties affected by it were unaware of its birth, requires a child model to obtain a work permit and to submit to certain routine safeguards for his health and well-being.

Lawyers believe that the law applying to the child performer is riddled with loopholes. In any event, it is too fresh on the books to have been tested. The child-model law goes into effect on October 1. Until then, a child who models in a fashion show or for an advertisement or magazine photograph is openly violating New York State law, which generally prohibits children under fourteen from working even part time. Because the child-model industry is an unorganized, small business activity in which about one-fourth of the estimated 1,000 regularly employed workers are under school age, authorities have been reluctant to enforce the letter of existing law. The new legislation is an attempt to protect the child model by regulating him. Its effectiveness also remains to be seen.

THOUGH many children are both models and performers, New York law treats the two activities separately. Modeling is a newer career that has mushroomed out of the growth of advertising and the child-apparel boom. Sometimes it is a stepping stone to the movies, TV or the stage. Most child models, however, like grown-up cover girls, make money in silence and, after reaching a peak of earning power, noiselessly fade into oblivion. Both acting and

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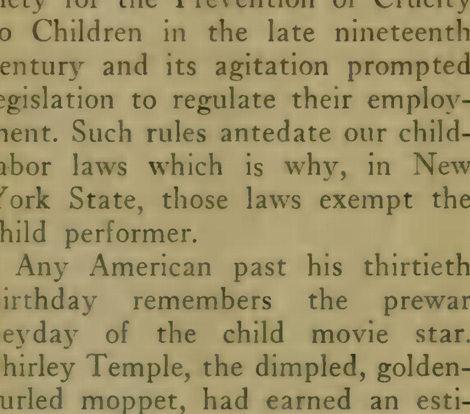
modeling have a common denominator in the ambitious mother; they involve similar pressures and other psychological dangers to the child. With rare exceptions, they do not spring from the poverty that, in an earlier age, drove girls and boys into the mills and mines. Parental ego, more than family hunger, urges the kiddies in front of the camera and out onto the stage.

IT HAS been argued that the successful child actor has a genuine talent that he enjoys and is compelled to display, whereas the child model is only displaying his physical attributes. (Prettiness is not what counts, incidentally. It is size, personality and an "American look" that seems to belong, in the judgment of employers, to children of Irish descent.)

The child performer has a longer, more familiar history. The juvenile circus acrobat and the pint-sized thespian caught the eye of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in the late nineteenth century and its agitation prompted legislation to regulate their employment. Such rules antedate our child-labor laws which is why, in New York State, those laws exempt the child performer.

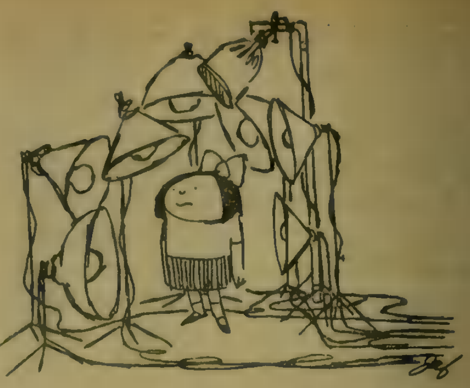
Any American past his thirtieth birthday remembers the prewar heyday of the child movie star. Shirley Temple, the dimpled, golden-curled moppet, had earned an estimated $3 million by the time she went into retirement at eleven. But Shirley, now a self-possessed housewife and mother, was extraordinarily lucky, not only in her winsome gifts but in her parents, who invested her earnings wisely and strove to give her a relatively normal childhood. More usual are such disheartening examples as Elizabeth Taylor and Judy Garland, whose careers continued into emotion-racked adulthoods; or Carl Switzer, the freckle-faced Alfalfa of the Our Gang movies, who at the age of thirty-two was killed in a brawl over $50.



It was Jackie Coogan, "The Kid" of Charlie Chaplin movie fame, whose experiences shed light on the dismal aspects of child stardom. "They told me my dog had died when they wanted me to weep before the cameras," Coogan recalled in 1938 during the trial in which he sued his mother and stepfather (his former business manager) for dissipating his estimated $4 million earnings. "I told my father that I don't see why you had to do this to me and he replied, 'Now look, son. This is a heartbreaking business, but what comes out of it is all for you.'"

It didn't turn out that way, and in the aftermath California passed a law providing that an employment contract with a child performer shall not be approved by the court unless it sets aside a portion of his earnings in a trust or savings plan until his majority. New York's new statute is patterned after the California Civil Code, but its language regarding contract approval is not mandatory.

ALTHOUGH laws in the two states that are the mecca of the entertainment industry are designed to insure that the child actor reach maturity with something more tangible than his professional memories, it is still possible and legal for more than a third of the juvenile performer's earnings to be distributed in commissions and other expenses. Here, the rules border on nonsense. Professional unions, like Actors' Equity in New York, limit the commission of the actor's agent or artist's manager to 10 per cent and forbid the agent to evade the rule by charging for extra services like publicity or by taking bonuses. Equity also defines a business manager—one whose service is limited to giving financial advice or managing financial affairs. However, his commissions are not prescribed.



Thus, a child star who received $25,000 to play a leading role in a recent movie, saw 10 per cent of her gross earnings go to her agent, 25 per cent to her business manager and 2 per cent to the attorney who drew up the contract. Such an arrangement is not unusual.

Testifying before a House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight in November, 1959, John Ross, the business manager for Patty Duke, disclosed that he was receiving 30 per cent of her $450 weekly salary in the Broadway production of *The Miracle Worker*, and that her agent, the William Morris Agency, was receiving 10 per cent. The subcommittee was the one that investigated rigged TV quiz shows. The evidence showed that Patty, who won $32,000 on the "$64,000 Challenge," had been furnished the correct answer beforehand. Mr. Ross, who testified that he had been unaware of the chicanery, received 15 per cent of her winnings.

THE WEEK that Patty came to Washington to tell her story in closed session to the subcommittee, she did her usual eight Broadway performances, taped one TV show and studied for another, and posed for a magazine cover. Asked by a Congressman to tell her age, Patty turned to her attorney, Martin Leonard, and asked whether she should tell the truth. Mr. Leonard advised her to be truthful, and she emerged from the hearing having aged two years to her actual twelve.

At one point in the proceedings, Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.) commented about Patty, "she seems to be exploited at the moment very profitably by quite a number of people and not with the test as to what is for her own best interests." Of course, before she was discovered by Mr. Ross at the age of seven and coached for stardom, Patty was living in a Manhattan tenement with her sister and brother and their mother who was separated from their father.

THE MORE successful the child becomes, the more room there is for exploitation. In a pending TV series involving a child actor, the performer's business manager stands to make $50,000 a year from commission on his client's salary plus his own salary as associate producer of the show. The actor's agent will receive, besides commission, a fee for acting as sales agent for the series. The actor's parent, who will countersign and guarantee the child's contract, is an uneducated woman who is not likely to ask whether it is proper for the agent to act in this dual role and whether he is getting the best deal for the child.

The potential earnings from acting or modeling are so impressive that it is easy to see how even a well-meaning parent can be tempted. A young mother of modest means was asked the other day to bring her eight-year-old son for a part in a TV commercial. She once worked for a theatrical agency and her experiences convinced her that acting and modeling are "no life for a child." Her son would have missed one day at camp and received a minimum of $95 for a day's work. But the model may receive residuals or additional payment for each use of a commercial, and if it is run repeatedly can eventually total as much as $10,000 for the original day's work. "One commercial could mean a full year's tuition at school," the mother sighed. "Now do you see how people get caught in this business?"

"At first, it's the ego that gets them," said Marge McDermott, one of New York's leading child model agents. "A saleswoman says to the mother, 'Your child should be a model.' But then it's the money that holds them." Posing for catalogue photographs brings $10 to $15 an hour. High fashion photography or modeling in a fashion show can yield $25 an hour. The agents who provide these jobs also arrange for the more lucrative TV commercial assignments.

Although most parents swear that their children's earnings are earmarked for college education, there are countless examples of child models and actors whose labors have bought houses for their families, enabling them to move from slums to better neighborhoods, paid for medical care and provided music and horseback riding lessons for their brothers and sisters.

Money aside, there are fringe benefits for the child's mother. A teenage TV actor won a role in a movie that was filmed in Greece. His mother accompanied him on the ten-week trip and subsequently went with him to California, again all expenses paid, where he spent ten days acting in a filmed TV show. For the mother, there is also the pleasure of gaining entree to the glamour world of photographers, actors and other celebrities.

Or as one psychologist put it, "There is the fulfillment of the parent's need, of her desire for acclaim or her dissatisfaction with herself. It's unfair to transfer the parent's anxieties to the child or to burden him with her frustrations."

THE STAGE mother and the model mother complain that they are persecuted by unjust criticism, but their actions often belie their disclaimers. Hearing that her sixteen-year-old daughter, a successful teen-age model who has been working since she was seven, hoped to go to college and then become a photographer or a fashion designer, one mother scoffed. "Nothing can be better than what she is doing now," said the woman who asserted proudly that her child had often worked from 9 A.M. until 10 P.M. but never fainted on the set as other children do because she had seen to it that she was well fed.

This mother also boasted of the many absences from school necessitated by her daughter's crowded work calendar. Many child models and actors in New York, however, attend professional children's schools, where hours and studies are arranged to suit their work. In the best of these schools, the children are driven to maintain high scholastic standards. Many of the children are exceptionally bright and well disciplined and can do it. In California, provision is made for instruction in the movie studio. Of course, a child who is a good wage-earner and a good student hardly has much time for recreation, much less that precious asset of childhood, the chance to do nothing much.

Most mothers say that they marvel at their children's patience — waiting while photographers' lights are adjusted, the constant repetition of a single bit of action, the mass tryouts with frequent chances of being turned down — but assure you that the children are well-adjusted and well-behaved. A psychologist would question whether this kind of competitive work at a tender age does not demand a control that is too much for a young child.

THE mother of a five-year-old boy whose hair had been dyed to qualify for an assignment said that her child had "a sweet and nice personality because people wouldn't hire him otherwise." She put him to work at two and a half because, during her own career as a teen-age model, "I noticed that the younger children made more money and I decided that when I'd have a child I'd send him to work early." Yet a photographer who used the boy in a high-fashion spread said of him, "He's the classic example of the child model who hates what he's doing. He didn't respond to any orders. He'd walk a crooked line if I told him to walk a straight one. He was just rebelling." This photographer will not permit his own children to model.

"I respect rebellion more than nonrebellion," remarked photographer Melvin Sokolsky, who also refuses to let his own son accept modeling assignments. "When there's rebellion, the child still has a personality." Sokolsky considers modeling to be "fantastically taxing" and besides, "a photographer's studio is not the most beautiful environment for a child."

The New York model law, by requiring a work permit and other safeguards such as a health certificate for school-age models, may discourage the more flagrant forms of exploitation, but there is still no provision insuring that the child's earnings will not be squandered by adults.

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Life of Ecstatic Discontent

WILLIAM HAZLITT. By Herschel Baker. Harvard University Press. 530 pp. $10.

Harold Clurman

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1777-1830) wrote criticism, essays, biography which fill twenty volumes. Though I am familiar with only a limited number of these, he has long been one of my favorite critics. His theatre criticism seems to me without equal in our language—that of Bernard Shaw alone excepted. Very little English prose excels Hazlitt.

Despite this, I never quite understood why he has always attracted me so forcibly. Herschel Baker's thoroughgoing study has made the reason clear. Though Mr. Baker's book is more literary than biographical—information on Hazlitt's personal life is comparatively sparse—one comes away from it with a comprehensive view of the man. Not only is Hazlitt himself generously quoted and paraphrased — and Hazlitt amply revealed himself when he wrote—but Mr. Baker shows him to us in the social, historical, literary context of one of the richest periods in English literature.

Being a strictly objective critic, scholarly and scrupulous, Mr. Baker does not make the analogy, but anyone with a sense of our own contemporary scene will recognize its likeness to Hazlitt's situation. What the Russian Revolution was to many writers and intellectuals in our day, the French Revolution was to Hazlitt in his.

Hazlitt was born and raised in the tradition of dissent. He was always a man who looked "forward to fairer times," a sure sign of the enthusiastic and romantic liberal. Such men are ever in a state of ecstatic discontent — hopeful as well as angry, constructively fervent as well as iconoclastic. They not only feel that the world should be better; they deem themselves impelled to make it better.

Hazlitt was savagely anti-Tory: he abhorred the concept of "divine right" as well as the social ideology and system that derived from it. He was a champion of Rousseau's *Social Contract*, Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, the ideas, in other words, of the most advanced of the American libertarians and the most radical of the French Encyclopedists. It follows that he hailed the French Revolution. And Napoleon, who seemed to Hazlitt the embodiment of that revolution, was his hero. He was not alone: most of the young poets of the day felt more or less as Hazlitt did.

But when the revolution resorted to terror, when France began to threaten England, when Napoleon attempted to lord it over Europe — when, in short, the First Empire began to take on an aspect similar to that which Stalin's Russia in the end took on for us — nearly all the literati, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey in the lead, turned against the tenets of the revolution as a doctrine of the damned and against Napoleon as evil incarnate. Everyone abjured "radicalism" in every shape or form. Everyone except Hazlitt.

Hazlitt was no doctrinaire: he followed no "party line." He was almost as skeptical of the Whigs as he was hostile to the Tories. When the period of repression set in and Englishmen were threatened with ostracism or imprisonment for "un-British" speaking or writing (one's attitude toward the French Revolution and Napoleon served as a touchstone), Hazlitt scorned his former friends as "apostates" and asked: "Were we fools then or are we dishonest now?"

IT WAS NOT to Napoleon or even to the revolution itself that Hazlitt wished to remain loyal: it was to certain abiding impulses and principles of which the French example was perhaps a compromised or distorted manifestation. What embittered Hazlitt against his erstwhile comrades was not so much their renunciation of the revolution as their retreat to positions of safety in ultra-conservatism.

Just as Hazlitt was a philosopher without a system, so in politics he was a progressive without a methodology. Yet the path to which his instincts pointed was, I believe, a creative one — lending vitality to the present, supplying dynamics to the future. The "police" may be necessary to preserve order, but it builds nothing we can live by. Programmatic conservatism is essentially a policing force.

The core of Hazlitt's contribution as historical commentator, essayist, literary and dramatic critic, may be summed up in his own phrase "the culture of the heart." He believed in gusto, in passion, in the senses, the spirit of the whole man. He was more committed to perception than concerned with "proof." All this today, because of a self-distrust that leads inevitably to general fear, has become unfashionable. It smacks of the irrational, the fuzzy, the unscientific, the impressionistic. But when one examines Hazlitt's best work, one sees how lucid, powerful, pertinent, invigorating, eloquent and seminal it still is. It contains a great deal of universal sense — even more in my canon than the now more highly graded Johnson and Coleridge (whose intellectual capacity Hazlitt never ceased to admire).

IF I HAVE any "quarrel" with Mr. Baker's book, which is very well written in the manner of the English masters he has so carefully perused, it is his impartiality and judiciousness! (In many writers these virtues lead to a lack of judgment.) Mr. Baker appears to be forever "correcting" Hazlitt, calling him to account, hesitant about making too strong a case for him, frowning on Hazlitt's bad manners, eccentricities, improprieties and misdemeanors. One is reminded of Irving Babbitt scolding Rousseau, Berlioz and others for not being reasonable fellows.

A case in point is Mr. Baker's classic — that is generally accepted — treatment of Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, which is an account of his frustrated affair with his landlord's hussy daughter, Sarah Walker. That book is certainly not one of Hazlitt's "strongest," but to skip over it as if it were an unseemliness is to ignore the qualities of daring, originality and intense sincerity which this early document in the psychology of desire evinces, and thus to miss something of Hazlitt's innovating genius. It was he who in 1814 ventured to write as a footnote to a review of *Othello*: "The idea that love has its source in moral or intellectual excellence, in good nature or good sense, or has any connection with sentiment or refinement of any kind is one of those willful and preposterous errors which ought to be extirpated. . . ."

In brief, Hazlitt is "happily on the right side of the line which separates writers who may be read from those who must be written about." And Herschel Baker's biography is a splendid introduction to this great writer's work.

'Absolutely Crazy and Chaotic'

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. By Henry Miller. Grove Press. 348 pp. $7.50.

Warrington Winters

HENRY MILLER passed the torch from Thoreau to Kerouac. We may call him, if we wish to annoy him, a surrealistic naturalist, soaked in Bergson and topped with a generous glob of Dada. What has he actually done for us? Well, like Whitman, who also sent his barbaric yawp over the roof-tops of the world, Miller has blasted the very foundations of human hypocrisy—moral, social and political.

And so the Grove Press (following their publication last year of *Tropic of Cancer*) have now given us a legal and unexpurgated *Tropic of Capricorn.*

What can we possibly say concerning the plot of such a book as this? One possibility: it is all about a Brooklyn boy by the name of Henry Miller—how he grew up there before and after the First World War, how he steeped himself in the hideous sufferings of his fellow workers in the Cosmodemonic Telegraph Company (a microcosm of America itself). We observe his apparently brutal indifference to his first wife and his child. We study the microscopic details of his casual love affairs. And in the latter pages we become increasingly aware—as if looking through a glass darkly — of a smoky and haunting woman named Mara or Mona (or June Smith, her real name), who is a hostess in a dance hall, and who a few years later, in *The Rosy Crucifixion*, marries our Henry.

THE story, of course, is nothing. The style—which is alternately naturalistic and surrealistic—is all. For my money, the naturalistic Miller is the good Miller. I am thinking not only of the sex passages but also of a thousand other candid camera views of Greater New York. Take just one of the five senses, the sense of smell, as it echoes the Brooklyn childhood: the smell of autumnal bonfires where chippies and raw potatoes were roasted in little cans; the smells of stale horse piss, bloated dead horse, iodoform, raw hides and trimmed hides, freshly baked bread, onion sandwiches on sour rye, the mounds of upturned earth, rotten iron pipes, taffy, Spanish peanuts, Sen-Sen, Sweet Caporal cigarettes, and the smells of Aunt Tillie's hair—"one of the wet hair and another of the same hair when she threw it into the stove and it burst into flame." This is the naturalistic Miller, who stands on a level with Dreiser, Wolfe and Faulkner—*and* Celine.

But the surrealistic Miller can be a confounded, confusing bore. He is quite as confusing to me as Mara's conversation is to Henry himself:

> Her talk is as formless as dream: there are no grooves, no walls, no exits, no stops. I have the feeling of being drowned in a deep mesh of words, of crawling painfully back to the top of the net, of looking into her eyes and trying to find there some reflections of the significance of her words—but I can find nothing, nothing except my own image wavering in a bottomless well.

But that's not the worst. Intellectually and morally, this surrealistic Miller plunges us deep into a polaric universe, a maddening fourth dimension, where every extreme has its equally valid opposite: "I travel two ways, as sun and as moon. Henceforth I take on two sexes, two hemispheres, two skies, two sets of everything. Henceforth I shall be double-jointed and double-sexed. Everything that happens will happen twice."

THIS is by no means the structural transcendentalism of Emerson or Thoreau, which carries us ever upward toward an ultimate over-soul. It is rather the amorality of Whitman. Traveling Miller's "Ovarian Trolley," we are moving straight back to the womb. As he tells us himself: "I want to become more and more childish and to pass beyond childhood in the opposite direction. I want to go exactly contrary to the normal line of development, pass into a superinfantile realm of being which will be absolutely crazy and chaotic. . . ."

Karl Shapiro assures us that Henry Miller is "one of the few healthy Americans alive today," but the foregoing raises doubts. I would tend to agree rather with Henry's pal, MacGregor: "You've got something inside you that's eating you up." Or consider what Henry says himself: "In the bottom of my heart there was murder: I wanted to see America destroyed, razed from top to bottom. I wanted to see this happen purely out of vengeance, as atonement for the crimes that were committed against me and against others like me who have never been able to lift their voices and express their hatred, their rebellion, their legitimate bloodlust."

What's the matter with this fellow? Shall we go back to his childhood for an answer? Consider the miserable relation between his father and mother: "She saw things in a black light and she took no trouble to conceal it. Now and then she became hysterical and went at him hammer and tongs, swearing at him in the vilest language and smashing the dishes and threatening to run away for good."

The pattern grows more complex if we pass from the mother to Henry's sister: "The mother from whose loins I sprang was a complete stranger to me. To begin with, after giving birth to me, she gave birth to my sister, *whom I usually refer to as my brother.*" The suggestion, in the passage which I have italicized, that Henry traded genders with his sister, is focused even more sharply here: "In my dream life I frequently changed places with my sister, accepting the tortures inflicted upon her and nourishing them with my supersensitive brain."

It was this relation with his sister, so

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he seems to say, which determined the course of his life: "Instead of growing up like a stalwart tree I began to lean to one side, in complete defiance of the law of gravity." And again: "Because she is free of evil, I became a thirty-two branched candelabra of evil; because she demands nothing of anyone I demand everything; ... because she is humiliated and tortured I wreak vengeance upon everyone, friend and foe alike; because she is helpless I make myself all powerful."

Finally, consider this family portrait of Henry, his sister, his father and his mother: "The conversations which took place between the leaning tower of Pisa, the whipping post, the snoring machine and the pterodactyl in human flesh, were, to say the least, a bit queer."

The miracle of Henry Miller is this, that the early psychological problems suggested above do not taint or warp his famous descriptions of sex. Maybe this is because he parcels out all the bad experiences (the terror of venereal disease, for example) to his alter ego, MacGregor.

The fact remains that the greatest passages in this book are the scenes of love-making. Who will ever forget Rita in the vestibule, Francie in the phone booth, Lola beside the reservoir? They join in a grand paean to all that is still joyous, healthy, happy and affirmative in this age of atomic bombs.

Clinkers and Causes

SELECTED POEMS OF PABLO NERUDA. Edited and translated by Ben Belitt. Grove Press. 320 pp. $5.95.

Clayton Eshleman

PABLO NERUDA, the most impressive and influential South American poet of the twentieth century, has undergone a strange and sad history of translation in the English language. Although the two thousand pages of poetry he has written in the past forty years have been adequately represented in a dozen other languages, Neruda has received constant but shoddy attention in our own.

Recently, there has been a flurry of activity with Neruda's early and later poems: Jerome Rothenberg, Robert Bly and I have been redoing a number of the *Residences on the Earth*, and Las Americas Books has published the first book of *Odes* which, along with Robert Kelly's versions, should introduce American readers to Neruda's poetry since 1954. But it is still difficult for anyone who does not know Spanish to make a judgment on Neruda's strength in our own language or his value as a world poet. Until this judgment is made, until his work can be tested against, say Rilke or Yeats, he will remain an impressive South American poet. Now, in Mr. Belitt's *Selected Poems of Pablo Neruda*, we have the first attempt at a representative selection in English of Neruda's far-ranging and controversial career.

Of the sixty poems Mr. Belitt has translated, eighteen are taken from the *Residences*, twenty are from the *General Song*, and the remaining twenty-two are from the *Odes* and from two more recent volumes, *Book of Vagaries* (1958) and *Voyages and Homecomings* (1959). While Mr. Belitt has somewhat deformed Neruda's career by failing to translate from the very early work (mainly *Twenty Love Poems and A Desperate Song*) and *The Grapes and the Wind*, a long journalistic piece falling between the *General Song* and the *Odes*, I would venture that he has presented to us the books that will eventually establish Neruda's reputation. In the first and third block of translations Mr. Belitt has done an adequate job of selection, given the difficulties any translator would have in choosing from such a prodigious output (there are, for example, more than 150 *Odes*). However, the selections from the *General Song* are not so satisfactory. While the editor has translated from ten of the fifteen books, or more accurately, thirty-five pages from a poem of three hundred and fifty pages, there is little continuity in his choices, some of them are connective tissue for longer pieces that he has omitted, and nearly all lose a good deal of their charge without the other poems

---

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN is a poet whose first volume of collected work, Mexico and North, *is published by Trobar. Mr. Eshleman is now living in Japan.*

Landscape One

dead calm
cold clear avoid the water she
the little girl
afraid of it drowned once and has not forgot that
boats in it and it moves slightly
cold and so is the wind
with the sun in it

dead calm cold clear air

holds the light restricts it each
individual in the night going out going

home go home go to bed go to sleep
taking off clothes slowly

it is dead
calm
and cold and clear

each piece of clothing fresh
warmed the
body warmed
light on it making edges oblique shadows
muscles growing apart the breasts fuller
at the sides under the arms
busy with moving the hands about the person
flesh very dense and heavy
opaque
each hair a small arc and distinguishable dark brown

gull
thrust at the air down over the plants down toward
the shape of water with boats skimming them drops
the beak of food catches it cold
clear dead calm she
the little girl
sees it the bird closes her eyes against the sun in them

David Ossman

that pack and scaffold them. In the *Portable Melville* Jay Leyda has omitted *Moby Dick* and given an excellent selection of material to supplement it. Mr. Belitt might have followed the same plan in his approach to Neruda.

IN HIS introduction to the book, Mr. Belitt says: "I have mounted my language on rhythms which enlist the resources of poetry in English as much as they do the poetry of Pablo Neruda." In the light of that statement I would like to show a typical example of Mr. Belitt's handling of Neruda. While there are slightly better and slightly worse passages in the book, the following is representative. It is from the concluding lines of *No Hay Olvido* (*There is No Forgetting*) in the second *Residences on the Earth.* The Spanish reads:

> porque no sé qué contestar:
> hay tantos muertos,
> y tantos malecones que el sol rojo partía
> y tantas cabezas que golpean los buques,
> y tantas manos que han encerrado besos,
> y tantas cosas que quiero olvidar.

And my literal:

> because I don't know what to answer:
> there are so many dead,
> and so many piers split by the red sun
> and so many heads striking the hulls
> and so many hands have locked in kisses
> and so many things I want to forget.

Mr. Belitt has rendered this stanza in the following way:

> For I come without answers:
> see: the dying are legion,
> legion, the breakwaters breached by the red of the sun,
> the headpieces knocking the ship's side,
> the hands closing over their kisses,
> and legion the things I would give to oblivion.

I don't think this was quite what Neruda was getting at.

While I believe Neruda is a great poet, I also recognize that at times he is boring and too heavy in his use of language. Mr. Belitt has exaggerated these shortcomings. And even when he has a chance to show Neruda's contrasting lightness, he overloads. Why would anybody translate "Here is water's effulgence" for "Hay luz del agua?" What is wrong with "light?" Or in a thin Ode on the smell of cordwood we get "something more recondite" for "algo más secreto." Why not "secret?" If Neruda had wanted these more literary and less direct words he would have used them; there are equivalents in Spanish. That he did not, that ultimately his poetry works toward an affirmation of thread, blue flowers, fire, tomatoes and wine has a great deal to do with its beauty. This element Mr. Belitt's translations fail to suggest. For Neruda's "origen y ceniza" (beginnings and ashes) we have been given Mr. Belitt's "clinkers and causes."

The book would be much less a disappointment if it were a first attempt to translate Neruda. But Neruda has been botched for the past twenty years and as long as Mr. MacIntyre reigns on the West Coast and now Mr. Belitt on the East, I imagine a certain type of translating will continue. It is a type that neglects to construct the translation of a poem with the same fidelity to breath and measure, to the balancing of a line's weight in regard to its position in stanza and poem, as is demanded in our own contemporary poetry by those who read carefully.

The introduction by Luis Monquió appears (we have no facing Spanish text) ably translated by Mr. Belitt.

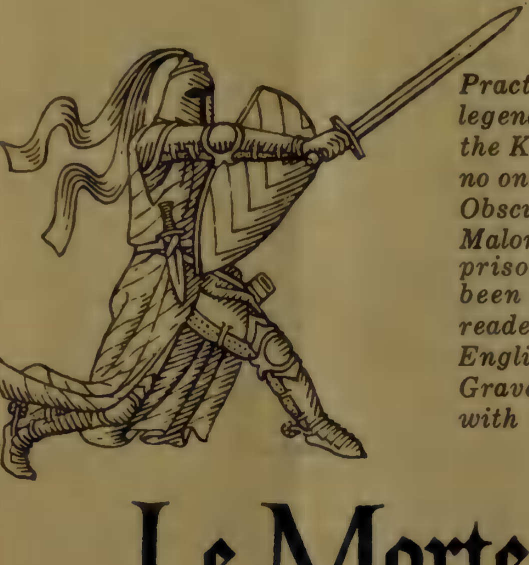
RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

THE EXTENT to which even the best educated and artistically aware members of our intellectual community have been isolated from important contemporary developments in music seems discouragingly evident in a recent letter from a *Nation* reader, an architect living in Boston. He urges that I publish a list of available recordings of "good contemporary music," pointing out that "there are many of us who love good music, but who really know very little of what has happened since, say, *Petrouchka.* We do not willfully ignore contemporary music [but] simply do not know where to start."

The request itself poses an interesting problem of selectivity and judgment: the listing below is an attempt to indicate some of what has been significantly "happening" in music during the last fifty or so years. At the same time, I find it painfully revealing that such a listing should be so desperately necessary. It seems to me inconceivable that

Six centuries later, the "bold bawdry and open manslaughter" of the Round Table knights in splendid modern prose



Practically everyone is familiar with the legend of Arthur, Gweneviere, Lancelot and the Knights of the Round Table, but almost no one can read Malory in its original form. Obscured by the medieval rhetoric in which Malory wrote before his death in Newgate prison in 1471, Le Morte d'Arthur has been largely inaccessible to the modern reader. Now a new rendition by a young English poet who is a protegé of Robert Graves enables this great classic to emerge with its splendor and vigor intact.

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similar assistance would generally be needed with regard, for example, to twentieth-century novels, drama, painting or poetry; the "basic literature" in these fields is assimilated as part of nearly everyone's normal education. Books and periodicals on many technical and professional levels provide a continuous link to the evolution of new creative and critical concerns. Most important, significant new works are published, exhibited, performed—on or off "Broadway"—although obviously the crisis of standards in the face of commercialism and mass culture is not less severe than in music. Whatever the obstacles, the information needed to become and remain aware of contemporary developments is available to anyone sufficiently interested to seek them out.

In music, the situation is quite different. Despite the uncountable words about music that pour from "appreciation" lectures and classes and from music columns of newspapers and periodicals, and despite the much-acclaimed "music explosion" of recent years, it is still almost impossible for a non-musician—and hardly less difficult for most musicians—even to distinguish the significant contemporary literature, much less to discover its underlying attitudes, or its relation to the other important intellectual tendencies of the time. The confusion and obscurity that surround new music result in great part from a genuine uncertainty on the part of the leaders of our public musical institutions regarding professional standards and techniques. As a result, their efforts, whether educative, critical or interpretive, tend either to uncritical pluralism or aggressive nostalgia. An intelligent listener confronted with the notion that no (or all) contemporary music is of any (or equal) value may be pardoned his assumption that the entire subject is beneath his concern.

ON the other hand, there *are* no authoritative professional sources from which music teachers, journalists or conductors can acquire reliable information about contemporary music for guidance in their public activities. There does not yet exist in this country such an essential musical institution as a professional journal devoted to contemporary composition, or an institute for the study, performance and publication of advanced new music. No one would dream of placing the responsibility for ultimate critical judgments on a daily newspaper's book or play reviewer. But in the prevailing musical limbo, such responsibility actually has come to rest on the harassed shoulders of the daily newspaper music critic who, within twenty minutes of his first encounter with a complex and difficult new work (usually without the help of a score), must consolidate his instantaneous analysis and evaluation into a conclusive critique. Under these conditions, it is hardly surprising that one frequently encounters in the press "twelve-tone" works based on no discernible row, "atonal" works in C major, "cerebral" music composed entirely by chance operations and "precise" performances lacking a single correct note. The fault, as I have indicated, does not lie with the critics, or with any other single group; nevertheless, the danger is acute that through all this ignorance and insecurity the gap between the listener and new music may soon become a hopeless abyss.

The listing offered here is not intended to be exhaustive or definitive. For one thing, it is limited to works that are currently available on records, in reasonably accurate performances. This excludes many important works, such as the Stravinsky *Roi des Etoiles, Mavra, Orpheus, Scènes de Ballet* and *Von Himmel Hoch* variations; Schönberg's *Erwartung, Glückliche Hand, Von Heute auf Morgen* and Four Orchestral Songs, op. 22 (but Robert Craft is presently recording Schönberg's complete *oeuvre* for Columbia; Volume I is scheduled to appear in early 1963); the 1923 version of

---

On the Debt My Mother Owed to Sears Roebuck

Summer was dry, dry the garden
our beating hearts, on that farm, dry
with the rows of corn the grasshoppers
came happily to strip, in hordes, the first
thing I knew about locust was they came
dry under the foot like the breaking of
a mechanical bare heart which collapses
from an unkind and incessant word whispered
in the house of the major farmer
and the catalogue company,
from no fault of anyone
my father coming home tired
and grinning down the road, turning in
is the tank full? thinking of the horse
and my lazy arms thinking of the water
so far below the well platform.

On the debt my mother owed to sears roebuck
we brooded, she in the house, a little heavy
from too much corn meal, she
a little melancholy from the dust of the fields
in her eye, the only title she ever had to lands—
and man's ways winged their way to her through the mail
saying so much per month
so many months, this is yours, take it
take it, take it, take it
and in the corncrib, like her lives in that house
the mouse nibbled away at the cob's yellow grain
until six o'clock when her sorrows grew less
and my father came home

On the debt my mother owed to sears roebuck?
I have nothing to say, it gave me clothes to
wear to school,
and my mother brooded
in the rooms of the house, the kitchen, waiting
for the men she knew, her husband, her son
from work, from school, from the air of locusts
and dust masking the hedges of fields she knew
in her eye as a vague land where she lived,
boundaries, whose tractors chugged pulling harrows
pulling discs, pulling great yields from the earth
pulse for the armies in two hemispheres, 1943
and she was part of that *stay at home army* to keep
things going, owing that debt.

Edward Dorn

Hindemith's *Das Marienleben*; Sessions' Second, Third, Fourth Symphonies and Piano and Violin Concertos; Copland's Sextet; Carter's Cello Sonata; Gunther Schuller's First String Quartet; and Seymour Shifrin's Chamber Symphony, to name the few that come immediately to mind. I take for granted everything by Schönberg, Stravinsky and Webern; for all of their works, major or minor, contain essential compositional discoveries, and have functioned—in many instances still function—as nuclei for a cluster of other works that explore territory first revealed in them. But I have singled out a few individual recordings of these composers' works (for other Stravinsky recordings, see *The Nation*, July 28) that are especially valuable, either because they include a wide range of representative music from several periods, or offer unusually accurate performances.

I HAVE attempted to list mainly works that I regard as representing serious and significant aspects of twentieth-century composition. However, some of the entries (a few recent European works and "aleatoric" compositions) were included mainly to illustrate tendencies which have achieved a certain currency, and which the listener may expect to encounter. To separate "American" from "European" seemed to me an abhorrent cynicism, and I have listed only those works which can be regarded as of "international" importance.

Finally, it should be noted for those to whom most new works "don't sound like music," that whereas music usually evolves slowly from work to work (there have been a few "great leaps forward": *Le Sacre*, *Pierrot*, Webern opp. 9 and 10), a listener whose regular experience includes only works written up to, say, forty years ago, will naturally imagine that he perceives a great gap, a decisive "break with tradition" when confronted with an advanced work. But the gap is rather in the listener's own experience than in the development of music; anyone who has followed this development attentively will be able to discern clear "traditional" roots in even the "newest" of all new music.

Babbitt. Composition for four instruments (1948); Composition for viola and piano (1950). John Wummer, flute; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Peter Marsh, violin; Donald McCall, cello; Walter Trampler, viola; Alvin Bauman, piano. CRI 138.

Composition for twelve instruments (1948); *Du*, song cycle. Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano; Ralph Shapey, conductor. Son Nova (to be released fall, 1962).

Bartók. Six String Quartets. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia ML 4278, ML 4279, ML 4280.

Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano (1922). Robert Mann, violin; Leonid Hambro, piano. Bartók 922.

Berg. Altenberg Lieder, op. 4. Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML 5428 (mono); MS 6103 (stereo).

Chamber Concerto (1925); Lulu Suite; Lyric Suite (1926); Seven Early Songs; *Der Wein* (1930). Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Israel Baker, violin; Pearl Kaufman, piano; Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia M2L 271 (mono); M2S 620 (stereo).

Three Pieces For Orchestra, op. 6 (1913-14). Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML 5616 (mono); MS 6216 (stereo).

Lulu (1928-34). Vienna Opera. Columbia SL 121.

Wozzeck (1914-21). New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropolous, conductor (vocal soloists: Eileen Farrell, Mack Harrell, Frederick Jagel). Columbia SL 118.

Berger. String Quartet (1958). Lenox Quartet. CRI 161.

Polyphony for Orchestra (1956). Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, conductor. Louisville 58-4.

Berio. *Differences* (1958-60). Domaine Musicale, Paris; Luciano Berio, conductor. Time 58002 (mono); 8002 (stereo).

Boulez. *Le Marteau sans Maître* (1955). Marjorie Mackay, alto; Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML 5275.

Britten. Spring Symphony (1949). Peter Pears, tenor; Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano; Benjamin Britten, conductor. London 5612 (mono); OS 25242 (stereo).

Carter. Double Concerto (1961). Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; Gustav Meier, conductor. Epic LC 3830 (mono); BC 1157 (stereo).

Quartet #1 (1951). The Walden Quartet. Columbia ML 5104.

Quartet #2 (1960). The Juilliard Quartet. Victor LM 2481 (mono); LSC 2481 (stereo).

Sonata for flute, oboe, cello, harpsichord (1952). Columbia ML 5576 (mono); MS 6176 (stereo).

Variations for Orchestra (1955). Louisville 58-3.

Copland. Concerto for clarinet and orchestra (1948); Quartet for piano and strings (1951). Benny Goodman, clarinet; New York Quartet; Aaron Copland, conductor. Columbia ML 4421.

Piano Fantasy (1957); Piano Varia-

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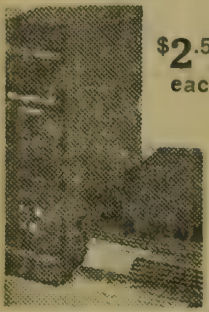

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tions (1930). William Masselos, piano. Columbia ML 5568 (mono); MS 6168 (stereo).

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950). Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; Aaron Copland, piano. Columbia ML 5106.

Dallapiccola. *Liriche Greche* (1942; 1944-45); Goethe-Lieder (1953); Cinque Canti (1956); Concerto per la Notte di Natale dell' Anno 1956. Luigi Dallapiccola, Frederick Prausnitz, conductors. Epic LC 3706 (mono); BC 1088 (stereo).

Fine. String Quartet (1952). The Juilliard Quartet. Columbia ML 4843.

Foss. *Time* Cycle (1961). Adele Addison, soprano; Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Columbia ML 5680 (mono); MS 6280 (stereo).

Hindemith. Concert Music for Strings and Brass (1931); *Mathis der Maler* (orchestral excerpts) (1934). Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. Columbia ML 4816.

Ives. 24 songs. Helen Boatwright, soprano. Overtone 7.

Symphony #3 (1901-04); Three Places in New England (1903-14). Eastman-Rochester Symphony, Howard Hanson, conductor. Mercury 50149 (mono); 90149 (stereo).

Kirchner. Concerto (1960). Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; Leon Kirchner, conductor. Epic LC 3830 (mono); BC 1157 (stereo).

Krenek. Lamentations of Jeremiah (1941); Sestina. Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Ernst Krenek, conductor. Epic LC 3509.

Milhaud: *Les Choephores* (1915-16). Igor Markevitch, conductor. Decca 9956.

Schönberg: *Begleitungsmusik*, op. 34 (1930). Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML 5616 (mono); MS 6216 (stereo).

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, op. 42 (1943); Concerto for violin and orchestra, op. 36 (1936). Alfred Brendel, piano; Wolfgang Marschner, violin; Michael Gielen, conductor. Vox 10530.

Moses und Aron (1932-51). Hans Rosbaud, cond. Columbia K3L 241. 241.

Piano music (complete). Edouard Steuermann, piano. Columbia ML 5216.

Pierrot Lunaire, op. 21 (1912). Arnold Schönberg, conductor. Columbia ML 4471.

Four String Quartets. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia ML 4735; ML 4736; ML 4737.

Sessions. From my Diary (1940); Sonata #2 (1946). Bernard Abramowitsch, piano. Music Library 7003.

Quartet #2 (1950). New Music Quartet. Columbia ML 5105.

Symphony #1 (1927). Akeo Watanabe, conductor. CRI 131.

Idyll of Theocritus (1954). Robert Whitney, conductor. Louisville 57-4.

Shapey. Evocation (1959). Matthew Raimondi, violin; Yehudi Wyner, piano; Paul Price, percussion. CRI 141.

Stockhausen. *Zeitmasse,* op. 5 (1956). Columbia ML 5275.

Zyklus (1950); *Refrain* (1959). Time 58001 (mono); 8001 (stereo).

Stravinsky. Cantata (1952); Symphony in C (1940). Igor Stravinsky, conductor. Columbia ML 4899.

Chamber Works, 1911-1954, including Septet (1953); Shakespeare Songs (1954); In Memoriam Dylan Thomas (1954). Igor Stravinsky, conductor. Columbia ML 5107.

Movements for Piano and Orchestra (1958-59); *Epitaphium* (1959); Double Canon (1959); Octet (1923). Igor Stravinsky, conductor. Columbia ML 5672 (mono); MS 6272 (stereo).

Oedipus Rex (1927). Igor Stravinsky, conductor. Columbia ML 4644.

The Rake's Progress (1951). Metropolitan Opera. Igor Stravinsky, conductor. Columbia SL 125.

Threni (1957-58). Igor Stravinsky, conductor. Columbia ML 5383 (mono); MS 6065 (stereo).

Varese. *Integrales* (1925); *Density 21.5* (1935); *Hyperprism* (1923); *Ionisation* (1931); *Octandre* (1924); *Poème Electronique* (1958). Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML 5478 (mono); MS 6146 (stereo).

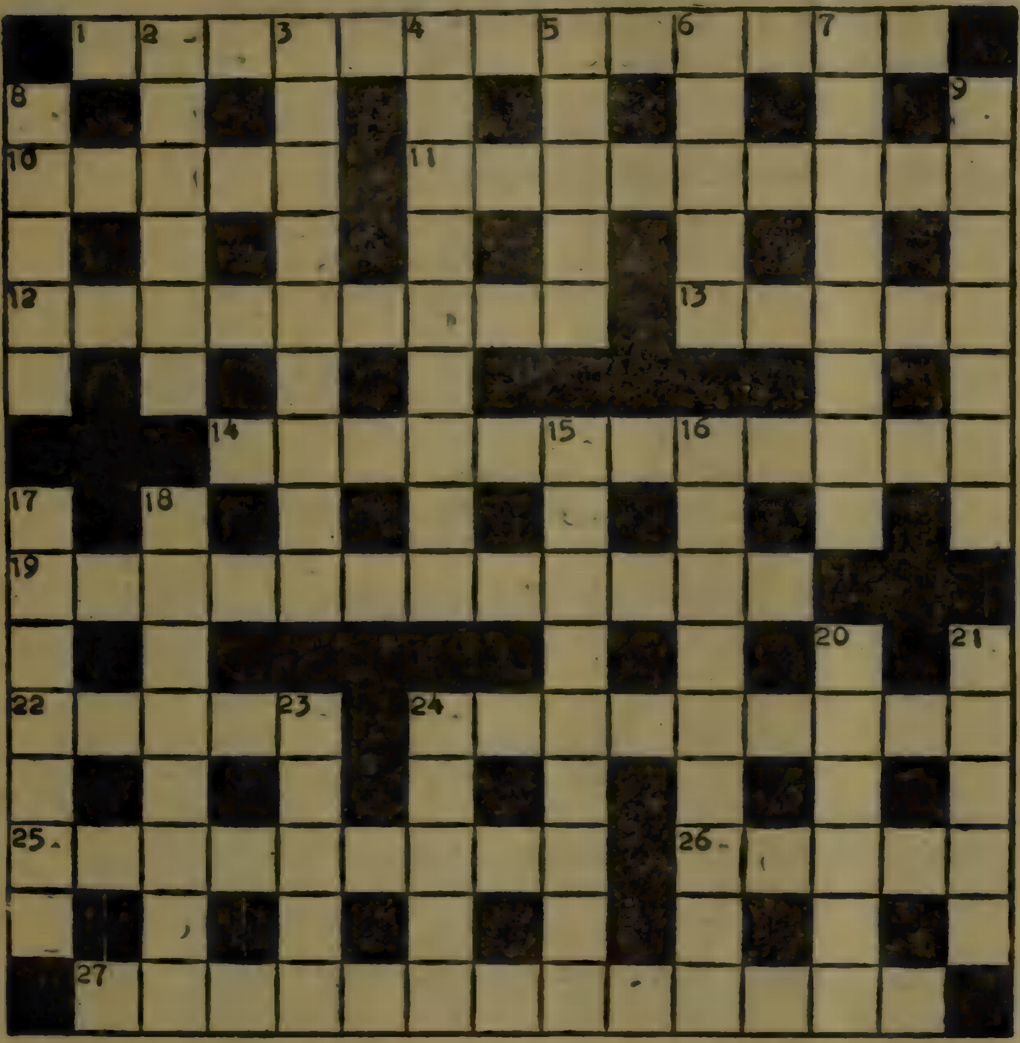
Webern. Complete Works. Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia K4L 232.

Six Bagatelles for String Quartet, op. 9 (1913). Juilliard String Quartet. Victor LM/LSC 2531.

Wolpe. Sonata for violin and piano; Passacaglia; Percussion Quartet. Frances Magnes, violin; David Tudor, piano. Esoteric 530.

Crossword Puzzle No. 976

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This sort of doll is never an example of what the Union hated to spend time in. (13)
10 Fired, perhaps, for being drunk? (3, 2)
11 The production of medium cost maple construction? (9)
12 Associated with a composition that is not scored? (9)
13 A well-known inventor of tales. (5)
14 Such a quality is difficult to understand. (12)
19 One of the aristocracy is about to die in improper circumstances—better get a doctor (since his charges are small). (12)
22 Where Bizet's woman came from. (5)
24 One certainly shouldn't be a trust-buster. (9)
25 Not what the law means when it says "pull up!" (9)
26 What comes from the choir? An outpouring of Jove! (5)
27 Did these Entertainments go on for almost three years? (7, 6)

DOWN:

2 Drooping like a demented worker? (6)
3 Get a sort of 23 down, and be, by the sound of it, in a state of well-being. (9)
4 One who watches the Papers, possibly. (9)
5 Seen with greenbacks, or with the do-re-me. (5)
6 A little info as to how 10 starts in reverse. (5)
7 Plumbers? (Any great commander does.) (9)
8 Does it keep the fire sluggish? (5)
9 A body with a mission? (7)
15 Freedom from solicitude. (9)
16 What 4 might be doing visually. (9)
17 A poet is naturally confused by what might produce dullness. (7)
18 Evidently a very procrastinating devotee. (8)
20 It might be carried by ladies not exactly chaste. (6)
21 Baby bird? (5)
23 Brush cut? (5)
24 Lady Vere de Vere. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 975

ACROSS: 1 Crescendo; 6 and 23 Fence post; 9 Rostrum; 10 Felucca; 11 and 24 Boy wonder; 12 Baruch; 13 and 6 Rail fence; 15 Nodulous; 16 Direct; 18 Warm up; 20 Cashmere; 23 and 5 Post office; 24 and 26 Wonderfully; 25 Oaf; 28 Iridium; 29 Retrial; 30 and 13 Third rail; 21 Supremely. DOWN: 1 Carib; 2 Essayed; 3 Cerebellum; 4 Numerous; 5 and 11 Office boy; 6 Fell; 7 Nictate; 8 Epaulette; 14 and 30 Richard the Third; 15 Newsprint; 17 Handgrip; 19 Rossini; 21 Erosive; 22 Holmes; 27 Kind.

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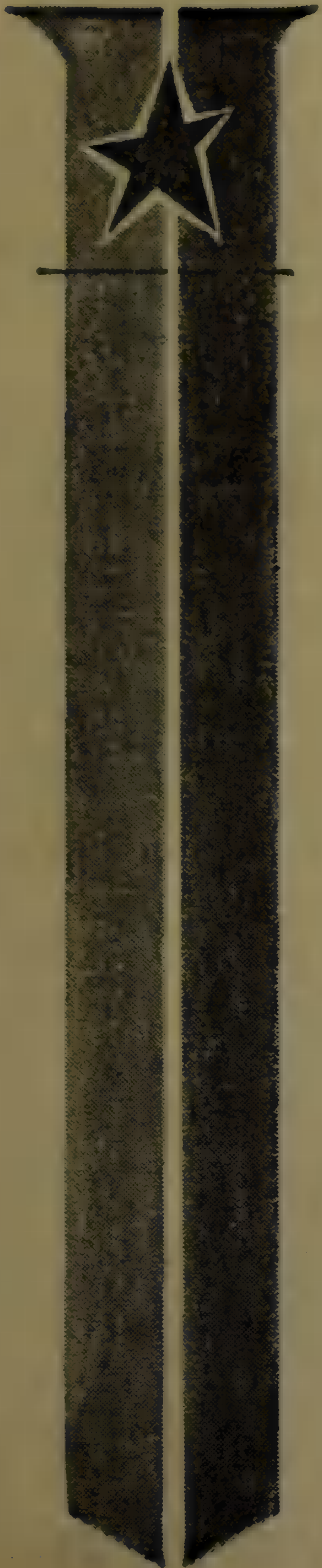

Cuba Today

An Eyewitness Report

Samuel Shapiro

Air-Line Stewardess:

GLAMOUR IS NOT ENOUGH

Ruth Weyand

United Nations Compass:

From East-West to North-South

Jane Stolle

LETTERS

Disarmament Without Pain

Dear Sirs: Re William S. Royce's "Economics of Disarmament" in your September 8 issue: In a letter by the Nobel laureate, Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, which appeared in the June issue of *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* the fallacy of using the state of the economy as justification for adopting only slow and cautious disarmament measures was clearly demonstrated. Wrote Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi:

"I venture to propose a simple way which would enable the United States to disarm completely, in one stroke, without any disturbance of its economy. It is the following: We continue to vote our military budget and the Pentagon goes on passing out all contracts, obliging the single firms to pass out all subcontracts and pay all its workers—but all under one strict condition, i.e., that nothing is produced. We could then reduce the military budget at the measure at which the war industry adapts to new production, stretching this reduction over a period, say, of twelve years. What we do gradually is thus not the disarmament, but the reduction of the budget."

Mark A. Sonnenberg
New York City Columbia College '63

Dear Sirs: Mr. Royce's article is timely and vital. However, his concern about replacing "that huge gap in the Gross National Product" and at the same time keeping Russia "in its place" indicates that the author has not yet faced up to the real issues of the day: the class struggle in our Western world. We arm not to alleviate this struggle, but to perpetuate the disparity between the rich and the poor. . . .

Detroit, Mich. John Z. Gelsavage

'America's' Editorial

Dear Sirs: With regard to *America* magazine's September 1 editorial "To Our Jewish Friends" (commented upon in your issue of September 8), certain points cry out for rebuttal. The editorial was not, by any stretch of the imagination, the gentle but well-meant admonition of a wise and benevolent parent, directed at his sometimes-errant children. Rather, I found it a subtle, nasty, backhanded slur directed at all Jews—assimilationist or orthodox, pliant or pious.

I would suggest to the editors of *America* that they muster the moral courage to publish a full retraction and apology in their next issue. Until such time as they do so, they will have far fewer "Jewish Friends" than they might suppose. Even Jew-hating has its price.

Paramus, N.J. Eugene A. Leeb

Complaint

It's not enough
That your puzzles are tough
And cause many a sigh and frown,
But the final straw
(There should be a law!)
Is to print them upside down!

Philadelphia, Pa. Howard Cushman

This is what we did to the crossword puzzle in our Sept. 8 issue. Sorry! — Ed.

Hope for Labor

Dear Sirs: I dissent vigorously from George Kirstein's stereotype of "Labor" that has outlived its role . . . (*The Nation,* September 1). True, in these years the tide of crusading unionism has been ebbing from the flood level of the mid-thirties. The unions built too well in those years. As they gained the security and improved living standards sought by their members, too many of those same members forgot the true source of their strength — the brotherhood of working people. But labor is only as strong as its people — in a nation, in a community, or on a job. And what liberal today does not decry the tragic disengagement of citizens generally from their democratic institutions?

The charge that "At this writing, organized labor is not participating in the progressive programs of our era," simply is not true. The unions give time and money in support of legislation for housing, education, medicare, minimum wage standards and scores of other issues on national, state and local levels. Among the rank and file of the unions, probably thousands participate in the movement for peace and social justice. . . .

Sadly, a few international unions still tolerate or encourage Jim Crowism and discrimination against minority races. But increasingly they are ending these practices and disciplining locals that refuse to integrate. In my trade, office work, here in the Northwest, the employers maintain a cruel color bar that we have not yet been able to break down. Minority races are and have always been welcome in our union.

As for the white-collar worker, from my experience as a member for almost twenty years of the Office Employes International Union, I know that many white-collar workers are not yet ready to accept unionism. But slowly they are changing. Since our International was chartered in 1945, we have grown from 22,000 to 55,000, nearly threefold. . . .

Mr. Kirstein concludes that at this Labor Day, 1962, "the militant labor leader of yesteryear is evolving into the aging labor 'statesman' of today, and is presiding with experience and tenacity over the decent burial of the organization which he built with such energy

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The Nation, Sept. 22, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 8

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14. Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 8

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'We Are a Great Country'

This was Secretary of State Dean Rusk's reply to Khrushchev's warning that an attack by the United States on Cuba, or upon Soviet ships bound for Cuba, might result in a thermonuclear war. "We are not nervous or afraid," the Secretary added.

But does not a great country deserve great leadership? Can it remain great without greatness at the top? The Kennedy Administration may not be nervous or afraid in the face of Khrushchev's threats and polemics, but unless it can show similar fortitude against its internal enemies, it will be driven into a position which has all the makings of political disaster. If the President tries to avoid debate and mollify his right-wing critics, he will be forced into measures which could make the April, 1961, Cuban-invasion debacle look like a mere passing embarrassment. The chances are that Khrushchev would not let fly with the ICBMs, but nothing would suit his purposes better than to have the United States convert Cuba into an American Hungary. Castro might go the way of Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter, but Castroism would be given a powerful impetus in all the unstable republics of Latin America. The rest of the world would wonder whether we were indeed morally superior to the Soviets, a claim which the ranting of our right-wing chauvinists has already put in question.

These are the political liabilities. Militarily, there is no doubt that the United States could bring down the Castro regime, but unless nuclear weapons were used it could be a long, bloody operation, worse for American prestige than the Finnish war of 1939 was for the Russians (see "Cuba Today," page 146). On all counts, Cuba is a place to stay out of. But it is not enough to stay out. Irresolution and inaction can be fatal on the domestic political front when the party out of power (and the fifth column of the party in power) is in a position to capitalize on the country's difficulties abroad. A logical position must be established and it must be defended by the President himself.

Mr. Kennedy laid the groundwork in his statement of September 4, in which he declared that there was no evidence of a Soviet combat force in Cuba and no evidence of either Cuban or Soviet offensive capability or intentions. The possibility of an attack on the United States by Cuba, with or without the aid of World War II materiel and a few thousand technicians, is ludicrous on the face of it. As for Castro's spreading his revolution to Latin America by military means, he has his fill of troubles at home—and no navy. Mr. Kennedy has a gift for political satire, as well as a gift for acquiring facts. He can use both against the small group of political opportunists who, with an eye on the November elections, are clamoring for warlike action.

Mr. Kennedy cannot counter them by holding his hands in front of his face, or returning a soft answer. He cannot let others do the fighting for him. "We must get tough," said Senator Humphrey, "with swaggering irresponsibles in these very halls of Congress who are willing to destroy the entire Alliance for Progress in order to make political capital. . . . " It is good advice, and the President's statement at his press conference on September 13 is a reassuring indication that he has decided to heed it.

The Cuban Follies

A composite recording of the statements of American and Soviet dignitaries on the Cuban situation, without ascription, would serve a useful purpose. Listening to such a collection, a sober observer of the international scene would have to conclude that these bloodthirsty threats, these *non sequiturs*, these paranoid exaggerations could have issued only from a special kind of madhouse, to which only statesmen could gain admittance. The recording could start appropriately with excerpts from the Soviet statement of September 11, which covered all the ground from the Russian Revolution to the Cuban crisis and blamed almost everything in that forty-five-year interval on the United States. The choicest bit would be at the beginning, where the Soviets avowed that they could put up with the rival bourgeois parties vying with each other in hurling infamies at the peace forces, but when the President of the United States asked Congress for the power to call up 150,000 reservists, that was too much.

The joke has three parts: first, the manpower of the Soviet Armed Forces, which surely far exceeds that of the United States even if these men should be called up; second, the patent fact that the President's request was a psycho-political maneuver designed to disarm the fire-eaters and alarmists urging him to "do something"; third, the equally patent fact, verified by recent experience, that a sizable proportion of the reservists would spend their tour of duty bitching about the victimization to which an ungrateful government had subjected them — and vowing revenge at the polls.

The Soviet pamphleteers face stiff competition, however, from their American counterparts. With no other evidence than the fact that the President had spoken at the same press conference about Cuba and Berlin, Senator Kenneth B. Keating (R., N.Y.) warned that a "horse trade" was in the wind which would "make our most hard-boiled negotiators blush." Senator Keating wept so loudly about the impending "betrayal" that the President heard him and delegated Senator Engle (D., Calif.) to call him to account. Briefed by the White House, but speaking extempore at an NBC-TV show, Engle declared that "we can take the top six feet off of all of Cuba with one air strike, and all that's built on it, and all that live on it." He then piously explained that he was not advocating this punitive measure, which would incinerate the millions of Cuban patriots who are reportedly praying for Uncle Sam to rescue them.

Much also can be said in the line of emulative lunacy for Senator Homer Capehart (R., Ind.) who has long advocated invasion, and for his brother-in-arms, Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.). Robert Taylor, a *Washington Star* staff writer, asked Senator Thurmond whether an invasion of Cuba might not set off World War III. Taylor says that in a horror-stricken voice Thurmond replied, "That's *defeatist* talk. That's what the Communists want us to think. That's the line the Communists spread in the Korean War."

Also deserving of honorable mention is Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) who opposed invasion but proposed the formation of a foreign legion of embattled Cubans and Latin Americans who would do the fighting without laying us open to "unnecessary attack by the Communist and Castroite propaganda apparatus." Last and perhaps least, we have Senator John Tower (R., Tex.) who complained that the brilliantly successful Eisenhower-Dulles policy of "massive retaliation" has been turned into a policy of "massive appeasement" and that the most powerful nation in the world "is acting like the most craven." For this lamentable state of affairs he blamed the President. Senator Tower's indictment would be a fitting conclusion for the record, which would thus start and finish with the Chief Executive's sins and misdemeanors, as viewed from both sides of the iron curtain.

Aw, Give J. Edgar a Degree!

In a laudatory article on J. Edgar Hoover in *Ebony*, the writer describes the FBI Director reminiscing about "his great Negro FBI agents, great in the sense that they have served and continued to serve unselfishly and without fanfare in his crime-busting family." During the interview, Mr. Hoover's Negro doorman, a special agent who has been with the FBI for thirty-six years, crossed the office to adjust a venetian blind. The chief crime-buster noted his presence. "Take Sam," he said, "visitors have to pass him. Many times I can't see them, but Sam makes a good impression. You can make or break a visitor by the reception he or she receives."

How many Negro FBI agents there are, and how many of them are chauffeurs, doormen, etc., the article does not state. On the subject of using Negro agents for civil-rights cases in the South, however, Mr. Hoover was forthright. "You have to be realistic," he explained. "Imagine sending a colored agent into the South on such missions. This is just not realistic." The segregationists beat up even white FBI men, so what would they do to a Negro?

Mr. Hoover has many good friends among Negroes, the article tells us, and adds: "Yet with his friendly relations, he has not been awarded an honorary degree of a Negro college (as he has numerous times of white colleges) or been cited by Negro groups for his law-enforcement record." It is an omission which can and should be rectified. Even if there are few Negro special agents in the FBI, there must be one Negro institution of higher learning in the land that will give Mr. Hoover a degree if only he would put a stop to the foot-dragging that has characterized the FBI's role in civil-rights cases these many years. Southerners concerned about civil rights, reports Claude Sitton in *The New York Times* (August 26), "are skeptical about the activities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the civil-rights field. 'I know from experience in representing clients across the South'" — the article is quoting Wiley A. Branton, a civil-rights lawyer of Pine Bluffs, Arkansas — "'that many Negroes feel that the local FBI agents are not too much different in their attitudes from the local police in the communities in which they live.'"

Doubling in Brass

It is often said that Defense Secretary McNamara has succeeded in subduing the military who, under General Eisenhower's Secretaries of Defense, were perhaps the nation's loudest speechmakers. With the Air Force, however, Mr. McNamara still has some way to go. He is rather in the position of a lion-tamer who is barely able to keep the beast at bay by cracking the whip with one hand while firing his revolver with the other. The task is rendered more difficult by two leonine characters who cannot be kept in the Defense Department cage, but roam the Capitol at will. These are Senators Barry Goldwater and Howard W. Cannon, Republican and Democrat respectively, generals in the Air Force Reserve and as martial-looking a pair as you could wish to see at the annual convention of the Air Force Association.

What the Air Force cannot say to Mr. McNamara directly, or with any hope of persuading him, it can say through these Senator-Generals. The Air Force is persuaded of its mission in space and would like a bigger slice of that domain, now largely controlled by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. After the Soviet Vostok flights in August, Generals Cannon and Goldwater redoubled their efforts in this direction. "Let us extend our imaginations," said General Goldwater, proposing an Air Force base on the moon. "From it could be launched lunar-base missiles," he continued, "which would require much smaller boost and much smaller weight in order to carry military warheads." General Goldwater is what Dr. Lee DuBridge calls a "space idiot." The boost required to get off the moon is relatively small, but to get the warheads up there, enormous horsepower is required. Besides which there is the awkward fact that it will take from sixty to 120 hours for the missile to reach the target, compared with fifteen or twenty minutes (with incomparably greater accuracy) from any point on earth.

Rep. George P. Miller, chairman of the House Space Committee, listed Generals Goldwater and Cannon (with Senator Dodd) among those who "beat the military drums" every time the Soviets do something in space. Representative Miller feels that we have quite enough military effort in space and decries "Monday-morning quarterbacks whose teeth start chattering after every Russian spectacular. . . ." He explained patiently why space weapons are not such a menace as Generals Goldwater and Cannon seem to believe. It is doubtful whether the spokesmen of the Air Force will be convinced. Their teeth are not really chattering. They have merely got hold of a good thing, politically. Their technical knowledge is slight, and that of the public is just as scanty. The idea is to get larger appropriations for the Air Force. Representative Miller will have to take the floor over and over again, and keep on talking good sense, if he expects to make any impression on the press and the public. As for impressing his doughty colleagues in the upper House, that is even less likely.

U.N. Compass: East-West to North-South . . *Jane Stolle*

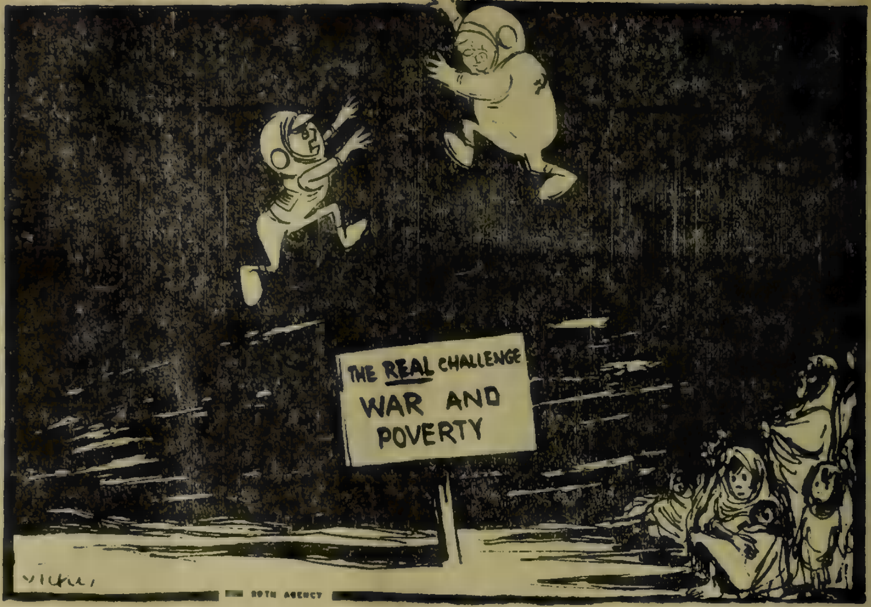
United Nations

THE SEVENTEENTH General Assembly of the United Nations opened this week—one year to the day after Dag Hammarskjold crashed to his death in an airplane over an African jungle. In the intervening period, the U.N. has moved from the early post-Hammarskjold days of stunned inactivity, through near-mortal crisis, to its present calm state of readiness for the ushering in of a new era. For this evolution, Acting Secretary General U Thant could, but modestly doesn't, take credit.

The phrase "new era" needs explanation. The new Assembly will deal, for the most part, with old problems—the unification of Korea, disarmament, Hungary, the suspension of nuclear testing, China. But these hardy perennials will appear in the new light cast by a shifting emphasis from the historic East-West struggle to the starkly emerging North-South conflict. Perhaps the "Rich-Poor" conflict would be a more appropriate tag for the new international tensions that rose concurrently with the "independence explosion" that began after World War II and reached its peak when, in 1960, twenty former colonies entered the U.N. as free and independent countries. There are more sovereignties still to be born, but the full impact of the decolonization process struck the U.N. two years ago; what the U.N. now must do is to adjust to the new era into which it has moved.

NO ONE IS more aware of the swing of the international compass than U Thant. Mr. Thant is from Burma, and in his part of the world the struggle against hunger is far more real than the ideological battle of wits and weapons between the "evolved" areas (where, astonishingly, overweight is a problem). True, Mr. Thant is working within a framework brilliantly and painstakingly created by his predecessor, the late Dag Hammarskjold. The intellectual, dedicated Swede had carried the U.N. into areas of thought and action that probed far into the future of universality. Adjusting to the changes in the world since the U.N.'s inception in 1945, Hammarskjold prodded the organization into vital participation in those changes. Sometimes he moved *ahead* of the changes; sometimes the pace he led was breathtaking. Few of the "rich" member nations were in step with him, particularly after the witching year of 1960, and the organization felt the impact of their opposition. The obvious case in point is the U.N. operation in the Congo.

Second guessing on the Congo is still a major indoor sport at the U.N., and this writer will strictly abstain. For the purposes of this article, however, it must be noted that Hammarskjold's daring introduction of the world body into the Rich-Poor struggle, as manifested in the Congo, marked a turning point: no longer would cold-war problems dominate the U.N. agenda; and no longer would small, weak nations be drawn helplessly into one or the other camp through lack of administrative know-how or economic means. As envisaged in the Congo operation, the world body would fill the gap between colonial tutelage



"Maybe now they can relax — and come down to earth."

and viable self-government. And by filling what had heretofore been a vacuum, the U.N. would (1) deprive the cold warriors on both sides of opportunity for expansion and (2) permit the newly independent country to get on with the business of exploiting its natural resources for its own welfare. The Congo was designed as a showcase for this operation — an example for other small, new nations struggling to make their economic and political breakthrough into the twentieth century.

AS everyone knows, the Congo operation didn't quite work out that way. Nevertheless, history will surely record it as a turning point in postwar international relations. The hungry people who make up three-quarters of the world's population will attest to this. Though many of their representatives in the U.N. disagreed with Hammarskjold's *implementation* of his plan to keep the cold war out of the Congo, they thought the *idea* was fine. The cold war leaves them cold—and poor. Frustrating and infuriating as it may be to the rich protagonists of the ideological debate between the East and the West, the poor countries want out of it, at least for the present. Both they and the U.N. learned lessons in the Congo that further that possibility.

U Thant, as a former prominent member of the Afro-Asian group in the U.N., grasps by instinct what Hammarskjold understood intellectually: the role of economics in world politics. With that advantage, he assumed leadership of the U.N. at a time of growing awareness throughout the world that an empty stomach makes an angry man. Through sheer self-interest, the rich nations are replacing missionaries with missions in remote corners of the world. (It is amusing to note that, here at the U.N., what were formerly called "backward countries" have euphemistically progressed to "undeveloped," then to "underdeveloped" and now to "less sophisticated.") Bilateral aid is no longer considered a handout, but a hand-up.

The supplying of multilateral aid—both technical and economic—is considered by U Thant to be the U.N.'s number one objective. His reasoning was indicated at a press conference he gave at headquarters here on August 2, 1962:

> . . . Since the end of World War II, the rich countries are getting richer and poor countries are getting poorer, and this trend has been going on uninterruptedly. I think this division of the world into the rich and the poor is much more real and much more serious, and ultimately more explosive, than the division of the world on ideological grounds. *Secondly* [italics added], of course, I think it is the function of the leaders of men today to try to create better understanding between the East and the West. If I may be more candid, let me say this: to many Americans, communism is an evil as absolute as nazism or murder, and anyone who questions this dogma is regarded as being afflicted with this contagion. In the same way, many Russians believe that capitalism is an absolute evil, like a hideous crime. My own belief is that both these extremes are wrong.

He believes that, because, as he said on another occasion (press conference, Helsinki, Finland, July 26, 1962), history has shown that no country has permanent friends or permanent enemies, but only permanent interests; and he who is regarded as one's friend today may be one's enemy tomorrow, and vice versa. Therefore, tensions born out of political ideologies are not a permanent feature of human society and, barring the catastrophic intervention of nuclear war through accident—for no country *wants* war—they can be peacefully allayed in time.

SOME Western delegates here find U Thant's Buddhist calm irritating, based as it is on perspectives somewhat longer than they care to contemplate; but much praise from all sides has come for the Acting Secretary General's candor and simplicity of phrase. Oddly, the "inscrutability" that is supposed to go with the Oriental has been less apparent in the Burmese than in his Western predecessor, Dag Hammarskjold. The late Secretary General spoke at length in philosophic, historical terms that one correspondent, who had covered the Vatican before coming to the U.N., described as "Papal." Seldom did he "call names," and then only by implication. U Thant has roundly denounced both the Soviet Union and the United States for resuming nuclear tests, and on his recent trip to the Soviet Union, chastised the Kremlin for withholding from the Russian public certain information regarding the U.N. operations in the Congo. Some members of the Secretariat privately regretted the Secretary General's recent blunt characterization of Katanga's Moise Tshombe and his colleagues as "clowns"; many Africans, professing publicly to be offended, privately agreed with him.

U Thant's habit of candor is significant in view of the fact that the Seventeenth General Assembly will have as perhaps its most immediately important matter of business the choice of a permanent Secretary General. The late Hammarskjold's term would have expired in April, 1963, and the current session will decide whether U Thant is to fill the post for the next six years.

A major question mark is the attitude of the Soviet Union. At the time of Hammarskjold's death, the Russians seriously attempted to substitute a West-Neutral-East triumvirate for a single Secretary General. Encountering resistance to this proposal, not only from the West but, more significantly, from a majority of the neutrals and the small powers, the Russians abandoned the "troika" idea "for the time being" (as they darkly hinted). No sign of its revival has as yet appeared, nor has there been a renewal of attacks against the Secretary General's post per se, as had occurred during the stewardship of Hammarskjold. In the Soviet Union's most recent fulmination against U.N. operations in the Congo, the object of attack was the organization itself and not —as in Hammarskjold's day — the Secretary General.

The Western powers are openly committed to supporting U Thant, and no resistance to him is expected from neutral quarters. So, except for unforeseen, last-minute Russian opposition — which is always possible —U Thant is a shoo-in. This is true, not only because he has ably led the organization in perhaps its most difficult year, and because he has remained truly neutral in a body reflecting the world's divisions, but most of all, because he doesn't particularly want the job.

U THANT has, of course, never said so publicly. But the consensus here is that he will accept the position only on his own terms, and only from a sense of duty. He profoundly believes in the U.N.; his dedication is no less than Hammarskjold's. But, as he said in Helsinki and repeated here at the two press conferences cited above, before offering himself for a full term he wanted to be sure that "the necessary means" were at his disposal to "discharge the obligations and responsibilities entrusted to me by the various organs of the U.N." By "necessary means" he meant both a solution of the financial mess into which the organization has been plunged by its peace-keeping operations in the Gaza Strip and the Congo, and the assurance that the large majority of the member states will cooperate with him in achieving what he believes should be the U.N.'s primary objectives: (1) narrowing the gulf between the Rich and the Poor and (2) arriving at a better understanding between the West and the East, i.e., the United States and the USSR.

PRIMARY objective two—"better East-West understanding"—will not be furthered when some of the hoarier agenda items mentioned earlier come up: the question of Hungary, unification of Korea, report of the Disarmament Commission and, undoubtedly, the representation of (which) China in the U.N. (This question has not as yet been formally inscribed.) Fortunately, Algeria and West New Guinea have been eliminated as platforms for East vs. West propaganda. The problem of West New Guinea, in fact, is one item in which West, rather reluctantly, *did* meet East through U.N. conciliation. The General Assembly is expected to approve quickly the agreement reached between the Netherlands and Indonesia by which the former Dutch possession will pass to Indonesia, with U.N. troops supervising the take-over period and—unprecedentedly—with U.N. administrators exercising interim executive authority. Also noteworthy is that Indonesia and the Netherlands will share the entire expense incurred under the agreement. (Lessons were indeed learned in the Congo!)

The numerous and important "colonial" issues to come before the Assembly will be colored by both the Rich-Poor and the East-West divisions, since the economics of the independence movements in the underdeveloped world are part and parcel of the cold war, whether the "underdevelopeds" like it or not. The United States does not look forward to the debates on the future of Southern Rhodesia and Angola; in fact, the United States hopes that the "independence watchdog" Committee of Seventeen, set up to investigate the decolonization process, can be persuaded to temper its proddings of the United Kingdom and Portugal toward Southern Rhodesian and Angolan independence.

Most officials here are hoping—and many believe—that this Assembly will be spared the sharpest East-West confrontation of all—a debate on Berlin.

PROVIDING the "necessary (financial) means" will be a real stemwinder of a problem, and must be thoroughly gone into because the U.N. is on the verge of bankruptcy.

As this is written, the initial step toward solving the financial crisis —the $200,000,000 U.N. bond proposal—is still to go into final debate in the U.S. House of Representatives. (The Senate has passed a bill which would allow the United States to put up dollar-for-dollar what other nations put up.) If, as is expected, the U.S. share is forthcoming, the U.N. will have some $150,000,000 with which to pay back bills and to keep UNOC (the Congo force) and UNEF (the Gaza force), as well as its regular operations, going until the end of the year. During the current Assembly, the entire fiscal machinery of the U.N. will be reviewed and, hopefully, set in order.

One of the liveliest debates will center on the advisory opinion of the International Court of Justice, handed down in July, that peace-keeping operations of the U.N. (UNEF and UNOC) constitute expenses of the organization within the meaning of Article 17 (2) of the U.N. Charter, which provides that "the expenses of the Organization shall be borne by the members as apportioned by the General Assembly." But the World Court's opinion, it should be stressed, is only advisory and (as has happened to some of its opinions in the past) may be ignored.

In any case, there is hope here that the U.N. military operation in the Congo will be finished soon, with the consequent easing of the organization's budgetary difficulties. But U Thant has given forewarning that he will have to ask for additional money and personnel merely to keep the regular business of the U.N. in step with its increasing membership (104 today, soon to be 106).

So much — in necessarily sketchy form — for the financial means that U Thant wishes to be sure are "at his disposal."

A MODEST start has already been made in closing the Rich-Poor gap —the first of U Thant's two primary objectives for the U.N. Under the general heading of the "Development Decade," programs are in progress (others are to come) designed to bring about a 5 per cent annual increase in the national income of less developed countries by 1970, with continued annual expansion thereafter. With such an increase, U Thant, in his report setting out a series of "Proposals for Action" in the Development Decade, says that personal living standards in the less developed countries can be doubled within twenty-five to thirty years, even if their present 2 to 2.5 per cent population growth rate is maintained.

The USSR has been generally missing from the "majority" of member nations that have been co-operating in the technical- and economic-assistance programs of the U.N. (the Russians have contributed token amounts to some). But Soviet reluctance may be gradually overcome, U.N. observers feel. There are already encouraging signs. In the past, the Soviet Union gave as one reason for its non-participation the fact that only a handful of Russian experts were ever used in U.N. assistance programs; and, though the U.N. was not to blame, the complaint was justified. There was, first of all, the language difficulty. More countries in need of technical aid spoke English, French or Spanish as a second tongue than did the available Russian experts. Now, the Soviet Union furnishes interpreters for their experts and at the same time Russian linguistic ability is growing. Moreover, there was a certain reluctance — sometimes engendered by former colonial powers — to invite experts from Communist-bloc countries into a developing economy. The U.N. has quelled most of those fears by appointing its own "overseers" — resident representatives — who pass on and coordinate every project in their respective areas. The system has worked so well that the "handful" of Russian experts had risen to eighty-nine as of last July. A U.N. mission is reportedly going to the Soviet Union in the near future to see what can be done about stepping up Russian cooperation in both technical and economic assistance. There is perhaps more optimism on that score than is justified, but the Secretariat apparently hopes that the clamor from the underdeveloped world for multilateral aid—aid with no political strings attached — has reached, persuasively, the Kremlin. It hopes so not only because every little bit helps the U.N. to meet the enormous demands made upon it from every corner of the emerging world, but also because here is an opportunity for the East to meet the West in a common effort to bring about peaceable change. Cooperation in helping to close the Rich-Poor gap might lead some day to Primary Objective Two. "No countries have permanent friends or enemies—only permanent interests."

CUBA TODAY: Eyewitness Report . . *by Samuel Shapiro*

THE CONDITION of the Havana Hilton (now Havana Libre) Hotel today would dismay its former managers were they allowed into Cuba to see it. The automatic treadles that open the doors won't work; the bellboys wear patched and dirty uniforms; the glass bubbles that roof the lobby leak; and half of the elevators aren't running. When I ate in the third-floor dining room last month, four waiters, in shirtsleeves and without ties, raced around serving several hundred guests a uniform meal of bread, cold macaroni, chocolate and pineapple jam. Standards of cleanliness and service in what four years ago was one of the newest and most elegant hotels in the Caribbean have fallen to a level that would abash an innkeeper in Bolivia or Paraguay.

The change in the clientele has been even more revolutionary: the old crowd of tourists, movie stars, businessmen, gamblers and gangsters has vanished. Among the permanent residents, I met Polish instructors in mechanical engineering, a British physics professor, a Rumanian oil-driller from Ploesti (whose 200-foot-high rig was on display on a nearby avenue), Czech agronomists and a handful of Americans working for the Central Planning Board (JUCEPLAN). Thousands of Russian and Chinese technicians are scattered elsewhere in hotels and private homes in the swank Vedado and Miramar districts. On August 9, the day I arrived, 1,200 delegates of the First National Congress of the Union of Secondary School Students (UES) were meeting in the Havana Libre's main ballroom under huge posters of Lenin and Fidel.

BECAUSE the regime's emphasis on education is so intense, a description of the UES meetings is probably the best introduction to the mood and the direction of Castro's revolution midway through its fourth year. Nineteen sixty-one was the "Year of Alphabetization" in Cuba (as 1959 was the "Year of Liberation," 1960 the "Year of the Agrarian Reform" and 1962 the "Year of Planning"), during which more than 100,000 volunteers, most of them teen-agers, fanned out over the island and reduced illiteracy from about 25 per cent to less than 4 per cent (vs. 2.5 per cent for the United States and 90 per cent

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for neighboring Haiti). Havana University was also reorganized in 1961, with Juan Marinello, an old Communist militant, installed as Rector, and dozens of "unreliable" students and faculty members in jail or in voluntary exile. Now, with the students back from alphabetizing work and their voluntary labor in the cane fields during the sugar harvest (January to May), the junior high and high schools are being reshaped to meet the needs of the first Communist state in this hemisphere. (Most Cuban officials are still a little hesitant about using that name, though decreasingly so; they prefer to call their revolution "Socialist" and their ideology "Marxism-Leninism."

AS THAT rarity, a visiting American, I was greeted with great cordiality by the UES directors, given a delegate's blue badge, and allowed to attend all the remaining meetings and meals. During a morning session, I sat in on the committee discussing libraries and student life. The seriousness and sophistication of these young people (ages twelve to eighteen) was astonishing, even considering that they were a picked group. One young man, just back from a year in the USSR, described practices at the Moscow University for Friendship of the Peoples "Patricio Lumumba." Another delegate from Cienfuegos asked about "counterrevolutionary" literature: should one read Plato or Kant? A lively discussion followed. Finally, one delegate, later introduced to me as a leader of the Union of Young Communists (UJC), gave a semi-official answer:

> We are not afraid of Kant. He was a part of intellectual history, and we may use him as Marx and Engels used Hegel. We can, as young Communists, read anything. It is important for us to know all philosophies, so that we can clear up the minds of the confused, and combat the false ideas of the ill-intentioned.

It was so voted, and the committee moved on to the next item on the agenda: whether or not owning a private library ran counter to the spirit of the revolution at this time.

It would be easy to sneer at or satirize that meeting; a rewrite man for *Time* would have a field day making fun of such sober-sided young people (he would note that, among other amenities, the government provided all those adolescents with unlimited quantities of free cigarettes). But they *are* serious, grimly so; they speak of themselves as "the vanguard of Cuban youth," leaders who "will help to build a Socialist Cuba." All of them have carried arms in the militia, and one fifteen-year-old was introduced to me as having fought against the invaders at Playa Girón last year. Many of the delegates I spoke to were children of unskilled workers or *guajiros* (farm laborers) for whom the revolution had opened up undreamed-of possibilities: meetings like that at the Havana Libre; full tuition scholarships; careers as doctors, diplomats and engineers; above all, a heady sense of responsibility and the feeling of marching with what they called the Socialist camp to inevitable victory over Yankee imperialism. With idealism, pride, patriotism, propaganda, self-interest, and Castro's compelling personality all pulling in one direction, there is small wonder that these young people were fanatically *fidelista.*

THE MAIN speaker that evening was Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, a leading Communist for a quarter of a century (he was Minister without Portfolio under Batista from 1940 to 1944), now head of the protean National Institute of the Agrarian Reform (INRA). He was late, however; unpunctuality is one Latin habit that even the revolution has been unable to change — yet. To fill in the time the delegates — acting like Cubans and adolescents at last! — swirled about the hall in a *conga* line, singing the newest of the many catchy tunes spawned by the revolution:

I don't want any whiskey
I don't want any tea
I'm going to Oriente
To harvest the coffee.

So many farm laborers have joined cooperatives, or found permanent work on state farms, that there is a shortage of harvest hands in Cuba. Much of this year's sugar harvest was cut by volunteers (with Fidel and his ministers out in the cane fields every Sunday); the UES delegates voted to provide 100,000 volunteers to go out to the coffee-growing regions (mostly in the hilly zone of Oriente Province, some 500 miles from Havana), and bring in that crop, too. It can't be a very efficient way of doing things, and I shouldn't think enthusiasm for hard work at no wages would last forever; but nobody looking at these cheering, *cha-cha-cha-ing* young people could doubt their eagerness to do their bit for the revolution.

Carlos Rafael (most Cuban leaders are referred to by their first names: Fidel, Raúl, "Ché," etc.) is fifty, looks younger, and is an excellent speaker. He praised the work of the Congress, and reminded the delegates that their work was modeled on "the shining Soviet example." Without the help of the USSR, he said, "Cuba could never have achieved her liberation, could never have carried through her revolution." He spoke of Playa Girón, of "the insolence of the Yankee base at Caimanera [Guantanamo]," of the spy planes that daily fly over Cuban territory (this last accusation is true, as even *The Wall Street Journal* acknowledges). He praised the work of the UJC, the new boarding schools (where about one-third of the secondary students live, with books, food, clothing and lodging provided free), called for a mass movement to come to INRA's aid in harvesting coffee (and was interrupted for ten minutes by singing and snake-dancing).

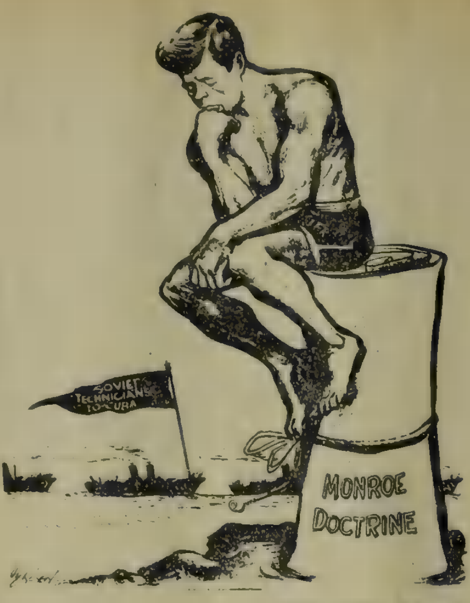
AFTER quiet was restored, he went on to praise Fidel (stormy applause, Russian-style — clapping in unison at an accelerating pace), Yuri Gagarin (STORMY APPLAUSE), and "our beloved Vladimir Ilyich," (STORMY APPLAUSE BUILDING INTO TUMULTUOUS OVATION AND MORE SNAKE-DANCING). A few venomous words for the "traitorous puppet governments" in Venezuela, Peru, Puerto Rico (typically reserving the worst epithets not for right-wing dictators like Ydígoras and the Somoza brothers, but for liberals like Betancourt and Muñoz Marín), and for the "*gusanos*" (worms) who have fled to

Miami. And, finally, a sober explanation of agriculture's importance to the Cuban economy, and the ritual close: *"Patria o Muerte! Venceremos!"* (Fatherland or Death! We will conquer!). As he turned to go, a pistol stuck in his belt fell out; everybody laughed and applauded with gusto.

THE next day, after more debates and resolutions, Fidel himself closed the Congress with a speech in the Plaza Cívica (now Plaza de la Revolución). Fidel takes a direct personal interest in young people and in education, and has made innumerable addresses to school groups; one can't imagine an American President spending several days visiting a new rural boarding school or making a major speech at a high school graduation. Fidel arrived (although late) to tremendous cheering. He had a bodyguard, but otherwise security precautions were lax; I am sure no foreigner could get as close to an American President as I was to Castro, unsearched. *El Líder Máximo* looked trim and fit, evidently having lost some weight recently. His presence, in the midst of the adoring audience, had an overwhelming effect; even as a foreigner and a trained historian, I could feel the impact. He has *charisma* — there is no other word for it, except perhaps the Spanish *don de mando* (gift for ruling).

Those who have only read Fidel's speeches and have not heard him in person or on television can hardly appreciate his effectiveness as an orator. He's long-winded, and he speaks without notes, but there is generally a structure to what he says, and often he rises to real eloquence. "I know," he told the students, "that you are able to give the revolution much more than you promise." He recalled his own days as a student, the seething intrigues and gun battles of Havana University, "when the word 'tomorrow' did not exist, when the word 'future' had no meaning."

There was one interruption, some scattered boos in a far corner of the Plaza; in the darkness, I couldn't see what was happening. The hecklers were somehow suppressed, and Fidel contemptuously dismissed them:



Ben Roth Agency

Decisions . . .

> Those people think we are at a meeting back in the days of the dirty politicians. You see, in spite of all the teachings of the revolution, there are still some idiots among us.

He went on to speak scornfully of the charge that the regime is "brainwashing" the young:

> A clean mind doesn't need to be washed. The bourgeoisie who make such charges have marched off. Those gamblers and drug addicts are now running elevators and washing dishes in Miami. They can't see the morning sun because they are facing away from it.

Castro had perfect rapport with the audience; he could switch them from enthusiasm to laughter to high seriousness as easily as Shakespeare does in his tragedies. He mentioned the coffee harvest, and they broke out into their song. After five repetitions, they asked him to sing it for them.

> No, the heavens haven't given me a voice. [They urged him again.] It is the fault of the reactionaries that I can't sing; I went to a reactionary high school [he was educated at Catholic schools by the Christian Brothers and the Jesuits] and they didn't give me music lessons.

He explained the economic difficulties of the revolution:

> We have problems today because they left us with an impoverished economy, a country without industries, deformed in its production of material goods; they left us a nation practically without technicians; they left us the chaos and the anarchy which are characteristic of the capitalist system; they left us their wastefulness. You understand that these luxurious, princely mansions, with whose cost we could have built hundreds of factories, can't be turned to producing goods; at least we have turned them into boarding schools and put them to producing technicians!

As the climax of his speech, he turned to international affairs, and to the new military regimes in Argentina and Peru:

> Cuba stands erect, the Revolutionary Government is in control. But where is the puppet Frondizi? Where is the puppet Prado? How are things going with those servile governments which obeyed the orders of the imperialists, broke relations with us, and were accomplices in the aggressions against us? Victims of the military, as if to shout to the imperialists before the world: Liars! Now their democracy has taken off its civilian clothing!

The crowd was wildly cheering every other sentence now. Fidel's speechmaking technique — with the repetitions, the hypnotic pauses between each sentence, the oratorical questions — is worth study:

> Where are the students in Venezuela? In the streets, fighting their reactionary and traitorous government! Where are the students in Guatamala? In the streets, fighting and dying against the puppet Ydígoras! . . . That is the picture. And where are the students in Cuba? (In a tremendous shout): *HERE*—in the Plaza de la Revolución!

And after his final *"Patria o Muerte"* the students closed by singing — not the *Twenty-Sixth of July* marching song any longer, but — the *Internationale.*

THIS Congress has been worth describing in some detail, because its major features — the elected delegates, the Communist control and imposed ideology, the final direct contact with Fidel himself — are typical of all sectors of Cuban political life today. The schools, the labor unions, the farm cooperatives, the militia are all organized, activated and controlled like this. The result is an unprecedented amount of political activity, pitched at the intensity of an American Presidential campaign, continuing for years on end and fanned into white heat on such occasions as the revolutionary holidays of January 2, May 1, July 26, and any past or future invasions of the island.

WHAT are we to make of this government-by-direct-rapport? Theodore Draper, who has studied Fidel's public pronouncements as carefully as anyone, has issued a sobering warning:

> At bottom, all these "neo" and "direct" democracies rest on a simple proposition: that the leader and his people are one and indivisible. Hence they need no representative institutions, no elections, no loyal or disloyal oppositions, no free or partially critical press, none of the rights and safeguards traditionally associated with a democracy.
>
> The horror of this thinking is that it wipes out the lessons to be learned from the most desperate and tragic experiences of our time. If there is anything that should have burned itself into our consciousness, it is the excruciating evil of the popular despot, the beloved dictator, the mass leader. [Theodore Draper, *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities*, 29-30.]

There is certainly a disturbing similarity between the attitude of the young girl from the "Carlos Marx" Secondary School pinning a medal on Fidel and the adoring *Mädchen* so often seen in propaganda shots of Adolf Hitler. There is no *institutional* guarantee against Fidel's turning into a Caribbean version of *Der Fuehrer*. All the rapidly developing new organizations of the revolution, the UES, the UJC, INRA, the central labor union (CTC-R), the Army and the Militia, are still subject to his control and shaped by his will. Fidel can, with a single televised speech, destroy a conservative President (Manuel Urrutia Lleo, July, 1959) or an overambitious Communist bureaucrat (Aníbal Escalante, March, 1962). He has had people shot for burning canefields (the same kind of sabotage he used against the dictatorship that preceded his own), and he sent Major Hubert Matos to jail for twenty years for no crime except protesting against growing Communist influence in the Army. He can organize cooperatives in 1959, change them into state farms in 1962, give out land titles today and take them back tomorrow; no one can set limits to his power, or say just what he will do with it.

But in defense of Fidel it must be said at once that he is no Hitler, no Stalin. His particular brand of Marxism is purposeful and tough-minded, but not brutal. His enemies have lost their property, but not — unless they committed atrocities before 1959, or took up arms against the revolution afterward—their lives. Middle- and upper-class Cubans, unlike European Jews or Russian *kulaks*, have been allowed to choose between joining the new regime or going into exile — a hard choice, but vastly preferable to death in a concentration camp. Judged by the number of executions (about 1,000, mostly of men convicted of murder) or by the number of *émigrés* (about 130,000), this is the mildest revolution since our own, back in 1775. Draper, who has not been to Cuba since his one trip in 1960, hardly mentions the impressive positive accomplishments of the regime. The literacy campaign, the elimination of racial barriers, the new workers' vacation resorts, the schools and hospitals I have seen on my three visits to the island remind me more of a benevolent ruler like Hadrian than of any modern dictator.

Fidelistas, moreover, explain much of the regime's undeniable harshness and totalitarianism as a reaction to American policy. It is easy to forget, now, that Fidel's first Cabinet was made up of moderates and even conservatives; that his first visit abroad was to the United States; that in 1959 he sponsored a multi-million-dollar publicity campaign to attract American tourists; that he gave 4.5 per cent, twenty-year bonds for the lands taken by the Agrarian Reform Law; that he continued to pay interest in dollars on Cuban bonds traded on the New York Stock Exchange for two years after coming to power; that he still insists he is willing to reimburse American owners of expropriated property if Cuba is allowed to earn dollars by selling sugar to the United States. Fidel came to power with a deep suspicion of American intentions, suspicion bred by a century of alternate unconcern and exploitation of the island. The good old days of big American profits from sugar, gambling, oil refining and the telephone and electricity monopolies were over the day the *barbudos* rode into Havana. Dealing with an impulsive, complicated personality like Fidel is not easy; but surely a flexible, realistic policy could have done much to save the situation.

INSTEAD, there was a series of grotesque falsifications and blunders by Eisenhower and Kennedy, Congress and the State Department, the wire services and public opinion which they had helped to misinform. Eisenhower's Cuban policy was marked by hypocritical clamor over the trials of Batista's thugs (nobody had complained about the fate of their victims), by the summoning of Batista officials to testify before a Senate committee, by cane-burning raids of light planes operating out of Florida, by repeated warnings to pay for expropriated American land at once, and in cash (were American Tories or Southern slaveholders compensated when the United States seized *their* property?), by abolition of the sugar quota, by an oil embargo, by bribing of defectors and supplying of saboteurs, by the recruiting and training of a band of Cuban exiles in Florida and Guatemala, and, finally, by the breaking of diplomatic relations and the imposition of a travel ban a few weeks before Kennedy's inauguration.

Castro replied to these pressures as anybody who knew him could have predicted — with defiance and vigorous countermeasures. He *had* to take stern measures against dissent and sabotage or go down under American pressure as Cuba's Grau San Martin in 1933 or Guatemala's Arbenz did in 1955. He turned to the Russians because they alone were willing and able to keep his revolution afloat in the face of American hostility; and he turned to the local Communists, as one of them explained it to me, "because he's sure that *we* aren't going to run off to Miami the day after tomorrow." Thus American military aid to Batista and threats against Castro helped bring about what we most feared, the intrusion of Soviet communism in the Caribbean.

I visited Cuba for the second time in the waning days of the Eisenhower administration, and I remember the cautious optimism that one Foreign Office subordinate expressed about Kennedy. He thought Kennedy's TV belligerence about Castro might be "just politics," and hoped the new President would be as willing to negotiate with Castro as he was with Khrushchev. On my most recent trip, that official admitted he was wrong: "What can you expect from a millionaire, a Catholic, and an American politician?" Kennedy reappointed Allen Dulles and told him to keep on training his Cuban invasion army; he continued the travel ban and the suspension of diplomatic relations; he tried to appoint a crony, the ineffable Earl E. T. Smith, as Ambassador to Switzerland (which presently handles our relations with Cuba); he launched the disastrous April landing at Playa Girón, to the accompaniment of a flood of lies about our participation in it; he successfully pressured a majority of the other Latin states (but not the largest ones) into breaking relations with Castro; he had Cuba thrown out of the OAS; he cut off Castro's last trickle of dollars by barring the import of Cuban fruit and cigars; and he is now busily trying to outmaneuver Senators Capehart, Keating, Goldwater and Tower in the perilous game of "getting tough with Castro," something which has been tried by a number of people but which hasn't worked yet.

THE unpleasant truth, which few people in office or in search of it seem to recognize or to be willing to admit publicly, is that taking over Cuba is *not* a possible policy choice. To the Pentagon brass and their civilian superiors, sitting on top of a fantastic collection of missiles, atomic-powered aircraft carriers, Polaris submarines, an assortment of atomic weapons and a powerful Army, it may seem incredible that we can't take over a little island smaller than Florida (and only ninety miles away) any time we feel we have to. But after my latest visit I am convinced that we emphatically cannot.

There are, quite certainly, opponents of Castro inside Cuba who would welcome the Marines with open arms. During the early hours of last April's invasion, I was told, the tenants of one luxury apartment building went about making V-for-Victory signs, and hopefully looking out along the Malecón for incoming LSTs. Moreover, many Cubans, without much interest in politics, are tired of speeches, tired of food and clothing shortages, tired of being told to sacrifice. They would passively accept an invasion in the hope that it would bring back *"el confort americano"* — cigarettes, canned goods and new automobiles. But the underground organization willing to fight Castro that existed last year was smashed in the raids following Playa Girón. Castro's popularity, which had been ebbing steadily since its overwhelming height in January, 1959, rallied sharply when U.S. bombers appeared over Havana, and a CIA-backed gang of Batista criminals and *niños bien* (well-to-do young men) landed on the shores of the Bahia de Cochinos. Misgivings about Fidel's policies vanished in the face of enemy attack, the way a married couple's squabbles are laid aside when a third person tries to interfere. "You know," one U.S.-trained engineer told me, "I never cared much about politics, and I certainly don't like the *ñangaras* (slang for Communists). But when Kennedy's planes came over, I found myself out in the street yelling *'Patrio o Muerte'* along with the rest." Quite a few new Cuban converts to communism were made last April by the cold warriors of the CIA.

TODAY, a year and a half after beating off the invasion, Castro is strong enough to take anything we can throw at him. Since I spent only two weeks in Cuba, I could not accurately estimate the regime's total military strength, or the percentage of popular support it enjoys. But in traveling through three provinces, I was almost literally never out of sight of an armed man or woman — or child. Every office building, every hotel, every bus station, every residential block, every factory is guarded by olive drab militiamen, who have rifles or machine guns and know how to use them. And all these hundreds of thousands of armed Cubans are loyal to the regime, many of them fanatically so.

Despite rumors to the contrary spread by the Miami exiles, the militia program is voluntary, as I satisfied myself by dozens of interviews with people in uniform and out; it would hardly make sense to arm and train enemies of the regime. I met teen-agers able to take apart and put together anti-aircraft guns; I met a sixty-five-year-old grandmother, shouldering a rifle which was originally purchased from Trujillo by Batista; and I met squads of *guajiros* down in the Zapata swamp who expressed their hatred and contempt for last year's invaders: "Tell them in Miami that they won't get ashore next time, that it won't last seventy-two hours as it did before, that if it happens again we aren't going to take any prisoners."

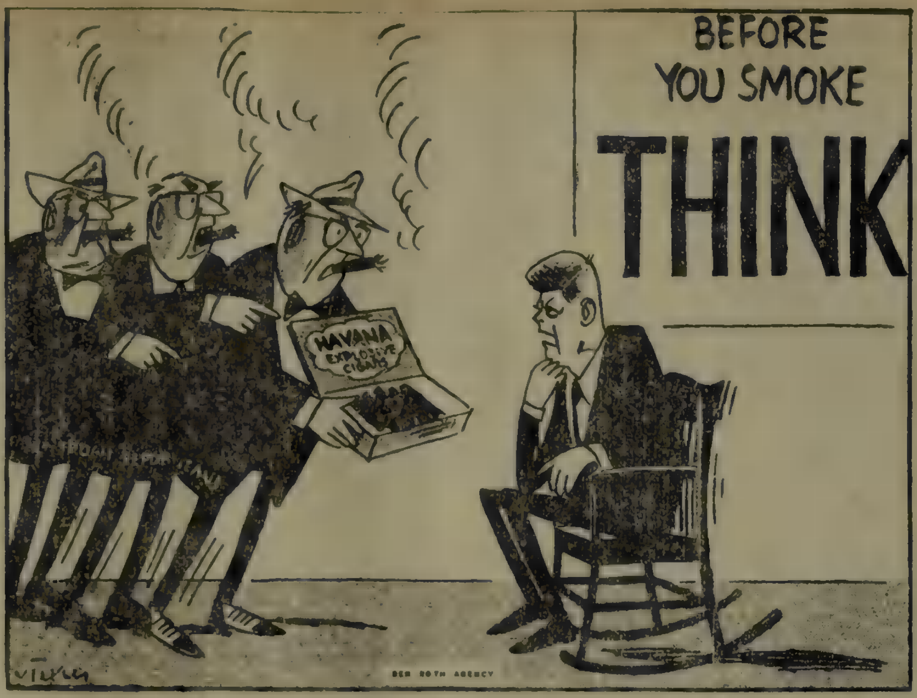
Backing up this nation in arms is a well-trained and well-supplied Army of 80-100,000 men, now greatly strengthened by new Soviet equipment and instruction. Fidel's annual parade last January displayed heavy tanks and rocket launchers, and I heard sonic booms from jet aircraft every day I was in Havana; Tad Szulc of *The New York Times* estimates that Castro has 50 MIGs. Even if every Cuban refugee of military age could be pressed into service, trained and put ashore on some protected beachhead, such an army could hardly make headway against Castro's larger forces and his command of the terrain. I assume no sane person suggests using atomic weapons against Cuba. To invade the island, then, would require an army of a quarter of a million men, essentially all of them Americans.

DESPITE our recent build-up we don't have that many available; current Army strength is under a million, with most of it tied down at bases scattered all over the world. Even if we could scrape up enough troops to seize the major Cuban cities, we couldn't really "take" the island. The French had 400,000 soldiers in the similar Algerian situation, plus fortified ports all over the country, plus a million fanatically loyal *colons*; yet in the end they had to give up and get out.

Over and above the almost impossible job of occupying Cuba itself would be the consequences of such an invasion elsewhere. There would be a wave of condemnations from neutrals like India and the African states; revulsion on the part of our French and English Allies, who remember their own Suez adventure; massive attacks on American-owned mines, department stores, oil wells and factories all over Latin America (I have spoken to Venezuelans, Peruvians, Guatemalans, et al., in Havana, making just such plans); and an unpredictable but dangerous reaction from Nikita Khrushchev to this threat to his prestige.

Morality aside, we are not militarily able to return to the iron-fisted Cuban diplomacy of Teddy Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. The Joint Chiefs and the CIA may have a different estimate of the situation, but after their performance a year ago last April, the President had better not rely too heavily on their judgment.

CASTRO'S military strength, then, makes him safe for the time being. In the long run, however, his regime will stand or fall, not on its armaments or on his oratorical powers, but on more prosaic economic issues. For the past two years, Cuba has been living (and not very well) on handouts from the USSR and other members of the Communist bloc. As Guevara has pointed out, the Soviet Union produces enough sugar of its own, and it could be cheaper for the Russians to increase production at home than to continue purchasing from Cuba's antiquated and inefficient industry. The Soviet crude oil, medicines and canned pork, the Chinese rice, the Rumanian drilling equipment and the Czech buses I saw in Havana were supplied on credit, although there's no indication at present that Castro will ever be able to pay back his benefactors — except politically. But even Khrushchev's generosity to his first Latin American ally must have a limit, and Castro's future therefore depends on whether or not he can get the Cuban economy to produce enough to supply basic needs and earn enough foreign exchange to buy what must be imported.



Impressions from United States newspaper reports to the contrary, Castro has undertaken a difficult series of economic tasks with what is, on the whole, a reasonable amount of success. A few figures show the size of the problem he faced. In 1957, Cuba imported $700 million in goods from the United States—over $100 per capita—in a nation with a per capita income of $330. In 1961, as a consequence of the quota cut and the embargo, this trade had fallen to less than $14 million.

A reduction of such massive proportions was bound to have a profoundly dislocating effect. Much of that $700 million, to be sure, consisted of consumer goods like razor blades, Coca Cola syrup and chewing gum, which Cuba could afford to do without (albeit reluctantly; I was offered as much as $4 for a pack of U.S. cigarettes in Havana). But Cuba's economy, one of the most advanced in Latin America, also depended on the United States for such essential items as trucks, buses, bulldozers, telephone and electrical equipment, industrial chemicals, medicine, raw cotton, detergents, lard, potatoes, poultry, butter, a large assortment of canned goods, and half of such staple items in the Cuban diet as rice and black beans. Inability to obtain spare parts costing a few hundred dollars or less has sometimes immobilized sugar mills which should be grinding cane day and night during the *zafra* (harvest).

A nation which had been an economic appendage of the United States was suddenly cut adrift; it was as if Florida had been isolated from the rest of the country, unable to sell oranges and cattle or to bring in tourists, gasoline, automobile parts or Cape Canaveral rockets.

ALONG with her source of food, raw materials and machinery, Cuba lost many of her skilled workers and most of her technicians. The big American companies operating in Cuba, whose names read like an abbreviated version of the New York Stock Exchange list — American & Foreign Power, Ford, General Motors, I.T.&T., Standard Oil, Texaco, United Fruit and dozens of others — had always paid their employees well and encouraged them to think of themselves as "part of the corporation family." When the expropriations came in 1960, many technicians and engineers understandably fled an uncertain future to take refuge in Florida. The Cuban Emergency Relief Center in Miami has had 136,000 refugees on its books; its director estimates that 1,300 of Cuba's 5,000 doctors, 320 of her 700 agronomists, 1,000 of her 1,800 CPAs and 200 of her 520 electrical engineers had left by the end of 1961 — and more continue to arrive in Miami every day. Added to the burden of readjustments made necessary by these factors, has been the added problem of guarding against sabotage and preparing to ward off a possible invasion, which takes inordinate amounts of manpower and equipment away from productive work.

SOVIET aid, essential as it has been to the regime's survival, could not completely take the place of American supplies: Russian spark plugs and light bulbs won't fit American fixtures, and the USSR is weeks instead of days or hours away. The Russians say they shipped $275 million worth of goods to Cuba in 1961, and promise to double that amount this year (Russia now provides 81 per cent of Cuba's imports, as compared with 65 per cent from the United States in 1959). But much of this trade is barter, and a large part of it is military hardware, so that its direct usefulness to the economy is much less than the figures might indicate. This aid, moreover, was often misused by its recipients. As Guevera admitted, with his usual frankness, "We made absurd plans . . . with absurd goals."

On a visit to a cooperative near the Australía sugar mill last month, I was shown some of the consequences of inexperience and poor planning. The members complained that their young Administrator knew nothing about farming, that he usually sent them into the field without giving specific orders. They planted formerly idle land to beans and corn, for example, but didn't cultivate or use fertilizer, and lost the entire crop. (There was also a severe drought, which cut this year's sugar crop down to 4.8 million tons, an output exceeded as far back as 1925; Cuba will be unable to make promised deliveries to the USSR and Communist China this year.) The *cooperativistas* had credit with which to buy their food rations at the "People's Store," and free medical care in the local hospital, but they didn't get any pay at all during May, June or July (the arrears were made up in August). Many of them therefore went to work temporarily for the small proprietors (who still hold more than half the cultivated land in Cuba), leaving the cooperative's work to be done, if at all, by volunteers from the cities.

The practical knowledge of the farm workers, upon which the regime had relied to replace the old *capataz* (foreman), has proved illusory; as a Bulgarian agronomist explained it to me, "these people know only how to plant cane, and cut cane, and nothing else." Some farmers have also taken to selling their produce in the black market, to people who go out into the countryside in automobiles or buses, instead of delivering to INRA as they are supposed to. As an interesting insight into the regime's class bias, the farmers involved generally go unpunished, while middle-class people caught with more than twenty-five pounds of food in their cars have been jailed for as long as six months.

THE result of these difficulties and mistakes, and others like them in the factories, has been a shortage of just about every imaginable consumer goods. As Fidel himself has said, "We are ashamed. Who is to blame? The administrators, the rulers, everyone." The food ration makes a sorry showing to Americans accustomed to the splendors of their local A & P: 6 pounds of rice, 1½ pounds of beans, and 1 cake of soap a month; 1 egg and ¾ pound of meat a week; less than a glass of milk a day (except for children under seven). Clothing and shoes are in short supply, and shabby in quality; an announcement two weeks ago by the Interior Ministry makes it sound likely that these items, too, will be rationed fairly soon. Unless the current stepped-up shipments from the Soviet Union contain a lot more food supplies and consumer goods than I think probable, the situation will get somewhat worse before it gets any better. One Dutch businessman, who had recently shipped in 10,000 tons of Egyptian onions, told me that ALIMPEX, the government purchasing house, was completely out of funds, and would be unable to ease the food crisis by imports paid for in foreign exchange for the rest of 1962, at least.

It is dangerous to delude ouselves into thinking that these problems, serious as they are, are going to bring about the collapse of the regime; Herbert Hoover made that mistake in the 1920s when he declared that the Soviet Union could never "return to production." The Cuban diet today is scanty and monotonous, but sufficient; many *guajiros* are eating better than under previous governments because they have regular work, and what food is available is shared equally (Tirso Saenz, who is Minister of Basic Industries directly under Guevara, showed me the family ration book — which he uses). We don't seem to worry too much about the millions of unemployed in this country who lack an adequate diet because they can't afford it; it is the idea of having money and yet being unable to spend it freely that disturbs us. Certainly the food situation in Cuba today is not nearly as bad as it was in the USSR in the 1930s, or as it is reported to be in China today; and it is far above the semi-starvation level that has prevailed in Bolivia, Guatemala, Haiti, Paraguay, highland Peru, rural Mexico and Northeast Brazil for decades.

With salaries frozen and consumer goods unavailable, the Cubans are trying to replace the old capitalist incentives to work with such new ones as patriotism, altruism, a sense of sacrifice and what they call "Socialist emulation." Certainly the absolute honesty and devotion to duty of the tight little group of young *barbudos* and old Communists who run the revolution are impressive. There is not, so far, the slightest sign of the kind of corruption at the top described by Milovan Djilas in *The New Class;* as Señor Saenz said to me with a grin, "the only privilege I have is the right to work harder than anybody else." He lives in a modest housing development, with a schoolteacher next door on one side and a rebel Army lieutenant on the other; he doesn't even have a telephone at home, though he desperately needs one. He does have a battered old Buick, because he needs it to get to work; but he has been working eighty to ninety hours a week without a vacation for more than two years. Barry Goldwater fans who can't believe that anybody will work for any incentive other than good old self-interest ought to read the first chapters of Margaret Mead's anthropological classic, *Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies*, if they want to understand what the Cubans are driving at. And it must be pretty obvious that millionaires like Kennedy, Harriman, McNamara, "Soapy" Williams, Kerr, Rockefeller, Romney and Barry himself haven't gone into politics to make money. Castro is pretty successfully trying to develop motivations like theirs in all levels of Cuban society.

IF CUBA survives the current crisis, her long-range economic prospects are rather good. Ideology aside, the island's resources are so great in relation to its population that any reasonably sensible productive system will make the Cubans far more prosperous than they have ever been under American tutelage. Cuba's soil is fertile and plentiful; and, as the Cubans say, *"Esta tierra nunca duerme"* ("This land never sleeps"), i.e., there is no frost and you can produce two and in places three crops a year if there is irrigation in the dry season. Cuba presently produces commercial quantities of manganese, chrome, nickel and copper, and has enormous unexploited reserves of iron ore; a recent Soviet geological survey indicates that there may be oil, and half a dozen wells are being drilled.

In two interviews totaling six hours, Señor Saenz frankly explained the difficulties his key Ministry faces, and how he hoped to overcome them. A level-headed engineer, and no enthusiast (he is a graduate of Rensselaer Polytech, formerly employed by Procter & Gamble), he candidly admitted the errors I inquired about, and told me of others about which I had not known. His main point was that the regime had managed to keep the essential elements of the economy working against all handicaps, and at the sacrifice of many comforts and conveniences. The electric plants have never been blacked out (except briefly, by sabotage); gasoline has been regularly available, at the old price of 32-34 cents a gallon, without rationing. The shortage of technicians was being made good by Latin American leftists anxious to help Cuba against the Yankee menace, by Soviet and other East European engineers (the "Russian soldiers" about whom Senator Keating is so suddenly alarmed), and by overworking the available Cubans. A new accelerated engineering course at Havana University, and the widespread *minimo technico* training plan to turn experienced workers into semi-skilled engineers, will eventually close the gap altogether.

The plants promised Cuba by the Soviet bloc for delivery in the latter half of the 1960s are not worth thinking about seriously at this time; even so uncritical a eulogist of the Castro regime as Professor J. P. Morray admits that "the dates specified in these contracts cannot be given much weight." But there are some additions to productive plant now in operation, or scheduled to get under way in the very near future. A French-built powerhouse at Matanzas is to begin producing 100,000 kw. this fall; a gas-generating plant in Marianao is to go on stream in the spring of 1963. An assembly plant for automotive batteries and a factory turning out hoes, rakes, machetes and other agricultural implements are now in operation turning out these small but important items formerly imported from the United States. The sugar-mill engineering shops, which are idle most of the year except for the frantic months of the *zafra*, are now manufacturing 1,000 cane-cutters (to be pulled by Russian tractors), which will bring in 20 per cent of next year's sugar harvest and help solve the labor shortage in the countryside. I have myself spent three days at sea with a fleet of small fishing boats built in a new yard in Matanzas (with imported engines) and sailing out of the impressive new fishing school located on the site of the invasion at Playa Girón. (Using snorkels and spear-guns, and spurred on by "Socialist emulation" between one boat and another, the boys brought in a splendid catch; they all but finished off a visiting American professor who was trying to keep up.)

Within two or three years Cuba should begin to move ahead decisively, leaving behind the beneficiaries of the Alliance for Progress and the stagnant economies of Argentina, Peru and most of Central America, still in the grip of the old oligarchy of landowners, the Church, foreign businessmen and the Army.

UNLESS we stupidly decide, then, to wrap the Caribbean (and perhaps the world) in fire, the United States is going to have a Communist dictatorship and an ally of the USSR at our doorstep for a long time to come. What course should we adopt toward such a worrisome neighbor? Mr. Kennedy, at least, tells us that despite the Russian build-up this July and August, Castro has no "significant offensive capability" and that "it would be a mistake to invade Cuba." We ought to keep this sober estimate of the situation in mind, even during the excitement of an election year. Perhaps some Senators can learn to control their truculence, even if a display of it does look good to the folks back home. Perhaps J. Edgar Hoover and Bobby Kennedy, who have just succeeded in convicting reporter William Worthy for "willfully and knowingly entering the United States [from Cuba] without a valid passport" will somehow be able to prevent future raids on Havana like that carried out a few weeks ago by exiles operating out of Miami. (One wonders what American reaction would be if Robert F. Williams, whom I interviewed in Havana, led a group of Free Dixie followers in a raid on the coast of his native North Carolina, and Castro decided, in our Attorney General's words, that his was not "a group organized as a military expedition.")

In every article I have written since my first visit to Cuba two years ago, I have closed by suggesting "a policy of restraint and patience, of keeping the lines of diplomatic and commercial communication open." Although I don't claim to be a military expert, I did predict in February, 1961, that the forthcoming invaders were "heading for slaughter, no matter how much help they [might] have from our Central Intelligence Agency." Nobody seemed to be listening; I am beginning to feel like Jeremiah or

Cassandra. Our dealings with Cuba over the past decade display the stodginess and sterility of our foreign and domestic policies about which Senator Kennedy complained so eloquently in 1960, but about which President Kennedy has so far been able to do very little. The faces (except for the ever-present head of the FBI) change; Eisenhower, the Dulles brothers and Sherman Adams are replaced by the Kennedys, McCone and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.; but our Cuban policy remains the same. No wonder Castro inveighs against the "farce" of representative democracy, which doesn't really seem to give the voters much of a choice after all.

The clogging of our governmental mechanism, our inability to act intelligently in the face of Castro's challenge, must be blamed, no doubt, on structural defects in our society: the dependence of the mass media on business for advertising revenues, the system of rural overrepresentation, seniority and Southern one-party rule that insures conservative domination of Congress, the influence of the military and the giant corporations on foreign and domestic policy. Having had a chance, in Cuba, to talk to and argue with real Communists (and not Robert Welch's synthetic ones), I believe we are harmed by the lack of a real Left opposition in this country. In the absence of genuine radicalism, Kennedy's modest reform proposals can be impugned as "Socialistic" or "Communistic," and he himself can be led to believe his exchanges with David Rockefeller constitute a Great Debate, when they really resemble a session in an echo chamber.

IT IS in this unreal atmosphere that pressures to "do something about Cuba" build up, that the present absurd talk about "wiping out Castro" is uttered by men in responsible positions, that the President asks for power to call up the Reserves. In their Latin American policies, as elsewhere, both the Democrats and Republicans seem to me to be defending, not the national interest, but the property and profits of a handful of corporations — as the threat to refuse further aid to Brazil if it decides to nationalize any more industries makes painfully clear. Freedom is confused with free enterprise, and the lofty goals of the Alliance for Progress are to be sacrificed if any corporate balance sheet is in danger.

After my most recent visit, I am still worried about Cuba's future, about her economic problems, about the lengths to which Communist persuasion and American pressure will further deform the original humanitarian aims of the revolution. But I am also worried about the United States; what will happen if we repeat our Cuban blunders in the face of the social revolutions that are clearly coming in Chile, Argentina and Brazil?

HUGHES for the SENATE . .

by Allen Klein

Boston

ON JULY 31, H. Stuart Hughes, a professor of history at Harvard University, became the first all-out peace candidate to become eligible to run for the United States Senate. He did so by delivering to the Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts designating petition forms bearing the validated signatures of 118,437 Bay State citizens* —well over the 72,514 legally required. A grandson of almost-President Charles Evans Hughes, Hughes is seeking public office for the first time in the belief that this campaign affords him an opportunity to project to the electorate the urgent need for finding solutions to "the suicidal hazards of nuclear testing and thermonuclear war." The opportunity is enhanced, he believes, by the fact that the Massachusetts political scene will be a point of major national interest this year.

A registered Democrat in the tradition of Roosevelt's New Deal, Hughes shied away from the Democratic primary chiefly because his chances of winning were nil. He decided to run as an independent even though the "law is written to make it hard for an independent. Not since it was passed around 1950 has there been an independent candidate for a state-wide office." With the help of what he terms a "fabulous organization put together from nothing," the tall, soft-spoken, scholarly looking man of forty-six—so youthful in appearance he almost seems to be a graduate student — achieved a triumph in gaining the ballot that has won him the respect of old political pros, who were convinced that it couldn't be done.

Although he finds it "not only necessary but congenial to my candidacy to talk on Massachusetts problems and national issues such as civil rights, medical care to the aged and federal aid to housing and education," Hughes is unquestionably a peace candidate — and his campaign will be watched by the American peace movement and politicians of both major parties with particular interest.

A sponsor of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and a founding member of the Council of Correspondence, Prof. Hughes is an active member of several peace organizations (as well as of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Urban League, the American Veterans Committee and the NAACP).

Hughes does not (as so many people believe) advocate unilateral disarmament by the United States; he does urge unilateral *steps* by the United States which might bring

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ALLEN KLEIN, free-lance writer, has been associated with the peace movement for many years.

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*In addition to the validated signatures, more than 21,000 additional ones were challenged and disqualified or stranded in town clerks' offices. Thus, he ran up a remarkable total of close to 140,000 names.

"reciprocal responses from the Soviet Union." Examples of such initiatives, which he deems fully consistent with American security, include: A commitment that we will not, under any circumstances, be the first to use nuclear or biologic weapons; renunciation of first-strike weapons and maintenance only of retaliatory capability; gradual abandonment of our overseas nuclear bomber and missile bases which are "an unnecessary provocation to the USSR"; renunciation of further above-ground nuclear-weapons tests; a pledge to refrain from transferring nuclear weapons to nations not now possessing them. And many more.

For the rest, Hughes favors the admission of Red China to the U.N., wants the United States to declare her readiness to help create an effective international peace-keeping machinery under the U.N., and to make surplus food stocks available to hungry people of all nations.

At the heart of Hughes's campaign lies the question of whether the human race is to continue or die: "The nuclear race can neither protect nor preserve our nation, but will, if unchecked, ultimately destroy us. We must find an approach which can lead us to the peace and real security we want. Each day that passes makes it more difficult to end the arms race. We must end it now." His current (sixth) book, *An Approach to Peace,* states his views on the issues which led him to declare his candidacy.

HUGHES feels that his candidacy has given the Massachusetts peace movement a real "shot in the arm." Marshall R. Kaplan, executive director of PAX (Political Action For Peace), concurs. PAX is a New England organization primarily devoted to running peace-minded candidates; it asked Prof. Hughes originally to run, set up his organization and supplied him with issues and material. According to Mr. Kaplan, "The Hughes candidacy has put more people at work for peace in this state than at any time since World War II. Currently there are over 1,500 people working on the Hughes campaign. Not all of these are members of PAX; we have not tried to bring them into the organization. Our primary concern is the candidacy and stimulation of the peace work. Once the campaign is over, however, we intend to see to it that as many workers as possible continue their efforts for the peace movement with PAX, Turn Toward Peace or similar groups."

THE great majority of the Hughes workers are naturally derived from the peace groups, predominantly from PAX. But a surprising number have never before been affiliated with any peace organization. Housewives and students are well represented. As Marshall Kaplan puts it, "The fact that there are so many new people with us makes us very happy about the peace-politics movement."

A good number of the volunteers, says Hughes, phoned or wrote in to offer their services as soon as they learned of his candidacy. Others were found by systematic combing of the membership lists of peace organizations. The most dynamic workers of all—the more than twenty students who have been working nearly full time this summer on canvassing for signatures, were systematically recruited, Hughes says, "from among the most promising leaders of student groups, CORE, etc. Some came from out of the state. To those who needed it, we provided living expenses for the summer. Just to show what these students can do, a busload of them collected 6,000 signatures in Springfield in one weekend alone." Hughes also speaks highly of the Voice of Women volunteers and women workers in general.

H. Stuart Hughes

HOW HAS the Hughes campaign affected the electorate? Hughes reports "an enthusiastic response from a large percentage of the Harvard students and faculty." (President Nathan M. Pusey "has adopted an attitude of benevolent neutrality.") In general, the citizenry has responded with a surprising degree of warmth, as evidenced by the large number of signatures obtained. More than half of the people who were asked to sign petitions, did so. ("I'm not at all for the things the professor stands for, but I think he has the right to run if he wants to.")

At the hundreds of meetings at which Hughes addressed small groups in private homes and large audiences in halls and auditoriums, he was received, on the whole, with surprising cordiality. Heckling by individuals has been frequent, but not formidable. "The only organized picketing or heckling I experienced," says Hughes, "was at a big meeting of some 1,500 people I addressed on the Boston Common on April 21. The knot of hecklers was so obviously extremist and disciplined that it produced no unfavorable reactions towards me." Up to the last week of July, he had received virtually no crank mail or abusive telephone calls.

The broad nature of his support was summed up by the observations of a Boston reporter, who wrote that "[Hughes's] green and black stickers are seen on the backs of motor scooters and on Cadillacs," and by campaign contributions ranging from dollar bills to checks of $1,000. The money arrives from practically every state, but mainly from Massachusetts, with New York second and California third. Hughes notes: "Contributions come from a wide variety of individuals, a great number of whom have had no previous experience with peace movements or associations." Nearly $34,000 was received by the end of July and it has all been spent on headquarters, literature, transportation, several brief radio spots, a five-minute television speech, bumper stickers, etc. Said Hughes, "Now we will have to go out vigorously for more money."

But most indicative of the value of the Hughes campaign to the peace movement and the solid impact it has made, at least in the Bay State, is the fact that Hughes's supporters are expecting him to receive something close to 100,000 votes on Election Day. (This is a far cry from the 8,000 state-wide votes for Hughes predicted by an aide of Edward J. McCormack, Jr. last April.) It is the conviction of Hughes that "Any vote over 5,000 for me would be an advance on the constituency that the peace movement has been able to reach in Massachusetts to date." Thus his campaign promises to increase the "potential peace constituency"—Hughes's term—twentyfold. In point of fact, the candidate is convinced that campaigns such as his are "far more effective in bringing the peace issue before the public" than the usual letters to the President and Congressmen, peace marches, petitions, picketing, etc. He thinks "it strikes the average citizen as more concrete and responsible."

TO THE question of whether the press, TV and radio have treated him fairly, Hughes replies, "Yes, surprisingly so. Newspaper coverage in such major cities as Worcester, Springfield, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, Quincy, Fall River and Holyoke has seldom been front-paged or generous, but it has been adequate. Of the two major Boston papers, however, the *Globe* has given me much better coverage than the *Herald*. There are two local papers which have been enormously friendly—the *Winchester Star* and the *Berkshire Eagle*." He has had a substantial number of newspaper and radio interviews and made several television appearances, three times with his Republican and Democratic rivals.

An important objective in the Hughes campaign — as in that of other peace candidates—is to influence opposition views on the no-war issue. In this, Hughes has succeeded to some extent with Eddie McCormack (who, with George Lodge, "are most cordial in their personal exchanges with me"). McCormack, Hughes says, "is edging over more and more towards my position. This became apparent at a very successful, two-hour TV panel over Channel 2 last June, in which all five candidates participated. The most dramatic thing Eddie McCormack did was to agree with me that we should end, rather than win, the cold war. But Teddy Kennedy and George Lodge have not moved at all."

It is Hughes's feeling that the size of his November vote "will hold the balance of power between the Republican and the Democratic candidates and will clearly deny one of them the election he might otherwise have had." If this is so (and it may be, since 100,000 votes represent 5 per cent or more of the expected total Senatorial vote), it is most likely the Democrat who will be hurt. This does not bother Democrat Hughes, who finds little difference between the major party nominees in that both are fairly liberal and international in outlook. However, should the Hughes vote upset the Democratic candidate, the vista thus opened to the peace movement and the peace candidate is obvious. For, with the leverage of a substantial bloc of votes—the only language politicians understand — movement and candidate would now merit serious consideration, and perhaps even a voice in selecting future candidates by both major parties.

Meanwhile, having given new heart to the peace groups of Massachusetts—and maybe, in a small way, to peace workers throughout the nation — Hughes is off and running. After a breathing spell in August, his election campaign moved into high gear. He has no expectation of becoming the junior Senator from Massachusetts. But he is happy in the knowledge that not in many years has the issue of peace and war been beamed to so many citizens of the Bay State for so sustained a period of time.

At any rate, he will continue teaching Harvard students twentieth-century European history, a General Education course in contemporary ideological novels, and other courses. After the election, he will have more time to devote to his wife, Susan, his daughter, Sandy, ten, and his son Kenny, eight. But come 1964, it is fairly certain that the professor will return to the fray as a Senatorial candidate and "put peace on the ballot" once again.

Air-Line Stewardess: Glamour Isn't Enough..

Ruth Weyand

AS A PASSENGER on an airplane, you take it for granted that the job of the stewardess is to distribute food, magazines and charm in equal abundance. But her greatest responsibility is to attend, not to your comfort, but to your *safety* — to help get you to where you are going without mishap and, in case of accident, to help you to survive.

Yet 95 per cent of the training given to stewardesses by the air lines is in grooming and etiquette. The results speak for themselves.

During 1961, two airplane crashes resulted in ninety-four fatalities which could have been avoided had there been an adequate number of properly trained and experienced stewardesses aboard the planes involved. The autopsies on the seventy-seven persons who died in the Imperial Airlines plane during an attempted landing at Byrd Field, Richmond, Virginia, on November 8, 1961, and on sixteen of the seven-

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teen persons who died in the United Air Lines DC-8 which went out of control during a landing on Stapleton Field, Denver, on July 11, 1961, showed no fractured bones. The coroner reported all deaths as due to carbon monoxide poisoning.

In the Imperial accident, most of the bodies were found clustered around the main cabin door. Four tool boxes were found just inside the door; tools from opened boxes were on the floor nearby. Large cans scattered about suggested efforts to carry liquid to fight flames. Neither the cabin door nor any of the emergency exits had been opened. The character of the passenger list — seventy-four male Army recruits — rated a high potential survival ability, yet not one escaped. The captain and flight engineer climbed out through cockpit crew exits.

One stewardess was listed as a crew member. Her body was found in the group clustered around the door. During the CAB investigation of the crash, the vague references to her training and experience leave the impression that this was probably her first flight. There was not even a showing that she was a paid employee.

IN THE United accident, all seventeen fatalities occurred among seventy-six passengers in the tourist section. Dagmar Wilson, M.D., who was on her first jet flight, testified at the CAB investigation that she saw aircraft personnel open one exit immediately upon landing, but thereafter saw no aircraft personnel and received no instructions. She and her eighty-six-year-old mother escaped by jumping five or six feet to the ground; the mother fractured both ankles and died two weeks later from carbon monoxide poisoning.

There were four stewardesses aboard the United aircraft. Two were probationary employees, with less than three months' service; the third had fourteen months' service and the fourth about thirty months'. None had any experience in handling the inflatable chute (called an "evacuation slide") that provides an emergency means of escape from today's large, high-standing aircraft. (Jumping from these planes could be dangerous.) One stewardess put down the slide, got off the plane and never returned. The stewardess of two months' service helped a few passengers to escape and then got out herself, leaving the rest of the passengers in the tourist section uninformed of the emergency. In the first-class section, a stewardess did arrange to remove a paralytic and, in the darkness, checked the seats by feel to make sure that all passengers were out.

Fatalities from monoxide poisoning under conditions where orderly procedures could have saved lives are not new. In May, 1947, forty persons were killed this way as they waited for someone to open the door of a United Air Lines plane that had caught fire at La Guardia Field, New York. Firemen finally chopped an opening from the outside. The craft's captain, who climbed out of the cockpit window and walked away, testified at the subsequent CAB hearing that he had not returned because "I figured that I couldn't help in any way." Two stewardesses were aboard, one of whom died of gas poisoning en route to the hospital. Only four persons, in all, survived, and none of the four was asked to tell what had happened in the cabin before the firemen had chopped a hole through the side of the fuselage. Apparently the stewardesses had assumed they were to await orders from the cockpit — and the orders never came.

CAB hearings have always been directed mainly at finding out why planes crash, and concern themselves only incidentally, if at all, with efforts to save passengers who survive the initial impact.

WHAT the presence of an experienced stewardess can mean, in case of accident, is dramatically illustrated by comparing two Northwest Airlines crashes which occurred under similar circumstances.

The Northwest craft which ditched in water of 34° temperature less than a mile from shore near Sandspit, British Columbia, on January 19, 1952, had an entirely male passenger complement: personnel under contract with the Army. The plane, on a flight from Tokyo, was fully equipped for an off-shore emergency, with two twenty-man life rafts, one fifteen-man raft and sufficient life vests for all aboard. After the ditching, everyone was able to get out of the plane, part of which remained above water. Yet thirty-six lives were lost. No one aboard knew how to use the life vests: the attached directions applied to another type of vest altogether. One life raft was wrongly inflated before removal from the plane; once inflated, it could not pass through any exit. In the end, not a single life raft was placed in the water. The presence of a trained stewardess with professional status might have saved these thirty-six lives. At the outset of the trip, she would have discovered that the wrong directions had been attached to the vests. After the ditching, she would have been able to direct the handling of the rafts.

Punch: Ben Roth

"I suppose she's what you have to expect on economy flights."

The other Northwest crash occurred in Puget Sound, four miles off shore, on April 2, 1956. It carried a nun, a group of non-English-speaking Korean women and children, and a diabetic (compare the survival potential of this group with the all-male, all-military list involved in the 1952 ditching!). The plane, en route from Seattle to New York, was not required by law to have, and did not have, any equipment for off-shore emergencies. The plane sank completely in a quarter-hour, perhaps less. Yet thirty-three of the thirty-eight persons aboard survived. Stewardess Dorothy Oetting, using her own common sense and initiative, instructed the passengers to use the foam-rubber seat cushions as floats. Adults tore out cushions for the youngsters. The two stewardesses aboard directed the passengers out of the plane and saw to it that they floated far enough away from the sinking craft not to be drawn under by the suction.

Both of these stewardesses were experienced hands with approximately five years' service.

It should be noted that since the La Guardia Field disaster of 1947, when forty passengers lost their lives while the stewardesses waited vainly for orders from the cockpit which never came, air lines have been empowering stewardesses to exercise command authority whenever the situation calls for action which cannot await orders from the captain.

IMPROVED methods of air travel have increased, rather than diminished, the emergency responsibility of the stewardess. The matter of evacuating passengers in case of a crash or forced landing has already been touched on. The inflatable "evacuation slides" — standard equipment on modern commercial jets—call for extensive training for proper handling. At Idlewild Airport, in 1959, a jet came in for a landing without two of its left landing-gear wheels. Mishandling (not by the stewardesses, this time, but by a pilot aboard and by firemen on the ground) resulted in the chutes inflating into the doors, effectively blocking them. Eventually, firemen had to put up ladders to get the passengers out.

The altitude at which most commercial planes fly today creates another set of problems. In pressurized cabins, special types of doors have had to be developed which are extremely difficult to open (representatives of the FAA are actually considering the rigging of doors so that they can be opened in an emergency by triggering a small explosive charge, much as astronauts open their space capsules). Some types of doors — they vary in different models of planes — are as difficult to open as a safe. Before being checked out on any new type of plane, the stewardess is instructed on door operation and in the handling of emergency exits and other emergency equipment. To the conscientious stewardess, the procedures for door-opening become second nature. When an American Airlines plane went into the East River near La Guardia Field on February 3, 1959, Joan Zeller, the only stewardess to survive the crash, suffered multiple fractures and serious internal injuries. Water was rising rapidly in the plane. In a semi-conscious state, Miss Zeller was yet able to mumble instructions for opening the doors. Survivors testified that her action saved their lives. She herself finally lapsed into unconsciousness and was found floating face down in the water.

Emergency exits are also often tricky to open. When a National Airlines plane slid off the runway at Philadelphia Airport on January 14, 1951, the stewardess, Mary Frances Housely, got the main cabin door open. But the door was twelve to fifteen feet up in the air and directly below was a ditch through which flaming gasoline was flowing. She attempted unsuccessfully, first by herself and then with the aid of passengers, to open one of the emergency exits which was closer to the ground and for the time free from flames. Five passengers and Miss Housely perished; the stewardess was found with a baby in her arms. Survivors had high praise for the calmness with which this inexperienced stewardess — she had been on the job for only five months — had behaved until the flames caught up with her.

THE experienced stewardess is ingenious in dealing with people in emergencies. Illustrative was the technique used by Margaret Shilibod, a stewardess on TWA since 1950, to handle a beserk passenger on an "over-the-Pole flight" from London to Los Angeles, when an engine caught on fire and an emergency landing was made near Cutbank, Montana, on August 25, 1958. As soon as the flames appeared, the passenger began pulling his hair and beating his head against the seat. Miss Shilibod informed him he was one of the able-bodied men she had selected to help her and asked him to pull the curtains closed on all the windows. He accepted the assignment and quieted for the moment. But when the plane landed, he threw himself flat down in the aisle, screaming. Miss Shilibod reminded him that he was her assistant, and asked him to go down the rope, help get the chute out of the door and hold down one of the bottom corners so that others could slide down. This bit of advice got him off the floor and out of the plane, but he ran off as soon as he reached ground. Nevertheless, Miss Shilibod had the plane cleared in ninety seconds.

SINCE the days of pressurized cabins, one of the most important of the stewardess' duties in mid-air is to be certain that all passengers receive supplemental oxygen when necessary. The cruising altitude for jets in domestic operations is 35,000 feet; in international, 39,000 feet. At these altitudes, consciousness is lost in less than sixty seconds if oxygen is not provided. Civil Air Regulations include rigorous rules concerning the wearing of oxygen masks by pilots flying at these altitudes. Some major air lines require that each pilot must, as a prerequisite to flying planes at altitudes requiring pressurization, go through a session in a decompression chamber so that he will learn the sensations which accompany a gradual oxygen deficiency.

By law the passenger compartments of all commercial jet airliners are required to have oxygen masks in compartments above each seat. The masks are set to fall down automatically in front of passengers when pressure within the cabin is lost. The passenger triggers the oxygen flow by reaching up and pulling the mask down to his nose. In the event the masks fail to come down, the stewardess is under instructions to equip herself with a walk-around oxygen bottle and mask and to pry each mask down separately. In addition, in normal flight at high altitudes she must continually check each passenger to make certain that he is getting sufficient oxygen. This is not so easy as one might think: the symptoms of oxygen deficiency come on one insidiously, and often a passenger will "black out" before he gives voice to any complaint. Were stewardesses, like pilots, given a session in a decompression chamber as part of their training, they would be in a better position to sense a growing oxygen deficiency and thus safeguard their passengers more efficiently. Unfortunately, they get no such training.

Since the scare over mid-air collisions and near-collisions of several years ago, cockpit-crew members rarely leave the cockpit during flight. The burden of detecting hazards visible from the cabin, but not from the cockpit, has been placed on the stewardess. She must count and report to the captain the number sitting fore and aft of the balance line of the jet plane; guard against the passengers' throwing the plane off balance by congregating at one spot; guard against fires, spot potential suicides; prevent children and neurotics from tampering with doors and emergency exits; notice and report improperly closed doors. The opening of an emergency exit or a door on a jet at 35,000 feet altitude would suck from the plane anyone not belted in — and perhaps some who were belted in. Recently, a stewardess discovered, during the ascent of a Western Airlines Boeing 720 with a load of passengers, that the door was not properly closed. She notified the captain, who descended immediately.

The foregoing suggests the wide range of emergencies for which today's stewardess must be prepared. She is warned that, in case of a crash, no help can be expected from the cockpit crew; any serious crash is expected to kill or disable those furthest to the front in the plane. Emergencies in flight may so confine the pilots and flight engineers to cockpit duties as to preclude their furnishing directions or assistance.

THE NATURE of the problems involved leaves no doubt that the ability to detect hazards and handle emergencies increases markedly with experience. While most air lines make some attempt to pass on to their stewardesses, via a few lectures and detailed loose-leaf manuals, the latest procedures for safety, there is obviously no adequate substitute for actual experience in emergencies. Yet the average length of employment by the 12,000 stewardesses in the United States is about fifteen months (and this includes a six months' probation period). The annual turnover rate among stewardesses, as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Department of Labor, runs to 40 per cent. Exhibits prepared by TWA at the request of the stewardess' union during a wage-hour arbitration in 1960 showed that of its 1,230 hostesses, 212 had seniority of from five years to twenty-five years. (These figures are probably higher than those for the industry as a whole, since TWA alone of the major domestic carriers permits stewardesses to continue working after marriage. Pan American, entirely international in its carriage, likewise has married stewardesses.) True, all of the larger air lines do have a small, stable group of experienced career stewardesses. But the picture as a whole is that the air traveler within the continental United States will draw a stewardess with more than one year's experience only one trip out of six.

ACTUALLY, the picture is worse than this. There is such a shortage of trained stewardesses that air lines on occasion use a completely untrained person. Civil Air Regulations require that all crew members be instructed as to emergency procedures, but the requirements are vague. Aside from a general reference to training, the only Civil Air Regulation now in effect pertaining to stewardesses on domestic flights is that there shall be one flight attendant on each scheduled commercial plane with a capacity of ten or more passengers. Even if the plane carries 134 passengers, as some of the large jets do, only one stewardess is required by law.

There is no shortage of applicants for jobs as stewardesses. The extensive advertising campaign conducted not only in this country but throughout Canada, the British Isles and Northern Europe, has surrounded the job with so much glamour that major air lines report thirty applicants for each opening. Many of the applicants leave higher paying jobs to don a stewardess uniform: more than half of the hostesses on the payroll of TWA on January 1, 1960, had done just that. For the then $280 (now $317.52) per month starting salary with TWA, a clerk-model had left a $6,000-a-year job; teachers had left positions earning $5,880 and $5,280 yearly; a nurse had been earning $5,267 annually; a bank teller had yielded a $5,100-a-year post. Of hostesses hired by TWA in 1958 and 1959, 10 per cent had left jobs paying $374 a month, 25 per cent had left jobs paying $335 a month, 33 per cent had left jobs paying $321 a month.

WHAT THE air lines expect and get for their money is amazing. Bilingualism is requisite for most, if not all, overseas flying. Swimming ability is required by at least one line for overwater service. The public knows the beauty and charm the air lines get. The public likewise accepts stewardesses as superior in intelligence—and most of them clearly are, as is evident from their prior college or employment records.

But for the stewardess, the glamour wears off rapidly. She soon finds that she is employed in the lowest-paid of the thirty-odd crafts or classes of employees on the average air line. United Air Lines reported to CAB that for the quarter ending September 30, 1961, its 2,372 stewardesses were paid at the average rate of $3,690 per year. The stewardess finds that her average annual pay is less than half of that of the passenger conductor on the railroads (who is being displaced at almost the same rate as hostess jobs are being created). And she finds that for this low pay she has to work long hours and perform arduous, and often unpleasant, tasks. She must, for instance, clean the "blue

room" after each use (except in the new jets, no flushing device is provided for toilets). On all short stops, she must clean the cabin — and sometimes on longer stops when local cleaning personnel is not provided. If liquor is sold on the flight, she must account for all sales. If there are invalids or children aboard, she must remain with them, on landing, until they are called for.

Neither federal statute nor regulation lays down for her a minimum wage or an hours-of-work maximum; the entire industry is exempt from the Wages and Hours Law. The CAB limitation of eighty-five hours' flying time per month for cockpit crew does not apply to stewardesses. True, the stewardesses have obtained a monthly eighty-five hours' maximum flying time through collective bargaining, but they often must fly excess hours if they want to keep their jobs. Moreover, the entirely uncompensated hours most stewardesses sit home awaiting a phone call to report for a flight are staggering. This is called "standing reserve." On some lines, each stewardess stands reserve for one month a year; on others, only the junior stewardess stands reserve until she has sufficient seniority to hold a "bid schedule." Even with a "bid schedule," the new stewardess gets the "puddle-hopping" jobs, where she may put in two hours of waiting around airports for every one hour of flying time. She is paid by the month.

IN THE interests of both the safety of its members and of the air-traveling public, the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association has a program calling for federal licensing of stewardesses and mandatory carrying on all flights — domestic and international, scheduled and unscheduled — of one licensed flight attendant for each thirty passengers. (France and Mexico require all flight attendants to be licensed; the United Kingdom requires one licensed flight attendant on each passenger flight.) Stewardesses suggest that licensing be based on physical fitness and ability to handle emergencies. They suggest that licenses be granted only after vigorous testing by federal inspectors, as is now the practice for licenses for pilots, engineers, navigators, mechanics, radio operators and dispatchers.

So far, the air industry has opposed any federal regulations in this field. In 1957, the CAB proposed a regulation extending to international operations the present requirement applicable only to scheduled domestic operations: one flight attendant on each plane of ten passengers or more capacity. The Civil Aeronautics Administration thought this provision inadequate, stating:

> In view of the seating capacity of our carrier aircraft and the fact that normal surveillance must be maintained to prevent dangerous acts on the part of the passengers, to take action in event of unconsciousness or death, handle emergency crash landings and ditchings, or high altitude emergencies such as sudden cabin pressure loss, it is recommended that the number of flight attendants be increased so that the total air crew will be able to handle such situations.

The Air Transport Association of America, representing the industry, opposed the requirement of even one flight attendant. It stated its position in the hearings on the proposed regulation as follows:

> . . . Historically the use of flight attendants aboard an aircraft has been prompted by service to passengers, thus, their justification has been economic and not for reasons of safety. Furthermore, the presence and number of flight attendants has no direct relationship to the airplane capacity or number of passengers aboard. This is an example where CAB would be saying in effect, "Since this has become fairly common practice among air lines, it must now be made a requirement."

This CAB proceeding finally resulted in the issuance, on February 23, 1962, of a regulation effective March 1, 1963, requiring as to scheduled operations outside the United States one flight attendant for planes of over ten or more passenger capacity, two flight attendants for a passenger capacity of forty-five or more, and three flight attendants for a capacity of 100 or more. No changes were made in the requirement of only one flight attendant, regardless of plane capacity, in scheduled domestic operations and none in non-scheduled operations. Nor was any standard adopted for the flight attendants.

However, on March 1, 1962, the CAB invited comment on a proposed revision of Air Regulations which would prescribe detailed training of flight attendants in emergency techniques. The proposals do not change the present requirement of only one flight attendant per plane in domestic operations nor do they provide any means for assuring that the prescribed training is given flight attendants or that only trained flight attendants are used.

Congress for the past five years has had before it proposed amendments to the Federal Aviation and Civil Aeronautics acts which would require the licensing and certification of flight attendants by the CAB. Hearings on these bills were held before a House subcommittee on May 1, 1962. On June 29, 1962, the subcommittee reported favorably to the full House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce H.R. 8160, which would include flight attendants within the definition of "airman" in the Federal Aviation Act and thereby require their certification by the CAB. Such a requirement is absolutely essential to assure air travelers of adequate assistance in the event of emergencies.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

and bravado and hope a mere thirty years ago." Do not be too sure. The hundreds of thousands of dedicated unionists built that labor movement thirty years ago, as they built other labor movements during other Golden Years of Labor — 1886, 1901, 1919. The leaders who arose in consequence were secondary and incidental to the basic strength of those years. So we keep the "aging labor 'statesman'" in perspective, and occasionally repudiate a moribund one. The tide has ebbed — and is now turning again. As long as working people must sell their labor, whether it be in the mills and mines of the nineteenth century, or the automated offices and factories of the twentieth, so long will they need unionism — and turn to it. Only when you have buried the last wage earner can you bury unionism.

Tacoma, Wash. OTTILIE MARKHOLT

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Critic vs. the Scholar

Vivian Mercier

THROUGHOUT the history of literature, critics and scholars have been pretty roughly handled by the poets; even the poet-turned-critic risks being branded a traitor. Alexander Pope's best-known line, "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread," was aimed at critics; William Butler Yeats wondered what the scholars—"Old, learned, respectable bald heads" — would say if they happened to meet the libertine poet Catullus whose works they had annotated. In return, critics and scholars have tended to join forces against their common "enemy," the creative writer, while grudgingly conceding that if he didn't exist they would have nothing to write about.

For these reasons, "Critic vs. Scholar" might seem as improbable and newsworthy a headline as "Man Bites Dog." Yet for a number of years past the critic and the scholar have been at loggerheads, at any rate in the fields of English and American literature. There is good reason to believe that this academic cold war is drawing to a close, but, like all civil wars, it has left deep scars on its participants, embittering almost every English Department in the United States, not to mention the Commonwealth and the British Isles. F. R. Leavis might not have spoken so harshly about C. P. Snow recently if his temper had not been soured by a lifetime of battle.

The cause of the Scholar-Critic War was simple enough, and the whole conflict seems unavoidable in retrospect. It all began soon after World War I, when contemporary literature became a subject of study in the universities, at both the undergraduate and graduate levels. Prior to that era, no English or American writer was studied at college until he had been dead for a decent interval and could be regarded as a part of literary history, hence a fit subject for scholarship. Literary criticism was seldom practiced by academic figures in those days. On the one hand, established creative writers and specialists in literary journalism produced a satisfying quantity, if not quality, of criticism in the form of books and long articles in the better periodicals. On the other hand, the English faculties, small at that time, were kept fully occupied in organizing what was still a new field of study — traditional English literature. Much of what we now take for granted as English (and American) literature had been out of print for decades or centuries; many manuscripts by hallowed authors had never been printed at all. The history of the English language and of the growth of its various literary genres still remained to be written. Everything that had been done for Greek and Latin literature during and after the Renaissance must now be done for English.

EVENTUALLY, however, the British and American literary past was reduced to some sort of order, and the increasing number of Ph.D. candidates in English began to grow restive, for two reasons. First of all, much of the work now remaining to be done seemed like gleaning among the stubble after a great harvest had been reaped. A graduate student who worshiped Shakespeare felt less than happy at being advised to work on some minor, unharvested Elizabethan like Anthony Munday or Barnabe Rich. In the second place, contemporary English and American literature, quite apart from its attractiveness as virgin soil, seemed to be entering a new "Elizabethan Age." Henry James was barely cold in his grave; Bernard Shaw was still at the height of his powers; Yeats, Joyce, Pound and Eliot were producing work that not only challenged the critic by its novelty and disturbing power but also invited scholarly investigation by its breadth of cultural reference. D. H. Lawrence was posing moral problems unparalleled in fiction since the death of Dostoevsky; Gertrude Stein and a group of younger expatriates in Paris were promising surprising new developments in American letters. Is it any wonder that some young idealists refused to enroll for a Ph.D. at all if they were not allowed to work on contemporary authors?

At length the dam broke, and the "contemporary men" inundated the English faculties. But if a man's subject is contemporary literature, he finds that many of the traditional avenues of scholarship are not yet open to him. Bibliography is frustrating because of the scarcity of books, as is textual study because of the unavailability of manuscripts; biography is handicapped by natural reticence and the law of libel; the various techniques of historical scholarship which seek to re-create the spiritual, intellectual and social climate of past ages lose their point when the age in question is all around one. The potential scholar perforce becomes a critic — and the more inevitably since the most urgent task is to decide which contemporary authors deserve the attention of the academic community: nobody wants to be accused of casting swine before pearls. Having exercised his primary function of judgment, the critic can proceed to analyze and interpret the work he admires, in the hope of aiding others to see its excellence.

OFTEN, the critic of contemporary literature comes to feel that every object of traditional literary concern which lies outside the particular new work under scrutiny is either irrelevant — in that it tends to obscure the irreducible newness and individuality of that work — or inaccessible for the reasons already stated. Hence arose the now middle-aged "New Criticism," which insisted that the proper object of study was the literary work of art in isolation — regardless of its period of origin — and that all the other concerns of traditional scholarship were extra-literary. Holding such views, the New Critics began to infiltrate other areas besides contemporary literature. Nowadays, if a graduate student's interest lies in the Elizabethan period, he can avoid the Munday-Rich trap by proclaiming himself a critic eager to put forward a new interpretation of Shakespeare based on internal evidence. If the Shakespearean on the graduate faculty is too thorough a traditionalist to accept his thesis topic, perhaps the student can persuade the entrenched New Critic on the faculty to become his supervisor instead. In the latter case, the student gains his end at the cost of reviving the hostility between two professors and, very likely, between two factions in the English Department.

The war between scholar and critic

VIVIAN MERCIER'S three most recent scholarly articles, now in process of publication, deal with Swift, Joyce and Walter Savage Landor.

is often described, in the wording of Swift's *Battle of the Books*, as a struggle between the "Ancients" and the "Moderns." To a considerable extent it is also a struggle between older men and younger ones, though of course an instructor specializing in Middle English may be lined up against a full professor whose field is contemporary literature. Nevertheless, the hostility between the two groups is not merely a matter of the established men resenting the newcomers and the newcomers resenting that resentment. Many of the Ancients have sincere doubts about the validity of literary criticism as an academic discipline and/or of contemporary literature as a fit subject for academic study. For their part, the Moderns feel that some of their opponents do not care for literature in a humanistic way at all and might have been better occupied in collecting and classifying scientific data as biologists or physicists.

IN SPITE of these misgivings, the war seems to be on the wane. Many of the more uncompromising Ancients have died or retired. Many of the hotheads among the Moderns have grown cooler with increasing age. The main reason for the *rapprochement*, as I see it, however, is that each side has learned something from the other. Medievalists are beginning to adopt a New Critical approach to, for example, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.* Since traditional scholarly methods, along with plenty of futile and unscholarly speculation, have failed to discover the fourteenth-century author of this undoubted masterpiece, it seems wiser to explore the richness and symmetry of the poem itself than to investigate any further the circumstances which produced it. No "circumstances" short of a poet of genius could have "produced" this jewel; it was high time that it should be examined for its own sake rather than as evidence for some scholarly hypothesis. Such hypotheses have been indispensable in creating scholarly reputations, alas: the same one will make the reputation of (a) the scholar who proposes it; (b) the one who explodes it; (c) the one who revives it on the basis of new evidence, and so on ad infinitum.

The Moderns have learned even more from the Ancients: perhaps, as the Ancients claim, because they had more to learn in the first place, but also, I hope, because they are more open-minded. At any rate, the twentieth century is now more than sixty years of age, and the new is rapidly becoming the old. Joyce has been dead for more than twenty years, Lawrence for more than thirty; Hemingway and Faulkner have just passed on to join them. More and more, the critic who yearns to say something new about these writers and their contemporaries must transform himself into a scholar. Disciples of Joyce, for instance, are now busily editing and publishing the vast quantity of manuscript and typescript drafts and notes which ultimately became *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake.* Similar study has already begun on Faulkner. A modernist who has never had to cope with manuscripts before may suddenly find himself up to his neck in problems which the medievalists have faced throughout their careers; if he doesn't try to profit by their experience, he's a numskull.

EVEN the printed page conceals all sorts of pitfalls. Many critics of contemporary literature have blithely embarked upon their tasks of judgment and interpretation without stopping to ask whether they were studying the authentic words of their author. In his *Textual and Literary Criticism*, Professor Fredson Bowers of the University of Virginia has urbanely pointed out a number of instances where critical comment — sometimes puzzled, sometimes blindly confident — on passages from Yeats, Eliot, Melville and other fairly recent writers has been based on faulty texts. Until a few months ago, when the

Tricks Out of Times Long Gone

Again that hour when taxies are deadheading home
Before the trolley-buses start to run
And snowdreams in a lace of mist drift down
When from asylum, barrack, cell and cheap hotel
All those whose lives were lived by someone else
Who never had a choice but went on what was left
Return along long walks where thrusts of grass
By force of love have split the measured stone.

I think hep-people leave small ghosts behind
For haunting of winter ball parks and locked bars
That ghosts of oldtime hookers walk once more
That no ghost follows where a square has gone.

Tonight when chimneys race against the cold
Tricks out of times long gone, forgotten marks
Come seeking chances lost, and long-missed scores
Faces once dear now nameless and bereft
Hepghosts made of rain that softly try old doors
Forever trying to get down one last bet.

Tarts out of times long gone
Booth-broad, bluemoon cruiser, coneroo
Come once again, palms outstretched to claim
What never was their own.
Drifters of no trade whose voices, unremembered,
Speak in the city wires overhead —
Now is the victims' hour where they go
Where winoes used to drink themselves to death
Or merely slept away their 29c woes.

Upon the just-before-day bus I saw a woman,
The only one who rode
Look wanly out at streets she used to know —
"And here I went" — "and there I slept" — "and there I rose" —
Again by evening in a billboard's cold blue glow
She came forever toward me
Walking slow
Saying *za za-za-zaza-za-zaza-za-zaza*
Walking slow

All day today old dreams like snowdreams drifting down
Faces once known now nameless in a mist
Return from hospital, prison and parole
Mouths that once the mouth of summer sweetly pressed
Saying *zaza-za-zaza-za-zaza-za-zaza*
Within a rain that lightly rains regret.

Nelson Algren

Modern Library *Ulysses* was reset, an uncertain amount of American Joyce criticism was still being based on an extremely unreliable text, inadvertently copied from a pirated edition.

The scholar in contemporary literature needs to study modern printing techniques with some of the care that modern Shakespeare scholars have lavished on the printing practices of the Elizabethans. (I should explain that, since none of Shakespeare's plays exists in manuscript, the search to discover what Shakespeare "really" wrote has led scholars to identify not only the customs of particular Elizabethan printing shops, but also the habits of individual compositors, including some fairly idle apprentices.) For instance, a bad splice in the negative of an American photo-offset edition resulted in the omission of a line from T. S. Eliot's "The Rock." Lord help the critic who doesn't know that a line is missing or thinks that the belated "revision" improves the passage.

IT WOULD be premature to say that the civil war in the English Departments is entirely over. In May of 1961, Michigan State University held the first session of a two-part Conference in the Study of Twentieth-Century Literature. The report of its proceedings makes stimulating and often amusing reading, for the views of the participants diverged widely. Although I share — or, at times, have borrowed — some of the ideas of Father Walter Ong, S.J., I find other views of his altogether too optimistic. For example, he claimed that "close attention to present-day literature has produced an articulateness and penetration in literary criticism such as we have never known before." Elsewhere at the conference, Professor Donald Hall said bluntly, "I think we've been living through an age of extremely poor criticism." There is plenty of room for the truth between these two extremes. Father Ong also remarked rather complacently that "the tension between the New Critics and the historical scholars has by now diminished to the point of virtual disappearance." Professor Clarence Gohdes, Chairman of the Board of Editors of *American Literature*, refuted this cosy notion from the moment he began to speak. For him, "recent literature as a subject for either research or instruction is the most difficult area of study in the entire range of the literary discipline." He voiced his dismay at "the almost incredible mass of trivial comment or subjective appraisal that passes current as scholarship in the field." His hope for the future was expressed in ironic terms: "Criticism, or what has passed for criticism, has become outworn, so that we shall have to go to something else."

I think we know by now what that "something else" should be: a fruitful marriage — somewhere between a love match and a shotgun wedding—of scholarship with criticism. The distinction between scholar and critic has always been a misleading one in any case. What was Aristotle, a scholar or a critic? Plainly, he was both. Furthermore, although he wrote his *Poetics* about seventy-five years after the great age of Greek tragedy had ended, he showed no prejudice against the literature produced by his contemporaries.

Nomads in the Machine Age

NOMADS AND COMMISSARS: Mongolia Revisited. By Owen Lattimore. Oxford University Press. 238 pp. $5.75.

K. M. Panikkar

AFTER MUCH consideration, the Mongolian People's Republic celebrated in 1962 the 800th anniversary of the birth of Genghis Khan. This celebration, coming as it did shortly after Mongolia's admission to the United Nations in 1961, should help to remind us that the Mongols were at one time a great conquering nation that ruled an empire of greater extent than Great Britain's at its peak, and that though today Mongolia's population is only just under a million, it is once again a full-fledged member of the international family. And yet, in spite of its very long history, Mongolia is one of the countries about which not much is known to the outside world. Owen Lattimore's *Nomads and Commissars,* based on a recent visit and giving the reader an inside view of contemporary developments, should, therefore, find a ready welcome.

No one outside the Communist world can claim to know Mongolia as well as Dr. Lattimore. His scholarly interest in the Mongol people dates back to 1927 when he paid a visit of study to what is now called Inner Mongolia; he is familiar with the language, literature and history of the area. The present work, based on an on-the-spot study which the author conducted in 1961, is a descriptive and analytic study of what is happening today in that part of the world. To call it an excellent piece of reportage would be unfair, for though the descriptions derive from recent observations, a great deal of scholarly background unobtrusively informs and colors the vivid narrative.

Lattimore raises two issues that are of unusual interest. The first is the

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matter of how Mongolia, with its special conditions of a large area (600,000 square miles) and a sparse nomadic population of just under a million, became the laboratory for an experiment in economic assistance meant to transform its pastoral economy into that of a modern Marxist state. The second is how Mongolia, placed between the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic (and formerly the Japanese Empire), has been able to uphold its independence of outlook and action within the general framework of the Communist bloc.

HISTORY had been, so to say, at a standstill for the Mongols in the five-hundred-year interval between the loss of their empire and the Revolution of 1921. The conversion to Lamaism would seem to have been the deciding factor in this stagnation. With no less than a hundred "living Buddhas," high abbots claiming to be incarnate lamas, and with a large proportion of the male population leading an uneconomic life as monks in monasteries, it is no wonder that Mongolia ceased for half a millennium to play a significant role in Asian history.

With the Chinese Revolution of 1911-12 came a change. The Mongols, like the Tibetans, seem to have held that their relations with China were maintained only through the Manchu dynasty and that the suzerainty which the Son of Heaven had exercised ceased with the elimination of the emperor. Accordingly, Mongolia during this period emerged as an autonomous buffer state between Russia and China.

And so it might have continued but for two factors: the upheaval in Siberia following the October Revolution, and the arrival of Japan on the scene. Japan attempted to create a protectorate that included both the inner and outer territories under the slogan of a Greater Mongolia. This threat Mongolia had to take seriously and its reply was a firm alliance with the Soviet Union. Russia undertook to defend Mongolia's frontiers from external aggression, and in the undeclared war which Japanese forces carried on in Manchuria for years, what enabled the Mongols to uphold their independence, and in fact to inflict on Japan a major defeat in 1939, was the assistance given them by the Soviets. This period ended only with the Yalta Conference, following which Chiang Kai-shek recognized the independence of Outer Mongolia. (However, it was another sixteen years before the Generalissimo withdrew his veto over the admission of the Mongolian People's Republic to the United Nations.) For this interesting and little-known period, which ended with the admission of Mongolia to the U.N., *Nomads and Commissars* provides an excellent guide.

THE REAL significance of Mongol history in the postwar period is the success of the program of economic cooperation with the Soviets by which a predominantly nomad community has, within a short period, modernized its economy and social life. From nomadism to the machine age, the transition has been effected without any large-scale liquidation of classes or dislocation of life. No doubt Mongolia had a long period of apprenticeship to communism. Also, during this fairly long period (1921 to 1950), though Mongolia's external relations had to bear many stresses and strains, Mongol-Soviet cooperation seems to have developed on a sound basis. The Soviets, therefore, had both the background of knowledge and suitable political conditions for the successful working of their program of economic aid.

The unstated question that runs through Lattimore's book is: "Why is it that, in spite of much greater volume of financial aid and technical assistance, and at least an equal amount of good will, the American aid programs do not show comparable results in Asian countries?" Many explanations can be given: the high land-population ratio in Mongolia, the absence of a capitalist class, the considerable time granted the Soviets to acquaint themselves with the problems they had to meet. But whatever the reasons, the success of the Soviet aid program in Mongolia seems to be undisputed and it deserves careful study. That is what Professor Lattimore has done with notable success in this book.

The Indefinite Hunter

McALMON AND THE LOST GENERATION: A Self Portrait. Edited by Robert E. Knoll. University of Nebraska Press. 396 pp. $7.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

FOR THOSE of us who knew him, Robert McAlmon was always something of a problem. He certainly never made himself easy to like, and as he grew older, more embittered, more alcoholic, he became about as difficult a man as could be imagined. Robert Knoll speaks several times in this book of McAlmon's engaging charm. True, in his heyday he could turn on very winning ways, even in the midst of a savage hangover. More important, in his heyday he had power and the imagined disposal of fabulous sums of money. So he had lots of friends. Prematurely old, sick, wandering around the West in a mild state of alcoholic hallucinosis, living on his relatives, he had few indeed.

McAlmon started out as possibly the most promising of the ultimate generation of Populist writers — a contemporary of Evelyn Scott and Lola Ridge in Greenwich Village. He made a sensational marriage to a woman of immense wealth. He believed, after a short while, that he had been tricked into a marriage of convenience. Looking back on it from my own intervening years of sad experience, I am inclined to think that he was in fact deeply loved. But he didn't think so, and the inability, ever after, to believe that he was genuinely loved corroded his soul. Most writers are mildly schizoid and love-lost. Like Trotsky, who believed GPU men were hiding in the bushes, McAlmon had objective grounds for his pathology — but pathology it was, nevertheless.

WITH AN infinitesimal portion of his wife's wealth, he ran Contact Press, one of the historical publishing ventures of Paris-America in *Cette Belle Epoque*. He published everybody of consequence. Everybody was indebted to him, or if they weren't they were busy trampling others senseless in their efforts to become so. McAlmon was not a fool, he knew where he stood. For, you see, he was not naturally a rich man. He was not buying off the guilty burden of steel mills, copper mines, banks or shipping empires.

What he was naturally was a writer, and a rather simple but most canny one. His mind had been shaped in windy nights by oil lamps in farm houses in the corn fields of the prairie states. He had watched the well-known collapse of the Protestant ethic at the seismological epicenter. He had seen the very Norahs and Heddas themselves go off to Self-Determination, in their starched shirtwaists, smoking pistols in their hands, castrated males writhing on provincial

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floors behind them, like rattlesnakes made harmless by one slug of a forty-five. He knew, as it were, the score.

This bitter knowledge gave him a style that at moments rose to the level of the best epitaphs in *Spoon River*. At its worst it never lost the bumbling clumsiness that is a precious ingredient in the charm of one of our greatest prose stylists — Theodore Dreiser. What I am trying to convey is that Bob McAlmon was a bona fide native of the American hinterland. It would be hard to find anybody less like the French poets and novelists of the late Dada and early Surrealist periods. Yet Philipe Soupault, Louis Aragon and the rest were the ones who understood him best in those days and who to this day remember him with fondness. "What ever happened to McAlmon?" Everybody asked that question for twenty years. The French asked it with affectionate nostalgia, the Americans patronizingly, with contempt. After all, *they* had arrived, and where was he? And who remembered they had been given their first ride on the greasy golden toboggan of success by Robert McAlmon? Nobody, at least nobody who was anybody. Everybody had forgotten.

FOR YEARS a few people tried to get him published in America. Nobody would touch him, or if they did, Bob, sick, drunk and hostile, made himself so extraordinarily disagreeable that they dropped him. One of Scribners' leading authors stormed into Perkins' office and said, "If you publish McAlmon I will break my contract." He was, in the estimation of his then colleagues and associates, one of the leading writers of the twenties and thirties, one of a group who have all become twentieth-century classics. He never even so much as achieved publication by a "bourgeois publisher," unless you call New Directions "bourgeois" which it sure wasn't in those days. In America, James Laughlin published his volume of verse, *Not Alone Lost*. Nobody bought it. It is the poorest selling title in New Directions history. In Paris, Caresse Crosby published, in her premature paperback series, a collection of stories, *The Indefinite Huntress*. Nobody bought that either. The title story, about an Ibsen girl he knew with the greatest intimacy is Spoon River with a vengeance. Sad, wise, deeply resonant, few better insights into human motivation have come out of the prairies. Why didn't anybody buy it? You'd think the movies would have grabbed it for the title alone. It is the perfect marquee identification of all the love-lost heroines, seeking, seeking, through the twentieth century — the century, as they say, of the common man. I'm not being flippant in what to me is a pathetic and tragic case — but it is the ideal title for the sure to be issued "Marilyn Monroe Story."

AND so for McAlmon, too. He was an indefinite enough hunter. What was he hunting for? To write well, utterly without bull, and to understand human beings. He wanted nothing but compassion — and the other side of the coin of compassion, which is style. To find this pot at the foot of this rainbow you have to be loved, I guess, and if Bob was ever loved, except by the wife whom he did not believe, I never heard of it. Yet we all loved him, even after he was gone, with his flopping gait, his stinking breath, his rumbling guts and his raling lungs. Korsakoff's Syndrome . . . in the last years, he was disoriented in time and kept slipping off, back to that damn yacht in the Mediterranean and confabulating myths and *Märchen* of bygone days in the first one-piece bathing suits.

Robert Knoll is apparently a professor at Nebraska, which university has inherited the McAlmon papers. It is easy for the remnants of the *avant-garde* to say that he is making a career of poor old Bob, and doesn't really dig him. O.K., why didn't they? This book is a collection of McAlmon stories, strung together on excerpts from his autobiography, and eked out with explanatory comment by Professor Knoll. I can think of more satisfactory ways to handle McAlmon — or can I? After all, though he was in his own eyes above all else a dedicated writer, he was, as dedicated writers go, an exceptionally human one. The human man is here, and the stories into which he spoke as he lived.

LETTER from EDINBURGH

Roslyn Rosen

"YOU'VE been watching a circus," Norman Mailer shouted up to the great curved balconies of Edinburgh's McEwan Hall, "and that's good!"

Perhaps it was, but the tamed lions on stage showed more fear than the 8,000 spectators who jammed the five sessions of the International Writers' Conference. They had come, late in August, to hear debates on the future of the novel, censorship and commitment. On the whole, the writers were committed to Joyce's vow of "silence, exile and cunning."

Mary McCarthy said the best young writers were writing novels of exile. Alexander Trocchi, author of two novels concerned with sex and drug addiction and editor of the first magazine to publish Beckett, announced that he preferred to give the reader a jolt, to show the "arse-end of civilization." Except for a rousing fight among the Scots, few writers dared to stand right-side up. The word "irony" recurred. Angus Wilson prescribed it as essential to the future of the novel. An Austrian, Erich Fried, said: "Through irony it is possible to remain in a tradition without being swallowed up by it." It's indeed ironical that the most positive statement came from Alan Paton, who had been denied a passport to attend. He wrote:

> I would have given a great deal to be with you. We are learning here to do without many freedoms. What is intolerable is to know that so many

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> of one's fellow South Africans, and I'm sorry to say mostly white ones, give up these freedoms without an apparent pang. They don't want freedom any more. They want only security.

He went on to describe the many forms of censorship in his country, the ban on just such gatherings as we were attending, and concluded, "I hope that one of the results of your conference will be the encouragement of the defenders of human liberty in all parts of the world."

Little encouragement was forthcoming. When a member of the press asked at a meeting on the last morning why no statements had been made on the world situation, on nuclear disarmament, why two out of the two and a half hours set aside to discuss censorship had been spent on sex and pornography, Douglas Young, the Scottish writer replied, "A writer must be concerned with minute particulars." He explained that he separated himself as "a writer and a person." Lawrence Durrell kept silent, as he did most of the time. Rosamund Lehmann said writers must protect their detachment. To Robert Jungk, Austrian-born journalist and scientist (*Brighter than a Thousand Suns*), the conference had up to that point presented "a picture of the private preoccupation of the Western writer."

John Calder, a London publisher whose list resembles that of Grove Press in New York and who was instrumental in organizing the conference, was asked whether he believed the afternoons might have taken a different turn if Sartre, de Beauvoir and Bertrand Russell had accepted their invitations. He replied reasonably and rather uncomfortably that he did not know.

THE BIG names who *were* present did not meet the challenge of the responsive audiences. After a wild reception, Henry Miller said the novel had been dead fifty years. Why discuss it? "I hope we'll get on to something stimulating, like music or painting," and he sat down. Durrell believed too many books were being written. He didn't read novels himself, but he said authors were giving performances instead of offering nourishment. He then offered little. "You must ask three questions of the novel. Does it make me care? Does it bring joy? Have I been changed by it?"

Muriel Spark disagreed: "You mustn't try to change people or you'll be like those people we write about. They try to boss everybody." She'd said earlier, "I know nothing about novels because I write them." One wondered why these writers came. Could it have been the publicity, the fact that hundreds of books were sold in the lobby, or because the expenses of many of the writers were paid by their publishers?

Some of the speakers tried to make genuine contributions. Mary McCarthy gave the impression that she couldn't quite control her cleverness. "The French novel is a vogue of dressmaking. Robbe-Grillet dropped the hemline and the others followed suit. The Italian novel is a branch of the Italian film." She approved of the work of Updike, Salinger, Welty, Malamud, Bellows. "Young writers are asking the identity question." She spoke of the "self-interrogation of the Jew." She disagreed with Angus Wilson's praise of the ironical Ivy Compton-Burnett: "How can she go on constantly writing the same book?" She found the work of William Burroughs (*The Naked Lunch*, banned in Great Britain and the United States) and Nabokov (*Lolita* and *Pale Fire*) most exciting. They pointed toward an "international novel of statelessness, the subject of the future. The national novel is dying like the nation-state."

This troubled the Israeli, Izhar Smilansky. "I come from a country where everything is beginning, yet I'm told the nation-state has died. We see an end to the longest exile known. Is anything as exciting as Israel's reception of refugees? Hold your everlasting laments and join us with songs of love. Will the large lands swallow up the small ones or is there room for us to be heard?"

THE question of nationalism came up again violently on the second day, when the Scots battled out the subject of what "language" to use. Alexander Reid, playwright, said "Scottish writing is not local color but being oneself. The traditions of England and Scotland are totally different." Glasgow-born Alexander Trocchi (he wrote *Cain's Book* on a Hudson River traprock barge) called the entire discussion "turgid petty provincial stale cold-porridge Bible-clasping nonsense. Of what is interesting in the last twenty years in Scottish writing, I myself have written it all." This was followed by name calling, a question from the audience: "Doesn't a country have to go through a phase of nationalism before it can become internationl?"

Thereupon Trocchi flew into a rage, dared the chairman to throw him out, and then left. Sidney Goodsir Smith, who had been patriotically sipping Scotch on the platform, approached the mike to say: "You can't make poetry in Esperanto. You can only make it in the language of the tribe."

The Scots kept apologizing afterward for their display, but it had more guts in it than most of the proceedings — especially Robin Jenkins' comment on identity: "I know who I am. The miners from Fife, the farm workers from the Mearns, know who they are. There is room for responsible, serious novelists to deal with these people as they are because they have a richness of humanity which the people in the books praised by Mr. Trocchi do not."

There was, in fact, little mention of alternatives, of room for many kinds of books. What prevailed, rather, was censorship by ridicule and thinking in the current fashion. Almost everyone took a swipe at Hugh MacDiarmid, the seventy-year-old poet, who offered himself as a sitting duck by announcing that he was committed to communism. John Amirthanayagen, attending from Ceylon, asked: "How can such a wonderful poet be such a political simpleton?" Lawrence Durrell, bland on the platform, showed great irritability toward MacDiarmid in a BBC recording. Muriel Spark giggled her agreement, adding that MacDiarmid was a marvelous poet, all the same. A chorus chanted in unison about the "conformity" of the novels of C. P. Snow. "They're not art, but sociology," said Angus Wilson. In a conference that spent much time on freedom for pornography, "sociology, politics and propaganda" were the only dirty words. Though Angus Wilson gave a stirring speech about a meeting with Alan Paton, "a private man forced to make a public stand," he did not say what he thought about Paton's novels. Were they exempt from the stigma of sociology as long as the author was taking a risk way out there in South Africa?

Miss McCarthy did say that many classics were propaganda novels especially those by Stendhal and Tolstoy, but the great fear seemed to be that any commitment broader than to oneself could only result in a relapse into the formula novels of social realism written in the thirties. Dame Rebecca West said "a writer is never committed to an idea. An idea possesses him and takes over."

In a Train

There has been a light snow.
Dark car tracks move toward us out of the darkness.
I stare at the train window marked with soft dust.
I have awakened at Missoula, Montana, utterly happy.

Robert Bly

She felt that some magazines, notably the *New Statesman*, had done irreparable damage, but that the novel was not dead. It suffered from bad criticism. "It would not matter if most of today's critics had been strangled at birth." She saw more life in modern drama and mentioned the work of Harold Pinter.

Angus Wilson believed that "in an age when individualism is under constant danger, the novel is to be respected because it is the celebration of the individual." He criticized the work of Kingsley Amis, John Wain and Alan Sillitoe. They were in the tradition of the old English novel of the good way of life and purely provincial. David Daiches thought that "the difficulty is to create positive heroes because we know too much about what makes the hero tick psychologically."

Khushwant Singh, in turban and beard, said the English had given the Indian novel a distinct commitment — to propagandize against English rule. He spoke of Iris Murdoch and the "sleeping-pill neurosis of the West, of preoccupations with nymphomania, lesbianism, drug-addiction, homosexuality, perversions so prevalent in these parts of the world. In India we are up against far graver problems." Later, he drew the densest applause of the conference when he stated his personal commitment to inner solitude, love, death and truth. This enormous response was interpreted by Robert Jungk as springing from "some spiritual craving of the audience," yet curiously enough, Singh's novels are mainly sociological.

It's hard to say what the very large audiences craved, for they applauded Hugh MacDiarmid, the Communist, as loudly as Alexander Trocchi, the self-confessed heroin addict. They applauded Singh when he said that homosexual love could not be as complete as heterosexual love, and they applauded Angus Wilson when he cried out, "Shame, shame," to that. They applauded an ex-pornographer who came up from the audience to say that there should be absolutely no curtailment on pornography, and they applauded Rebecca West when she pointed out a danger in this position. There is cruelty and sadism in all of us, she said, and wept as she described her feelings when she witnessed the sentencing of Julius Streicher. "I am completely opposed to capital punishment, yet I was glad to see a man sentenced to be hanged."

The future of the novel was discussed on the last day. William Burroughs asked for experimentation, borrowing new techniques from the film, painting, music. Durrell agreed: "We are trying to find a new cosmology." Norman Mailer said, "Man is grappling with material commodities. He wants to tame the machine." David Daiches believed that in the French novels, "We hope to find ourselves through objects and the consciousness of others, to assure ourselves that we are here." Trocchi felt a need to reflect the fragmentation of the modern world in his work. Peter Segedin, a Yugoslav writer, asked, "Is Western painting heading toward the destruction of the object, its literature toward the destruction of character?"

Fire and Shell

The brutish turtle picked a hard,
unbending shell,
So heavy that it held him in the mud,
That first blast shelter.
There humans softly naked visit him
And bake him sweet.

Arthur and Howard Waskow

"The real trouble," said Mary McCarthy, "is that the novelist can't seriously believe in the future, not even the present. It's too incredible. It has to be toned down." Richard Hughes said writers are not superlatively intelligent. They cannot provide answers. They can only ask questions.

Robert Jungk called for serious novelists to "bridge the gap between the sciences and humanity. There should be people who can lift us up, let us see the picture as a whole. In this conference there is too much passion for the end, for the dark, for destruction. There are plenty of people who want to live on into the future and the novelists are creating nothing for them."

Angus Wilson, Stephen Spender, Erich Fried and Mary McCarthy attacked this plea. Jungk was asking for a messiah. Novelists are humble people; they can write only out of their own experience. "Jungk speaks of the novelist in a most utilitarian way," said Miss McCarthy, "as if he were some sort of plumber who has failed to fix the drains." Significantly, the conference ended with six writers grouped at a table urgently trying to convince Jungk why such novels could not be written. In any case not by them.

The conference was considered great box office. In the general opinion there will be others. Perhaps Sartre, de Beauvoir, Ehrenburg, Moravia, Bertrand Russell, Sholokhov will accept their invitations next time. Perhaps Paton will come. What would these "silent and cunning" dissenters have to say in his presence?

ART

Hilton Kramer

IN ART a man may be a prophet without becoming a believer. He may point to a promised land, but have neither the wish nor the will to reside there himself. Such, I believe, was the case with Arthur B. Davies. He was one of the men most directly responsible for introducing the modernist art of Europe into American life, yet he never quite succumbed to modernist doctrine in his own painting. He remained an exponent of nineteenth-century allegory and romance, a visionary of innocent ritual and pastoral dreams. His critical faculty, which gave him immediate and sympathetic access to the most radical ideas prevailing in the European art of his time, seems not to have affected his sensibility as a painter in any useful way. His mind was divided, and he remained ingenuously loyal to each of its disparate persuasions.

Davies played two important but unequal roles in the history of modern

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painting in this country; and, as it happens, they are both coming due for commemoration and recognition. He was first of all a very gifted artist; he was also a remarkably open-minded and percipient observer of other people's art. Born in Utica, New York, in 1862, Davies is currently the subject of a centennial exhibition which opened at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in his home town this summer and which can now be seen at the Whitney Museum, in New York, for the month beginning September 19, before going on tour to Rochester, Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Boston. He was, moreover, one of the prime movers in organizing the celebrated Armory Show of 1913, soon to be reassembled in a fiftieth-anniversary exhibition that is certain to provoke a thousand expressions of pious acclaim for every note of dissent that was sounded a half-century ago. The convergence of these two events thus repeats the cruel irony which presided over Davies' career in his lifetime. The Armory Show should have been a vindication of his achievement as an artist; instead it introduced a standard of judgment by which his own accomplishment could only be found wanting in historical and artistic relevance. And now this centennial survey of his life's work—he died in 1928—is destined to be overshadowed by an anniversity celebration which commemorates, among other things, his own good judgment.

THE SPONSORS of the Davies exhibition have done nothing to rescue the artist's reputation from this historical irony. On the contrary, they have taken refuge in it, using it as a cover for their failure to provide a coherent statement on Davies' development and significance as an artist. Two museum officials, both purporting to be experts on American painting, provide the catalogue texts which, in both length and character, are indistinguishable from book-jacket blurbs. (The third contribution, a short letter by the late Walter Pach recounting Davies' role in the Armory Show, is clearly intended to be the principal statement.) The study of American painting in the nineteenth century has rarely attracted first-class minds, and the results of this situation are clearly revealed in the intellectual shoddiness of the present endeavor. It has been left to the graphic designer to provide a handsomely printed booklet, complete with lavender end papers, in lieu of the definitive catalogue and critical introduction which are not even attempted.

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THE pity is that Davies was in many ways a typical case — the American painter of limited gifts whose lack of a fixed tradition exposed him to enervating uncertainties and alien experiments — and a serious study of his work would tell us a great deal about a whole class of American artists both of his own time and of ours. Davies shared some of the interests and weaknesses of the Pre-Raphaelite painters in England. He was much attracted to the work of Botticelli and Blake, and wanted to make his painting a kind of allegorical poetry. What prevented him from following through on this ambition was primarily his greater sensitivity to the visual discriminations of the painting medium, but he was hampered by something else as well: the lack of a clearly defined group ideology of the sort that buoyed even the weakest of the Pre-Raphaelites on their artistic quest. The only strength Davies could muster against his uncertainties was a close adherence to his own experience. (In this, too, he was firmly in the line of artists from Copley to Hartley who were always strongest when they stayed close to first-hand observation and eschewed foreign concepts.) It is no accident that the finest painting in the centennial exhibition is the landscape, *Along the Erie Canal* (1890), painted in Davies' home country. This picture has all those qualities of pastoral reverie and dreamlike delicacy that characterize his best work, and it is uncorrupted by the "ideas" and inventions which ruin so many of his pictures and which seem to have no reason for being other than his chronic failure of confidence in his own unaided vision. *Along the Erie Canal* is one of the loveliest landscapes produced in this country in the nineteenth century, and its purity is itself a criticism of the distortions and false ambitions which dominated Davies' later works.

THIS later work, with its profusion of nymphlike nudes and symbolical attitudes and its potpourri of stylistic devices from Puvis de Chavannes to Boccioni and Jacques Villon, makes a very distressing spectacle. All of Davies' natural poetry, which was always more a matter of the brush responding to the delicacy of his eye than he could ever believe, gradually dies out, giving way at every point to the importunities of stylistic concepts which could never be assimilated to his native innocence. Davies was not one of those artists who simply adopt another man's style and outlook. He remained intensely loyal to his own dream, which aspired to a vision of man and nature in a lyrical harmony beyond the reach of experience. His adoption of *avant-garde* methods was intended to amplify and dramatize the dimensions of that dream, but it succeeded only in alienating his art from the very source of his innocence—that clear-eyed delight in natural fact and delicate feeling which is the starting point of all his real achievements. His use of modernist devices introduced the element of worldly sophistication into his art that his view of experience had always sought to avoid. The sympathy and respect he lavished on the innovations of modern art may have been a great service to his countrymen—for the Armory Show robbed us all of an innocence that the First World War would have shortly made insupportable in any case — but they marked the downfall of an appealing and courageous artist.

HILTON KRAMER will be The Nation's *art critic for the 1962-63 season, in the absence of Max Kozloff who is living and working this year in Europe. Mr. Kramer, until recently the editor of* Arts, *is completing a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be published by Doubleday-Anchor.*

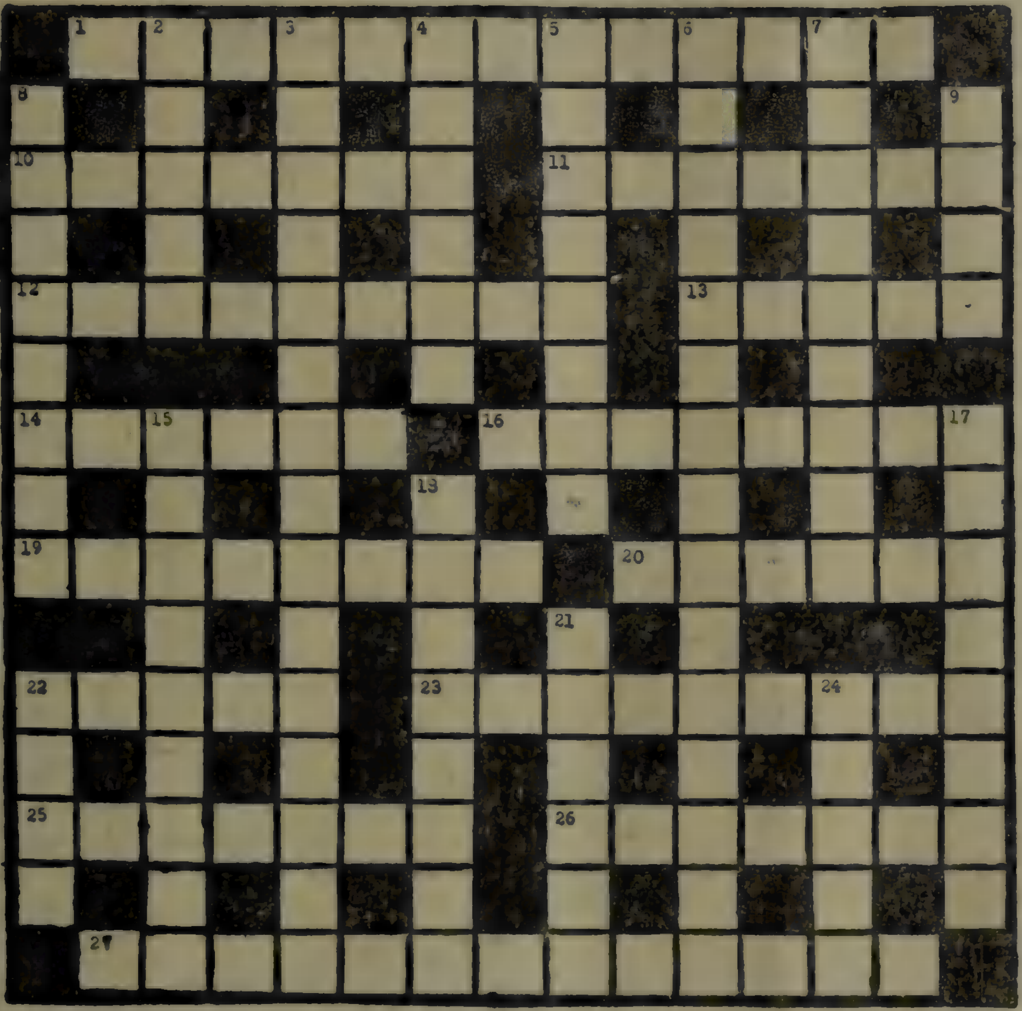
Correction

Two lines and a stanza space were transposed in the poem, "I Want To Live," by Clayton Eshleman [*The Nation*, September 1]. The passage should have read:

> On top Don Quixote
> beaming from burro-back
> wearing his father's boots, his
> sombrero . . .
>
> at thirteen he left home
> to move across the street

Crossword Puzzle No. 977

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What one can do with an umbrella is a real challenge! (3, 2, 2, 4, 2)

10 How to spot a good paint job? (7)

11 Both 5 and 22 across might be such clues, and yet claim us to be wrong. (7)

12 Is it agreeable to examine the boy worker? (9)

13 See 14

14 and 13 Life poses, in the possession of Cuba, in the main. (4, 2, 5)

16 They should be capable of looking out for themselves. (8)

19 Contrive. (8)

20 Treats groups of growing trees? (6)

22 See 24 down

23 Acute loss suffered by one's champion, perhaps. (4, 5)

25 Nothing in the rabble could cause you to get work out of it. (7)

26 Just happens to be a side bet? (7)

27 They should not offer amendments to liberty. (7, 6)

DOWN:

2 Reputedly this contains powerful stuff. (5)

3 You can't say such things! (15)

4 Does such a street have a unique manner? (3-3)

5 An Arab, for example, gets around on only half a step. (8)

6 Certainly not like Ellington's lady. (15)

7 World government business is evidently a matter of indifference. (9)

8 Such a fold of strata makes nice soil, at any rate. (8)

9 Superior to desire? (4)

15 Politician with a pigeon at the bottom of the list? (3, 6)

17 Waiters are sometimes kept in it. (8)

18 Might be the first of 14, but what turns is over-slow. (3, 5)

21 A line the speaker declares impassable? (6)

22 The mournful sound of very unlikable chaps? (4)

24 and 22 across One way to make a line for someone 18 or 19, descriptively. (10)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 976

ACROSS: 1 Andersonville; 10 Lit up; 11 Ectoplasm; 12 Consorted; 13 Tesla; 14 Abstruseness; 19 Pediatrician; 22 Arles; 24 Confidant; 25 Extirpate; 26 Ichor; 27 Arabian Nights. DOWN: 2 Nutant; 3 Euphorbia; 4 Spectator; 5 Noted; 6 Input; 7 Leadsmen; 8 Slack; 9 Embassy; 15 Unconcern; 16 Examining; 17 Opiates; 18 Idolater; 20 Sachet; 21 Stork; 23 Shrub; 24 Clara.

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THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 29, 1962 . . 25c

New York City

Reform Politics: a Biopsy

Blanche D. Blank

St. Petersburg, Fla.

POSSE for a VIRUS

David Binder

Cuba

INVITATION to DISASTER

Ronald Hilton

LETTERS

Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: I was most interested in "Puerto Rico: Plebiscite for Identity," by Carey McWilliams, in your Sept. 15 issue. I fully agree that a plebiscite is as important for us as it is for the Puerto Ricans. But how many Congressmen know and respect Puerto Rico? . . . We have been going there regularly for the last six years and the island has become for us an inspiration. One finds there racial equality, the flowering of the cooperative idea (especially in housing), the stupendous "Operation Bootstrap." (We had a mural created by Mariana von Allesch for the outside of our studio, depicting the three major reasons of our love for Puerto Rico: the sun, the Casals Festivals and "Operation Bootstrap.") Neither in Statehood nor in Independence is there any guarantee for the development, or even the continuation, of the island's truly social-democratic programs, and this is why I do not see how any Puerto Rican worker in his senses can oppose the Commonwealth goal of the Popular Democratic Party. ANNOT JACOBI
Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Re Mr. McWilliams' article: All sovereignty over Puerto Rico is invested in the U.S. Congress. We Puerto Ricans are prohibited by law to use the services of merchant vessels of foreign nationality to transport our imports and exports to the United States. We are under obligatory military service under a Congressional law in which we Puerto Ricans did not have anything to say. We have a Resident Commissioner in the House of Representatives of the United States who has no vote, and can speak only when allowed to do so by the unanimous vote of the Representatives. We are allowed to refine only 12 per cent of the sugar we produce; the rest is refined in the States. Seventy-eight per cent of the industrial and commercial investments in the island are in the hands of North American investors; only 22 per cent in the hands of Puerto Ricans. We have a federal court here whose proceedings are carried out in English, a foreign language to us. The decisions of our so-called supreme court can be revoked by the U.S. Supreme Court. The FBI is rampant here and interferes with our local police. The U.S. Armed Forces can expropiate any land they wish without paying for it (already they have expropriated more than 80,000 acres). One-third of our population has been compelled to emigrate to the continent for lack of employment.

If Independence does not have a large group of followers, it is because its supporters are persecuted and slandered both by the local police and by the FBI. In the sixty-four years of American occupation, there has been a veritable brainwashing in our schools to dissuade our youth from *Independista* feelings. . . . CARMEN L. CASTRO
San Juan, P.R.

Servant of Politics

Dear Sirs: Carl Dreher's article ["Wrong Way to the Moon," Sept. 15] seems to treat only briefly a very important relationship between science and politics.

Since industrialization, science has been a servant of the industrial state. The political relationships between states determines the amount of scientific cooperation. To say that such cooperation may be helped by political agreement, as Mr. Dreher stated, is misleading; it depends *entirely* upon political agreement. Scientists would do better today to consider a solution to the political barriers preventing a free exchange of ideas and information between the United States and the USSR, rather than tax their wits trying to cooperate in the midst of political hostility.
Mt. Kisco, N.Y. DAVID WUCHINICH

Peace Candidates

Dear Sirs: I was delighted to read your fine appraisal of H. Stuart Hughes [*The Nation*, Sept. 22]. I suggest that all peace groups and those in favor of Mr. Hughes's policies band together in financial support to aid his campaign for the Senate. This might serve to influence the independent voters, or those who, while admiring Hughes, believe he has no chance of being elected.
Miami, Fla. EVELYN U. SCHMITT

Dear Sirs: It is hard to see how any number of "peace candidates" ("Peace Takes to the Hustings," July 28, and "Hughes for the Senate," Sept. 22) can make much more of a contribution to peace than the liberal Democrats and Republicans already in Congress (which is to say, just about none). These peace candidates, if elected, are going to grow old trying to get past the roadblocks set up by old-guard Republicans and their Dixiecrat allies among Democrats. . . .

Liberals tend wistfully to regret that the Southern Negro is deprived of his vote, but they generally feel this is his grief rather than their own, and that they have more urgent things to worry about; such as the threat of war. They overlook the support all war parties are receiving from the same powers who oppress the Negro. . . . The fastest way to achieve liberal goals on any front might be to press for greater Negro enfranchisement in the South, and liberation of both national parties from Dixiecrat manipulation. SHELBY COOPER
New York City

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The Nation, Sept. 29, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 9

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by **The Nation** Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 9

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'Do Something!'

The pressures on the President to act still more forcibly in Cuba are not likely to decrease; on the contrary, everything—including the resolution passed last week by Congress—points to their augmentation. "In the absence of a more positive policy," *Time* (September 21) editorializes, "there was increasing talk about a solid rock upon which current U.S. action against Cuba might be based." *Time* then takes a deep breath and lets fly with an oratorical one-sentence paragraph: "The rock is the Monroe Doctrine." (See also: "Cuba: Invitation to Disaster," page 171.)

Time then goes on for five solid pages to expound the doctrine for the benefit of ordinary Americans, most of whom, it says correctly, have only the foggiest notion of what it says and means. When *Time* gets through, the fog is still more dense, for *Time* omits the crucial point about the Monroe Doctrine. At the time of its promulgation, it offered a *quid pro quo* for the inhibition of European colonization in the Americas. Walter Lippmann points out in the New York *Herald Tribune* (September 18) that the American claim for the isolation of the Western Hemisphere "was coupled with a renunciation of American interest in the Eastern Hemisphere." Lippmann quotes: "In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so." We would keep off their doorstep and they must keep off ours. That policy did not originate with Monroe, but with George Washington. This basis of the Monroe Doctrine, as *The Nation* pointed out editorially in its issue of September 15, disappeared with the Second World War. Lippmann dates its inapplicability earlier, but arrives at the same conclusion: "We cannot invoke the Monroe Doctrine without meeting the question of what we are doing all over Europe and Asia."

One could go still further. In the twentieth century the doctrine, even if it were still legally and morally enforceable, is insufferable to the Latin Americans and in no small measure is responsible for our troubles in this hemisphere. The fact is that by excluding other influences we have made ourselves Latin America's Big Brother, and we are resented as we deserve. The resentment is diplomatically concealed in view of American promises of aid in staving off revolution, but even the rich Latin Americans do not like the idea of American suzerainty over the hemisphere. "The flaw in American policy," Tom Stacey writes in the *Sunday Times* (London) after a visit to Latin America, ". . . is that it does not take into sufficient account the basic psychological component of inter-American tension — namely, that Latin America, at a certain deep level of mind, resists any vision for its future concocted in Washington." At the same time *The Wall Street Journal* reports a massive reluctance on the part of Latin American nations to follow the United States in punitive measures against Castro.

These are facts which the "do something" brigade chooses to ignore — but they remain facts. It is also a fact that precisely because Castro is weakening, the Soviet Union is trying to shore up his regime with materiel and technicians. But unless the President and his spokesmen — Bowles, Clark, Humphrey, et al. — take the initiative and hold it, they may find themselves, as well as the country, in irremediable trouble. The President cannot continue to carry water on both shoulders. The Cuban *émigrés* whom he encourages will take matters into their own hands. They are talking of torpedoing a Soviet freighter, and they are perfectly capable of this or some equally insane catalytic action. Then neither Kennedy nor Khrushchev may be able to control the situation.

Dragon's Teeth

U.S. policy in Southeast Asia and, for that matter, in other parts of this world which is no longer wide, has been to make an ally of any miscreant as long as he was anti-Communist, and then to provide him with munificent subsidies and military and propaganda services. Occasionally, also, a reputable regime has been the recipient of our bounty; we are not particular. But, whatever the character of the beneficiary, the general effect has been to speed up the militarization of the area and to make all concerned sore at Uncle Sam. Thus Pakistan blames us for furnishing materiel to

India, and India for aiding Pakistan. The same situation is now arising in the chief trouble spot of Southeast Asia — the Vietnam-Laos-Cambodia-Thailand quadrangle.

Cambodia has not been one of our favorites; its stipends have been a mere token handout, compared with the billions poured into South Vietnam. Nor, from a cold-war standpoint, has Cambodia been deserving of real largess. Its chief of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, has been an avowed neutralist and was one of the engineers of the tripartite *modus vivendi* which, at least for the time being, ended the civil war in Laos. Lying between Thailand (ruled by the pro-West military dictator Marshal Sarit Thanarat) and South Vietnam (ruled by the even more ardent Ngo Dinh Diem), Cambodia has been accused of allowing aid to reach the allegedly Communist Vietcong guerrillas. Sihanouk himself sent his son to school in Moscow. Cambodia and its chief of state are scarcely paladins of the anti-communism crusade to which the United States has dedicated itself.

Yet, fresh from the halls of the dedicated Ngo Dinh Diem, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, chairman-designate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, flew to Phnom Penh, the Cambodian seat of government, to confer with the heretical Sihanouk. The reason was plain. Sihanouk had not only been griping about American aid to South Vietnam and Thailand; he had been threatening to seek aid from Red China unless Cambodia's independence and neutrality — now threatened, he contends, by Thailand and South Vietnam — were guaranteed by the Great Powers. And, since South Vietnam is receiving American military aid without stint or limit — to all intents and purposes we are belligerents there — Sihanouk demands military aid too, so that he can guarantee his own independence and neutrality. Almost synchronously with General Taylor's arrival, Cambodia did receive a dozen North American T-28 fighter-bomber training planes, programed some twelve to eighteen months earlier. But Sihanouk wants more.

From Phnom Penh, General Taylor flew to Banghok, where Marshal Sarit received him with the cordiality of a middle-aged wife whose husband has just brought home a chorus girl as a permanent companion. General Taylor assured Marshal Sarit that it was nothing, that the Cambodian aircraft would never be used against good old Thailand. Marshal Sarit disagreed, as did other members of his government. "If this goes on long enough," said Interior Minister Praphas Charusathien, "we will become disgusted."

Perhaps disgusted himself, General Taylor flew on to Jakarta, Indonesia. What the future holds in Southeast Asia no man can say — except that the sowing of the dragon's teeth will continue, and the American taxpayer will continue to pay.

The Great God Profit

A great nation can become trapped in an obsolete ideology as fatally as a beaver can get caught in a trap. In our business-oriented culture, it is assumed that if a profit can be made in anything, it is somehow immoral not to make it. It is this snare that has got us off to a wrong start with the astronauts, the foremost national heroes of our day, and that will cause increasing embarrassment not only in astronautics, but in all branches of government as the space program develops.

The government made the initial mistake with the original group of astronauts when it permitted them to sell their stories to Time, Inc. under a $500,000 contract. When the real-estate brokers and developers of Houston, Texas, followed up this deal by trying to give the astronauts split-level or ranch-type houses, complete with appliances, it was a little too much. At that time, that is; as things are going, such tie-ups may become quite tolerable. Like movie actors, the astronauts may be permitted to endorse General Motors cars or Chesterfield cigarettes or Schick razor blades. It is not such a far cry from the first group's investment of their funds in the plushiest motel in Cocoa Beach, to the sort of commercialization which has become routine in other branches of public life.

When the astronauts' deal with Time, Inc. was made, some key officials in the space program were strongly opposed. The President himself, shortly after he took office, was reported to have expressed his displeasure over this permissive policy. Yet when the question arose once more with the selection of a new group of astronauts, neither he nor the Space Administration could find a better solution than a set of regulations which can be circumvented by any adviser capable of passing the bar examinations. According to a story by John W. Finney in the September 16 *New York Times*, some of the astronauts themselves were active in influencing the final decision, which overrode the "unfortunate" air of commercialism pervading a national effort whose goal is national prestige and which is supported by all the nation's taxpayers.

Finney's informants state further that the Kennedy Administration "was influenced by the consideration that the astronauts, who receive roughly $10,000 a year in military pay, were grossly underpaid for their hazardous missions and therefore should be permitted to supplement their salaries." One might as well say that Nathan Hale was grossly underpaid for giving his life for his country — or any officer or draftee who may be killed in combat or by accident in the service. If any of the astronauts lose their lives, it will be as volunteers for hazardous duty in the service of their country, and their widows and children will be supported, educated and otherwise provided for in accordance with existing law. If these provisions are inadequate, the Congress and the President can augment them, but the United States presents a sorry picture to the world when its most publicized and most honored government employees are encouraged to make a fast buck by orbiting the earth or flying to the moon.

How to Succeed in Business

Conflicts of interest involving patriots who oscillate between "private" defense business and the government are chronic and may be regarded as inherent in the nature of our military-industrial setup. Senator J. Glenn Beall (R., Md.) called attention to a particularly juicy one in the *Congressional Record* of September 11. Senator Beall quoted in its entirety an article by Howard Norton in the Baltimore *Sun*. Writing from Washington, Norton asserted that "a former high Navy official has set up shop here to represent a defense contractor with whom this same official negotiated a big contract for the Navy only last spring." It is in a sense a success story. The defense contractor is the Franklin Intitute of Philadelphia, known chiefly in less palmy days as a commemorative body for American science and the custodian of a scientific museum. The high Navy official is a former insurance adjuster in Florida. He rose in the world as administrative assistant to Rep. Paul C. Rogers, also of Florida. When the Democrats came in, Robinson, the ex-insurance adjuster, was appointed Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Research and Development.

Everybody knows that the conventional business of educational institutions, viz. education, is now rivaled or exceeded in importance by work in weapons development for the Department of Defense. The Franklin Institute also entered this burgeoning field. For some twenty years the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had been doing work for the Navy in weapons evaluation and analysis. For various reasons Robinson, as special assistant in the field, began to look around for another contractor to take over part of this work. The Franklin Institute was no great shakes in this line while M.I.T. was and is, but Robinson felt that the institute could serve the Navy effectively and negotiated a contract with it.

According to Norton, the cost to the government will be higher than under the arrangement with M.I.T. Be that as it may, Robinson, upon completion of the negotiations, promptly resigned. With what Norton seems to regard as unseemly haste, Robinson then became assistant to Francis L. Jackson, director of the Franklin Intitute, the very man with whom he had negotiated the contract. So now Robinson's salary, and presumably Jackson's, in large part is being paid by the Navy through the Franklin Institute.

An official of the institute explained that it needed Robinson "because of his extensive knowledge of the workings of the Navy hierarchy and because of the Franklin Institute's lack of experience in this field." This has the virtue of frankness, at least. What Benjamin Franklin would think of the whole affair can only be conjectured.

Cuba: INVITATION TO DISASTER . .

by Ronald Hilton

AS AMERICAN citizens, we have a prime responsibility to defend this country. To assume, however, that this means that we must immediately invade Cuba or obliterate that small republic is to put ourselves on the same intellectual level as the Latin Americans who believe that they are satisfying their honor if they kill their political adversary. Yet we have reached a collective frame of mind in which it is considered un-American to counsel prudence.

Being a good American may require the use of force, just as in World Wars I and II it was right for Britain to confront the tyranny of Germany. One does not have to be a pacifist to say that America should in its own interest pursue a policy based on a realistic assessment of the situation and seek a lasting rather than a temporary solution.

It may be true that the only lesson we learn from history is that we learn nothing from it. Yet the atmosphere today is strikingly similar to that preceding 1898, when the Hearst and Pulitzer press both stimulated and echoed the demands that the United States invade Cuba. President McKinley was at first hesitant, but public opinion pushed him to an act which has had repercussions down to the present day. It is the general Cuban thesis that the United States entered that war at the last minute to seize the spoils and to create a colonial economy subject to the United States. Since Fidel Castro is the end product of the process set off in 1898, it seems — with the advantage that hindsight gives us — that the decision to go to war then may not have been in the best long-run interests of this country. Certainly the image of the United States suffered sharply because of the 1898 invasion; the hostility which plagues us in Latin America developed largely from Teddy Roosevelt's "splendid little war." Madison Avenue surely cannot approve of such ventures.

The proponents of direct action

RONALD HILTON is Director of the Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies, Stanford University, and editor of Hispanic American Report.

against Castro cover quite a prism of ideas. At one extreme, Senator Homer Capehart (R., Ind.), who is not widely known for sagacity in international affairs, has long advocated invasion, as has Senator Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.). Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) proposes to use a foreign legion, a rather discredited military invention. Senator George Smathers (D., Fla.) prefers to talk about a NATO-type force. Senator John G. Tower (R., Tex.) wants to try the Bay of Pigs gambit again, but bigger and better. Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) demands a blockade, without specifying what we would do if the Russians made the blockade a *casus belli.* [See editorial, 'Do Something!', page 169.]

President Kennedy and Senator Wayne Morse have strongly urged prudence before unleashing a bloody war, but it is hard to find a Congressman who has pointed out that, so long as we maintain aggressive bases in places like Formosa and Turkey, it is morally impossible for us to object on ethical grounds to what the Russians do in Cuba. Senator J. William Fulbright (D., Ark.), chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and a man of far wider vision than most of his colleagues, realizes that this is so, but he has felt compelled to express himself discreetly. Many statesmen, however, have gone so far as to point out that Cuba is simply one piece of a larger international situation and that the Cuban crisis cannot be resolved in isolation.

WE should have learned from Indochina and Algeria that one cannot sit on bayonets and that public opinion in the world and in Cuba must be taken into account. One learns little about world opinion from the Russian press, the Cuban press or the American press. We may look at the press of the Western allies of the United States for what is presumably the most pro-American interpretation to be found (the neutralist press of, say, Egypt or India will certainly be less pro-American). It is hard to find a single Western newspaper, even among those given to heckling the United States, prepared to say a good word for the Soviet venture in Cuba. The liberal *Manchester Guardian*, which frequently seems anti-American, in its editorial of September 12, entitled "Fishing in Troubled Waters," says that Khrushchev's recent statements on Cuba have been quite unconvincing. Low has a cartoon showing a tank marked with a hammer and sickle and the label "Cuba: Technical Personnel." The tank has knocked down a barbed-wire fence and the sign "Monroe Doctrine." A Russian soldier and Castro are looking out of the tank turret. Castro remarks: "The Americans? pah! They will stand anything." The caption reads "Famous Last Words." Low, a liberal, fears that an irresponsible Castro and a determined Russia may touch off a holocaust.

WHILE the liberal press speaks without sympathy of Russia, the conservative press finds it hard to muster any respect for the American position. Senator Fulbright probably spoke for only a minority of Americans when he told Robert Taylor of the Washington *Star*: "Those 'super-patriots' who get so concerned about what the Russians are doing [in Cuba] ignore completely that we are doing the same thing in many parts of the world." Yet this viewpoint is common outside the United States. The Monroe Doctrine is a shibboleth in the United States, but Hiram Bingham's title *The Monroe Doctrine — an Obsolete Shibboleth* would seem to make sense to anyone but an American.* The conservative *Daily Telegraph* of September 10, in an editorial entitled "Rocking Chair Diplomacy," says: "America really abandoned the Monroe Doctrine when she entered the Second World War."

A double standard may seem proper to the Americans, but it makes little sense to anyone else. No European will accept the theory that Cuba and Berlin are unrelated issues. A European is disturbed when he reads in the *U.S. News & World Report* of September 17: "*War*, in the end, may be forced as the answer, *not big war*, not world war, but full-scale invasion" (as though it would be an American decision to circumscribe the field of combat). Obviously recommending that the United States risk a war over Cuba, *Time* magazine said on September 14: "It may come to this — the United States could get the job done itself, once and for all." Since *U.S. News & World Report* and *Time* express the viewpoint of conservative American capitalism, such a statement shakes the confidence of the world in the global vision of American business.

In an editorial entitled "Cuba: Another Spain?" the Toronto *Globe and Mail* of September 4 said:

> The announcement in Moscow that the Soviet Government has agreed to meet the requests of the Cuban Government for military and economic aid can be expected to give new impetus to the rising hysteria about Cuba among some sections of opinion in the United States. It will provide more ammunition for the irresponsible politicians in the U.S. Senate and elsewhere who are already demanding military action to wipe out communism in Cuba.

The *Globe and Mail* suggests that, unless the United States shows prudence, Cuba may spark World War III just as Spain sparked World War II. The newspaper believes that the war psychosis characteristic of America today is reminiscent of 1898:

> All the incidents of recent days, in fact, add up to very little when examined calmly. The situation in Cuba has not markedly changed, and the United States is no more threatened than it was months ago. Taken together and exaggerated, however, the incidents can be made to appear alarming.

AS FOR Latin America, we should scarcely regard as *vox populi* the demand of the Somoza dictatorship that the United States initiate military action against Cuba. Throughout Latin America there has been an almost complete disillusionment with Castro among the middle classes with which Americans are in touch. It would seem, however, that among the peasant groups, whose voice is scarcely heard, the prestige of Castro is still quite high. A disillusionment with Castro does not in any case mean enthusiasm for the United States or for U.S. police actions. The general feeling is "A plague on both your houses" — which of course was the attitude of the United States toward foreign disputants until World War II. The *U.S. News & World Report* of September 17 confirmed this in an article entitled "Count Me Out." One manifestation of this attitude is to be seen in the growth of the nonintervention policy — the so-called Estrada doctrine — which seems at present to be the principal preoccupation of Latin American governments. If any kind of intromission into the affairs of Latin American republics is permitted, they argue, the door may be opened to a series of U.S. interventions south of the border. This obsession has almost paralyzed inter-American diplomatic relations.

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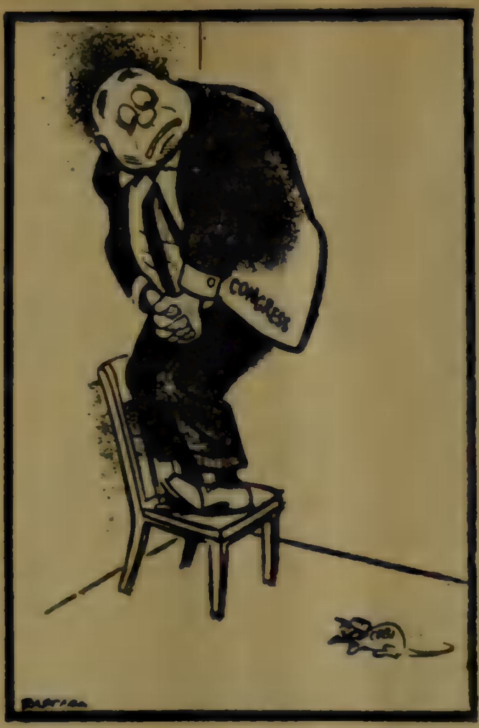
*Senator Bingham once said that he never lived down the title of that book.

One result is that the Organization of American States (OAS) has become virtually inoperative. The United States would like to work through the OAS, but finds it almost impossible to do so. As *U.S. News & World Report* said on September 17: "Will OAS, the hemispheric United Nations, come to U.S. aid? Not a chance. OAS, like the U.N., is a combination debating and social organization." The OAS is generally discredited. The attempts of Venezuela and the United States to get the OAS to do something about the wave of military coups in Latin America have failed dismally.

IN A LONG and carefully prepared speech before the Senate on September 19, Senator Dodd expressed the common American viewpoint that we should try to work through the OAS, but, if the OAS proves to be an inadequate instrument, we should go it alone. He quotes Salvador de Madariaga's demand in *Between the Bear and the Eagle* for forceful action against Castro:

> I believe that the proposal of Professor de Madariaga for collective action by the Organization of American States in support of Cuban freedom is the ideal for which we should strive. But if such action cannot be organized, if our Latin American friends continue to shilly-shally, then, as President Kennedy suggested in his historic speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors after the Bay of Pigs disaster, we must be prepared to act alone in support of the Cuban people.



S. F. Chronicle

Senator Keating (R., N.Y.) rushed to express his support for Senator Dodd's "six-point plan of action." Their speeches together confirm the belief that the most violent anti-Castro feeling is to be found in New York — the focal point of U.S. financial interests. Unfortunately for him, Senator Dodd's speech did not carry much conviction, since his support of dictators like Franco has disqualified him in the eyes of most serious Western observers. It should be pointed out parenthetically that (ex-) Professor Salvador de Madariaga is no longer really a liberal and that his biography of Bolivar revealed him to be a man who was out of touch with the dynamics of Latin American history. In brief, the attitude toward the OAS is one of impatience in the United States and of distrust or indifference in Latin America.

THE feeling of hostile neutrality in Latin America is heightened by the well-documented belief there that the aim of the United States, through inter-American organizations and programs, is to strengthen military regimes which hopefully will provide the United States with what Colombians are now calling "sepoys." Despite the objections of some of the major Latin American powers, the United States has pushed through its plan for an Inter-American Defense College, now established at Fort McNair, Washington. The Commandant is General Thomas Van Natta of the United States. Only Washington stupidity or a deliberate desire to offend could have led to the appointment of General Juan Esteban Aguirre of Paraguay as Assistant Commandant. If we are governed by an establishment which does not realize the implications of giving such a high post to a representative of the Stroessner dictatorship, we have lost the struggle for men's minds. However much we may dislike Castro, the fact is that if the common people of Latin America, indeed of the world, have to choose between Stroessner and Castro, they will choose Castro.

IT IS extraordinarily difficult to assess Cuban public opinion. Both the American and Cuban press are useless in this regard. Since in recent weeks the Cuban Government has become almost paranoic (or, as the Cuban regime would claim, realistic) in its fear of spies, European newsmen have been harassed, and the European press has ceased to provide an objective account of Cuban public opinion. (Latin American public opinion is volatile and voluble; and, even with good information, does not easily lend itself to accurate characterization.) Yet we feel fairly safe in saying that, at this juncture, only a small minority of Cubans in Cuba would accept Senator Dodd's branding of Castro as the Cuban Quisling. The recent war scare has undoubtedly enhanced his prestige in the island. All the reports we have received at the Stanford offices of the *Hispanic American Report* suggest that the estimate given by Professor Samuel Shapiro in his article "Cuba Today" (*The Nation*, September 22, 1962) is correct. It dovetails perfectly with the report sent to us by a young French scientist who recently visited Cuba.

Whether it is a good or a bad thing, whether we like it or not, Fidel Castro still holds the imagination of the Cuban masses. His regime has more popular support than those of most of the other Latin American Caribbean republics. We should bear this in mind when we calculate the prospects for the outcome of an invasion of Cuba.

Professor David D. Burks of the University of Michigan (Dearborn Center) thinks the Castro regime is here to stay, at least for some time:

> Articles based on the imminent collapse of Castro are false optimism. Should he fail to reach the economic gains promised to the Cuban people — and manage to blame the failure on the U.S. — economic adversity could make the people even more loyal. If he succeeds (with help from the Communist countries and good sugar production), he will have a Socialistic showcase in the Western Hemisphere. If this happens, he will be in power for a long time.

Burks believes that the United States and Castro may find an accommodation within the next two or three years. While Russia wishes to keep its hold on Cuba as a counter-threat to Berlin, there are abundant signs that Russia does not want to go to war over Cuba and would indeed be happy if Castro and the United States would come to an agreement. In view of this, the policy of President Kennedy is prudent and well advised, even if it does not appear to have the vote-getting appeal of the theatrics of the politicians who want direct and violent action.

As *The New York Times* said in a September 6 editorial, "An aggression by Cuba, either against the United States or another Latin American country, would be suicidal, and hence is not to be expected." Even though Cubans may be prepared to die for Castro, they realize that Senator Clair Engle of California was speaking realistically when he said that the United States has the power to blow the top off Cuba. The United States and Russia likewise realize that in the succeeding few hours, the top might be blown off the United States and the Soviet Union.

On balance, therefore, it would seem that the course of action—or, as his critics would say, inaction — plotted by President Kennedy and his Administration is in the best interests of the United States and of humanity. It is un-American to make it appear that it is un-American. No apologies need be made for it. Should the enemies of the Administration choose to make a propaganda issue of it, they may be sure that they will have neither the facts, nor the opinion of humanity, nor the past, nor the future on their side. A decision to launch or not to launch a war requires sober reflection and not the political vituperation which may be properly used only in denouncing scalawags or fools. Those who counsel prudence in the Cuban issue are neither. At least as much as their adversaries, they place America first.

REFORM POLITICS: a Biopsy . . *by Blanche D. Blank*

THE REFORM movement of the New York City Democratic Party is part of a national groundswell that is particularly noticeable in the major parties of the large urban centers of California, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and, of course, New York. Because New York City is so pivotal politically, the vicissitudes of its "new politics" have certain important implications for the country as a whole.

Just a year ago the New York City reform movement (roughly identified as those Democratic clubs belonging to the Committee for Democratic Voters (CDV), a sort of reform holding company under the spiritual and material aegis of ex-Governor Herbert Lehman, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and other prominent figures) rose to undreamed-of heights when it helped elect a Mayor free from any vestige of "regular" support, won seven out of eight City Council contests, fourteen out of sixteen district leadership battles, and brought itself to within one vote of majority control of the N.Y. County Executive Committee of the party. But two weeks ago, these same forces suffered such heavy casualties in another city-wide primary that people are wondering if the movement has aborted. Out of forty important contests for Democratic nominations in which recognized reform factions had entered candidates there were thirty-three defeats.

What many observers consider a death-rattle, however, is more likely to be a metamorphosis. The widely dispersed aims and personalities within this loose reform coalition will now be forced publicly to face up to what has long been a self-defeating ambivalence in their ranks. Their very success has sown the seeds of this crippling cleavage; and their extravagant rhetoric no longer disguises the ambiguities and contradictions of their present position. The confusion between public relations and public relationships, between Madison and Madison Avenue, between ideas and ideologies, must now be cleared away if the entire movement is not to be lost.

The recent electoral debacle will probably compel a separation between those members to whom public policy and effective political action are most important, and those to whom reshaping the party is the primary and exclusive goal. The first group will consist of people who value their identity as Democrats above their title as Reformers. They will probably form a *rapprochment* rallying around such leaders as Edward Costikyan (New York County Democratic Leader), James Lanigan (the Greenwich Village District Leader who last year defeated De Sapio for this post, and who this year defected from the reform club that sponsored him in order to support a "DeSapio man"), and perhaps Robert Morgenthau (the new guber-

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natorial candidate). These men can best be labeled "small r" reformers. They will concentrate their energies — as they have throughout the brief history of the movement — on making the party more respectable in tone to the newly emerging middle class of New York City, and more responsive in substance to the basic *policy* liberalism which they hold to be important.

The second faction in the predicted split will consist of those who wish to cling primarily to their identity as Reformers. For them, procedural purity in intra-club politics is the all-engaging goal. They will of necessity dissolve into more parochial pressure-style groups, focusing their attention, on a somewhat *ad hoc* basis, on occasional candidates and on achieving isolated islands of party purity.

BOTH groups, however, will continue to have an influence on the Democratic Party for some time. The moderate reformers (whom their more militant colleagues will accuse of selling out to the "organization") will remain divorced from a majority of the "regulars" by their continued association with such reform planks as complete disclosure of all party financial records; elimination of "no-show" patronage jobs; full disclosure of all court patronage; use of newsletters, forums and other devices to keep close contact with their constituents. These reformers will also leave the superficial mark that accompanies a Brooks Brothers suit and a Harvard accent, as well as the more substantial influence of their generally liberal views. The more militant Reformers will have their most important effect in their role as guardians of the political paradise. They will continue to be the moral gadflies of the Democratic organization. Their prominently displayed purity in such matters as patronage should improve the entire tenor of the party. To the degree that they continue to contest low-visibility posts in the party, they will also serve to stimulate the interest of the general electorate. Indeed, the most impressive victory the reformers won in this last primary was their triumph against apathy — half a million votes in an "off-year" battle is quite unusual.

The necessity for some reshuffling of the reform movement in New York City has been burgeoning for some time. The seams of the CDV have been visibly bursting from the strain of retaining two somewhat antithetical philosophies (to say nothing of personalities) in one rather leaky container. The degree to which members of this new politics succeeded as reformers was the degree to which they failed as politicians, and vice versa. Reform mythology contends, for example, that the true believer can always be distinguished by his concern for social issues rather than personal rewards — by his willingness to take the reform vows of abstinence (from patronage) and obedience (to the rank and file). Certain difficulties immediately reveal themselves:

BOARD OF ELECTIONS

1. The split over patronage.

The acceptance of patronage has long proved a bone of contention among reform elements. There are at least five top reform leaders who have accepted it, and no more than two who have unequivocally refused it. There are others who take an uncertain posture. It is hard, for instance, to decide when patronage ceases to be patronage and becomes public service. Is a *high* political appointment less tainted than an unimportant post? After all, it is only through the prominent public offices (many of which are politically appointed) that substantive policy goals can be achieved. On the other hand, is it essentially "just" to cut off effective party work from those members whose pocketbooks cannot finance it and whose marginal jobs cannot support the time expenditures required? Will there be sufficient reservoirs of *disinterested* dollars to underwrite the steadily increasing costs of mass-media campaigns? (Mayor Wagner's last primary effort alone cost over $500,000). The moderate reformers are willing to make certain concessions to practical necessity here, although they will still abstain from the use of sinecure-style patronage and blatantly venal abuses of political power.

2. The split over internal procedural democratic reforms.

There is also a very basic cleavage in the Democratic reform movement over the need to maintain complete internal democracy within each club, as against the need to maintain a certain freedom and flexibility for the party's leadership. In American politics in general, and in New York State in particular, compromise and brokerage, far from being anathema, are the very lifeblood of the system. All public offices above Assemblyman in this state, for example, have constituencies that transcend the district lines of any one club. There must, consequently, be enough flexibility to trade —to make deals, if you will—in order to insure victory. The failure of any particular group to seize this opportunity merely allows for the rise of another faction that will surely operate the laws of mathematical probability to their own advantage. The same story is true of convention politics. Resistance to making commitments *ahead* of the actual convention (in obedience to the higher principle of rank-and-file consultation and instruction) finally dooms the adamant Reformer to the role of an eloquent but ineffective onlooker, while the slate and policy decisions will be made by those who are flexible enough to bargain and powerful enough to deliver any votes or services they commit.

That completely *responsive* leadership is not always completely *responsible* leadership is a lesson the moderate reformers seem willing to learn. Perhaps this *rapprochement* group (which coincidentally finds its largest following among those reform clubs in the city where there is a more affluent and more business-oriented membership) recognizes that a leader can and should accept a general direction from his constituency, but cannot — if he wishes to be effective — accept a continuous litany of detailed instructions.

3. Ideals and ideologies in the reform movement.

There is still another dimension to this cleavage within the Democratic reform movement that is almost schizophrenic in its implications. There have been a number of studies that indicate the ideological bent, the issue-orientation, of most reformers. At bottom, such personalities are unlikely to be fundamentally democratic. They are more likely to be benevolent despots. To them, the good life, the patron saint or the devil, has been clearly revealed and their basic instinct is to bring this light with disciple-like zeal to the uninitiated. Such a calling is certainly in the mainstream of American Reform, which has almost invariably rallied around either a magnetic personality embodying some ideal (a Teddy Roosevelt, Seth Low or LaGuardia) or some evil (a boss Croker or DeSapio); or around some highly specific goal (prohibition, the secret ballot, the direct primary, civil-service reform). The mass entree into *this* reform movement, too, came from the huge cadre of New Yorkers who were transfixed by Stevenson. Their moment of greatest victory also came when they were transfixed by DeSapio. Once the *cause célèbre* disappears, there is a general let-down of spirit and activity. Such inclinations are diametrically opposed, of course, to the core of the democratic process, which emphasizes means rather than ends; and to the core of the Democratic Party as well, which emphasizes year-round steady work rather than sporadic outbursts.

Moreover, the rigid insistence of the militant Reformers upon procedurally democratic club rules is belied by their own essentially elitist membership. The purists in the new politics, far more than the moderates, fail to note that they may be (as a club or a group of clubs) singularly removed from the over-all constituency of the Democratic Party — and even from the enrolled party members in their own districts. The reform movement is almost exclusively a middle-class movement, while the Democratic Party is still primarily the party of the lower classes. The value systems of the underprivileged are virtually estranged from those of the middle class.

This gap between democratic myth and reality is particularly apparent when a reform club succeeds in electing a county committeeman or a district leader. The New York Election Law makes such party officers the representatives at various county-wide meetings of all the enrolled party voters from their districts. If a club, open to all though it may be, does not in fact truly encompass or represent such a population group, then its efforts at forcing its own will (no matter how democratically demonstrated at the club) upon the party functionary is simply another form of elitism. Indeed, one may reasonably ask whether it is fundamentally possible for those reformers who are merely *for* the people but not *of* them, to maintain any sustained political leadership at the grass-roots level. The essentially middle-class virtues of the reformers — to say nothing of their middle-class style — may actually in the long run alienate them from what is still the supporting majority of the Democratic voters in this city.

ONCE again, the moderate strain in the reform movement has to some degree come to grips with at least a part of this problem by catering to a certain amount of ethnic balance and ethnic sensitivity in their districts. Failure to do so on the part of other reform clubs has given rise to the charge that such clubs are nothing more than vehicles for the ascendance of one particular group — the Jewish middle-class intellectuals who dominate most of the clubs in New York City.

It is also the moderate reformers who clearly understand the ironic impossibility of imposing ethical absolutes on politicians who must operate in a climate where both virtue and vice are viewed, of necessity, as ambiguous. To begin with, American public officials play out their roles in a system that is deliberately structured to dissipate strength. In a government fragmented by federalism and separated powers, many men make one decision and one man makes many decisions. Under a political creed that views all men as politically equal, a politician's choice is generally not one between good and evil, but rather one between different sets of self-seeking individuals or groups. The clearer moral vision of the Pure Reformers can exist only when distilled from the continuous exigencies of mass politics.

The high turnover in party officers, club officers, candidates and rank-and-file membership, along with the suicidal internecine struggles that have bedeviled the reform movement, give rise to one final question: whether or not the "true" reformer is by his very nature a "loner." Is he, perhaps, an egoist whose own sense of personal worthiness is undermined by another's rise to prominence? Is he therefore constitutionally unable to work for another man's success unless that man stands at a very great social or political distance from him? Is he allergic to the team spirit of politics? The history of the reform movement in New York City is replete with tales of backbiting and personal bickering camouflaged by a thin veneer of "principles." Among the Pure Reformers, the sin of personal venality may have simply given way to that of personal pride. In any event, whatever the psychological or structural forces that deter teamwork, this failing is fatal to political effectiveness — and the moderates in the movement have already remarked this truth.

IF THE reform movement in New York City decides (as I believe it has) to pick up the pieces and lay them down straight in two different piles, then the community should benefit substantially from the genuine contribution each faction can make. The "small r" reformers, by clinging to the banner of such men as LaGuardia and Lehman (who in their day were consummate politicians as well as social amelioraters), can accomplish a wide variety of substantive goals that might be loosely defined as liberal, or at least attuned to some image of the public good. By accommodating to the world around them even as they attempt to remake it, these reformers will be influential in the choice of important candidates and in the shaping of vital over-all policies. It is surely such an understanding of reform that lay behind Lehman's endorsement, in the recent primary, of William F. Passannante, the incumbent Assemblyman and erstwhile DeSapio man, over Edward Koch, the candidate of the district reform club.

Mr. Lehman, in this battle, saw the importance of honoring a number of old-style political rules. He reasoned that Passannante had a liberal legislative record, that an incumbent always has certain experience and connections that increase his political effectiveness, and that you cannot run any organization (political or otherwise) without maintaining some security and stability of personnel. In the same district, where reform spirit runs hot and high, Lehman was similarly disturbed by the reform club's cavalier refusal to give Jim Farley a place on their state convention delegation (the very same indignity which he himself had suffered at DeSapio's hands, and for which DeSapio subsequently paid heavily). This type of political accommodation seems emotionally possible for the moderate reformers, and it will enable them to get bigger things done.

It was, after all, under the influence of early and more moderate reformers that previously heralded improvement in Tammany occurred. DeSapio himself was certainly a relief from the cruder captains of the past. He understood the new politics very well and tried to woo it with liberal and respectable candidates and even with significant procedural changes, such as the direct primary election of Manhattan District Leaders. But to no avail. DeSapio, like the militant reformers, suffered from the fatal disability of being for the new group, but not of it.

The moderate-style reformers will also take advantage of the trends (such as slum clearance) that are making New York City (and particularly Manhattan) increasingly a middle-class city. They will be in tune with an increasing number of constituents to whom a liberal posture and a secure syntax are overwhelmingly important. They will have the additional advantage of the support of certain powerful allies such as President Kennedy and Mayor Wagner, both of whom feel at home with this group. The newfound freedom that they will obtain by breaking with the more excessive rigidities of "big R" Reformism will help them institutionalize their leadership and parlay it into an effective sector of the party's over-all mechanism.

At the same time, the "big R" Reformers will also have a role to play (if they can refrain from fragmenting themselves entirely by internecine warfare). To them will be left the fight for certain procedural changes that comport easily with their own special tastes and abilities. They can turn their eloquence to such matters as cutting down and controlling campaign expenditures; getting rid of the worst patronage abuses; achieving salaries for the important party posts, so that all contenders have an equal opportunity to participate without financial or moral ruin. In short, it will be possible for them to keep a spotlight on the party and restrain it from becoming too unresponsive, too stagnant or too inbred. It can help keep the second group from descending into mere routine "regularity."

The moral morass and logical labyrinth into which the reform movement has currently fallen may in this way be cleared. Two different forces may well be salvaged — both concerned with the common weal (though differently conceived) and both in keeping with the best traditions of an American society that has always had room for Reformers *and* Politicians, and has always had high hopes that the two need not be irrevocably divorced.

POSSE FOR A VIRUS . . *by David Binder*

St. Petersburg, Fla.

WHEN A VISITOR enters this town, a sense of foreboding overcomes him. It is the place where the nation's old people go to die, just as ancient elephants are supposed to seek some special spot in the jungle as a final resting place. The city has an air of decay about it—for all its flashy motels, wide new boulevards and comfortable-looking bungalows. Perhaps it is the summer heat, or the sticky air, or the occasional smell of the mangrove swamps behind the subdivisions.

This month the feeling of foreboding has been intensified by a mysterious epidemic of St. Louis encephalitis, a noncontagious disease borne by mosquitoes and birds. It has taken fourteen lives among 188 reported cases in Pinellas (St. Petersburg) County. Now the uninitiated visitor, hearing the whine of an insect, wonders about mosquitoes. He sees a bird silhouetted against one of the enormous thunderheads that lower frequently overhead and wonders about the bird, too. A disease carrier? He thinks involuntarily of Albert Camus' description of an Algerian city in *The Plague*.

The visitor's vague fears are shared by hundreds of elderly residents who settled here with hopes of gaining years of life from the warmth and the unpolluted air of this Gulf Coast peninsula. Since the St. Louis strain of encephalitis, which strikes the central nervous system, is particularly virulent among persons over fifty, the elderly have due cause for concern. The median age of St. Petersburg's 200,000 citizens is fifty-three, and the youngest person to

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die of encephalitis so far in Pinellas County was fifty-seven.

As a result, fears bordering on panic took hold of many residents during the first two weeks of this month. The near-hysteria was not lessened by several "do something" city officials who ordered massive mosquito-elimination campaigns and — in a city reputed to have the largest wild-bird population of any in the country — a war on local birds. Thousands of citizens began emptying their backyard bird baths and bird feeders. Parks Department employees started trapping ducks and other birds and removing them to cages on the edge of the city.

Meanwhile, seventeen trucks of the Mosquito Control Authority patrolled the streets every night, fogging insect-breeding areas with a lethal mixture that kills mosquitoes more than a quarter of a mile away. The country's fog budget includes 200,000 gallons of an oil-based insecticide for this year; next year, the authority hopes to use 600,000 gallons. Citizens could also obtain free supplies of insecticide for spraying their own property. Many did. But the epidemic toll continued to rise and, by the middle of the month, no plateau was in sight, despite claims to that effect by Gov. Farris Bryant at a press conference staged defiantly in the city dump. (A few mosquitoes whined there, too, despite a massive fogging that had taken place before the Governor arrived.)

THE OLD people telephoned their fears to the County Health Department:

"An owl died last night at Boyd Hill Nature Trail."

"Should I stay on the beaches or leave the county?"

"Is it safe for relatives to come from the North?"

"My child has an ear infection — does that mean encephalitis?"

"Should I take my daughter out of school?"

The fears as well as the confused reactions of the city authorities become more understandable in the context of the unknowns surrounding St. Louis encephalitis, although this is St. Petersburg's third experience with an outbreak in the last four years. The disease was first identified in Paris, Ill., in 1932, and was seen in St. Louis a year later in epidemic form. But unlike other strains of encephalitis, this one was particularly hard to track down, most particularly in its Florida form. Even though it has been intensively studied in the South since 1957, scientists do not know where it comes from, which mosquitoes and birds carry it, and why it appears in certain months rather than others.

For that matter, merely diagnosing the disease may take two to four weeks of serological tests in the laboratory. The symptoms — dizziness, nausea, fever and delirium — are shared with many other afflictions. To this day, physicians in Michigan list encephalitis cases as meningitis, even when they know encephalitis is involved.

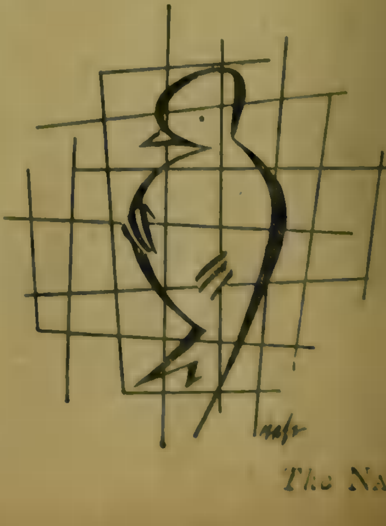
IN THE current Pinellas County epidemic, health authorities have registered just sixty-four cases of laboratory-confirmed encephalitis among the 188 reported instances (more will doubtless be added as results from blood and spinal fluid tests become available). Among the victims who survived there was a wide range of virus-attack intensity. Some had passing discomforts; others went into comas lasting seven days and more. About 60 per cent of the confirmed cases were persons over fifty years old.

Because St. Louis encephalitis has struck three times in such a confined area as Pinellas County, and because of the many unknowns involved in its appearance here, scientists have concentrated an unusual amount of effort in studying the present epidemic. They are engaged in a scientific detective story with scores of suspects and few clues. Their investigators are covering such diverse fields as mosquito behavior, rain cycles, bird movements and wind patterns.

Most of the more than twenty scientists working in St. Petersburg are from the United States Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta. These are men who have done field work in other encephalitis outbreaks such as one in Hidalgo, Texas, in 1954, and the epidemic in New Jersey in 1959 that took twenty-one lives. There are other scientists from the Florida Health Department's office in Jacksonville and from the state's Entomology Research Center at Vero Beach.

Dr. Telford Work, a virologist from Atlanta, said his team is committed to a line of investigation that would lead to an understanding of the natural history of St. Louis encephalitis, rather than research on possible vaccines. (At present there is no means of vaccinating humans against the virus.) He said this approach was chosen because it seemed more likely to provide practicable methods of epidemic control. He has told visitors that the natural-history study might bring satisfactory results in about two years.

THE MAIN task of the scientists is to isolate the virus in mosquitoes. But which mosquitoes: *Culex Nigripalpus*, with its distinctive black feelers; *Culex Quinquefasciatus*, with its five white bands; *Aedes Aegypti*, the familiar yellow-fever carrier? All are present in Pinellas County. Yet there are so few *Quinquefasciatus* here that this species has practically been ruled out. *Aedes Aegypti* can carry the virus, laboratory tests have shown, but not nearly as effectively as other species. Suspicion lies heavily on the *Nigripalpus*, which is prevalent and an effective virus vector or carrier.



To find the virus, the scientists must trap batches of mosquitoes. These are then sorted according to species and site, frozen and sent to Atlanta for laboratory analysis. The mosquitoes are ground into what are called virus pools and injected into the brains of suckling mice. When a mouse dies, an autopsy is performed to determine whether encephalitis might have been the cause. Such studies take at least ten days and they are complicated by the fact that many of the mosquitoes have ingested pesticides and are therefore unusable for analysis.

AT THE same time, other studies on mosquito behavior are expected to contribute to an understanding of encephalitis. Dr. Roy W. Chamberlain, also of the Atlanta office, said it is known that the suspect female *Nigripalpus* subsists on blood meals principally from birds and humans. Laboratory tests have shown that the female needs blood every five days or so in order to breed properly. It is also known that the female is highly capable of ingesting the virus from birds and of reinfecting birds. The virus incubates in the mosquito for a week to three weeks, during which time it reaches an infection strength perilous to potential human bite-victims. According to Dr. Chamberlain, the virus apparently bothers neither the mosquitoes nor the birds.

Again the question: which birds? The virologists do not know. So they have been trapping birds throughout the county, taking blood samples for laboratory analysis similar to the mosquito tests, banding and releasing them again. The bird mystery is all the greater since the scientists are not at all certain whether the virus is hosted by domestic species, by migrating flocks, or both. Nor have they made any firm determination on the sequence of the virus cycle of mosquito-bird-mosquito. "It may have been going on for fifty or a thousand years," said Dr. Work. "We just do not know at this point."

At present, the scientists are content to let this "which comes first, the chicken or the egg?" question rest while they pursue more immediate matters.

One theory, for example, is that the epidemic might have been spread by infected mosquitoes blown here from the swampy lowlands on the eastern reaches of Tampa Bay. Evidence for this theory was seen in the prevailing southeasterly winds during the summer and the fact that epidemic cases started first in the center of St. Petersburg (near the bay) and then spread gradually in a northwesterly direction throughout the county.

In addition to winds, there is the matter of climate. A long dry spell followed by heavy rains preceded the current epidemic, whose first case was reported on July 24. Could these conditions have contributed to a sudden increase in virus-carrying mosquitoes? Or birds? The scientists are not sure. Then there is the matter of St. Petersburg's high water table and its lack of storm sewers. (Painted sidewalk signs with the legend, "Vote Dry in November" alluded to a recent sewer-bond issue, not alcoholic beverage sales.) Water stands stagnant in pools along many streets days after the rain stops falling. Perhaps this also aids mosquito breeding and the spread of encephalitis.

One virologist sardonically termed the virus the "bench disease," because of the thousands of pastel-painted benches favored by the city's elderly residents even during the evening "biting" hours of mosquitoes. Possibly bench-sitting is a factor in the epidemic, too.

ALL OF these elements make the epidemiologist's task a hard one. Beyond this, there is what Dr. Donald Quick, from the Communicable Disease Center, calls the "iceberg phenomenon" of encephalitis. He estimated recently that there were perhaps a thousand cases of the virus in the county that went unreported because they were so mild or were confused with other illnesses. Most of these would probably involve younger persons more resistant to this encephalitis strain than the elderly.

Yet it is the hope of Dr. Work and the others that they will be able to establish at least the life cycle of the virus and then perhaps be able to predict epidemic conditions well ahead of time. Such knowledge would permit selective mosquito control instead of the present blanket attacks; and it also might permit the removal of certain host birds, rather than the helter-skelter siege on all birds practiced now by the city. And it might permit truly effective precautionary steps on the part of humans.

NUCLEAR NIRVANA . . *by R. D. Lakin*

FOR SEVERAL years a host of articles have been appearing which propose various solutions to the cold war. Apparently as great a market exists for them as for TV soap operas, patent medicines and religious evangelicalism. There is obviously a good deal of searching for the silver lining in the mushroom cloud. But our magazines and writers have done a great disservice in ignoring a perhaps more select, but certainly not negligible, audience that accepts a different proposition, namely, that nuclear disaster is inevitable; it rejects the wishful thinking—based on absolute disregard of the facts of human behavior—that no matter who or how many individuals get hold of almost total destructive power, no one will ever intentionally or accidentally use that power. The problem faced by the optimistic majority is to make sense out of nonsense; the problem faced by the smaller group is to enjoy life while

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time remains. This latter problem presents a dilemma because knowledge of the impending disaster shreds one's enjoyment hopelessly unless one has taken necessary measures to reduce the ill effects of such knowledge.

It is this smaller audience and their problem towards which now I, as a writer, exercise my responsibility by suggesting a few essential steps in dealing with their dilemma. I can only hope that some conscientious and pluralistic-minded editor will exercise his.

RECENTLY, the Existentialists' notion about the importance of facing up to the fact of one's death has gained wide currency. This is a crucial point for the group to whom I am now speaking—let us call them the "Un-realists." All Un-realists must first expand the basic Existentialist idea of a personal death to the concept of a mass death. Mass death requires greater firmness of mind to contemplate than personal death, because we assume that some things—family, friends, institutions—will survive our personal death and, therefore, that we can live on "spiritually" in them to the extent that we have given ourselves to them. Mass death, on the other hand, implies the end of all—or at least most—of these. In this sense, it is a more ultimate end. For this reason, mass death also makes our existence even more absurd than the more conventional Existentialist notion. The concept of mass death must be burned into the Un-realist's consciousness in order to cast out any lingering delusion that any other end is possible. Once this is effected, the remaining phase of the problem is how to live comfortably and sensibly in the time remaining, like a cancer patient whose prognosis is fatal. The solution, here, involves achieving "Positive Insularity" against this bedrock knowledge.

Positive Insularity must not be confused with "escapism." Escapism is a negative concept that is basically self-defeating, since we must all, to be half-way human, live in this world and not out of it. Escapism smacks of alcohol or drugs, which carry with them far too high a price of rapid debilitation in return for only fitful "escapes" from reality. Positive Insularity requires developing the kind of all-encompassing world for ourselves which is protected against the eroding effects of the knowledge of mass death.

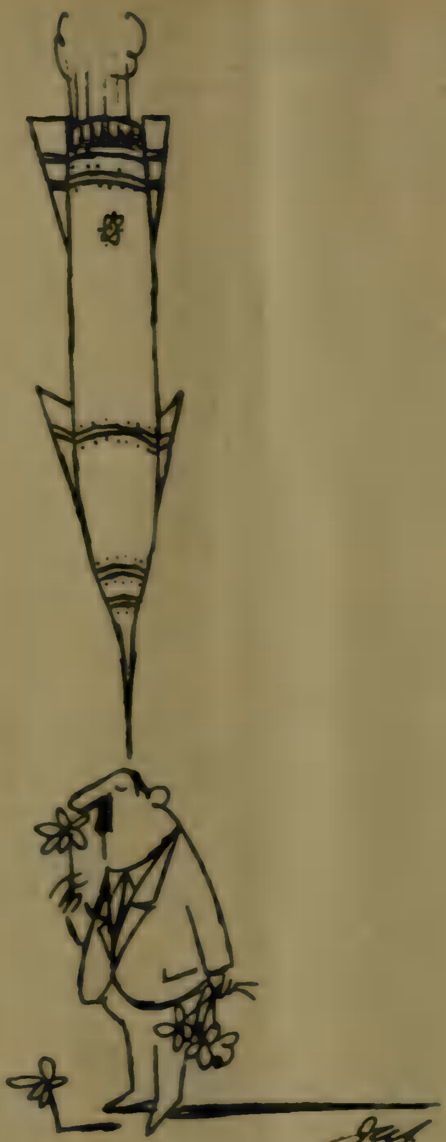
A NUMBER of requisites for the Un-realist follow directly from the necessity to secure Positive Insularity. The first, a rather obvious one, is to divorce oneself from both friends and groups who cling to, and even promote, suggestions that we can somehow avoid mass death. Peace groups, for example, must be anathema to the Un-realist. Throwing oneself into contact with such people can do nothing more than reactivate yearnings for an impossibly different outcome and to create unbearable tensions within one's personality. Persons who promote victory through annihilation are somewhat more acceptable, since they accept and forward the Un-realist's basic tenet of the inevitability of nuclear disaster. But the connotations of "victory," of something ongoing after mass death, must be frowned on as also holding out illusory hopes where none exist, and thus containing the seeds of more strife within the individual. By far the most satisfactory friends and companions are other Un-realists who similarly do not question mass death as the ultimate end. Such acquaintances do not stir up resentments and futile hopes and they go a long way toward providing Positive Insularity.

Still another requisite makes even greater demands on the Un-realist—the need to find a way of life which throws one into the least possible amount of contact with thought of the impending holocaust. After careful consideration and considerable experience, I recommend most highly life in a small Western town, not to exceed 5,000 population. However, this recommendation is offered undogmatically except on the one point of smallness. City life, with its frenzied rush and artificiality, with its nuclear news hawked from every street corner and filling the air waves, with its cultivated jingoism and defense-warning systems, is no place for the Un-realist. The city teems with signs of the approaching cataclysm; it screams most loudly of mass death. The degeneracy accompanying the mass attempt to deny mass death also culminates most violently in the escapist diversions found in the city. In contrast, the small Western town retains an insularity which can only be compared to America between the wars. This insularity, clearly, has nothing to do with actual distance—many small towns lie within the radius of missile nests and other defense installations—but rather with what must be called "psychical" distance. It may be that other small towns in the East or South possess just as much psychical distance, but I rather think that the Western town (and this may be prejudice on my part) gets the nod.

THE SMALL Western town, among its several advantages, still lives in the glory of its mythical past, believing more in the Old Frontier than the New. Wyatt Earp is ever so much more well-known than Dean Rusk. Topical matters of direct import to the news-devouring city dweller scarcely receive a passing comment. Nuclear tests, disarmament negotiations and diplomatic spying are more likely to produce a yawn than a yell. Then, too, the town's problems are still apt to center more on the struggle with nature—water, weather, crops, predatory animals—than with man, a fact that makes the citizenry more taciturn and less curious about the fatal snares man has devised for himself. In addition, the surrounding plains and mountains, with their vast permanency, offset the artificial and non-fission-proof constructions, whether of Ozymandias or Zeckendorf.

The very quality of community life in these towns facilitates attaining Positive Insularity. One can become absolutely engrossed in the tax problems, the school problems, the water problems of the community without ever once being brought up against the specter of mass death. And what's more, the possibility of seeing problems actually solved and their solutions brought to completion gives one a sense of fulfillment, of being master of one's fate, impossible in the interdependent complexity of metropolitan problems. All of these factors combine to produce (in my opinion) an unequaled state of Positive Insularity. If one is further willing to dispense entirely with newspapers, radio and TV, then complete Positive Insularity can be achieved.

Of course, I would be willing to admit that some persons of an artistic sensibility would sorely miss the reports of world news. It cannot be denied that for those with a taste for irony, no area is as rewarding as "current events." The artistic soul doubtless draws nourishment, for instance, from the spectacle of man's approaching a landing on the moon at the same time as he approaches making the earth uninhabitable—with the added lure of speculation about which he will accomplish first. For such people the following plan is advised: spend several months in Positive Insularity and then allow a few select publications into your home—preferably weekly or monthly magazines (a daily dosage might destroy insularity). These publications will then have a decided air of unreality about them and can be treated in much the same way as one now treats science fiction and savored for their delicious irony. If at any point, however, complete insularity seems jeopardized, they should be decisively abandoned.



One's personal life in the small Western town can be carried on in much the usual fashion (an outstanding advantage over the life of the hermit or the monastic or other externally isolated ways of life); but, having once attained Positive Insularity, the small things in life will become matters of pre-eminent value: your child's graduation from grade school (you will not ask "Whither?," being secure already in that answer); your next-door neighbor's fall off a ladder, resulting in a broken leg (you will not measure this against a scale of mass incineration); your own initiation into "Sons of the West" (you will not ask "Will all this grandeur perish?"—the terrain may be somewhat rearranged, but the "West" will endure). And this heightened perceptivity will carry over to the natural surroundings, so that a quiet stroll in the mountains with its discoveries of wildflowers and rock formations and animal life becomes an exciting journey. (This sounds a bit Wordsworthian; we are not interested, however, in impulses from the woods, but in sustaining our Positive Insularity, and it is impossible anywhere else in the country to put so much distance so quickly between oneself and the collective human struggle as by a short hike into a neighboring mountain range.)

As for possible objections, Positive Insularity should not be viewed as appealing primarily to the secular and agnostic. Although religious faith may give the individual hope of a life beyond this world's mass death, it does not in itself give the particulars required for the good life until that penultimate moment in human experience. The program of Positive Insularity already sketched is designed to fill that need for believers as much as for non-believers. It offers full scope for living to the letter of all the fundamental Christian precepts (Jewish and Buddhist as well) without involvement in the nice theological questions about whether one is or is not entitled to shoot one's neighbor in order to maintain one's own life among the nuclear ruins. The Un-realist need reject no orthodoxy except that which denies the certainty of mass death.

Nevertheless, the diversity of human types makes me think it quite reasonable to suggest to those Un-realists with an irrepressible missionary bent the possibility of establishing a series of missionary nuclear-comfort stations in metropolitan areas which would dispense information about Positive Insularity. Preferably, these stations would be staffed entirely by realists and other mercenaries, since the Un-realist's presence in the city would be destructive of his own insularity. But it is not unthinkable that a national Campaign for Positive Insularity might meet with considerable success.

The remaining major objection appears to be a logical one: if everyone tried to achieve Positive Insularity in the manner specified, the plan would obviously break down. This objection can be answered pragmatically—not everyone will. The masses dwell in a daydream of peace composed of highly fissionable materials. Only the few Un-realists reject the daydream in order to live happily and insularly in the radioactive twilight of the human age.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Bingo Game at the Foot of the Cross

MORTE D'URBAN. By J. F. Powers. Doubleday & Co. 336 pp. $4.50.

William H. Gass

FROM THE start, nearly twenty years ago now, when his writing began to excite the admiration of the readers of *Accent*, it was evident that the stories of J. F. Powers had a very special quality, a rare richness of theme and perception; and, for all their liberal zeal and satirical intent, often an even rarer gentleness of tone. His style seemed equal to all its occasions. Direct and colloquial without being finicky, it was tilted pleasantly toward the conversational, and made its effect with undemonstrative simplicity and ease. By the time his first collection, *The Prince of Darkness*, had appeared, it was evident, too, that he was a master of the short story in at least one of its forms. Moreover, Powers seemed almost immediately to have found, in the vocation of the priest, the subject which was eventually to possess him and draw forth his best; just as he was, with equal readiness, to discover the ideal line to take with it, one that gave him his characteristic fictional "situation."

The trouble with Powers' second volume, for which he kept us waiting nine years, was that his best stories were still in the first one; but this was a petty complaint then, since the collection was very fine, and the title story, "The Presence of Grace," superb. Now, six years later, we have *Morte d'Urban*, Powers' third book, first novel. All told, they've been years of care, of conscious artistry — the repeated exercise of correct choice, harsh scrutiny and continuous revision. Thus I imagine it, for nothing else can account for *Morte d'Urban's* special excellence. The time must have been spent gathering, with a delight comparable to that which Flaubert derived from the gaffs of the bourgeois, those manifestations of our spiritual corruption from which his stories and this novel are principally composed.

Theme, subject, situation, tone — for Powers, they have not changed much as he moves from short fiction to the novel. As he himself described the new book in a recent interview in *The Critic*:

> [It] is about Father Urban being sent to this foundation of the Order in Minnesota. He had been a big-time speaker, a poor man's Fulton Sheen. He was suddenly sent up here to this white elephant, not as the rector, but as one of the boys, one of the three priests. That's my story, what he did there, how he tried to put the place on its feet, how he worked as a common workman — because that was the rector's idea about everything, saving string; the pound-foolish, penny-wise kind of rector. Father Urban is not that kind of man. He's what used to be called the Pullman type, now the type with the attaché case, doing lots of good and instilling a feeling in the young men in the novitiate. Father Urban was trying to develop something special for the Clementines. What it was, he was not sure — a kind of opportunism, I would say.

POWERS' theme remains truly haunting; it is one that might be framed as a question: how can the spirit express itself in nature without compromise, without debasement, since one is so distant from the other, and each is obedient to different laws? Again: can a mind manipulate its body without becoming its body first? Or: is it possible for the church to do its work in the world without becoming completely worldly itself? And there are a hundred other ways to put it. In "Lions, Harts, Leaping Does," Powers' most beautiful story, the Franciscan priest, Didymus, is finally able to feel the truth he has so long bowed his head to, that "in trivial attachments, in love of things, was death, no matter the appearance of life. In the highest attachment only, no matter the appearance of death, was life." But as Didymus approaches the condition of the saint, wanting "nothing in the world for himself at last," he finds he is still "beset by the grossest distractions. They were to be expected, he knew, as indelible in the order of things: the bingo game going on under the Cross for the seamless garment of the Son of Man: everywhere the sign of the contradiction, and always. When would he cease to be surprised by it?" The mystic, for example, forgets his fellows in his flight toward the divine. There seems to be an obligation laid upon those who follow the Ideal to yield themselves to practice.

Thus the dilemma. There is a perfectly reasonable solution to this paradox in Aristotle, but Catholic writers are seldom long on doctrine, and the most arresting thing about Powers' priests is that they never talk theological shop. A layman will occasionally raise a question; it is always embarrassing. But whatever the doctrine — the appearance remains. The ladies leave their lipstick on the crucifix they kiss. One could regard these smears as testimony of continuing love, but Powers does not choose to and, of course, the evidence is mostly on his side.

YET if Powers' fundamental theme escapes the parochial residence he has given to it, his "situation" is, by contrast, quite definitely fixed and narrowly predictable: we shall see the priest, easy emblem of the fairway, hook heavily into the rough and nearly lose his ball — a new Angelflite, one of a dozen like the original disciples, given anonymously at Christmas in a box of paper grass, balls he's had to fly south, in the anonymous donor's private plane, to strike. Well? What harm? Can't priests, like presidents, play golf?

The position of the priest has always struck many people (mostly Protestants, I suppose) as curious, and Powers mentions this fact in the novel. The priest wears a uniform of spiritual dedication and physical denial, is celibate as though to celebrate it, moves through the mysteries of ritual as if he knew his way there, incanting an ancient tongue — a figure altogether strange to this world. Yet he is permitted to smoke cigars, prefer martinis, improve his game, accept personal gifts and drive about in large cars. If the Catholic Church is to survive and grow and do its work, it must attract wealth, acquire political power, advertise itself, build, train bright ambitious men for the priesthood and put them in effective places; it must, in our competitive world, energetically compete, and to compete it must be heard, it must be chic, it must seem glamorous to the crowd, right up to date. Surely Father Urban would agree, for that is the meaning of his name. Only reasonable. The Protestants are building bowling alleys.

Powers has found the formula for his

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fiction in all this. He regularly sees the priest in a worldly role. The necessity of this role makes Powers' satire kind. The contradiction implied makes his irony deep. Nevertheless it is a formula, for we can feel the force of it before we read, and in great part predict its course before that course has well begun.

A few examples. In one story the relation between curate and pastor is likened to that between landlord and tenant, the particular problem being how the tenant can wrangle a writing table for his furnished room from the store gathering dust in his landlord's basement. In another, Father holds patriarchal sway over a household of women. We are treated to the irony of nuns counting collection money, while Mother nerves herself to ask Father to buy a new stove. ("The stove's all right, Sister. It won't draw properly, is all.") In perhaps the best-known of these pieces, "The Valiant Woman," what would otherwise be a dreary cliché of married life becomes deliciously comic when the participants are housekeeper and priest. They even play honeymoon bridge.

NOT only does the formula, the particular "situation," give these stories their form, it supplies the details too, and Powers is immensely gifted at filling every corner of his picture with ironies. Father Ernest Burner, the fat prince of "The Prince of Darkness," to my mind the finest of the stories of this kind, is cast as a time-server in a large corporation hoping for a transfer that will mean a promotion. A victim, principally, of sloth (though all the notable sins are his in one way or another), he receives a demotion instead. Burner golfs, of course, and in his room he practices putting through his clerical collar. (Father Urban is constantly mislaying his.) Driving to his flying lessons (he is, we must remember, the fallen angel), Father Burner's trousers feel uncomfortably tight. He tugs "viciously at both knees, loosening the binding black cloth, easing the seat." So in every line: the apt symbolism, the rich irony, the identical implications. Each time, too, the shock of the contradiction is freshly felt, for instance in the easy vulgarity of the priests' thought and speech, a frequent device of the novel. "Your ass is out, Father," Monsignor Renton says.

But the formula which has served Powers' shorter fiction so well does not lend itself as readily to the longer form. His situations tend to close upon themselves, making the novel a trifle episodic. The writing is astonishingly deft, continuously comic, but Powers is too afraid of being a bore. His formula permits him repeated illustrations of the same theme, yet obstructs any deeper exploration. There's no more here than in "Lions, Harts . . ." or "The Prince of Darkness," where the material is held under greater pressure. It is perhaps the final irony, but I cannot imagine a book in which religious feeling would be more conspicuously absent (though I may mistake the emotion), or one whose artistry would make its compromises with the world with better grace.

Murder at Alton

TIDE WITHOUT TURNING: Elijah P. Lovejoy and Freedom of the Press. By John Gill. Starr King Press. Distributed by The Beacon Press. 256 pp. $4.50.

ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY: Abolitionist Editor. By Merton L. Dillon. University of Illinois Press. 190 pp. $4.75.

Robert Merideth

SOMETIME after 10 o'clock Monday night, November 7, 1837, Elijah P. Lovejoy, abolitionist editor and Presbyterian minister, was shot five times and killed while defending the press of his newspaper, the Alton *Observer*, from an insensate Illinois mob. When the news of what one participant called the "bloody tragedy" at Alton spread to the East during the next two weeks, it "convulsed the continent." Those who lived through it testify that no other personal incident of the anti-slavery struggle impressed the North so profoundly, save perhaps the hanging of John Brown on the eve of the Civil War.

Funeral sermons gushed from pulpits; public memorials and resolutions flooded the papers. At a mass meeting to mourn

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ROBERT MERIDETH, who teaches English at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, is completing a biography of Edward Beecher.

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Lovejoy in Boston, Wendell Phillips was moved to make his famous leap onto the stage of Fanueil Hall and into history as the most exciting agitator of his time. The rumor that Edward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe's elder brother, had also perished, played its part in the genesis of Mrs. Stowe's growth as an abolitionist. Though Garrison deplored Lovejoy's resort to arms and rejection of the doctrine of nonresistance, the American Anti-Slavery Society officially celebrated Lovejoy's heroism, and the membership of local branches swelled. Even Southerners regretted the reign of King Mob in Southern Illinois.

John Quincy Adams thought that Lovejoy's death had breached the Yankee conscience like the "shock" of an "earthquake," that it defined an "epocha in the annals of human liberty." He predicted that Lovejoy's place in history was assured and would "abide while ages pass away." But in fact Lovejoy's image has faded badly, and it is only now, with the almost simultaneous publication of two biographies shortly before the 125th anniversary of his death, that Adams' prophecy seems to be vindicated.

Perhaps Lovejoy has "abided" only faintly until now because, as Merton Dillon is especially good at showing, he contributed nothing new to anti-slavery theory. His significance reposes, rather, in his personal failure and murder. If the role of John Brown (another failure) in the thirty-year anti-slavery drama was that of tragic hero, Lovejoy's was that of martyr. "I know I am but one and you are many," he said in his noblest speech. "My strength would avail but little against you all. You can crush me if you will; but I shall die at my post, for I cannot and will not forsake it." By dying in defense of his press, Lovejoy became the symbol of the civil liberties that the abolitionists were everywhere being denied. He became, in all likelihood, the first martyr to the Bill of Rights. Emerson put his martyrdom in proper perspective when he "sternly rejoiced" not only that someone had been found to die for "humanity," but for "the rights of free speech and opinion" as well. At a time when the principles Lovejoy died for are eroding, we also may rejoice that two scholars have been sufficiently interested in abolition and freedom of the press to write the biography of a symbol.

IF THE focus of such a book ought to be the dramatic detail of Lovejoy's short but vital life, then one must choose John Gill's as the better study. It approaches the form of the historical novel. It gives us Lovejoy as a man in all the complexity and concern of his thirty-five years. But if one requires that the biography of a symbol place its subject in the context of intellectual history, that it analyze and judge, one must then prefer Merton Dillon's biography. Each complements the other, but neither is able to recapture the involvement and the passion of the primary documents on which it is based. Edward Beecher's *Narrative of Riots at Alton* (1838) and the *Memoir* (1838) of Lovejoy by his brothers, to mention only the two most compelling, are better books because they are more engaged books. Indeed, John Gill and Merton Dillon may be the first to hope that their histories will move their readers to return to the fresh, original, contemporary responses to Lovejoy's martyrdom.

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Night Reading

THE CONVERSIONS. By Harry Mathews. Random House. 182 pp. $3.50.

Terry Southern

HARRY MATHEWS is a poet, and his first novel, *The Conversions*, is a classic specimen of the *poet's novel.* In fact, had Eliot written a novel of his own (instead of that preface to *Nightwood*), it seems probable it would have been quite like this one. The narrator, a modest and sensible young fellow, attends a dinner party at the home of Grent Wayl, wealthy eccentric and *amateur.* Afterwards the host draws this guest aside and shows him certain curios from his vast collection of the rare and exquisite — including a golden adz, the blade of which is engraved with seven strange tableaux. He asks the guest to venture an interpretation of the engravings — which depict, or so it seems to the man examining them, the life of a saint, "in a quaint medieval mixture of pagan and Christian themes."

This interpretation evokes a hearty guffaw from the host, and the two rejoin the other guests, bringing the priceless adz with them. "The winner of tonight's contest," the host announces, "shall receive my antique adz." Three of the guests — the narrator, Isador Fod and his sister, Beatrice — are designated to compete. It is to be a race, in which the contestants are represented by worms — of an odd species called *zephers* ("they are dried out, but alive," explains the host, "moisture will quicken them") — moving along parallel tracks of wet salt. The three contestants are given ancient musical instruments — S-shaped wooden tubes known as *serpents* — and each must accompany his worm's advance by sounding notes in an ascending major scale, beginning with the lower *do* and terminating with the higher. "Without this accompaniment," the host continues, "the worm's progress counts for nothing." At the end of each worm's path, in a pool of purple light, is a spider-crab, which eats the worm as it arrives. The narrator is obviously the most musically skilled of the three, but the intricacies of the race are such that it is difficult to say whether it is by skill, luck or the host's design, that

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TERRY SOUTHERN is the author of The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward McCann).*

he is declared winner and carries away the marvelous adz.

A few days later, at about dawn, he is urgently awakened by Beatrice Fod (she who had lost, along with her brother) claiming the adz to be rightfuly hers, insisting upon it, and finally offering impressively large sums of cash to obtain it. Our narrator refuses, and wisely so, since he learns [illegible] after that Wayl has died, and in his will has stipulated that whoever possess the adz and can answer three questions relating to the engravings shall inherit his enormous wealth. The questions are: "(1) When was a stone not a king? (2) What was *La Messe de Sire Fadevant?* (3) Who shaved the Old Man's Beard?"

THE MAIN body of the novel, like an epic poem, is devoted to the narrator's heroic and fantastic endeavor to trace the origin of the adz and to interpret the representations thereon, in the light of the three questions — none of which seem pertinent to the engravings. Does he succeed? Only the close reader shall construe. It is, in any case, a startling piece of work, laced with blue-burning imagery and crystal strands of insinuation. Ludicrous hoax and cabal abound: non-existent footnotes, reproductions of forged mss., sections of scientific and musicologist's esoteria, passages in Greek, Latin, Hungarian, obscure Slavic tongues, gibberish, and an eight-page chapter from a German novel — the translation of which must be closely checked against the original for possible error, that no clue be overlooked. The book is, of course, extremely funny.

Mr. Mathews, it may be said, derives much in his conception from an easy synthesis of Poe and Kafka, though perhaps more directly from Queneau, Borges, and the author of *Locus Solus*, Raymond Roussell. What he has really done, however, is merely to write a novel in the best *poetic tradition*, where image, sound and an abstract interplay of values take precedence. Persons who seek explicit meaning in such novels, or such poems, are seriously misled: scholarly "keys" and "interpretations" notwithstanding, the *intended* meaning behind work of this caliber is nonexistent. Eliot himself, it may be recalled, was disarmingly generous on this point, when he declared during an interview (*Paris Review*, Spring, 1959): "In *The Waste Land* I wasn't even bothering whether I understood what I was saying." Yet this has nothing to do with beauty, or tone; nor does it preclude meaning, but on the contrary, increases its possibility — direct, intense and inevitable meaning—multi-faceted, adaptable as Man itself, and to that same degree, enduring.

The Conversions, then, is not a book to take to the beach, but one to be read at evening, leisurely, by the fireside, through winter nights to come.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE JAPANESE director, Kaneto Shindo, has created in *The Island* a film of flawless physical beauty, both in its material surroundings and in the delicately persistent documentation of its camera. The picture gains much of its powerful artistic tension from the fact that it tells a story of grinding hardship against a background of shifting and repeatedly surprising loveliness.

A farm family, father, mother, two sons, lives on a tiny, precipitous island a mile and a half or two miles out in the bay from a small town. The man and wife cultivate the island in terraces to its very summit. Since there is no fresh water out there, they labor like ants from before dawn until after dark in the dry growing season, sculling to the mainland for water, and then toting it — two buckets each on neck yokes — up the tormenting path to the insatiable seedlings. In other seasons, they plow and plant, clear and cultivate the land — it is less exhausting work, merely relentless. The two boys, perhaps seven and nine, help with some of the less taxing husbandry, but mainly they are the housekeepers, running back and forth on the warren-paths of the home site, building the cook fire, bringing the food to a table perched on a promontory above the bay.

The elder son also goes to school on shore (he travels in with his mother on the first trip for water after breakfast, wearing the visored cap of the Japanese schoolboy and on his back a knapsack decorated with a baseball picture; on rainy days he carries a parchment parasol). The husband is square and stolid; with a yoke on his shoulders he has the sureness and slow impressiveness of a bullock. The wife is as lithe as a ballet dancer, delicate in wrist and ankle, trimmed down to boyishness, able to carry out her share of the heavy work only by an exquisite deftness and balance. She is not stolid but impassive.

THE Western viewer is enthralled, not only by the over-all beauty of the picture, but by the elegance of Japanese artifacts and the neatness of Japanese deportment. The great sculling oar of the farmer's scow is put together with the graceful cunning of a samisen, the baskets and buckets are meticulously wrought to their purposes, the yoke is shaped and balanced to give it a kind of inanimate vitality, giant chopsticks are twirled to drag fertilizing kelp from the shallow water. The man and woman use these implements with an economical

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grace that approaches ritual. At the same time, it is puzzling that they take no steps to lighten their work in any significant way. Why do they carry only four buckets on the long trips to and from the shore; why do they build no cistern to trap the heavy seasonal downpours (in one scene the wife is filling her buckets from the spring as she stands in a drenching rain); why do they not fit secure steps into the cliffside? They clearly have the intelligence, skill and equipment for such measures.

But the Western viewer will be more puzzled still to gauge the human quality of the family, and this principally because no one ever speaks. The absence of dialogue is meant, perhaps, to enhance the lyric nature of the picture. However, the script has not been fashioned, like a dance or pantomine, to avoid encounters where the absence of speech is peculiar and startling. It is possible, though not likely, that a couple might work together for hours without exchanging even a utilitarian word. It is not possible that they would return to the children whom they clearly cherish with no greeting, or that the two little boys would scamper around together wordlessly. There may be situations so debasing as to rob human beings of speech, but this family does not appear debased at all. It is exceedingly poor and works exceedingly hard, but it is in command of its way of life. When its members fail to speak in situations where speech is inevitable, they seem to be mute or blind. The effect is disconcerting, a fanciness in an atmosphere of crystal clarity.

IT IS difficult, accordingly, to grasp how these individuals feel toward one another. The man is perhaps heavy and dull; yet when the boys catch a valuable fish, his face breaks into smiles of delight, he snatches up his elder son and tosses him playfully into a nearby pool. The family makes an excursion to a nearby city, sells the fish (its intrinsic value is surprising) and on the proceeds eats lunch at a wharfside restaurant and takes a trip up the funicular. They look like respectable peasants on an outing anywhere in the world.

Once the mother stumbles and drops a bucket of the precious water. Her husband snarls and knocks her flat. But later, when the older boy has died, and the woman in a paroxysm of rage and despair, kicks over her bucket and tears at the hated plants, the man looks on in helpless agony — and turns back to the endless ladling. Previously, he had rushed in terror for the doctor, and when it was too late, he went through the moving and beautiful funeral (the classmates, the teacher, a priest came from the mainland in a launch) with quiet and sustaining dignity.

I do not think he is a brute or a fool, though clearly he is enslaved to his life and has chained his wife to his side. But a man who never speaks is like a man wearing a mask — you cannot identify him. Similarly, I cannot in any meaningful way identify anyone in this film. It is not a matter of what they say — I would not care if they spoke in a foreign language or indeed if the picture were a silent — the occasion and mode of speech are what count. In the end, therefore, I was both entranced and baffled by this exquisite, heartbreaking and enigmatic film.

The Weather

Black November   holy valley trees,
Spires,   churchstones
Cowbells
—It is
Evening.
I am hanging, upside
Flaking, slowly
the snow
having watched, having watched
THE WEATHER
down.

Robert Sward

BALLET

Harold Clurman

THE BOLSHOI Ballet company from the Bolshoi (Great) Theatre in Moscow, now playing a short season at the Metropolitan Opera House, is composed of splendid-looking young men and women.

This is my first comment because it is the first impression I had of them. Not all dancers or ballet companies are conspicuously attractive. The Bolshoi Ballet company is. There is something extremely refreshing about this (no fumes of neurosis emanate from the Bolshoi stage; no pall of minority separateness, strain or affectation) and it may explain in part some of the magnetism which this high-priced ballet season exercises on so many of our citizens. There is a healthy as well as a festive air about it.

The *corps de ballet* is brilliantly trained and moves with a harmonious coordination that appears as much a matter of mood as of discipline. This *corps de ballet* is indeed one body. It gives everything that is done a firm foundation, a feeling of assurance and solidity. There is something symbolic here, as if the ballet were a kind of national emblem — strong, proud, unmenacing.

Thus far I have attended only two of the four programs: *Swan Lake* and *Spartacus*. Several reviewers have indicated that they prefer the company's *Giselle* to its *Swan Lake*. Be that as it may, *Swan Lake* is good enough: it is an exquisite machine!

The American orchestra, under the baton of the Bolshoi conductor Yuri Faier, plays Tchaikovsky's ultra-familiar but still winning score with a coherence of attack, a clarity of articulation and a substantiality of tone that adds more to the occasion than is common in the playing of ballet music. The costumes (though hardly the sets) possess an admirable stylishness that is both crisp and discreet — notably those of the Spanish dance in the ballroom scene of Act 3.

The artistic goal of the Bolshoi Ballet, it would seem, is to combine the forms of classic ballet with a degree of storytelling and dramatic action. On the whole, the Bolshoi tends to eschew the purely abstract patterns of either the traditional or the more modern ballet ensembles. Elements of pantomime are mixed with the basic balletic material. They lead sometimes to rather childish effects of little aesthetic value, but occasionally to moments of genuine theatrical excitement, as in the animal-like death throes of the wounded magician in *Swan Lake*.

The central role in *Swan Lake* was danced on the night I saw it by the company's leading soloist, Maya Plisetskaya, one of the most nearly perfect dancers in the world today. In every respect save one, hers is a consummate achievement. Her arms are a marvel to behold — except that she makes us overconscious of them.

That is a clue to a lack of total artistry. Though I admired and enjoyed the absolute mastery of her craft, Plisetskaya fails to be evocative. There is no poetry in her — not, at any rate, in *Swan Lake*. Her "Odette-Odile" is a great ballet feat; it does not have spirit. She fails to transcend her corporeal material and thus falls short of the true purpose of the dance, as of all art.

THE new ballet, *Spartacus*, has a score by Khatchaturian that is without face or force. It teems with people, costumes and props rendered portentous by posed tableaux in the manner of David's *Ode to the Horatii*: frozen heroic. This is

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Washington columnist Marquis Childs reported on August 10th that at least 20 candidates are running for Congress in a dozen states on a peace platform.

". . . If these candidates, scattered across the country, share one thing, it is a deep concern over the drift and apathy that they fear will end in a third world war," Childs observed.

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bourgeois—not to say Philistine—entertainment at its most comically inflated. It is given a sentimentally "social" content by its reference to the revolt of the Roman gladiators and slaves some seventy years before Christ.

If I liked anything in this exhibition it was — as happens so often in similar displays — the model look of the dancers' bodies: semi-nude, not immoderately muscular, with a well-knit smoothness, superbly trim. This physical excellence may well fascinate a Soviet audience. It offers a showy medallion of bodily splendor and sensuous gratification toward which so many must yearn and aspire — or even see as a prospect soon to be realized. There is something obliquely "Roman" here: an image of health and wealth, without "decadence" but also without the inspiration of a real idea, except for what is represented by enthusiastic organization. Someone on the Left might wistfully ask: "Was it for this that we made a revolution?"

THE Ballet Folklorico of Mexico is at the City Center. In keeping with its linguistically hybrid name, it presents a peculiar mixture — characteristic of many constrasting and contradictory trends in the exportable art of contemporary Mexico.

The dances are stiffened with ballet training — a training not altogether compatible with the genius of folk art, though it may lend such art an auspicious look. The last item on the bill, the Christmas number, is simple, free, with a jolly roughness that is truly popular — an effect, in short, that a more formal ballet company could not convincingly match. But other bits smack or Radio City eclecticism; they lack any style that proceeds wholly from either native impulse or mature cultivation. The impression made in these instances is either tame or juvenile. (*La Revolucion* — a number celebrating the revolution of 1910 — is actually insipid.) In general, there is little here which is of true ballet nature.

The ritual Deer Dance of ancient Indian origin is striking. There is a gratifying warmth in the ceremony of betrothal and marriage, a kind of pantomime-procession, which in its simplicity of setting I found visually more telling than some of the gaudier numbers where the costuming had a rather candied and almost calendar-like conventionality.

What pleased me most in this assorted program was the sweet youthfulness of the company (there are many pretty and fine faces among them), a geniality that is quietly infectious, and the music — the singing, strumming and subtle stridency of sound, a delightfully insinuating rhythm — in which all is fused. The smoldering and tragic aspects of Mexican civilization (which is central to a sense of it) are not even hinted at. The over-all effect is an agreeable, safe show of delicately exotic flavor.

3 Chinese Poems

1.

gone apricot snow is not gone
apricot turn
Mount of Apricot not turn
not apricot
is

2.

alone
voice, is stopping, is thatched
thatched over
alone
mountain over alone not thatched alone is not
retreat, is thatched retreat, is alone thatched

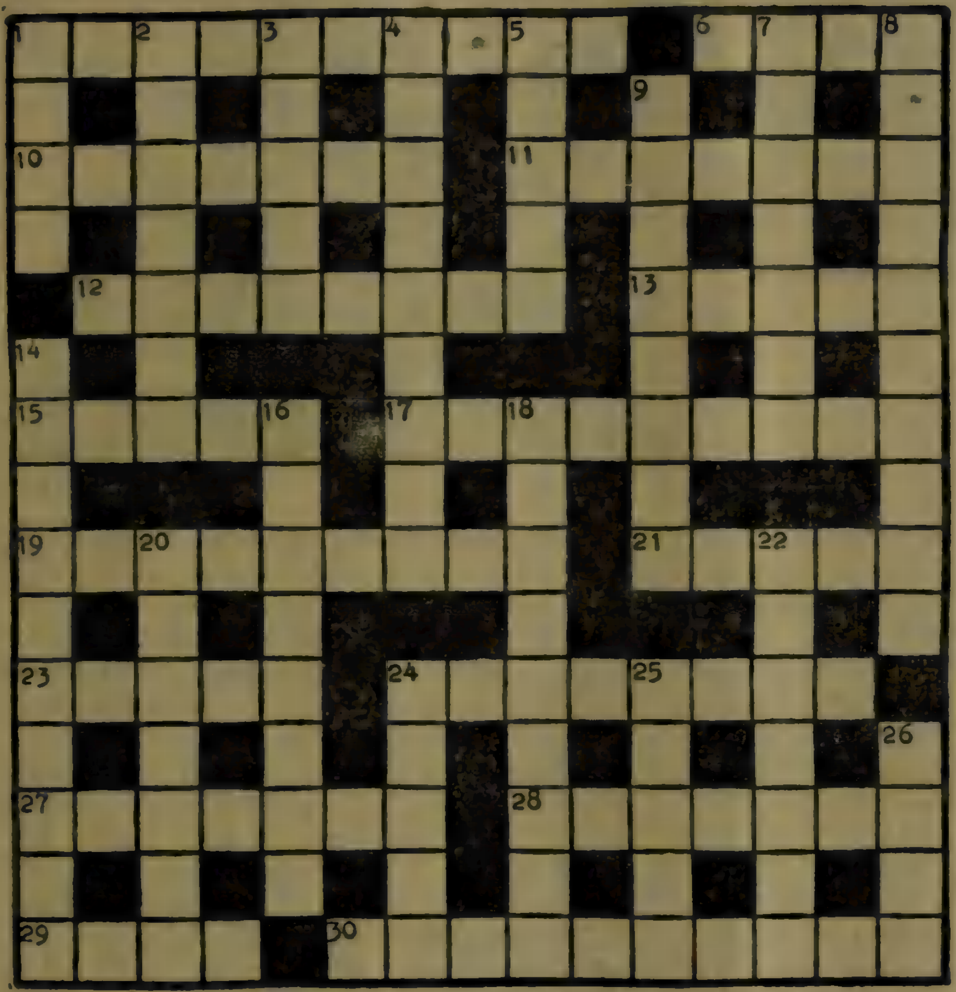
3.

turn snow is
voice, over apricot retreat, voice, over not
voice, alone retreat, retreat,
alone turn
voice, retreat, alone snow apricot
is stopping,
voice, is thatched is
voice, over retreat,
snow is retreat, voice, is gone. is mount is not

Jackson Mac Low

Crossword Puzzle No. 978

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 9 down What the local shopkeeper wants to lose is hardly pertinent. (4, 2, 4, 8)
6 See 2 down
10 Where the work of corresponding people ought to be on the right track. (4, 3)
11 How to put bars around our bravery? (7)
12 and 24 across It might be hoped for after a good drive, though it smacks of the Goldwater technique. (3, 5, 8)
13 Power might be a contributing factor. (5)
15 Moses' Miracle Man. (5)
17 You're so correct in your 24 across! (2, 3, 4)
19 Doubts and fears, perhaps. (9)
21 What your machine might do if you hit the bar. (5)
23 What the men of 21 hope to get back to. (5)
27 Form a lariat with it, with the strong part missing. (You certainly won't be stronger with it.) (7)
28 What pool players sometimes hope for at table? (7)
29 19's symbol of disuse? (4)

DOWN:

1 and 30 across Borgia's offer to treat with you? (4, 4, 6)
2, 6 across and 16 down En route, so naturally it doesn't follow. (7, 4, 3, 5)
3 Circular cicatrix obtained by part perfection? (5)
4 Material for the equivalent of a tripod? (9)
5 Pure, as they sometimes advertise of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." (5)
7 Aesop's best precept. (7)
8 Napoleon, for example, has no alternative in following the outcome. (One is not ruffled with it.) (4, 6)
14 One certainly shouldn't have nightmares! (10)
18 It might turn the student blue, or just itself. (4, 5)
20 How at least one of the "R"'s was rolled. (7)
22 Arises in due course to suggest what some vacationers go on. (7)
24 Beginning in style, as a well-remembered spot. (5)
25 The reverse of 13. (5)
26 Hide what your teeth have, according to Wilder. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 977

ACROSS: 1 Put up or shut up; 10 Stipple; 11 Musical; 12 Consonant; 14 Isle of Pines; 16 Insiders; 19 Engineer; 20 Stands; 23 Lost cause; 25 Belabor; 26 Betides; 27 Freedom riders. DOWN: 2 Union; 3 Unpronounceable; 4 Oneway; 5 Semitone; 6 Unsophisticated; 7 Unconcern; 8 Isocline; 9 Elms; 15 Log roller; 17 Suspense; 18 Key Largo; 21 Isobar; 22 Sobs; 24 and 22 across Underscore.

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Europe looks outwards

This is Europa at the foot of the Albert Memorial (1872), staring out at the strange world of nine decades later. In August THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT published an important number on the vast extension overseas of the English language and its literature which this century has seen. The issue dated September 21 fills out the picture with a further special number dealing both with the part played by other world languages, such as French and Spanish, and with the wider question of Europe's cultural influence in the world. The Commonwealth? Europe? Politically these may at the moment be rival conceptions, but so far as literature and ideas are concerned both are parts of a larger whole. ●

A dozen problems spring to mind. Is there a revival of Portuguese writing in BRAZIL to match the extraordinary achievements of modern Brazilian architecture? What is the relationship between Spanish literature and the countries of LATIN AMERICA? Can the French literary tradition survive in NORTH AFRICA and the MIDDLE EAST; and what is happening to French-language writing in CANADA, and to French negro writing in BLACK AFRICA and MADAGASCAR? How persistent is the European tradition in ISRAEL? What kind of picture of European literature is available in CHINA? What is the impact of European culture in AUSTRALIA today? Are European influences on the novel in the UNITED STATES as strong now as they were in the time of Melville and James; and is American English the *lingua franca* of the mid-twentieth century?

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LETTERS

Cuba-Turkey Formula

Dear Sirs: "Cuba Today: An Eyewitness Report" in your Sept. 22 issue is excellent and is must reading for every Congressman. I hope it is called to the attention of the President.

New York City OTTO NATHAN

Dear Sirs: Re Samuel Shapiro's illuminating article on Cuba [*The Nation*, Sept. 22]: The dangers of the Cuban situation are apparent to all but those who view peace as a threat. The only embargo we need is one designed to stop the War Hawks before they sail us over the edge of their pancake world.

But the opportunities for creative action seem to have been missed. For a people who pride themselves on their virility, courage and pragmatism, Americans are strikingly prone to give up any and every time the Russians make an effective — or even dramatic — move. This has the obvious effect of increasing whatever dangers are actually raised by the Soviet action. It seems useful, therefore, to point out ways of turning the crisis into an opportunity to strengthen peace.

The first is designed to by-pass the log jam which blocks the U.S. Government. President Kennedy has clearly learned something from the fiasco of 1961, but his freedom of maneuver is severely restricted at the moment. The memories of the invasion, the policy of non-recognition and the pressure from the War Hawks combine to make him a prisoner unable to exploit his relative restraint.

Hence a small, carefully selected group of upper class, elite American leaders outside the government — and ideally composed of Republicans and non-Kennedy Democrats — should immediately establish reliable and direct communication with Fidel Castro. They should then proceed to explore the possibilities and the extent of a rapprochement. While the beginnings should, and will of necessity, be small, the operation should point toward the restoration of formal diplomatic relations and the development of a program of aid and assistance that will offer clear evidence that Americans are willing and able to help Cuba in collaborative-competitive action alongside the Russians. [In an editorial entitled "So the People May Know," which appeared on May 13, 1961, we suggested just such a committee and offered a list of suitable candidates for membership. — ED.]

The second opportunity is more dramatic, and offers the possibility of a major breakthrough in preventing nuclear war and in establishing a routine and a method of disarmament. . . .

The United States should propose to disarm and neutralize Turkey and Cuba in coordinated, phased, parallel actions constantly open to supervision and investigation by Russia, the United States and a committee of neutrals selected by Secretary General U Thant. After the removal of all American military installations and programs from Turkey, and of Soviet operations in Cuba, the two superpowers should proceed to initiate collaborative-competitive programs of assistance and development in Turkey and Cuba.

Here is a way to begin disarmament and inspection, and a way to shift the grounds of action to nonmilitary competition, that offers great gains for all parties involved. But time is of the essence, and the men who *can* act must do so immediately.

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

Madison, Wis. U. of Wisconsin

Easy Solution

Dear Sirs: I refer to all the many negotiations and declarations in regard to the necessity of the U.S. Government to find ways and means to balance its budget. The trade deficit is, for instance, to be balanced by Western nations buying more U.S.-made weapons, etc. Secretary of Defense McNamara is doing all in his power to curtail dollar-spending by U.S. servicemen overseas. Still, the layman is puzzled why there is so much talk on all this as, evidently, there is an easy solution: simply cut military spending to a certain extent.

Hamburg, Germany HORST RITT

Malthus Up to Date

Dear Sirs: According to Malthus, population increases geometrically (2^2, 2^3, 2^4, etc.), while food production increases arithmetically (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc.). It seems that we of the modern era are conforming to a new "law" in the nature of things: "the law of increasing destructivity." Our ability to destroy has increased as a geometric progression; meanwhile our progress toward peace has been as an arithmetic progression, failing to involve a significant percentage of the world's Gross National Product, or of its foremost thinkers. . . .

The pessimism engendered by Malthus' law has been alleviated by the agricultural revolution. Only a "peace" revolution can offset the pessimism elicited by the "law of increasing destructivity."

Newtonville, Mass. , J. R. FEAGIN

CORRECTION

In "The Ultras" (The Nation, June 30, 1962), the Paper Mate Company, through its founder, Patrick Frawley, was mistakenly linked to the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and similar organizations. The fact is that Mr. Frawley severed all connection with the Paper Mate Company in 1955, and we have been informed that the company does not contribute to the activities of any political organization. — Editors.

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The Nation, Oct. 6, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 10

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14. Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 10

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Close 'Ole Miss'

As this issue goes to press it is uncertain just what tactics Attorney General Robert Kennedy will adopt to resolve the crisis at Oxford. At the moment, he is obviously bent on demonstrating to the entire nation that responsibility for the use of federal troops, if they are finally called in, rests squarely on the Governor and the Mississippians. The best way to use troops effectively—that is, to avoid bloodshed and violence (Meredith's own safety is a factor), and at the same time to secure compliance with the court order—would be to close the university. Such an action would place the onus exactly where it belongs, on the State of Mississippi. If the university is closed, pressures will mount rapidly within the state to open it—not necessarily because the people of the state are interested in the education of their youth (their actions belie any such interest), but because, for one thing, the football season is just opening. Moreover, the students are interested, if not in improving their minds and acquiring a modern, civilized view of the world, then at least in furthering their own careers.

Since "interposition" seems to be the Governor's tactic, let it be used in reverse; let federal troops or U. S. Marshals be "interposed" between the Mississippians and the university. Actually, those responsible for the university—trustees, administrators, faculty, alumni and students—have in effect permitted it to be turned over to the Governor and his bodyguards, henchmen, state troops, bloodhounds, et al. In the end, federal troops will probably be needed if control of the university is to be returned to those responsible for it.

It would be no great loss if Ole Miss were closed for a time. Patently it has failed as an educational institution. Judging from the attitude of the students, it has not taught any biology or science for generations; nor has it succeeded in teaching constitutional law, history or modern politics. Negro youngsters, for generations, have been deprived of a chance to secure an education in Mississippi; it will do no harm if white youngsters are momentarily deprived—especially as the education they have been getting is poor.

There are, of course, some moderates in Mississippi, but they have been silenced. Not a whisper of opposition is heard even from those with the greatest stake in the outcome of the present crisis—that is, the faculty and students at the university. The sensible elements in the state include a sizable group of businessmen. And, appearances to the contrary, opposition to desegregation is weakening throughout the South. But some device must be found by which these sub-surface pressures can be brought to a public boil. Closing the university would have precisely this effect, and it would also deprive the Governor of his grandstand martyrdom. The Governor is no Faubus; he is a man of convictions, even if they are ignorant convictions. But behind him are elements, including his legal adviser, John Satterfield, outgoing president of the American Bar Association, who feel that incarceration of the Governor will produce "a wave of revulsion" that might result in some gains for the Dixiecrat-Republican reactionaries and deal a crippling blow to the Kennedys. By "interposing" federal authority between the Governor, who is a usurper and trespasser, and the university, the need for making a "martyr" out of Barnett would be avoided.

If Barnett is not Faubus, Mississippi is not Arkansas. Fear dominates Mississippi; there is no chance, at the moment, for the "decent elements" to make themselves heard. But sooner or later, these elements must speak out; harsh circumstances, if not their consciences, will compel it. But the Administration might speed the process by making these elements face up to an issue that they have been avoiding these many years, namely, their barbarous treatment—barbarous precisely because of its brutal indifference, its contemptuous overtones, its snide derogation of the Negro's humanity—of the Negroes of their state. The people of Mississippi are responsible for the disgraceful scenes at Oxford; they elected Barnett, and they knew who he was when they voted him into office. By not speaking out against him, they themselves are not merely in contempt of the federal court; they are in contempt of the Constitution—in a word, they are seditious. Let them now be forced to face up to the consequences of their own folly.

Belting One Down for the Road

Writing from Jackson, Miss., in the *Washington Post*, Robert E. Baker points out that clear heads and sober thoughts are needed in that state now more than at any time in the past century, but, "instead of sobering up, white Mississippi seems to be belting down one more for the road." The coming crash will be the responsibility of all the whites, beginning with the politicians and the press. When Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy criticized the automatic stays issued by Federal Circuit Court Ben F. Cameron of Meridian, State Attorney General Joe Patterson likened Kennedy to "a jackass looking up into the sky and braying at a great American eagle as it soars above." Such verbal cartoon-stripping is in the normal tradition of American politics, but the Mississippi press goes on to incite to violence. Baker cites Charles M. Hill, a columnist for the Jackson *Clarion Ledger*, who recalled an 1857 Mississippi law that provided for cutting off the ears of Negroes found guilty of perjury in felony cases. "We cannot find it in us to condone such severe punishment," wrote Hill, "but will hasten to observe that our forefathers erred in that they lopped off the wrong appendage. Had they concentrated on the tongue, we might not have the vociferous NAACP today."

Economic pressure backs up hard words. Percy Greene, the Negro publisher of the Jackson *Advocate*, has been called an "Uncle Tom" by Negroes who considered his stand on the race problem too conservative. When Greene became more aggressive and called on the University of Mississippi to admit Meredith, the paper's white advertisers canceled their ads. Last month, nine Jackon Negroes took their lives in their hands and petitioned the school board to desegregate the school system. The Jackson *Daily News* published not only their names and addresses, but the names and addresses of their employers as well. The Negroes were accused by the newspaper of plotting to "destroy Jackson's school system or bring hate and publicized horror to Jackson."

There are, of course, editors and reporters in Mississippi who are a credit to their profession but, by and large, the press, confronted with a unique opportunity to exhibit the prime editorial virtues of courage, good sense and leadership, has turned in an ignoble performance.

A Burst of Sanity

As long as a diplomat works for his government — or even for the United Nations — both his hands and his tongue are tied. When he resigns or is retired, the world often gets an insight into what has been going on behind the arras. The revelations of Conor Cruise O'Brien in the Congo are a case in point. Now comes Geoffrey McDermott in the London *Observer* (September 23) with an account of the West Berlin madhouse and a proposal for bringing some sense into the situation. McDermott was British Minister in Berlin from June, 1961, to September of this year, when he was retired by the Foreign Office as the result of "a disagreement over foreign policy."

His contention is that it is the *West* that needs a new setup in Berlin, that the Allied Kommandatura (he calls the term a "German-Russian bastard") is an organization less and less fitted to cope with the problems of the city. The three Commandants are at the bottom of a tier of command levels which includes the Allied ambassadors in Bonn, their governments at home, a four-power ambassadorial group (including the West Germans) in Washington, and still other bodies. From the West German standpoint the setup is ideal: it affords every opportunity for Bonn to embroil its Allies with the Russians over issues big and little, and events of the last few years have shown how well Adenauer has exploited these opportunities.

The most significant part of McDermott's analysis, however, is what he proposes to do about the German problem. In barest outline, he would have the Western Powers and the Soviets agree that their common, long-term aim is the reunification of Germany. The present German frontiers would be recognized as definitive. The German Democratic Republic would be recognized as a separate state (which it is and no one gives it more *de facto* recognition than the West Germans themselves). Berlin or, failing that, West Berlin, would be recognized as a separate state. The new state would make agreements with any powers it chooses — except the two Germanys — to station troops in reasonable numbers on its soil. The Four Powers would agree on guarantees for access of their military and civilian representatives to Berlin. Important agencies of the United Nations would be moved to Berlin. All three German states (including West Berlin) would become members of the UN and all would adhere to these agreements.

McDermott concludes: "Berlin is worth a visit, as the Berliners say; it might be worth a battle; it is not worth a war." Especially as then there would be nothing left of it.

Two-Bit Politicking

Senator Margaret Chase Smith seldom raises her voice in the Senate, but when she does it is usually for a good reason. Currently, the Senator is "mad as a hornet" about the practice, initiated by the Kennedy Administration, of permitting Democratic Senators and Representatives to announce the signing of new Department of Defense contracts involving their own states and districts. Senator Smith registered a protest over the practice a year ago and was assured that it would be stopped. But quite recently Senator Muskie of Maine was given the opportunity of announcing a new defense installation in that state. The practice, of course, has been "standard operating procedure" since the Kennedy Administration took office. On July 26, 1962, Ted Lewis reported in his column in the New York *Daily News* that "Democratic Senators and Representatives are given first chance to announce defense contracts going to their states or districts. The daily list of contract awards goes from the Pentagon direct to the White House before noon. Kennedy's aides pass the information on to the proper party legislators. . . . This two-bit politicking is considered most helpful by Congressmen of the party in power." Helpful it may be, in a partisan sense, but it should be stopped.

THE PERON PARALYSIS . .

by Irving L. Horowitz

[*As visiting professor at the University of Buenos Aires, Dr. Horowitz was an eyewitness to the civil war in the Argentine capital last month.* (*See also his "Storm Over Argentina,"* The Nation, *March 31, 1962.*) *He returned last week to the United States to resume his regular post as Chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Hobart and William Smith Colleges.* — Ed.]

> This is the military commander of Campo de Mayo speaking. Having been prevented from any free access to any other means of communicating with the people of Argentina, we have taken the necessary step of taking over this station, Radio Belgrano Lr-3, to inform you of the struggle to gain legality for Argentina, for democracy, for the people.

With these words, the momentous "final phase" in the struggle for political domination over Argentina was announced — a struggle which began among those military factions responsible for the ouster of President Arturo Frondizi precisely because of his insistence on free elections and legality. The battle of radio stations began in earnest when officials "loyal to Guido" stopped standard broadcasting in Argentina for the purpose of issuing its own version of events:

> This is the Secretary of War of the Republic of Argentina informing you to stay calm. A section of the armed forces seeking to destroy the legally sanctioned institutions of our Argentine Republic has openly defied constitutional authority. This group, whose intent it is to establish a totalitarian regime in defiance of the will of the people, will be put down. This is Radio Nacional Lr-1, transmitting over Radio Diffusion. . . .

This battle of the military had a surrealistic dimension — in almost every conceivable way. Mozart, Beethoven and military marches were interspersed with the staccato messages of the "rebel" and "blue" forces of General Juan Carlos Onganía, while the offical government stations of the "red" forces of General Juan Carlos Lorio leaned to the lighter fare — everything from Miles Davis to Guy Lombardo. Even the choice of colors for the contending armies was dictated by the absurd inability of lower echelon staff and the draftee to know on just which side he was on any given day. But perhaps the greatest incongruity is that the people of Buenos Aires — the *Porteño* — generally performed the business of living without allowing unwelcome intruders from the military camps to bother them.

As matters dragged on, as political conflict within the elite seemed insoluble, tensions mounted — but never enough to interfere with *la dolce vita*. Thursday night, September 20, the Modern Jazz Quartet performed before a packed house, while tanks were rumbling into the center of the city from Avellaneda to Plaza Constitution. Friday came, and with it the severing of communications and transportation systems — but again, the doughty *Porteño* carried on as usual. By that same afternoon there was a dramatic shift of response. The huge metropolis shut down tighter than a drum: windows were shuttered, schools were closed, people sent home from work. The shooting had begun. The battle had been joined. The outcome is now clear. The "rebel" forces "won" — both in a symbolic show of force and in compelling Guido to switch allegiances and dismiss his own military appointees.

Thus, after two weeks of a paper war and another week of a radio war, everything seemed "back to normal." Guido remained "President." Frondizi remained in guarded detention on the island of Martin Garcia, the "military" were still in the saddle (with only the faces inside the uniforms changing), and the citizenry back to work on Monday, September 24. Given all of this, should the Argentine military struggle be regarded as "just another Latin American *coup d'état*"? Were there any matters of principle involved? Will this *coup* solve anything? If so, for how long?

SPRING comes to Argentina in September. So too, do most revolutions. While the fancies of young men may turn to love, those of old militarists turn to politics. The difference this year is that the conflict was not between men with arms against men with slogans, but between contending armed forces. This in itself signifies the depth of the schism between powers and ideologies in present-day Argentina. "Crossing the line" — using weapons — marked something new in Argentine domestic affairs.

The potpourri of figures involved in the current crisis reflects personalities as much as politics. This is particularly so in a country plagued by the cult of personalism and the adoration of melodramatic effects. Who, then, are the new men of power in Argentina? At the top of the list must be placed Jose Maria Guido, who was literally compelled to accept the post as President of the Nation after the unceremonious disposal of Frondizi. It is clear to all that Guido's position is basically that of a puppet of the Armed Forces — whatever sector is in the position to make use of him. None the less, under his nominal tutelage, the electoral results of last March were nullified, the Cabinet posts (with two exceptions) were turned over to the military men and, perhaps worst of all, the façade of constitutionalism was maintained. The Argentines demand that their dictators at least pretend to legality.

The wild and often vicious attacks against "poor Guido" (the citizenry always preface his name with "*pobre,*" and with good reason) as director of a premeditated plan to provoke general chaos and to turn the nation over to whatever type of communism or extremism would complete the country's dissolution — this on the sober authority of the Navy Minister, Admiral Jorge Palma — clearly indicate that the President is an impotent pawn in the hands of the military. Guido is a useful ambiguity to have about in an ambiguous political climate — a man "guiding the destinies of the Argentine people" without even having the power to resign, much less to retain office.

The key figure in the present struggle between "establishment" political militarists and the more aggressive "active" officers of Campo de Mayo, is General Onganía. The General is relatively young, in his early forties, and absolutely ruthless in his pursuit of a political role. Onganía has compelled Guido to relieve Army Commander Juan Carlos Lorio and Army Chief of Staff Bernardino Labayru; has seen to it that lesser military officers loyal to the "red cause" were similarly relieved of governmental duties, and has himself taken charge of the Army.

Onganía, as head of the most powerful, best trained section of the Argentine military (the encampment of 14,000 troops at Campo de Mayo) has ostensibly stood for early elections and a restoration of democratic processes. In the boldest statement thus far issued, he said that "We believe that the Armed Forces should not govern. They should be obedient to civil power. The Army constitutes itself starting today as the bulwark of the rights of the people and as custodian of their liberties." This in essence repeats the secret memorandum issued three weeks ago (and "leaked" to the press the same day) which was the first straw in the wind that a schism had occurred with the "young turks" (blue forces) and the "old guard" (red forces) that elevated the revolution from above to some semblance of meaning. For the older members of the officer corps were willing to risk Argentina's entire social structure rather than witness a recrudescence of Peronism. Onganía, for his part, seeks out a new tactic to deal with this same "working-class authoritarian" phenomenon.

THE only relatively independent political pivots remaining in the country are former Provisional President (after Peron in 1955 and before Frondizi in 1958) Pedro Aramburu; Minister of Finance, Alvaro Alsogaray; and Secretary-General of the major trade union organization (C.G.T.), Andres Framini.

Aramburu's call for the military to talk out rather than shoot out the problem reflects his growing political ambitions and the strong likelihood that he can yet play the "great compromiser" between the military factions, hence emerging as the new military "democrat." The difficulty is that Aramburu is basically captive to nostalgic illusions about Argentina as a great agricultural force, and the parallel difficulty that — although he may be considered the "great compromiser" within military circles — he is viewed generally as a man essentially without a program and without personal magnetism.

Alvaro Alsogaray has had remarkable powers of survival, entering the Frondizi regime in June, 1959 (although he was a candidate for President of an outrageously weak and insipid "Free Enterprise Party" in the 1958 elections). He has served since then. He is unquestionably the only man who can openly scoff at the military "child's play." This he can do because he is respected in international fiscal circles as a "sound money man" and for his ability to keep foreign investment capital coming into the country despite the breakdown of civilian rule and the round of military crises. On the other hand, it must be said that Alsogaray (whose brother is a leading figure in the "rebel blue" faction) reflects the failure of nerve of the Argentine middle classes — their willingness to abide almost any form of tyranny as long as their place in the world of consumer affluence remains unaffected. Thus, Alsogaray is essentially a pliable tool of the military, no less than its sole major critic.

Andres Framini is the real question mark in the present situation, as indeed he has been since the March election. Personal friend of Juan Peron, organizer in the textile industry, executive in the C.G.T., and successful candidate for governor in the Buenos Aires Province, he is a good example of the confusions as well as the sources of the Justicialist (Peronist) movement. He both follows and leads Peron in his attitudes. He is both a political demagogue and a dedicated labor leader. He exhibits every quality of acting boldly and yet did absolutely nothing to defy the nullification of the March elections which would have given his party a major voice in the councils of the mighty. Placed under house arrest during the uprising, no real attempt was made either to vilify or to crush him. Denied political support from all legal parties, he yet can claim the support of the largest party of all — the illegal Peronists or "Justicialists." But precisely because Peronism is not an authentic or a new ideology, but a dictatorship of a coalition of diverse interest groups—between left-wing Socialists and extreme right-wing upper-class socialites, between bourgeois Socialists and bureaucratic anti-Socialists — the simple plurality Framini commands cannot be translated into an area of effective social action.

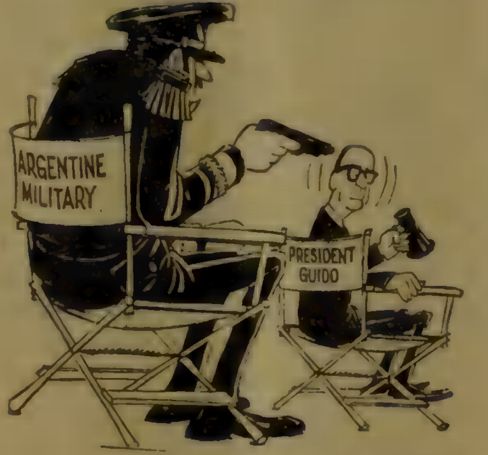
But the task of labor is to lead. And thus far, Framini has demonstrated a unique impotence in this area. None the less, the unabsorbed Peronist mass is loyal to him and his "outlaw" party. No real solution is possible without him. But no real solution is possible with him, either.

THE economic and political factors underlying the struggle for power are painfully evident everywhere.

The country suffers under the crush of a $500 million trade deficit threatening to become worse with the problem of eight billion pesos having only slender hard-currency backing. The cost of living is measured by the peso-dollar exchange ratio. Everything so measured in Argentina has jumped between 30 and 40 per cent in one year and over 200 per cent in the last four years. The national economy is in a state of utter stagnation, with unemployment steadily mounting and with merchants unable either to pay or collect debts. Add to this that pension funds were over one billion pesos in arrears and some idea of the *de facto* economic breakdown can be gleaned. In a country short on good housing, new apartments remain vacant. In a country rich in wheat and beef products, people tighten their belts. In a country short on manpower, people go without work. The military schism is thus a reflection of general economic turmoil no less than a diversionary tactic skirting the central problems of trade and national interest.

The political role of the military has clearly shifted. The so-called "democrats" or "reds" are simply that most indeterminate force which desires that military might be translated into direct political action and dominion. Call it Caesarism or Bonapartism. This group was undoubtedly heading Argentina straight toward the abyss of military dictatorship. The victory of the Onganía forces— the "blues" — is a victory for the traditional military role of watchdog over power rather than captor of it. Seen in this light, the meaning of General Onganía's "victory proclamation" thus becomes manifest.

The hard nut to crack is how this custodial role can be played in the face of stubborn Peronist massive (and passive) resistance. Whether the "blues" will allow the Peronists — and the Communists — to exercise power is as yet an unsettled question. This much is clear: Onganía is acutely aware of the need to absorb this Peronist mass in the political life of the country. For as long as this force is imperfectly or only partially assimilated, the continuation of revolution from above will be periodic and critical. Without support from this mass sector, Argentina remains politically incohesive and unable to resolve its major problems. It is not impossible that time and tide will break down the Peronist mass through a process of absorption in conventional middle-class politics. It is more likely, however, that this force will increasingly take a leftward turn, resisting diffusion and seeking to constitute itself a pivot which, although too small to rule itself, remains central enough for rule to turn on its support. The challenge can best be met by the inclusion and not the exclusion of the Peronist mass.



Berry: NEA

This was precisely what Arturo Frondizi attempted to do, precisely what he was ousted for doing, and tragically, exactly what Onganía and his military colleagues must once more attempt to do. Peronism cannot be legislated out of existence. It represents the weight and impulse of national aspirations concerning political and economic rejuvenation and redemption. The half year since Frondizi's removal has only proved the suicidal nature of a revolution from above that takes no cognizance of the social forces below.

HERE we may sum up the significances and shortcomings of the Argentine military revolution and indicate, at least in part, what might be expected in the near future.

1. The most obvious, and yet easiest to overlook, fact of the September events is that there is a complete collapse of the traditional "dialogue" between constitutional political forces and charismatic military forces. Despite the pious promises of the victorious "blue rebel" forces to turn over the affairs of state to a civilian government, the simple fact that this itself constitutes a military *wish* that can be broken any time the General Command at the Campo de Mayo so desires, makes it plain that the collapse of constitutional democracy initiated in 1930 has gone too far to admit of yet another vicious cycle of *de jure* democracy in a content of *de facto* dictatorship. The military revolution from above should make it quite plain that the Army does not simply "orient" politics, but is the exclusive "maker" of policies. The system of checks and balances had been destroyed by the Peronist revolt; the Peronist system of weights and counterweights has itelf been eliminated by the military. What now remains a necessary possibility is policy-making for the people, culminating in popular representation.

2. The military revolution signifies a yet deeper crisis, since however powerful an elite is, it still must count on support from the mass. The struggle between the military factions is an effort to register this fact in the domain of policy leadership. The "blues" had to win if only because some concessions to the facts of life were either going to be made, or Argentina would find itself in even more difficult straits socially and economically. The widespread cynicism and disenchantment of the general public with military solutions of any sort are translated into industrial inefficiency, labor stoppages and clandestine politics — and it still takes those who work for a living to add that cement which makes even revolutions from above possible.

3. The break-up of political parties in Argentina, the utter indifference of the new military men of power to Congressional disputations, are efforts to smash the stubborn Peronist mass. The "red" Army wants to perform this through a process of *attrition* of politics in general. The "blue" Army wishes to do this same thing through a process of *absorption* into traditional political forms. The "red" solution of the past half year has proved barren of results, since this Peronist mass, increasingly coming to rest on the sound sociological fact of mass society as such, could not be driven out of existence. The victory of Onganía's forces is a subtle recognition that while Peronism cannot in itself muster sufficient support to rule democratically and exclusively, neither can any sort of political self-sufficiency be maintained without their inclusion in the scope of affairs. Whether Onganía's "victory" will be followed by an honest attempt to build on this realization remains to be seen.

4. None the less, it must be frankly said that the future is highly pessimistic. There is really little possibility that the military revolutionists — whether blue, red or purple — will gain mass support. For the very act of military-minded leaders ruling by proclamation and decree only further emphasizes the chasm that exists between the public and the powerful, between masses and elites, between rich and poor. Such a regime, despite vague and self-contradictory promises of "free elections," will clearly culminate either in another kind of "revolution from below" (something conspicuously absent throughout Argentine history) or, what is more likely, a return to the stagnant waters of an agriculturally oriented economy. But military feudalism of Aramburu's sort comes up against stubborn facts: Europe is less and less interested in purchasing Argentine meat and dairy produce. The "society of the masses" has already been conditioned to industrial and mechanical standards of work and leisure, to a world of picture-book affluence and consumer products. It is unlikely that this mass can share the oligarchical and military passion for order at the expense of industry, traditionalism at the expense of trade unionism, or paternalism at the expense of democracy. The military revolution is a pathetic effort by the feudal-minded to preserve power in a universe that has fast made feudalism an anachronism in Argentine social existence.

Thus it must finally be said that the military revolution is in truth a counterrevolution. And such a counterrevolution must fail in the long run because it is the disease rather than the cure for what ails the Argentine Republic: the continuing separation of political parties from the economic life of the mass (a mass which includes factory laborers, civil servants, small shopkeepers and white-collar workers). The demands of Argentines are essentially middle-class demands of an underdeveloped area — for "third force" attitudes in the cold war, for an equalization of social classes, for sound fiscal policies, etc. (These demands, ironically enough, were expressed by Peron in his doctrine of the *"tercera fuerza"*—third force—and later by Frondizi in his policy of industrial build-up through foreign capital.) The "historic" mission of the military — to act as the watchdog over politics — has become obsolete. It may have been a "counterweight" in feudal conditions, but it is only a "deadweight" in modern capitalist conditions.

Thus it is that we can look forward to even more bitter strife in the future — not necessarily between military factions acting out traditionalist politics, but between the military and all other sectors of Argentine society not bound by the economics of nostalgia and machine-gun politics. Until this battle is fought, however, Argentina must remain, for all of its riches of people and land, a portion of the social universe described by that dismal yet pungent word: underdeveloped.

EXPORTING TROUBLE . . *by Ernest Gruening*

MANY YEARS ago, Patrick Henry said: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." The wisdom of his words should not be forgotten, nor should they be lost to us at this time. If the experience of the past ten years, as we have poured millions of dollars of military aid into Latin America, has not provided oil for the U.S. "lamp of experience," the pathway is dark indeed.

The United States has given the countries of Latin America over half a billion dollars for military aid in the decade — and this estimate is conservative. Has anything monumental been accomplished?

The "here-today-and-gone-tomorrow" governments in Latin America have been unable to carry out the self-help measures which are a necessary part of President Kennedy's farsighted Alliance for Progress. I submit that ten years of military aid from this country to our southern neighbors have actually hurt the Latin American countries and made them even more unstable. Look at the known facts:

1. A military coup overthrew the existing government of Peru last July even as the Presidential election ballots were being counted. Army officers invaded the Pizarro Palace, seized and imprisoned President Manuel Prado and established themselves in power.

The tank which crashed through the palace gates was a Sherman tank made in the United States and supplied by us to Peru as a part of our military-aid program. The officer who carried out the capture of the palace, Colonel Gonzalo Briceno, was trained at Fort Benning, Georgia. Others of the junta and of its military cabinet likewise received their training in the United States. Several had been only recently awarded the U. S. Legion of Merit: in their citations, services to the "objectives of democracy" were stressed.

Seven candidates had been vying

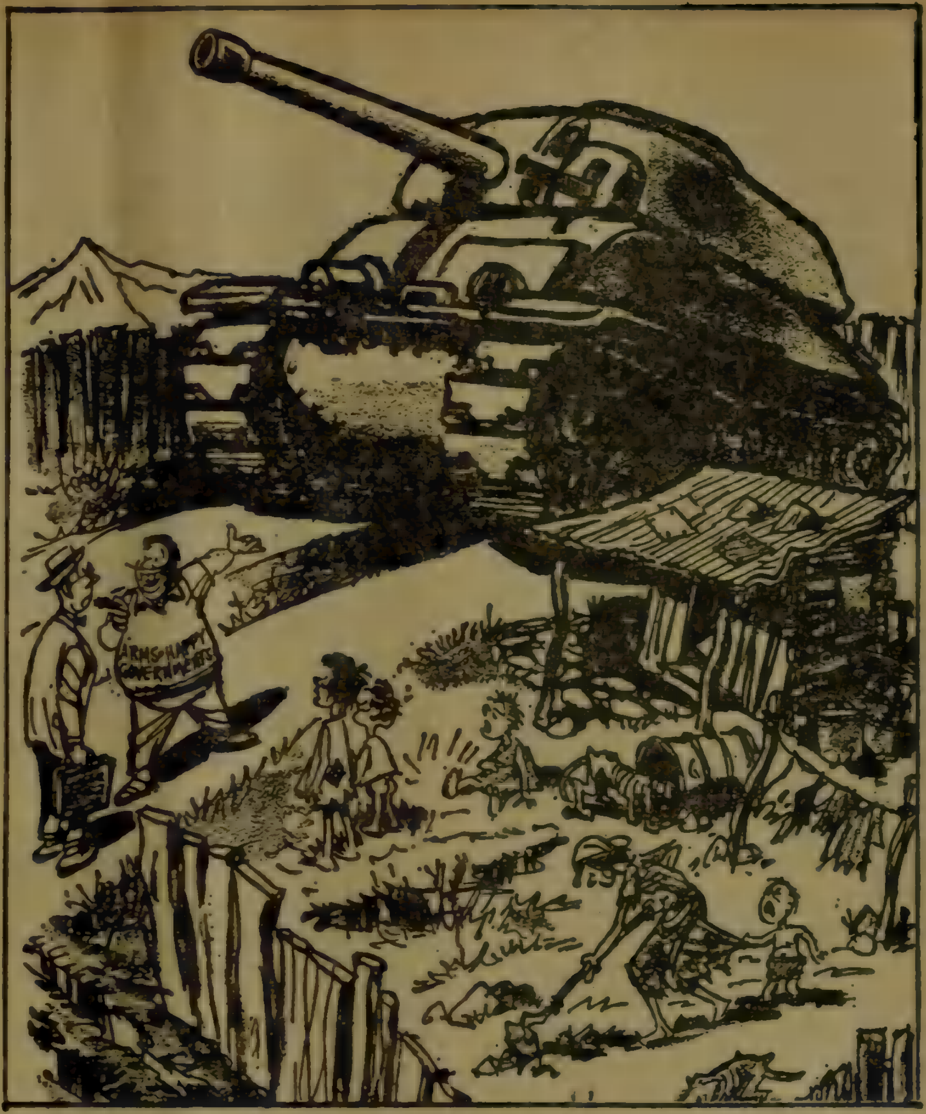
ERNEST GRUENING, now U. S. Senator from Alaska, during FDR's administration held several federal posts involving Latin American affairs. In 1933 he was adviser to the U.S. delegation to the Seventh Inter-American Conference at Montevideo, where the "Good Neighbor" policy was established.

for the Presidency in Peru; three were closely bunched far in the lead. They were General Manuel Ordia, a former President who had come into power in 1948 through a military coup; Fernando Belaunde, candidate of the Popular Action Party; and Raul Haya de la Torre, long the head of the moderate left-wing anti-Communist APRA Party. None of these had secured quite the one-third of all the votes cast required by the Peruvian constitution, which provides that in such an event election shall be by the Congress. The military apparently feared that Haya de la Torre would be chosen and would institute what to them were objectionable social and economic reforms. To prevent this they took over.

The Kennedy Administration promptly announced that aid to Peru under our foreign-aid program — denoted for Latin America as "the Alliance for Progress" — would be suspended, and withheld recognition of the new government.

2. Several weeks earlier, a similar sequence of events had taken place in Argentina. There the military, dissatisfied with the results of the general elections, seized President Frondizi, imprisoned him on an island and installed a creature of their own, Jose Guido, in his place. The Kennedy Administration, however, recognized the new Argentine regime and continued its aid. Shortly thereafter, several hundred million dollars were pledged.

3. In Brazil, meanwhile, an uncertain situation prevailed in which the military held the balance of power and would in large part determine who would rule.



Herblock in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Para el Progresso, si! I've already written to Washington about the new models."

MEMBERS of Congress took notice of these events. Since the "Alliance for Progress" was predicated on commitments for economic and social reforms in return for American financial aid, and such commitments could not bind a new government installed by force, it was suggested that aid be suspended pending assurance that earlier promises would be kept and that there was sufficient stability to make re-commitments dependable.

Likewise, members of Congress noted that the substantial sums granted to Latin America for military assistance were promoting internal instability instead of strengthening hemispheric defense. The amounts granted had increased steadily in the past decade. From a modest $200,000 in 1952, they had risen to $91,600,000 in 1961.

Our military aid to Latin America was begun with the concept that the United States arms and United States training would serve to defend the Western Hemisphere in the event of invasion. American weapons, it was believed, would standardize Latin America's equipment with our own and thus promote both effectiveness and economy. Training of Latin American officers in our military institutions, and the personal contacts developed through our military missions sent to Latin American countries, would also, it was hoped, encourage those countries to adopt our principle of subordinating the military to civilian authority.

The fallacies in this concept were aired on the floor of the United States Senate:

1. Changing technology was making clear that in the event of an all-out war precipitated by Russia or Red China, the United States would have to defend the continent with missiles. The arms supplied by us to Latin American nations would have no appreciable value in hemispheric defense. Actually, they were being used to maintain dictatorships or to overthrow existing governments and replace them with military rule.

2. Contrary to views held in the wake of World War II, Communist take-overs would take place not by armed invasion from without, but by subversion from within. In that case, the arms supplied the overthrown regime would — as happened in Cuba — fall into the hands of the Communist subverters and help them maintain themselves in power. The arms the United States furnished Batista were used by Castro to repel the invasion in the Bay of Pigs.

3. The funds supplied by the United States to Latin American nations for hemispheric defense have failed to standardize armaments. On the contrary, these nations have spent considerable sums on planes, ships and other military hardware aboard, resulting in a miscellaneous stockpile of little military value, yet costly to maintain and repair.

4. The grave economic needs of these countries were being slighted because of these needless military expenditures designed, as it turned out, to maintain military establishments for prestige and power purposes. And because of the policy of the United States of "bailing out" the economies of Latin American countries — giving them dollars to make up for budgetary deficits — our economic aid, given for social and economic reforms, was being used for military weapons to enhance the prestige of Latin American generals and admirals.

THUS one nation will acquire some hardware only because a neighboring country has similar equipment. Ecuador tries to keep pace with Peru's air strength. Argentina rushed to buy an aircraft carrier after Brazil had bought one from England. Similarly, Ecuador protested long and loud, in 1958, when it became apparent that the U. S. Congress was considering providing an excess destroyer to Peru. Finally in 1959, despite the Pentagon's judgment that Ecuador did not need a destroyer to fulfill its role in hemisphere defense, and despite the State Department's concern that the upkeep of the ship would strain Ecuador's hard-pressed treasury, we bowed to the political considerations and furnished the destroyer.

Some of the military material given the Latin American countries has been wrecked through lack of training in their use. We made available to the Peruvian Air Force twelve F-86s, the planes which proved to be excellent fighters in Korea. I am told that before delivery some of the planes were modified slightly to reduce their speed to make for easier control in landing. The Peruvians insisted that the planes be remodified to their original extremely fast and tricky configurations. In the first month of their use, sadly, three of the planes cracked up.

Seeking high-powered planes, the Peruvian Air Force turned to Britain to purchase a squadron of sixteen British Hawker Hunters — jets which are even faster than the F-86s. The Peruvians also bought eight British Hawker Hunters — jets I understand, are already obsolete. I mention the Canberras' purchase because there is an interesting sidelight to that story. When the Ecuadorians, with whom the Peruvians have a violent border dispute, heard of the Peruvian deal, they rushed to buy six Canberras from the British. I understand that within days after delivery, they cracked up two on the ground. These planes cost about $1.4 million each.

RESPONSIBLE leaders in Latin America are aware of the problems and want military aid stopped. Francisco Orlich, the President of one of the most stable, democratic countries in Latin America — Costa Rica — said:

> We don't want any military support. We don't want any Army. In case of aggression, our Army is our moral standing and our faith in the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance. The two times that we have been invaded, our citizens have turned immediately into soldiers to defend democracy while the machinery of the Rio Treaty was set into motion. Any assistance we receive, we want to be directed toward education and economic development.

Another cautionary note was sounded by Eduardo Santos, a former President of Colombia and then in exile from the military dictatorship of Rojas Pinilla. He said:

> Against whom are we Latin Americans arming ourselves? Why are our countries ruining themselves with costly armaments which they will never be able to use? . . . We have no reason for fighting one another; we have only reasons for drawing close to each other and living together fraternally. . . . And do we have, perhaps, a military role to play in the great international conflicts? Never. In this era of the atomic bomb, with these incredibly costly armaments, with technical systems backed by millions, why are our poor countries continuing to ruin themselves with armaments which, in case of international conflict, would represent absolutely nothing? We are creating armies that are insignficant in international affairs, but devastating to the internal economy of each country. Each country is being occupied by its own army.

When newspaper accounts of my suggestion for phasing out military aid to Latin America were published in the countries there, the mail I received not only from people in the United States but from the people in Latin America was overwhelmingly favorable. Thus a Peace Corps member stationed in Chile wrote:

> It is of little importance that we may have decorated military leaders as "supporters of democratic principles" who later put the need for retaining an internal order which they consider in danger above democracy — such is the entire tendency of their training. And it is certainly a pity that the tank that broke down Prado's palace gate was made in the United States. But by helping Latin American countries engage in arms races that they cannot afford, we not only inhibit their development for the sake of useless armies; we also oblige ourselves to give them more foreign aid to compensate their economy and their government's revenue. Thus our gold reserve problem is also affected.

How many more Cubas, Chiles, Argentinas and Brazils do we need before we call a halt to this senseless and useless policy of military aid to Latin America?

And the most tragic note is struck as we realize that these same Latin American countries, wasting American dollars on an obsolete weaponry system, have great social and economic needs. In these very same countries housing conditions for the vast majority of people are appalling: disease is rampant, illiteracy rates are shockingly high and hunger is a normal condition.

Surely our American dollars can be better spent in Latin America than on arms. Let us judge the future by the past and use our lamp of experience to light new homes rather than to burn them down.

SIT-INS AND MARCHES . . *by Carleton Mabee*

THE STUDENT movements for racial integration and for peace — the two major campus causes of the sixties so far — are similar in that they both use nonviolent, direct-action methods such as picketing, marches and civil disobedience. The student movement for integration centers in the South; it is directly related to the compelling personal concerns of its chiefly Negro participants. The student movement for peace centers in the North; it is more remote from student daily life and politically more sophisticated.

It is natural to ask whether the youth who take part in the more immediate integration struggle are being led by their experience toward taking part also in the similar, but more nebulous, peace struggle.

The present nonviolent movement for integration grew during the 1940s and early 1950s, out of pacifism; that is, the movement for nonviolent resistance as a substitute for war. Moreover, it is also related to the peace movement in that the wave of sit-ins which flooded the South in 1960 released energy that helped produce, in 1961 and 1962, a corresponding wave of student peace demonstrations.

In the North, students in both movements are usually white. The number of colored participants in Northern integration demonstrations is sometimes embarrassingly small; it is even smaller in peace demonstrations. One Negro taking part in a Washington peace march widely supported by Northern students could count only seventeen Negroes among some 5,000 marchers. Evidently many Negroes feel that participating in peace marches doesn't help them win middle-class acceptance.

Northern whites who participate in one movement often also participate in the other. According to Walter Lively, a colored field secretary for the Student Peace Union, most of the union's members are whites who first became active in liberal causes through supporting the sit-ins. At a recent integration conference in Baltimore, sponsored jointly by CORE and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), a considerable minority of the delegates were involved in both movements.

If you were to query Southern Negroes on whether their participation in the nonviolent integration struggle has led them to take an interest in the peace movement, they are likely to say that they never even thought of any connection. A Southern region American Friends Service Committee representative, Tart Bell, explained it this way: Negro students become so intensely involved in their local desegregation struggles that many of them think only of the immediate crisis. "If a man's in a lion's den," said CORE National Director James Farmer, "he's going to worry about the lion." As the much-jailed North Carolina Negro minister, Elton Cox of the CORE staff, put it, most Negro youth don't think intellectually about the nonviolent movement for desegregation, and therefore don't see any relation between it and the conscientious objector's position.

Nevertheless, there has been more discussion of peace among Southern students since the wave of sit-ins began in 1960 than before, according to Ella Baker of the National Student YWCA, Atlanta. Workers for peace organizations occasionally appear even in the middle and lower South, hoping to attract students who are already in the integration movement. Some integration leaders have resisted on the ground that integration should be the first concern of students in the South; it is hard, they say, to be effective on two fronts at once.

WHEN Leo Lillard, a Florida-born Negro, first became a college student in Nashville, he thought — like the rest of his class — "only of money, money, money." Taking part in sit-ins, however, changed him. "If I had not been in the sit-in movement, I would never have been concerned about my fellow men," he explains. Now he is active on many fronts. "I see no difference in explaining to critics why I picket for peace or civil rights," he told me as he left a picket line; "I just can't see any separation between peace and freedom." It is possible that the sit-ins have produced more changes in the sitters than in the segregationists whose businesses they seek to affect.

Another colored student who has come to believe that peace and integration are indivisible is Jan Triggs of Howard University. "If there is to be a genuine turn toward peace in the world," he said in a speech to peace marchers, "our society, like that of the Soviet Union, needs reconstructing. In this task there are many posts to be manned. The peace marcher who is too busy to join in a sit-in deludes himself if he thinks he is fighting for peace. Sitters who will not demonstrate for peace are likewise deluded if they think they are fighting for freedom; they are only acquiescing in the drift toward the ultimate solution of the race problem — the extinction of the human race."

BOTH North and South there is now a small, vigorous group of students in the integration movement — especially among those who circulate outside their own campuses— who have become peace-conscious in varying degrees. The variety of views among them is suggested by a recent conversation in the church-basement headquarters of the student integration movement in Cairo, Illinois, a town with Southern-style segregation.

The chief conversationalists in a group around a table were both twenty-two years old and had both recently been arrested in Cairo while demonstrating for desegregation. One was the very blond Jim Adams of Southern Illinois University, and the other the very black John Lewis of Fisk University.

Someone recalled that Robert Williams of Monroe, N.C., had advocat-

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CARLETON MABEE, Pulitzer Prize-winning historian, teaches at Delta College in University Center, Michigan. His latest book is The Seaway Story *(Macmillan).*

ed Negroes' using force against vigilantes.

"I agree with Williams," Adams said, "that if no police protection is available, the law of survival justifies Negroes defending themselves."

"We have the protection of the law in the United States," Lewis replied, "so fighting is not justified." Lewis, born of a poor family in the Alabama black belt, is a ministerial student and chairman of the student integration group in Nashville.

Someone by the table asked: "Is violence to defend yourself from cannibals justified?"

"Violence in no sense is justified," Lewis replied. "I have no right to destroy any human beings because they are sacred."

"Your own life is as sacred as the next person's," Adams broke in. "You should at least defend yourself enough to get away. We were taught that in the Army."

Then Adams asked the inevitable question: "If someone attacked my wife, I would risk my life to save her; if someone attacked your wife, what would you do?"

"I would try to defend her by nonviolence," Lewis answered. "I would try to attract violence to me away from her. I would offer the attacker clothes, food or money to prevent physical violence. Nonviolence involves sacrifice. You must be willing to suffer, even to die."

Lewis has applied for draft status as a conscientious objector. Adams, like most students in the peace and integration movements, accepts nonviolence as a tactic as long as it works. While he believes that armies are unfortunately necessary for defense, he regards nuclear weapons as essentially aggressive. He wears a nuclear-disarmament button.

AMONG the integrationist students inclined to pacifism, some have come to this position by the road of rebellion against society. When Negro students enter the integration movement, they are likely to be thinking in terms of middle-class demands for equal status, such as the right to eat in restaurants with whites. In time, they are likely to realize that equality in public places is not enough. They become aware of the power structure which prevents equal opportunity in jobs, housing and politics. As they knock up against that power structure, some of them become more and more alienated from the institutions that support it, such as education, business and government. They become emotionally "anti-respectability," "anti-boobeousie." When asked whether they would fight for the United States, some may snap, as does Dion Diamond, of Petersburg, Va., a much-jailed member of the SNCC staff: "The only ultimate defense against communism is the complete realization of the American ideal of equality for all. Otherwise what is there to defend?" Or, as a student at Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial University says, "I don't think any second-class citizen should fight for his country."

Other integrationist students incline to pacifism because they have come to regard nonviolence as a way of life. These tend to be religiously oriented.

White theological student Bob Zellner, SNCC staff member from Alabama, is still struggling with some of the fine points of nonviolence theory. For instance, he is not certain whether, when police are brutal to him, as they have been, it would be vengeful of him to sue them. But on some questions he is sure: "Violence in international relations simply can't be permitted any more," he says, "so the nonviolent movement must be made strong enough to act in international relations as well as in race."

BECAUSE the Nashville-to-Washington peace walk included colored as well as white personnel, its story suggests both the problems and possibilities involved in putting integration and peace into one package in the South.

The walk was planned by the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA), a group known for its demonstrations against nuclear testing. During the planning, Freedom Rider Jim Peck, of both CORE and CNVA, urged that the walkers should not make a point of challenging segregation in the towns through which they passed. It is simply not feasible, he urged, to expect many Southern Negroes, with their overwhelmingly personal concern in integration, to get involved in peace; nor many Southern whites, with their deeply ingrained feelings about color, to get involved in integration. Robert Gore, who took part in sit-ins while in college in North Carolina, and who was the only Negro to participate in the whole walk from Nashville to Washington, agreed, and it was so decided.

Last April, in Nashville, where the walk began, the walkers were invited to take part in a sit-in. They declined, according to plan, but did schedule their walk to pass by the site of the sit-in. The sitters, resenting the fact that the walkers did not join them, stayed away from a meeting the walkers had planned.

Quite differently, when the walkers were still twelve miles from Lebanon, Tenn., they "were absolutely astounded"—Gore wrote in his log of the walk—when Negroes from the Lebanon integration movement joined them. "We proudly walked into town about thirty strong," he wrote; and they "passed through the hostile crowds with no worries."

In both Lebanon and nearby Carthage, the walkers "established a perfect integration" with sitters, as Brad Lyttle, another walker, put it. The sitters understand nonviolence, he said, "because they have practiced it."

LATER THE walkers met a group of colored students on their way home from a SNCC conference in Atlanta. One of them, Clarence Glenn of Louisville, was startled by the walkers. "I had never heard anyone talk like they did before," he said afterward. "But it's pretty much like what we are working for in the South. We think love and nonviolence can change the South; they think love and nonviolence can change the world. I think we are working for the same things."

The walkers often slept overnight in churches and held meetings there. By the time they reached Virginia, Gore decided that most Negro ministers they met seemed to be vaguely attracted to the walkers' peace program, while most white ministers didn't consider it worth discussing.

When the walk was over in June,

it seemed to have been largely the fact that the walkers were integrated which had brought hostility down on them, including arrests, cursing and pelting with stones. Nevertheless, while Peck emphasized—with justice, as Gore's log shows—that many Negroes initially welcomed the walkers because they thought they were demonstrating for integration, Gore decided that the walk proved that those who are using nonviolence in the integration struggle are at least open to the possibility of using it in international relations as well.

NOW that during the last three years the two "terrible meek" movements have achieved new stature, some participants believe that the present unobtrusive ties between them, if developed, would strengthen both. It would be helpful, they say, if the peace forces would point up their effort to educate for integration as an essential ingredient of peace, and if the integration forces would point up their effort to educate for peace as an essential for making integration meaningful. As Lawrence Scott of the Washington Peace Action Center says, "There is no great value in desegregated coffins." It would do more good than harm, they argue, if Martin Luther King, James Farmer and other nonviolent integration leaders would be more vocal about the peace issue.

Robert Gore has come to believe, as a result of the Nashville-Washington walk, that the two movements should openly support each other. George Willoughby of the CNVA and Carl Braden of the Southern Conference Educational Fund believe that a manifesto by both colored and white leaders on the relationship of the two movements would be timely. Walter Lively of the Student Peace Union thinks that, while to promote the formation of peace organizations among student integrationists in the South would be divisive, Southern students should be aware that the integration movement in the South *is* the peace movement in the South; and, to encourage this awareness, he recommends experimenting with such devices as peace study groups within the integration forces, a magazine about peace for integrationists, and a peace secretary for integration organizations. The problem, as he sees it, is to show students that it is necessary to retire Senator Eastland from Congress because he is both a racist and a militarist—and that he is both for the same reasons.

Meanwhile, the two movements have already been cooperating in ways which hint of further possibilities. In Northern cities, they sometimes coordinate the scheduling of peace and integration demonstrations to encourage participation in both. The War Resisters League has released its executive director to give about half his time to integration. Peace marchers, with the encouragement of their sponsoring committee, have sat-in at segregated restaurants. Both movements have been promoting the purchase of women's leather tote bags produced by Negroes in Haywood County, Tenn., to help offset the economic retaliation they have suffered for registering to vote. Both movements are beginning to look for ways to support political candidates who favor both desegregation and a search for alternatives to the cold war. And both movements are assisting, along with nonviolent forces in India and Britain, in the creation of a nonviolent army to operate across international boundaries in Africa on behalf of both national freedom and racial integration.

THE ETHICS OF AFFLUENCE . . *by Roger L. Shinn*

SOCIAL CHANGE always brings about changes in ethics. Today the economy of affluence is challenging some of our old-fashioned virtues as ruthlessly as an earlier industrialism challenged feudal ethics. The clash comes in big debates about foreign aid, featherbedding and shorter working hours, a balanced federal budget. It comes in little debates when children, hearing how parents once worked for ice-cream cones and put nickels in postal savings, ask whether the parents were born in the Middle Ages.

It is never easy in a time of ethical change to sort out the real issues. Ethical argument always has ideological overtones. Those who have profited by the old ways confuse obsolescent customs with eternal laws of God or nature. Those out for a fast buck would like to dismiss fundamental responsibilities as quaint customs. It is not likely that our society will easily grope through its ethical confusion and attain clarity. But the needs of our time and the pace of change demand that we try.

Since social critics usually emphasize the problems caused by affluence, let us immediately recognize its advantages. Higher standards of living mean opportunity for mankind. Increased production brings more than a furious flow of gadgets plus perverse pressures to consume: it offers better diet, opportunities for health and housing, increased chances for education and the benefits of culture. Social security, although an answer to the threat of poverty, is possible only in an affluent society: unemployment insurance and old-age benefits are not a live option in a society like India.

An economy of high productivity can (although it may not) contribute to a democratic ethos. Classical ethics, stemming from Plato and Aristotle, assumed that "the good life" was possible for only the aristocratic few. Slaves and artisans, along with women, could not enjoy true happiness and should not participate in political life. This attitude (with due allowance for the plain snobbery involved) rested on the hard economic fact that few people had ac-

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cess to education or even to elementary political information.

By contrast, the Stoic and Biblical ethics pointed to a moral grandeur open to common people and slaves. Even so, they assumed the obvious — that the majority of mankind was fated to poverty, constant insecurities and few choices in vocation or education.

Now economic affluence and new techniques of communication open to the average person the privileges that, through most civilized history, only a few could claim. It is economically possible for everyone to belong to the leisure class — at least to the degree of enjoying moderate economic security, many conveniences unknown to the most privileged in the past, and access to knowledge and culture.

Such opportunity brings a burden of responsibility. Once social reformers, while struggling for justice and relief of hardship, met poverty as an inescapable fact. As poverty becomes less necessary, a society with a conscience must become more disturbed than any past society about the persistent deprivation of some of its members.

AFFLUENCE has its ethical dangers. Politicians may campaign as though increased production were an unquestioned good, but some voices warn against its snares. Carl Sandburg, for example, has observed: "When the goal of a country is only happiness and comfort, there is danger. . . . All these things in the advertisements — any time the main goal of life is to get them, so that they override your other motives, there's danger."

The acquisitive impulse, we may quickly note, thrives independently of modern affluence. Moralists have always worried about the temptations of materialism. But what is happening under the impact of affluence is something different. The contemporary economy is clashing with revered ethical traditions.

It is not simply specific sectarian ethics that are on the defensive. Old precedents — whether Biblical, rational, or prudential — are becoming obsolescent. Neither the fathers of the church nor the fathers of our country foresaw the economy of contemporary America and its ethical implications.

Traditional ethics, when they had any strong social concern, gave major attention to the *limitations* of wants. Since production could never meet need, decency called for restraint in consumption. The ethical tradition most influential in America emphasized the virtues of hard work and productive enterprise, of deferred enjoyment, of saving of resources and wealth, of sacrifice of some pleasures for higher goals, even of fundamental sacrifice.

This ethical mood we now call, usually with condescension, Puritan. A rather general Puritan spirit characterizes many societies and, as has often been observed, is socially useful in a stage of industrialization. The more specific Puritanism of American society came out of Calvinistic Christianity. But it wandered far from Calvin in its curious amalgam of Biblical ethics and shrewd self-concern. To this day many an American of the older generation is not sure which of his favorite quotations come from the Bible and which from *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

Now new economic habits are mounting a massive assault on the ethical tradition. Circumstances are teaching us that — sometimes, at least — we may have our cake and eat it too, provided there are enough cakes and enough credit for buying them. As a matter of fact, we can have cake, cars, color television and a trip to Europe, all to be paid for tomorrow and the day after. Best of all, we can enjoy all this with good conscience. For the whole process is part of the sacred American way. High production, high consumption, high employment go together under the guidance of an "invisible hand" even more beneficent than the one celebrated by Adam Smith.

THE SHIFT of values inevitably has caused some strain in the American ethical consciousness. Frugality, once a virtue, is now a threat to the economy. Debt for the sake of indulgence, once impossible or sinful, now promotes prosperity. Where once greed was opposed to human welfare, we now hear that greed (both for profits and for consumers' goods) is a public benefit. Traditional faith taught, "You cannot serve God and mammon"; editorialists today tell us, "You serve God and society best by serving mammon."

In the face of these conflicts a clear logic often supports the newer ethos. We all combine in a loyal effort to maintain high production, not so much because we need the goods (except in wartime) as because we need the jobs. Agricultural surpluses lead to national scandals, but farmers must have work and income. If some people question the prestige-patterns connected with new models of automobiles, all of us worry about the economy when the cars don't sell.

So for the most part we are glad to abandon the traditional ethic. Without too much effort we learn to consume as conscientiously as the Puritans produced and saved. When duty is fun, it is easy to be dutiful — and consuming is fun.

Yet there are many signs that America is worried about the relaxing of old disciplines. Wasteful spending is not so painful as inadequate diet, but it may be a cause for concern. The degradation of tastes by the "hidden persuaders" presents no such immediate crisis as the economic crash that might come if the advertisers failed, but it can gnaw at the vitality of our culture.

In eighteenth-century America, John Woolman, the Quaker who protested against slavery and exploitation, became concerned about his own success as a retail merchant. He wrote in his *Journal*: "I found it good for me to advise poor people to take such things as were most useful, and not costly." Eventually Woolman gave up his business. A modern Woolman would occupy a strange place in society. No doubt people thought him impractical in his own time. Now they might go on to assail him as a foe of the spirit that makes America great. Yet a career like his raises questions about the validity of a social order that, for so sound a goal as high employment, must stimulate production by artificial means and relax most of the traditional economic disciplines.

The answer is not to maintain outmoded disciplines simply to serve the general principle that discipline is a good thing. Much of the traditional ethic was a product of a cultural situation that has no claim upon society today. Some of the sentimental praise of the old-fashioned virtues and the sound dollar is as irrevelant to the real issues as the Truman-Eisenhower distaste for modern art.

The contemporary ethical task is to sort out the real issues and to find the disciplines that the present world demands. If we are spared some old burdens, we face new ones. Once a family was accounted virtuous when Mother and Father saved a tidy sum for their old age. If now social security plus a pension plan accomplish the same end — with greater efficiency and for many more people — then saving as such has no special ethical merit. But today Mom and Dad, along with the entire society, face many issues concerning the use of personal and national wealth. Some of these require a more imaginative and disciplined spirit than building up the savings account.

A FEW of the new problems of the ethics of affluence deserve brief mention here.

¶*Elimination of desperate poverty.* Although poverty is no longer an economic necessity, it persists. Wages below fifty cents an hour are frequent for domestic help and workers in local businesses in some areas. Within the economy of abundance, about one-fifth of American families receive incomes of less than $2,500 per year — an intolerably low minimum. The cold statistics hide the hot facts of misery and cruelty.

If the problem were solely economic, the solution would be rather simple. A redistribution of 2.8 per cent of personal incomes would raise every family to $2,500. But the problem is not merely economic. The impoverished are largely sharecroppers, migrant workers, dwellers in slums and racial ghettos. Their poverty will be overcome only as America solves some of her larger social and ethical problems.

¶*Our relation to an impoverished world.* It is still a minority of mankind that gets enough to eat. The gap between rich and poor nations gets wider, as the rich get richer while the poor barely keep pace with exploding populations. Any major help for this problem will strain the resources and imagination of mankind.

"I'll grant you the improved transmission, but the planned obsolescence is still sluggish."

¶*The reconception of the meaning of production.* Persistent unemployment despite high production points to an increasingly knotty problem. President Kennedy has said that the U.S. economy needs to provide *25,000 new jobs per week* for the next ten years. Automation means that fewer workers produce more goods. Thus it might appear that only a dizzying rate of consumption could keep everybody employed.

But at the same time we hear constantly that our society cannot afford to get rid of slums or to operate adequate schools. Hospitals cannot pay enough to attract nurses. Metropolitan areas lack the money to maintain public transportation, keep up the parks or deal effectively with addiction to narcotics.

Obviously some redistribution of affluence is needed. And this requires a reconsideration of the meaning of useful work. Habitually we think of production as the job of laborers and entrepreneurs who make things that can be loaded on trucks and sold for cash. But the typical American employee is no longer the blue-collar worker. The time has come to give new attention to the productivity of teachers, nurses, social workers and artists. Our society with all its consumer goods must discipline its allocation of expenditures.

¶*The impact of technology upon persons.* Social analysts increasingly call attention to the effects of large organizations and mass communications upon human beings. Here the ethical problems are far subtler than in the past. We face not the obvious evil of cold and starvation, but the subtle erosion of personal freedom in a conformist society. The ethics of advertising concern less the blatant lies, which government agencies and Better Business Bureaus can police, than the manipulation of people. The affluent society has to learn how to make its institutions serve people instead of enslaving them.

¶*The meaning of leisure.* Perhaps we have less leisure than we think. The shorter working day is not all gain if people must spend hours fighting traffic jams to get to work. The longer weekend becomes frustrating if families spend half of it soaking up carbon monoxide in order to enjoy fresh air for the other half. (Fresh air is one example of a commodity that is free in most societies, expensive in ours.)

Nevertheless the focus of life increasingly shifts from the struggle for necessities to the use of the enlarged opportunities that wealth provides. Most people today have time to watch television. In the days of Marx's angry complaints against the economy, workers had neither the time nor the television. Today leisure raises the question of whether ordinary people will widen their horizons or become the victims of the images that industry pays to put in their living rooms.

THESE five problems suggest that the economy of affluence, while solving some old ethical struggles, has thrown a full ethical agenda at our time. Lurking beneath all the specific issues is the fundamental ancient question of the chief end of man. The distrust of wealth, so characteristic of traditional religions, may again haunt mankind in new ways. In its details, that distrust is irrelevant to an economy of plenty. But the question remains, "What will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and forfeits his life?" Our century must ask a revised version of the question, "What good is a man when machines can do most jobs better?" The affluent society has yet to offer a clear answer.

[*See also "The Economics of Affluence," by Alexander Campbell, issue of June 2, 1962.* The Nation *intends to revert to other aspects of the affluent society in future issues.*—ED.]

BOOKS and the ARTS

Man and Other Pests

SILENT SPRING. By Rachel Carson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 368 pp. $5.

Marston Bates

WE OF Western civilization are apt to consider ourselves the crowning glory of evolutionary development — the end toward which life has been struggling through these vast stretches of time. But from the point of view of the biosphere, of the complex web of living things formed through these past eons, man often looks more like an evolutionary mistake than a crowning glory. "Civilized" man, from this viewpoint, is a disease of the biosphere, destroying the natural system and in great danger of destroying himself as well.

This gloomy view is most often based on the hazards of nuclear warfare or the madly multiplying human population. But many other threats to our survival, and to the survival of every living thing around us, are as serious if less obvious. Among these is our increasing dependence on the mass application of powerful chemical poisons for the control of organisms we consider nuisances or dangers — insects and weeds. This particular threat to nature — man included — is the subject of Rachel Carson's most recent book, *Silent Spring.*

Miss Carson achieved international fame a few years ago with the great success of *The Sea Around Us.* Her other books, the earlier *Under the Sea Wind* and the later *The Edge of the Sea,* also dealt with the ever fascinating subject of the oceans and their margins. Now she has left the celebration of the wonders of the natural world to look at man and his effect on that world.

Miss Carson is indignant about the unexpected effects of our thoughtless broadcasting of pesticides. She writes persuasively, for she has taken great pains to gather and check her facts. Parts of the book were published in *The New Yorker* magazine last summer, and immediately provoked wide interest, discussion and controversy. This reaction will undoubtedly intensify with the publication of the book. No one is in a better position than Miss Carson to arouse the indignation of the public and the conscience of the chemical industry, and it may well be that she has made a real contribution to our salvation.

WE have been using insecticides since the middle of the last century, when arsenical sprays were developed. These were poisonous enough, and a danger to man as well as to insects. But the dangers inherent in the insecticides used before the Second World War were trivial compared with those of the chemicals that have been developed recently.

The first of the new chemicals was DDT. It was synthesized by a German chemist in 1874, but its miraculous powers as an insecticide were not discovered until 1939, through the work of a Swiss, Paul Müller. The Germans and then the Allies found it to be extremely efficient in controlling the body lice so notoriously associated with war. It was spectacularly successful in controlling an outburst of typhus in Italy in 1943, and it was soon found also to be a potent agent of destruction for malaria-carrying mosquitoes. The typhus experience, as Miss Carson points out, may have given DDT an undeserved reputation for harmlessness, since in powder form it is not readily absorbed through the skin. For most purposes, however, the chemical is dissolved in oil, and in this form it is definitely toxic — not only for insects but for men and other animals.

A long series of other organic insecticides has been developed since the discovery of the potency of DDT, some of them much more powerful poisons. At the same time, there has been a parallel development of herbicides, "weed-killers." Miss Carson explores the chemistry and toxicity of these various chemicals in some detail. She has, of course, dug up the most obvious and extreme cases of poisoning to prove her points, and defenders of the pesticides will argue that these instances are trivial in terms of the numbers of persons exposed. But again and again she points out that the possible mass effects on people are subtle and that the acute incidents, pathetic as they are, are most important as warnings of what may be happening less obviously — warnings that have largely been ignored.

Miss Carson is greatly concerned with the toxicity of these chemicals for man; but she is, it seems to me, even more concerned with the effect of their use on the natural ecosystem; she has written, incidentally but clearly, a treatise on ecology, on the interrelations of animals, plants and the environment. Ecology may well be the most important of the sciences from the viewpoint of long-term human survival, but it is among those least understood by the general public, and least supported by research. Modern man has got the idea that he can rearrange nature for his own immediate purposes — this brash newcomer regards the ancient planet and its persisting web of life purely as a "resource" for his species. The idea comes from his undeniably impressive engineering accomplishments. But the engineers have not repealed any of the laws of nature; they have learned to work with them. We can shoot ourselves out into space, perhaps to the moon, but we have not canceled the law of gravity: if we jump from a cliff, we land with a splash — unless we use a parachute.

THE LAWS of ecology are equally valid, though far more complex and less well understood. The unexpected effects of the mass sprayings show how foolhardy it is to undertake large-scale intervention without first attempting to understand the relationships among the organisms involved. Miss Carson cites case after case: the mass murder of birds from the wholesale spraying for Dutch elm disease (which incidentally turned out to be a poor way of controlling the disease); the death of fish from forest spraying; the destruction of the delicate complex of organisms that supports soil fertility. Most puzzling are the extermination campaigns, like that against the fire ant in the South, which often have little effect on the target insect and incidentally create far more damage than the pest itself. "These insecticides," Miss Carson notes, "are not selective poisons; they do not single out the one species of which we desire to be rid. Each of them is used for the simple reason that it is a deadly poison. It therefore poisons all life with which it comes in contact. . . ."

MARSTON BATES, professor of zoology at the University of Michigan, is the author, among other books, of Man in Nature *(Prentice-Hall),* The Forest and the Sea *(Random House),* The Prevalence of People *(Scribner).*

Miss Carson, I think unfortunately, does not mention the successful extermination campaigns: against the Mediterranean fruit fly in Florida; the African malaria vector, *Anopheles gambiae* in Brazil and the same insect in Egypt. In each of these cases, the victory was won over a recently introduced species, still in unstable relationship with the new environment. The extermination of the yellow-fever mosquito from many cities also involves a species that, in America, has never been able to establish itself in nature, away from man. These successes undoubtedly led to the generalized enthusiasm for campaigns of extermination; but they seem to me really to drive home Miss Carson's point, insofar as the success in each case was a consequence of quite abnormal circumstances.

THE NEW insecticides have turned out to be failures in many instances because insects have shown a surprising ability to develop resistance or even immunity. Up to now, as the mosquitoes, flies or beetles have developed immunity to one compound, we have usually been able to come up with another — but this can hardly be an unending game and perhaps the insects will win after all. It is the abundant pest that develops immunity, while all of the associated animals, important in maintaining the delicate balance of nature, continue to die.

Miss Carson is not opposed to chemical pesticides: she is opposed to their indiscriminate and thoughtless use. She sums up the argument in her concluding paragraph:

> The "control of nature" is a phrase conceived in arrogance, born of the Neanderthal age of biology and philosophy, when it was supposed that nature exists for the convenience of man. The concepts and practices of applied entomology for the most part date from that Stone Age of science. It is our alarming misfortune that so primitive a science has armed itself with the most modern and terrible weapons, and that in turning them against the insects it has also turned them against the earth.

Dear Shadows

DUBLIN IN THE AGE OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS AND JAMES JOYCE. By Richard M. Kain. University of Oklahoma Press. 216 pp. $2.75.

Denis Donoghue

I SHALL BE unfair to Richard Kain's new book, partly because its virtues are those I could not even begin to acquire. The book is all generosity, all warmth, all affection, and I vote for these qualities as ardently as the next man and wish that I could have them personally as a bonus; but I should guess that Mr. Kain is willing to have them even at the risk of missing the astringency, the salt, the rigor, which I value so much in criticism. For me, criticism is the hygiene of literature; for Mr. Kain, it is animated conversation around the poem's fire.

Dublin in the Age of Yeats and Joyce is an animated handbook; not a Cook's Tour or a Baedeker or an encyclopedia or a lecturer's bottom drawer. (It has a rudimentary map, but no photographs.) It does not inform the curious that the Vico Road is in Killiney or that Yeats was born in Sandymount Avenue. It assumes the company of intelligent men and women talking about the Ireland of Yeats, Joyce, AE, Synge, Lady Gregory, Michael Collins, Arthur Griffith, Sean O'Casey, all the fish both great and small; and it directs the conversation with quiet grace. (I have never heard such a conversation in Dublin: we traffic in mockery, daily spite, the homicidal laugh.)

The conversation is designed to interest, to amuse, to remove certain obstacles of ignorance, to open the right door at the right moment when a bewildered figure arrives with *Ulysses* or *The Tower* in his/her hand. We meet this figure very regularly in Ireland; usually an American, like the girl who asked me some years ago whether Joyce was a Catholic, and registered the blankness of desolation when I answered darkly that he was nothing else. Mr. Kain would have been more helpful: he has all the patience in the world, all the good will, and now he has written this book to help that American girl. True, he does not answer the Catholic question, but he talks to the girl about Irish history, Easter 1916 and all that, the Black and Tans, Parnell, John O'Leary, the Famine, the Lane controversy; and at the end of the book the girl feels much happier. So the book was necessary. Anglo-Irish literature is incorrigibly mired in fact, event, personality, gossip, argument, time and place. An Irish reader who has never been to Harvard, seen honeysuckle, or owned a watch can still make something of *The Sound and the Fury*, but *Parnell's Funeral* must be impenetrable to a reader who is ignorant of Emmet, Tone, Fitzgerald, O'Connell the Great Comedian, de Valera, Cosgrave, O'Higgins, O'Duffy and a multitude of attendant Irish facts.

A REMARKABLE number of these facts are housed in Mr. Kain's book, and I know of no other book in which they are set out so warmly. Yet I wonder. To each his own Ireland, yes, and it is great to be forgiven, but Mr. Kain will not even let us confess our sins. The reader who finishes Mr. Kain's genial book will go on to read Yeats and Joyce and I think he will often be shocked to find there such bitterness, such venom; he may wonder whether Mr. Kain has not softened the facts with his own charity. If the same reader meets Austin Clarke's satires and *The Valley of Squinting Windows* and Denis Johnston's plays and Sean O'Casey's autobiographies, he may begin to suspect that the Celtic glory is in the eye of the Louisville beholder.

But I should not make too much of this; the facts are there, Mr. Kain knows them all, and he is entitled to his own voice. In a bigger book, a longer conversation, he would perhaps say a good deal more about the element of fantasy in Irish literature, wild things like *King Goshawk* and *At-Swim-Two-Birds*, and a little more about the satirists and the nineteenth-century translators and the Gaelic poets treated lovingly in Daniel Corkery's *The Hidden Ireland*. But a bigger book is a different occasion.

Many readers of Mr. Kain's new book will already know his *Fabulous Voyager*, still the most helpful elucidation of *Ulysses*. The new book has many of the earlier qualities, notably a marvelous tact, a willingness to explain and then to be silent when the road is reasonably clear. But it loses a little of that steady focus which made *Fabulous Voyager* so firm; the wider screen and the bigger cast are not managed with quite the original deftness. In some of the transitions from person to person, one event to another, the sentences

DENIS DONOGHUE, author of The Third Voice *(Princeton University Press), teaches at University College, Dublin, and was director of the first International Yeats Summer School, at Sligo in 1960.*

grind to a halt and have to be pushed into the next paragraph.

But I am more concerned with the way in which this book will be used. I hope and pray that it will be taken for what it is, a humane guide to the literature, not a substitute for the literature. It is easy for a careless reader to substitute the lore for the poem, the gossip for the work, and to feel that with the inside story safely tucked away for $2.75 he does not need to tire himself out with the stuff itself, the disciplined words on the poet's page. Since Irish poems arise from gossip and event and occasion, it is easy to dissolve them again in the original fluid and feel that a good time has been had by all. I should have thought (incidentally) that by now most people would have become sick to death of the indomitable Irishry, but many foreigners still have an appetite for the trivialities of Irish life which cannot be satisfied even by Brendan Behan, the canniest Gunther of them all. Mr. Kain, a scholar, would not have his book misused in this way.

The warning given, perhaps we can leave it at that. *Dublin in the Age of Yeats and Joyce* is not the last word, the final revelation; it starts a lively conversation, carries it to a certain point, and then reaches for Yeats's *Collected Poems*. Yeats is the center of the book — and rightly so.

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LETTER from LONDON

George Steiner

EVEN BY English standards, this has been a drenched summer. At the height of a sodden August, the press carried a series of full-page advertisements. Graced with the photograph of a wing-collared Edwardian marquess, they brandished an enormous headline: ENGLAND NEEDS AN IDEA. Even if one rejected the fine print — the usual vapid claims for Moral Rearmament and the late Dr. Buchman — the premise was undeniable.

But no idea looms. Faced by the unprecedented fact that in the by-elections held since January fewer people have voted Conservative than have voted Liberal (not to mention Labour!), and informed by his pollsters that his popularity was the lowest of any Prime Minister's since the last months of Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Macmillan took to the ax. Not since 1903 have more than three ministers vanished at one blow in a peacetime reshuffle. This time, when the dust cleared, seven were gone. But only Madame Tussaud's seemed to feel the winds of change; there the curator scrambled wildly to shift or recast waxen heads. Nor has the new team had a happy start. The Home Secretary had barely found his blotter when Dr. Soblen landed and Sir Oswald Mosley began marching.

The flare of British fascism is, until now, a small nastiness; at each rally, the same thirty pasty-faced toughs seem to be involved. But there is a new rawness in the air. Arriving in Scotland to discuss the closure of obsolescent branch lines, the chairman of the nationalized railways was jeered and kicked by a moil of angry workers. Shopkeepers' bills are no longer invariably exact; people break out of hallowed queues to snatch taxis; race horses have been doped; the editors of the sacrosanct register of English birds have discovered fraudulent entries ("Hastings rarities"). Trivia — but of a piece with the more serious cracks in the complex fabric of manners that underlies the proud generosities of British law and politics.

And no wonder; this is a bewildering, nerve-fretting hour. The difficulty of the Common Market negotiations and the evidence of Western Europe's economic surge, have been a shock. England finds herself being treated in Brussels as a spinsterish, awkward, somewhat impoverished cousin by some of the very men who came to London as harried fugitives in 1940. If Europe has had its chance to leap to its feet, it is because England was nearly battered to her knees in the fight against Hitler. Yet now, in the strange rites of amity between de Gaulle and Adenauer (held, with subtle irony, in Rheims cathedral, the site of Joan of Arc's triumph), England finds herself a distrusted outsider.

But how solid is the Europe to which England is seeking access? What if those bullets aimed at de Gaulle had been three inches truer? The commitment to Europe is agonizing, not only because of the strain on the Commonwealth, but because it may mean entanglement in traditions of crisis which England has long kept from its shores. Seen from Washington or Milan, the issue seems drastic and obvious: England must enter Europe or diminish to provincialism of spirit and fortune. Seen from Dover, the alternatives are more complex and the advantages more uncertain.

MEANWHILE the island is shrinking. It's a bizarre but palpable impression. Too many cars creep along roads which have become absurdly inadequate. In many areas housing is short. Though new universities are being opened rapidly, in one of the most interesting ventures in the history of modern education, available places fall desperately short of the need. From the age of eleven on, the English child (and its harassed parents) runs a race over mounting hurdles down a narrowing track. Only the happy few reach the goal of state scholarships and university entry. The tutorial system at Oxford and Cambridge may well provide the finest education in the world, but it is a formidable luxury. To a nation of 50 million, these two universities offer less than 20,000 places. Wherever one goes there seem to be crowds — too many people, decent, intelligent, deserving, scrambling for the same chances. There's claustrophobia. Crossing over to France, I caught my breath at the wide sky and spacious *terroir*.

Several English plays render brilliant-

GEORGE STEINER has taught at Princeton University and is now at Cambridge. He is the author of The Death of Tragedy *and* Tolstoy or Dostoevsky *(Knopf).*

ly the sense of stifling, of walls crowding near. Beckett's fables of paralysis and the zany gloom of Ionesco and Adamov, adapt easily to the peculiar dank of the British bed-sitter. A school of drama has sprung up around the rabbit-warren rooming house. Harold Pinter's two plays, *The Dumb Waiter* and *The Caretaker*, are nightmares of confinement. Doris Lessing's *Play with a Tiger* pivots on the brown solitude of a bed-sitter in Earl's Court. Audiences watched with amusement because the two lovers are transparent masks for the author and a young American novelist and journalist much in evidence on the rougher fringe of London life. Perhaps the sharpest of these "trap" plays is Ann Jellicoe's *The Knack*. It is a grimly comic quadrille on the theme of seduction, fretted loneliness and sexual hunger. Behind it lies the classic rooming-house reverie: a girl will knock at the wrong door and come into my room by error. The single room, with its shilling gas meter and damp wallpaper, has become a powerful symbol.

Of course, there is a reaction, a flight into remembered elegance. The stock of Georgian poetry is rising and the Edwardians are in vogue. Rupert Hart-Davis' sumptuous, purple-bound edition of Oscar Wilde's letters strikes a note of nostalgic reappraisal. It has been followed by a reissue of three novels by Oscar Wilde's "dear Sphinx," Ada Leverson. In these hothouse idylls, characters named Felicity, Chetwode and Valentia pursue discreet passions in a cadre of governesses and Dagonet 1880 (an amber-colored champagne prized by Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas):

> Except for Lady Everard's ceaseless flow of empty prattle the pauses would have been too obvious. . . . Aylmer talked more, and a little more loudly, than usual. Bruce, whom champagne quickly saddened, became vaguely reminiscent . . . while Vincy, who was a little shocked at what he saw (and he always saw everything), did his very best, just saving the entertainment from being a too disastrous frost. "Well! Good luck!" said Aylmer, lifting his glass with sham conviviality. "I start tomorrow morning by the Orient Express."
>
> "Hooray!" whispered Vincy primly.

There's a lost world in that prim whisper — half Cecil Beaton and half *kitsch*. Mr. Macmillan is dangerously at home in it; wearing an Edwardian stalking-cap, he has been grouse-shooting with Lord Home. The photographs are revealing: the Prime Minister gazes droop-lidded into the camera with the weary but cunning air of a man faced with a new invention.

THE Ford Madox Ford revival is tied to the same ache of memory, but has more solid ground. Justice to his work is overdue. With the exception of Conrad (his friend and occasional collaborator), Ford was the least insular of English novelists. His ideal lay in France, his later life in America. It is a curious irony that he should be coming into his British legacy of repute at the moment when England is knocking at the doors of Europe. Ford would have been among the first to use a Channel tunnel.

In his two-volume anthology of Ford, Graham Greene has made an odd choice. Inevitably (though it is available elsewhere), he reprints *The Good Soldier*. The whole of the second volume is given to *The Fifth Queen*, a trilogy of historical novels concerned with Thomas Cromwell, Katharine Howard and Henry VIII. This slow, tangled fiction exhibits some of Ford's virtues: his ability to make an atmosphere dense and sensuous, his unhurried, scrupulous prose, his sheer knowledge of pictorial and psychological

SIDNEY HOOK

The Paradoxes of Freedom

Sidney Hook, scholar, philosopher, and one of the most stimulating teachers of our time, has been goading Americans to think intelligently about themselves and their beliefs for more than three decades. In this book, based on three Jefferson Memorial Lectures given at the University of California in 1961, Professor Hook argues against the existence of absolute human rights unassailable in any circumstance. Against this belief that he believes to be growing dangerously among liberals afraid of a dictatorship of the majority, Professor Hook argues for the existence of *plural* human rights which potentially, and sometimes actually, conflict with each other. He denies that the language of Jefferson and the Constitution can be construed literally, or that it was intended to be so construed, in independence of common sense and historical presuppositions. Trenchantly and lucidly, he provides solid food for thought to anyone interested in the nature and preservation of freedom.

"Creative intelligence, courage to think and act on a world scale, and a passion for human freedom cannot guarantee the survival of liberal civilization today, but they are our best hope."

"In the inescapable conflict of rights and duties, obligations and responsibilities, there can be no absolute obligation except—in John Erskine's memorable phrase—the moral obligation to be intelligent. Intelligence alone is an absolute value."

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circumstance. But the baroque fabric totters. No novelist has ever succeeded in blending a remote historical scene with the nuances and values of modern feeling. Imagine a Jamesian analysis set in a medieval turret. Matter and manner clash. At its best *The Fifth Queen* is a charade.

The Good Soldier, on the contrary, is a small masterpiece. It is one of the very few novels in the language (*Washington Square*, Conrad's *Shadow Line*, Allen Tate's *The Fathers*) to which one can apply the epithet "neo-classic." Like a French seventeenth-century tragedy, it contains and shapes an extremity of human conflict within a muted form. The conventions of oblique, nearly casual narrative serve to unfold a rich violence. The social *données* are dated, but Ford's close reading of lust and weakness has kept its sting.

There is much else worth retrieving from the more than seventy books — novels, poems, criticism, travel, biographies—which Ford published. The brief extracts Greene includes from Ford's memoirs suggest that his main gift was that of an observer, a kind of gentler Goncourt. No less than the drawing of Beerbohm, his reminiscences embody the spacious eccentricities of the Edwardian era.

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A good deal of recent English fiction is in the Ford line — shapely and genteel. Evelyn Waugh bristles with scornful nostalgia. Issued in Penguin, Anthony Powell's series, "The Music of Time," is reaching a new, wide public. Good judges have held him to be the most accomplished novelist now writing in English. So far, I can make no headway in his undertoned, intricate social comedy. The precedent of Proust, which Powell does not disclaim, seems overshadowing. But I may well be wrong. The case of Iris Murdoch is more arresting. I read her with growing uneasiness, knowing that each successive novel, however bizarre, has behind it the pressure of formidable intelligence. But the essential flaw is becoming plain: the humane values reside entirely in the style, in the sheer fine writing. The situations and feelings rendered are a sophisticated version of Gothic melodrama. Surely human behavior is both more simple and more serious than Miss Murdoch makes out.

NONE of the novelists of genteel passion (and one would want to include the silences of Henry Green and the archaism of Ivy Compton-Burnett) seems to me as alive as Thomas Hinde and William Golding. Hinde's first novel, *Mr. Nicholas*, is an unforgettable study of family detestations; it has the acid pity of Montherlant. Since then he has groped and deepened to include in his reach the tiring of England at home and abroad. His newest book is set in Kenya and shows a deft awareness of the entire range of African crisis, social, economic and private. Golding is an extraordinary figure, an allegorist of the real, an heir to Hardy and John Cowper Powys. Each novel since *Lord of the Flies* has marked a fresh departure; *Free Fall* was obviously a failure. But it is precisely the risks taken that makes the achievement so notable. Rumor has it that a new novel, with the tall spire of Salisbury cathedral in a central, allegoric role, is ready.

Against the uncertain condition of fiction, and the cramped academicism of most recent verse, the English theatre stands out strongly. Nursed by the drama department of the BBC and a crop of young directors, Osborne, Pinter, Wesker, Shelagh Delaney, John Arden, N. F. Simpson and Robert Bolt have made the London stage the most exciting anywhere. Wesker is trying to work out an association between the new playwrights and the trade union movement. It is an idea based in part on the Théâtre National Populaire and the ambulant troupe of Henri Ghéon in France, and in part on the performances staged in factory canteens in England during the war. Wesker has grasped the radical dilemma: how are the working man and the new lower middle class, with their increased leisure and economic means, to be brought into contact with a national culture for which they have been trained neither in school nor at home. The choice is not Shakespeare or Johnny Haliday, but a bit of both.

English opera and music have kept pace with the renascence of drama. Here again, the BBC has been patron and vanguard. For anyone interested in modern music, Edinburgh and Covent Garden matter far more than does the Metropolitan.

AS we pass from non-summer into autumn fog, one trend is striking: the arts are immensely alive, whereas politics, the rethinking of social policy and the technological establishment seem to mark time or diminish. It is in the new Coventry cathedral, in Britten's tremendous war-requiem, in the sculpture of Moore and the plays of Osborne and Wesker that England looks vital — not in Whitehall or on the docks of the Clyde. England is starting to export opera singers at a time when she is finding it hard to sell airplanes or freighters. This may be a mark of civilization and it makes this island a kind place in which to live. But it may also be a sign of Byzantium.

ART

Hilton Kramer

MARK TOBEY has long pursued his artistic career at some distance, spiritually and geographically, from New York; and New York has returned the compliment by remaining more or less unmoved by his copious production and his immense reputation abroad. The large retrospective exhibition of Tobey's work which William C. Seitz has now brought together at the Museum of Modern Art follows on similar events held during the past year at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris, where Tobey is regarded as one of the world's greatest living artists, and at the Whitechapel Gallery in London. Consisting of 135 items, the exhibition is obviously designed to win a higher place for

Tobey's art than it has hitherto enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic, even among the exponents of postwar American abstraction. The monograph which Mr. Seitz, an associate curator at the museum, has produced for the occasion (*Mark Tobey*, distributed by Doubleday and Company; $5.50) rivals the most inflated and preposterous claims made for Tobey's art in the French press. We are asked to judge Tobey as an artist of large metaphysical scope, an innovator in the realm of plastic design and a prophet in the world of spiritual values. This is, indeed, to ask too much.

One has the impression that it would improve our cultural image abroad if we could somehow heap on Tobey's art praises even higher than European opinion has already lavished on it, and the press here now seems to have joined Mr. Seitz in the task. I do not see how this high opinion can be reconciled with a close look at the current exhibition. It shows Tobey to be a minor artist of marked preciosity and small vision, a dabbler in the sensations of spirituality who has nothing crucial to tell us about our visual experience. His art, which is fragile, private and radically deficient in expressive or intellectual range, will simply not support the aesthetic and philosophic burdens that have been assigned to it.

TOBEY is above all a graphic artist of limited sensibility. He is not really a painter. He works primarily in tempera and water color, which he uses for graphic effects. Color performs no plastic functions in his art, and where it is used at all, it is invariably subordinate to the graphic element. He works usually in very small formats, often the size of a page, which reduce the possibility of a strong physical impact on the spectator. On this scale everything depends on precise conception and strength of expression. Goya, in his graphic art, could be monumental in so small a space; Tobey is only trivial. He is, I think, a displaced illustrator. His taste is for a delicate linear imagery abstracted from illustrational material and transmuted into a finely worked decorative pattern. This taste circumscribes his vision and isolates it from any large expressive purpose. In his early work he relied on anecdote and observation; in his later work he dwells on religious and abstract formulations; but throughout, the method remains that of an illustrator who, lacking a gift for visual analysis, invokes a decorative graphic solution to every visual problem.

Tobey used formerly to illustrate his observations of city life. There are some fair examples of this genre in the current exhibition. He now illustrates religious ideas based on the Bahá'í faith. But whereas the earlier work can be measured against one's own experience, both of life and of other art which deals with similar materials, the later work can be judged only on the basis of its graphic invention and formal expressiveness. Since the Bahá'í religion apparently lacks an iconographic symbology, Tobey has been free to represent its spiritual values in any way he chooses. But this iconographic freedom, far from liberating his art, simply places it in the same position as every other modern secular style. He must perforce invent an autonomous formal language that will be meaningful in purely visual terms. As Tobey does not have a large capacity for formal invention, he has had to rely, like many of his contemporaries, on a single, limited image to carry the entire burden of his mature art. In the end his religious convictions tell us very little about the nature of that image, which is purely aesthetic in character; and it is embarrassing to read Mr. Seitz's labored argument to the contrary.

THE image that has dominated Tobey's mature style is based on his so-called "white writing" — the minuscule fretwork traceries of white calligraphy executed on dark grounds — which the artist adopted as his primary graphic means after travels to China and Japan in the thirties. I cannot see that this calligraphic manner has gained much from severing its ties with the subject matter — those swarming urban scenes — which gave it its first realization. But the completely non-figurative image into which Tobey developed his "white writing," the seemingly endless (and for me, utterly tedious) series of small abstractions, with their myriad and monotonous white strokes and their precious literary titles, is what has won him his great reputation. And these abstractions form the main focus of the current exhibition.

It is often claimed that these pictures cannot be understood without some grasp of the unique spatial conceptions which govern Chinese painting and which Tobey is said to have adapted to his own purposes. But the truth is that no consistent spatial principle, Eastern or Western, is to be seen in Tobey's painting. The creation of pictorial space has been a casualty of his decorative effects; it has been sacrificed to his incurable habit of regarding his taste for visual preciosity as a form of spiritual grandeur. The sacrifice of pictorial syntax to decorative effects is, of course, the illustrator's perennial failure, and Tobey has carried this failure into a realm — that of abstract art — where only a rigorous syntactical intelligence could have redeemed his vision.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THERE ARE now two productions of Bertolt Brecht's *Mann ist Mann* running concurrently in New York: one at the Living Theatre on West 14th Street under the title *Man Is Man*, the other at the Masque Theatre on West 42nd Street called *A Man's A Man*. Since the first of these productions is wretched, the reader should note that my comments refer to the second.

A Man's A Man was written between 1924 and 1926 and first produced in 1926 when Brecht was twenty-eight. These dates are important for they represent Brecht on his way to *The Threepenny Opera* produced two years later, and long before the emergence of his mature work in 1943. To put it another way, *A Man's A Man* reveals Brecht passing from the bitter anarchy and semi-expressionism of his first two plays to the acrid irony and distorted lyricism of the famous musical work, but still far from the lofty dispassion and semi-classicism of *Galileo* and *Mother Courage*.

Yet all of Brecht—though raw—is present in *A Man's A Man*. That is why Eric Bentley, who translated the play, was right in adapting it in the vein of Brecht's later manner. There are more songs in the present production than Brecht wrote: the others are Bentley's—and not bad. The satiric captions we read between scenes are also by Bentley and quite Brecht-like. Since Brecht himself was an inveterate adapter who altered his texts from production to production, Bentley in his adaptation is following the master's tradition.

There is in *A Man's A Man* a certain

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folk naïveté: Brecht always retained a strong peasant strain. The plot of *A Man's A Man* is extravagant—a sort of Teutonic tall tale. This is sharpened by a latter-day savagery in the George Grosz manner. The vocabulary veers toward obscenity as the delivery barely suppresses a jeering anger, a shrill mockery, when it does not mount to a roar of derision. This is the voice of the disillusioned German after the First World War—a voice typical of Left and Right outrage: the personal and social despair of the German people at that time was capable of turning in either direction.

The play is about brainwashing. It is above all anti-militaristic. Brecht broadens its message by toying with time and place. It is set in 1924 but Queen Victoria still reigns. It takes place in India but its pagodas and priests are Chinese. The soldiers are British but their bellow is of Berlin.

BENEATH the "propaganda," Brecht is saying something ambivalent. (There is far more ambiguity in Brecht than many who think of him as a Marxist suspect or will allow.) The key sentences in the play are these: first, the lines of the song which go "A man's a man is Mister Bertolt Brecht's contention. However that's something anyone might mention. Mister Brecht appends this item to the bill: You can do with a human being what you will"; second, the line "One man is no man."

This means that such a nice chap, the little (Irish?!) man Galy Gay, the play's central figure, under the pressure of certain circumstances can be turned into a killer. It also means that men are socially conditioned; that they have no permanent or inherent personal characteristics — that the individual alone amounts to very little. This is both an empirically justified and a terribly dangerous doctrine. If it weren't for the fact that we recognize Brecht's hatred of war and imperialism, the thesis might be accepted by a Fascist. But though Brecht was ideologically an anti-individualist, he was a very independent (as well as a highly gifted) individual; therefore his work always strikes a note of skepticism and betrays symptoms of inner laceration. One phase of his writing shows him as favoring collectivism on "scientific" grounds, or for the public good; another archly, almost surreptitiously, implies that nothing is certain about man: it is possible for him to remain a man come hell and high water because of an incorruptible and unpredictable essence which makes him a man—not a machine. This is the secret and saving grace of the Brechtian temperament.

NO production of *A Man's A Man* that is not German can be wholly adequate. The German audience of 1919 to 1929 created this play nearly as much as its author did. Its humor and bite, its references and its emotional bias, its color, smell and sound are unmistakably of its time and place. Among the actors of its first productions—it was revived several times before 1933—were such players as Peter Lorre and Alexander Granach, men of outstanding talent who were as emblematic of the period as the text itself.

Lacking these elements and the necessary resources for its complete theatrical realization, the production of *A Man's A Man* under John Hancock's direction is none the less intelligent and to the point. The use of the masklike make-ups is stylistically appropriate, the music by Joseph Raposo, though without the authority of Kurt Weill, Paul Dessau or Hanns Eisler, still retains the depressed sweetness and the nasal "drag" of what has been called the Brechtian minor: strongly reminiscent to a foreign ear of the songs Marlene Dietrich made famous in the days of her debut. The production's scenic scheme also functions.

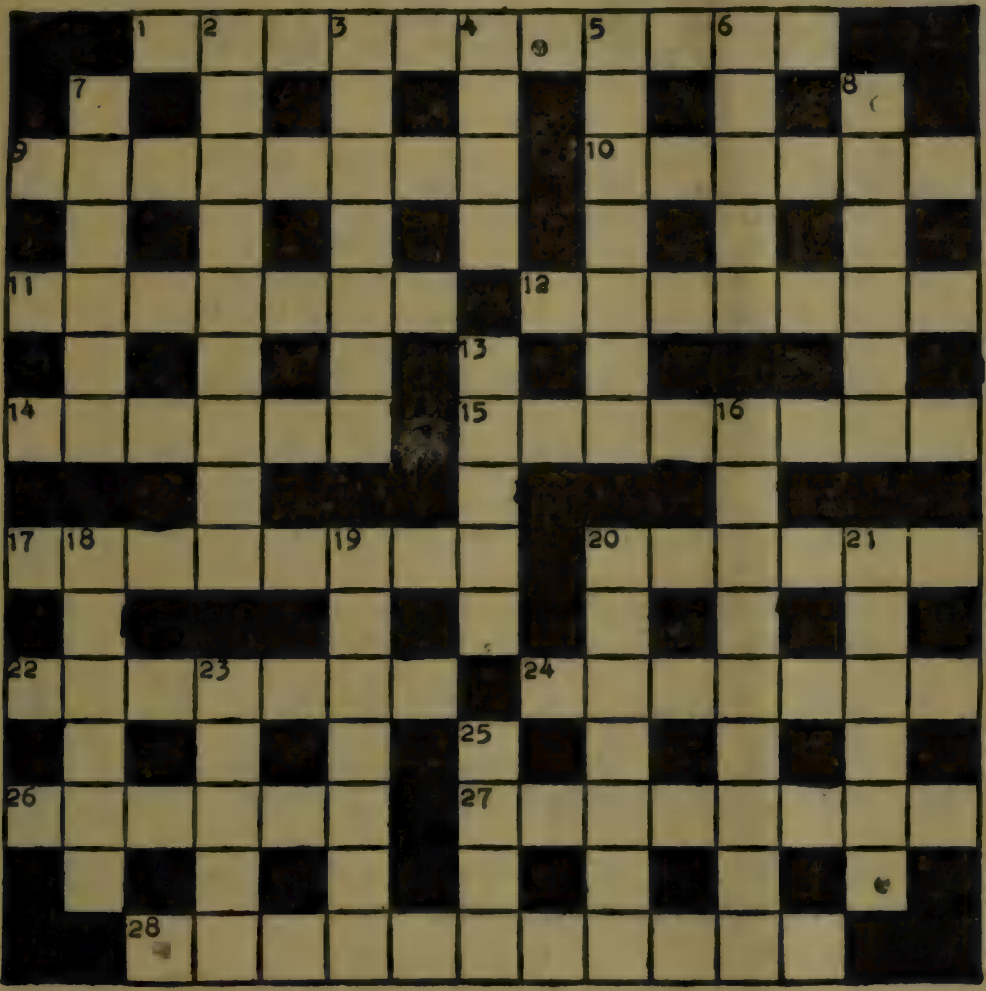
John Heffernan, who is something of a clown, manages, curiously enough, to be more convincing in the dramatic scenes that describe the anguish of a man torn between the need to preserve his identity and the weight of the forces that compel him to forgo it, than he is in the comic scenes, which are, in fact, underwritten. Clifton James, Harvey Solin and Maurice Edwards also meet the production's requirements with professional aptitude.

Though not one of Brecht's wholly successful plays, *A Man's A Man* is immensely superior to our customary stage fare nowadays, so that one can confidently recommend it to people interested in the theatre as expression rather than as diversion.

AT THE beginning of the new (1962-63) season, when many plays prepared for production are so poor that their managements do not even venture to open them in New York, one must say that Ronald Millar's dramatization of C.P. Snow's novel *The Affair* (Henry Miller Theatre) is also worth seeing. But of this I shall speak further in the next issue.

Crossword Puzzle No. 979

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What is his man doing in so strange a manner? Proofing once more? (11)
9 Noble vessel? His, if he takes title.
10 One, for example, is not so lively.
12 Fire guards might be over the wheel. (7)
14 A Rhine product that breaks through the wall? (6)
15 This sort of caste had an initial setback in court, perhaps. (4, 4)
17 One might find them not regularly on the sort of force which is concerned with order. (8)
20 Animal fodder? (One would think Tom might prefer a little nip from old China!) (6)
22 It might provide a way to run off with one's favorite bird. (7)
24 Pay this with small change, if 6 turns up with an associate. (7)
26 Florence's family provides most of the cure here. (6)
27 20 across has forever gone to take up Horace's work—there's a positive movement towards them. (8)
28 Peculiar dealings for those sometimes associated with darning needles. (6, 5)

DOWN:

2 Not where they produce what used to be called macaroni. (4, 5)
3 What do we call that family that tried to divide the first pair? (7)
4 Was this the tribe that started ungodliness? (4)
5 Doesn't help to be shrined in the rear of 13! (7)
6 He certainly gets around with 24's up-and-coming associate! (5)
7 Quiet jungle creature, and what he might do. (6)
8 Wheel of iron, by the sound of it.
13 and 11 across What a horse-dealer has to offer? (5, 2, 5)
16 Officer sent to apprehend such as Gomulka? (9)
18 Team in trade, according to this puzzle. (6)
19 Avoiding getting wet? (7)
20 Holler over the last arrangement, it's clear. (7)
21 Not a lively celebration in an obvious way to get up. (6)
23 One who might 20 down at first, in town. (5)
25 How to make a foot measure. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 978

ACROSS: 1 and 9 down None of your business; 10 Mail car; 11 Courage; 12 and 24 across The right approach; 13 Input; 15 Aaron; 17 On the beam; 19 Distrusts; 21 Space; 23 Earth; 27 Malaria; 28 Potluck; 29 Rust. DOWN: 1 and 30 across Name your poison; 2, 6 and 16 Neither here nor there; 3 Oscar; 4 Yardgoods; 5 Uncut; 7 Example; 8 Even temper; 14 Daydreamer; 18 Test paper; 20 Scrolls; 22 Accrues; 24 Alamo; 25 Outgo; 26 Skin.

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LETTERS

States' Wrongs

Dear Sirs: Gov. Barnett, of Mississippi, seems to be deeply impressed with the Tenth Amendment, concerning States' rights. His position is valiantly supported by Mississippi's Senator Eastland, Chairman of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee and the Internal Security Subcommittee, who doesn't mind trampling on the First Amendment, the Fifth and so many of the others.

These men should be reminded of the States'-wrongs Amendment, the Fifteenth. This holds that States' rights do not include the privilege of trampling on human rights. It protects against the states' restricting those human rights, freedom of speech, press, etc., which have been safeguarded by the Bill of Rights and succeeding amendments to the Constitution.

Aaron Katz
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Cuba: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs: The same mail brought me *The Nation* containing Samuel Shapiro's "Cuba Today" [Sept. 22] and the August 31 issue of *The Spectator* containing "Cuba: the Castro Dream" by Alfred Sherman. Odious or otherwise, here are a few comparisons:

1. Shapiro: "1961 was the 'Year of Alphabetization' in Cuba . . . during which more than 100,000 volunteers, most of them teen-agers, fanned out over the island and reduced illiteracy from about 25 per cent to less than 4 per cent."

Sherman: "But the highly publicized campaign to eradicate illiteracy has been a complete failure. Whenever I tried out villagers who had been *alfabetizado,* it turned out they had learned the alphabet and nothing more, not one could actually read."

2. Shapiro: "Much of this year's sugar harvest was cut by volunteers. . . ."

Sherman: "The volunteers looked impressive enough at the speechmaking and on photographs, but they were not much use in the actual work."

3. Shapiro: So many farm laborers have joined cooperatives, or found permanent work on state farms, that there is a shortage of harvest hands in Cuba."

Sherman: "They [the Cuban peasants or *guajiros*] have answered like peasants in other Communist countries by cutting down production and deliveries to a minimum, and the Government has found itself unable to force them to grow more. . . . A striking result of rural discontent is the serious shortage of labor, although many people sit around idle."

4. Shapiro: "Many *guajiros* are eating better than under previous governments because they have regular work, and what food is available is shared equally."

Sherman: "The *guajiros* are still underemployed, and their standard of living has fallen to such an extent that many regard the Batista regime as the good old days. . . ."

5. Shapiro: "There is not, so far, the slightest sign of the kind of corruption at the top described by Milovan Djilas in *The New Class*. . . ."

Sherman: ". . . what they [the collective and state farms] do produce is generally earmarked for favored sectors of the population—the army, police and 'new class.'"

Well, it *is* confusing!

New York City Paul M. Gardner

Dear Sirs:

1. The alphabetization campaign, all things considered, was reasonably successful. The peasants *I* met, at the Australia Central, in the Zapata Swamp, and at the Havana meeting of the cane cooperatives, *could* read—and *were* reading. Of course, you can't teach reading with complete success in less than a year, using inexperienced instructors. . . .

2. Agreed. Cane-cutting does take a certain amount of skill, and a lot of brute strength, which not all the volunteers had. I pointed out that the harvest was a failure, with an "output exceeded as far back as 1925," and indicated that I didn't think this was "a very efficient way of doing things."

3. Mr. Sherman and I agree that the crops were bad, but we disagree as to the reasons. I think the peasants just didn't know how to produce more, and that they weren't given sufficient technical advice, fertilizer and machinery. I should also have mentioned the enormous waste of manpower occasioned by militia duty. I did mention the fact that peasants were illegally selling food to people from the cities, and (so far) getting away with it.

4. I have never met a *guajiro* who regarded "the Batista regime as the good old days." People went hungry in 1956 and 1957 and 1958, too, but the American newspapers never paid much attention to it. . . . The food shortages *are* serious, and I said so, but not yet bad enough to cause any nostalgia for "the good old days," except among middle-class people, perhaps.

5. I have simply never seen this. . . . It was for favoritism of this kind to his old Communist cronies that Anibal Escalante was booted out in March of this year. This kind of corruption will always be a danger where absolute power is concentrated in a few hands. Fidel *could* steal all the money in the Cuban treasury, and his close followers

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The Nation, Oct. 13, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 11

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'Who Is Their God?'

By Martin Luther King, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga.

The Mississippi crisis has seared the conscience of our entire nation. It has been difficult to believe what we have read in the newspapers and more difficult to believe what our television sets have hurled at our eyes. Is this America? Is this really happening in 1962 when you consider that the entry of one James Meredith into Ole Miss is the implementation of a Supreme Court decision that antedates by nearly a decade the *Brown v. Board of Education* case resulting in the 1954 decree outlawing segregation in the public schools? It leaves one a little dazed and numb.

Consider the stark tragedy of Mississippi: Governor Barnett, with interposition dripping from his lips, personally goading the racist element of the state and the university into a frenzy of hatred and prejudice; the state legislature rapidly enacting special laws in a vain attempt to disqualify Meredith for committing perjury on his voting record; the acquiescence of the university Board of Trustees to political demagoguery, violating their sacred trust to preserve academic freedom; the caricature-like move of the Governor appointing himself registrar to block the Air Force veteran's enrollment; the use of state police power to thwart the enforcement of federal law, almost tempting civil war; the loss of two lives, the scores injured and the yet uncalculated pain and agony the people of Mississippi and this nation must bear. It is indeed stark tragedy, for it has all really happened here in the United States in 1962.

What has happened in Mississippi surely did not have to happen, for there were other hard-core, arch-segregationist states that faced the inevitable course of justice. Georgia is an example. Has it not been one of the bastions of segregation? The imminent integration of the public schools in Atlanta last year was heralded by some journalists as the "second battle of Atlanta"; no such debacle materalized. Certainly there are nearly as many segregationists in Georgia as there are in Mississippi, maybe more, but there was no near-rebellion such as we have seen in recent days at Oxford. Why? Because of the failure of the academic, political and religious leadership of the State of Mississippi.

IT IS A sad fact that the sound and fury vented its spleen at Oxford—site of the University of Mississippi. The young people who attend classes in the Lyceum and who walk the shaded paths of Ole Miss are the aristocracy of Mississippi. The Board of Trustees are hardly backwoods cotton farmers. In the aura of that which could be adjudged the highest and best of Mississippi, law and order broke down completely. If this is the best of Mississippi, God save us from the worst. There can be no gainsaying that the academic and educational leadership of Mississippi failed her when she needed it most.

Another reason why the state did not weather the rigors of the most severe social transition that the South has seen since the Civil War was that she suffered the complete abdication of responsibility by her political leadership. In contradistinction to Georgia, Mississippi, with Governor Barnett as the standard bearer, began a tragic march down a dead-end street despite forewarning that ultimately, no matter what, the federal fiat had to be obeyed—States' rights, interposition and nullification notwithstanding. The Governor was aided and abetted in his chicanery by the Legislature of Mississippi and the power structure of the state. Not a single cry of caution or moderation resounded from the walls of any governing body, from the state Capitol to the smallest county seat. The verse and chorus that echoed around the state was always the same: *Never!*

How different might the picture be in Mississippi today if only the political leadership of the state had had the courage to face the problem instead of throwing up their hands and delivering harangues against federal intervention. They whom the people had elected to be the guardians of the commonwealth abdicated their responsibility in Mississippi's most critical hour since secession, and allowed the campus of Ole Miss to become a battlefield for a cause that was lost a hundred years ago.

And where was the cry of the Lord's prophets? The most serious indictment is not to be made against a screaming mob propelled by bottled-up venom and hatred that was having its ultimate, tragic catharsis. Surely the abysmal silence of the church and the clergy cannot pass without its due reckoning. The New Testament admonishes us that the people cannot hear if the trumpet makes an uncertain sound. What is their hope if the trumpet makes no sound at all? I have traveled much of the length and breadth of Mississippi. On lazy summer afternoons and cold mornings, I've seen tall church spires and sprawling brick monuments dedicated to the glory of God. Often did I wonder, "What kind of people worship there? Who is their God?" When I review the painful memory of the last week at Oxford and cannot recall a single voice "crying in the wilderness," the questions are still the same: "What kind of people worship there? Who is their God?"

MORE than anything else, it is regrettable that United States marshals, a federalized National Guard and troops of the United States Army were the only means by which the admission of James Meredith could be secured. As a devotee of the nonviolent discipline, I am also a pacifist. Though I regret the use of force in the Mississippi situation, nevertheless, in my humble judgment, it was necessary and justifiable. Whereas I abhor the use of arms and the thought of war, I do believe in the intelligent use of police power. Though a pacifist, I am not an anarchist. Mississippi's breakdown of law and order demanded the utilization of a police action to quell the disorder and enforce the law of the land. Armed force that intelligently exercises police power, making civil arrests in which full due process is observed, is not functioning as an army in military engagement, so I feel the presence of troops in Oxford, Mississippi, is a police force seeking to preserve law and order rather than an army engaging in destructive warfare.

It must be acknowledged that the entire nation must bear some of the blame for the Mississippi tragedy. We can never deny that compromises made following the Civil War and during Reconstruction have at last come home to roost. The whole system of segregation and discrimination for the last hundred years has had either the consent of law and/or custom, both North and South. Thus, race and, more especially, color prejudice has been woven into the fabric of American life by our own hands. To be sure, its greatest intensity has been felt in the South, where the scars of the slave system remained more visible and law and custom became one, buttressed by the inherent sectionalism of the Confederacy. America, to her dishonor, learned to live with the system in its glaring and blatant forms in the South and its cunning and subtle forms in the North. Only now, in the last few years, has our Republic really begun to come to grips with race and color prejudice. So the nation is not without blame.

This sordid American tragedy has demonstrated once again the need for vigorous and firm exercise of the powers of the Presidency in seeking to engender a climate of understanding and respect for the civil and constitutional rights of Negroes. The executive heads of our nation must not wait for some great crisis to emerge before asserting forthright action, but must make it palpably clear on a day-to-day basis that their power, their moral leadership and authority, are committed to the task of removing the ugly weight of racial discrimination from the shoulders of the nation. It may well be that the many seeds sown by long periods of Executive inaction in the advancement of civil rights in America have reached the ugly harvest of lawlessness and violence we now see in Mississippi.

What are we to say to the world? Oxford, Mississippi, has placed democracy on trial. As never before, the cry of the Negro for equality and justice in our nation has been muffled, at best. But the Little Rocks, the Montgomerys, the Albanys and the Oxfords place the questioning of our world leadership on the lips of the emerging African and Asian nations. We cannot stand before the judgment bar of world opinion so long as there erupts an Oxford, Mississippi. What we are doing speaks so loud they cannot hear what we say. [See also "Deluded and Still Defiant," by Hodding Carter, III, page 214.—Ed.]

Not Altogether Unhappy Either

Asked to comment on the rioting which marked his admittance to the University of Mississippi, James H. Meredith said it was "no happy occasion." Just the same, some compensatory factors are beginning to emerge. Foremost is the demeanor of Meredith himself. Braving assassination, disregarding insults, he is demonstrating by personal example that white supremacy is a myth, that neither intelligence, nobility nor courage is the sole possession of any race.

In contrast, but also on the credit side, are the exposures which the events in Oxford are bringing about. As battle reveals the true character of the soldier, a civic crisis strips the camouflage from politicians and journalists. Governor Ross Barnett (he "who would not drink of the cup of genocide") squawked for law and order when the situation came to a boil and tried to escape his own responsibility for the bloodshed. Some of his racist predecessors — Tom Watson, for example — may have had some redeeming traits; if Barnett has any, he has managed to conceal them from ing on stiletto heels, the mink-stoled ladies of the program committee and the nondescript of Wall Street applauded. A bugler played taps, a clergyman from St. Paul's prayed, then all sang "God Bless America" and returned to their brokerage houses.

Well, it's only old Eddie Rickenbacker, one may say, and it was in World War I that he shot down those twenty-six German aircraft. The fact is, however, that the "Castro-must-go" sentiment in the United States is spreading and hitherto sensible men are joining the chorus. In his ABC-TV commentary, Howard K. Smith has been saying that "direct American action should be contemplated" toward Cuba. "For us," he solemnly assured his public, "this is like watching Hitler's march into the Rhineland. He could easily have been stopped then. But by not acting then his opponents made a bloody World War inevitable."

So speaks the one-time stalwart foe of fascism. He should reread his own books and articles. The parallel between Hitler and Castro is grotesque. Hitler was a counterrevolutionary; Castro is a revolutionary. Hitler was intent on Teutonizing Europe: he demanded and seized one piece of territory after another, each time assuring the Chamberlains and Daladiers that the latest grab was the last. Perhaps if the Russians had given him the Ukraine he would have been satiated, but this piece of swag he never obtained. Castro has not asked for Florida or Mississippi. He seems to want nothing but Cuba and, after all, he is a Cuban. Another difference which seems to elude Mr. Smith is that Hitler commanded the foremost military machine in the world, one that had been defeated in the First World War only when American manpower and industry were thrown onto the scales, and which frightened everyone but Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt half to death. Castro has nothing but defensive equipment and is dependent on the Soviet Union for most of that. Defensively he is certainly in a strong position; offensively he is a long-winded orator on a Caribbean island with a population equal to that of New Jersey.

We should have found out by now that social revolutions thrive on persecution, and that the counterrevolutionary crusading spirit of American statesmanship does not strike a resonant note except in countries which are themselves overripe for revolution. Castro is not going to cut off his head and present it to us on a platter, and it will be a perilous enterprise to try to get it on our own. It would not be too late to deal with him sensibly, but there is little chance of that when the Eddie Rickenbackers and the Howard K. Smiths talk alike.

Half a Cloak

A well-run secret service is supposed never to take credit for its successes or to admit its failures. The hand that holds the dagger must ever be cloaked; and though this may raise some anxiety in a democracy, where the citizen is supposed to know what is done in his name, one can see that, if the need for a secret service is admitted, the need for secrecy is obvious.

But the CIA, unlike its older European counterparts, really wants to be only half-secret. We are a boastful people, we like a good winner even more than a good loser, and it can't have been much fun for Allen Dulles to chomp silently on his pipe as, week after week, J. Edgar Hoover saved Miss Liberty from her would-be ravishers. Mr. Dulles wanted us to know that he hadn't been exactly idle in the St. George business; he too yearned for a fan club.

Therefore, journalists have often been surprised by the warm smile that greets them at CIA headquarters. Such a one was Sanche de Gramont, a newspaper man who, with the eager cooperation of the agency, wrote *The Secret War*, published last April by Putnam's. Everything went lovingly between the writer and the spies until the finished manuscript was shown to the CIA. The agency drew up a forty-two-point bill of objections, covering items that were "inaccurate," "not in the best interests of the country" or serving "an alien cause." The publishers duly corrected all factual errors and removed all statements that were said to offend against security. They then proceeded to have the book printed. They describe it as a work which, though objective, is not unfriendly to the CIA.

Despite this cooperation and the over-all tone, the CIA began an immediate harassment. For example, on the day before the book was published, the literary editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* was ordered by his superiors to kill reviews planned for the daily and Sunday papers. A news story was substituted, one that cited intelligence officers in Washington as saying that the book used "leftist or even Communist-inspired" sources. This disingenuous charge referred to the fact that Mr. Gramont quotes from a Soviet pamphlet on the CIA — and carefully identifies its source. The author has been smeared both here and abroad. The *Evening Standard* of London quotes as follows from Washington: "The Central Intelligence Agency does not approve of the publication of this book since such approval would be contrary to the national security and welfare of the United States." To the unwary ear, that sounds like talk of treason.

This is not an isolated case: *The U-2 Affair* by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross (Random House) and *C.I.A.*: *The Inside Story* by Andrew Tully (Morrow) provoked the same anguished cries and veiled attacks from an initially cooperative secret service.

In every other branch of life, private or public, an enterprise that courts publicity risks criticism. The CIA alone operates on the assumption that praise is due them and criticism un-American. No self-respecting journalist will work under such ground rules.

DELUDED and STILL DEFIANT . .

by Hodding Carter, III

Greenville, Miss.

THE TIME when virtually everyone went wrong in assessing the situation which developed in the effort to enroll the first Negro at the University of Mississippi was at the beginning, when it was assumed that this Deep Southern state and its Governor would be no different from Tennessee, Texas, Georgia, North Carolina, Louisiana and the other states which have grudgingly capitulated to limited desegregation since 1954.

The equation of Mississippi with these states was wildly erroneous, as was to be tragically demonstrated in the rioting and bloodshed at the university on the night of September 30. But it was a stubbornly held belief which took ten days of adamant defiance by Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett and the wild violence which followed the appearance of Air Force veteran James Meredith on the Ole Miss campus to dispel. In the interim, the federal government and the judiciary had been defied four times by the state's leaders.

WHEN IT finally became obvious that a total effort by the Executive branch would be necessary to make good the court orders, the job had become infinitely more difficult than it would have been earlier in the game. The extremists had been given over a week to bestir themselves and rally public opinion, and in many a white Mississippian's heart the historic cry of interposition and near-secession had struck a responsive chord. Segregationists who had been denied their chance for physical resistance in other Southern states had time to mobilize and flood into Mississippi, and the spokesmen for the far-far Right, such as former Gen. Edwin Walker, were enabled to mount their own white horses in time to lead the final charge.

The ten-day period between Ross Barnett's televised speech to the state in which he formally proclaimed his reliance upon interposition (the long-discredited doctrine that the state can interpose itself between its citizens and the federal government) and the bloody climax also gave the Governor and his followers time to drown out the feeble voices of dissent.

With each seeming success, with each rejection of James Meredith by the Governor or Lt. Gov. Paul Johnson, more Mississippians allowed themselves to be convinced that this time the line was going to be successfully drawn. To an extent which would be inconceivable to an outsider, Mississippians deluded themselves that their defiance was going to be the turning point in the battle for States' rights against the usurpations of the central government. By the time the President and Attorney General Robert Kennedy decided their patience was exhausted and there could be no more delay, the overwhelming majority of Mississippians were solidly behind the state's stand.

TO UNDERSTAND fully Mississippi's reaction, the onlooker would need to have lived here for the eight years since the 1954 Supreme Court desegregation ruling. Perhaps an even longer view would be necessary, beginning with Reconstruction and following the state's history through to the present. But the difference between Mississippi and the other Southern states over the past 100 years is to a great extent more a matter of degree than kind; the difference between Mississippi and many of its sister states of the old Confederacy in the past eight years is a matter of kind.

Here, as in no other Southern state, the extremists and the apostles of last-ditch defiance seized control almost from the moment of the Supreme Court decision and never relinquished it. It was here the Citizens Councils were born, only months after the 1954 ruling. In less than a year they had enough political and psychological control to make open opposition to their doctrines political suicide; by the time Gov. Barnett was elected in 1959 as their unabashed front man, they had a stranglehold on the state.

They initially seized power by pretending they disdained it. The movement appealed to many men, not bigots, who sincerely felt citizen organization on a nonpolitical basis was the only answer if law and order — plus segregation — were to be maintained. But the professionals, the racists who knew from the outset where they were going, soon rose to the top. Once there and once the apparatus was in their hands, they used the Citizens Councils as a political vehicle whose power extended into almost every county.

The election of Gov. Barnett was their supreme moment. A successful damage-suit lawyer, Barnett had twice run for the state's highest office and been badly defeated. In 1959, he won by a landslide. Symbolically, the first speech he gave after his election was to a Citizens Council.

THERE are few white liberals in Mississippi. There are fewer outright integrationists. That vocal handful who, for want of a better term, are labeled moderates were isolated by the council almost from the beginning. Mississippi is a state of small towns and cities, with its capital, Jackson, a city of 150,000 people — three times the size of the next largest community. Thus there was no Atlanta or New Orleans or Dallas or Nashville in which dissident whites could find any sizable group of sympathizers. Economic pressure was an efficient, if unspectacular, tool of the council, and its unceasing propaganda effort was more than sufficient to counter the voices of reason. With a few notable exceptions, Mississippi by 1959 had the appearance of monolithic solidarity.

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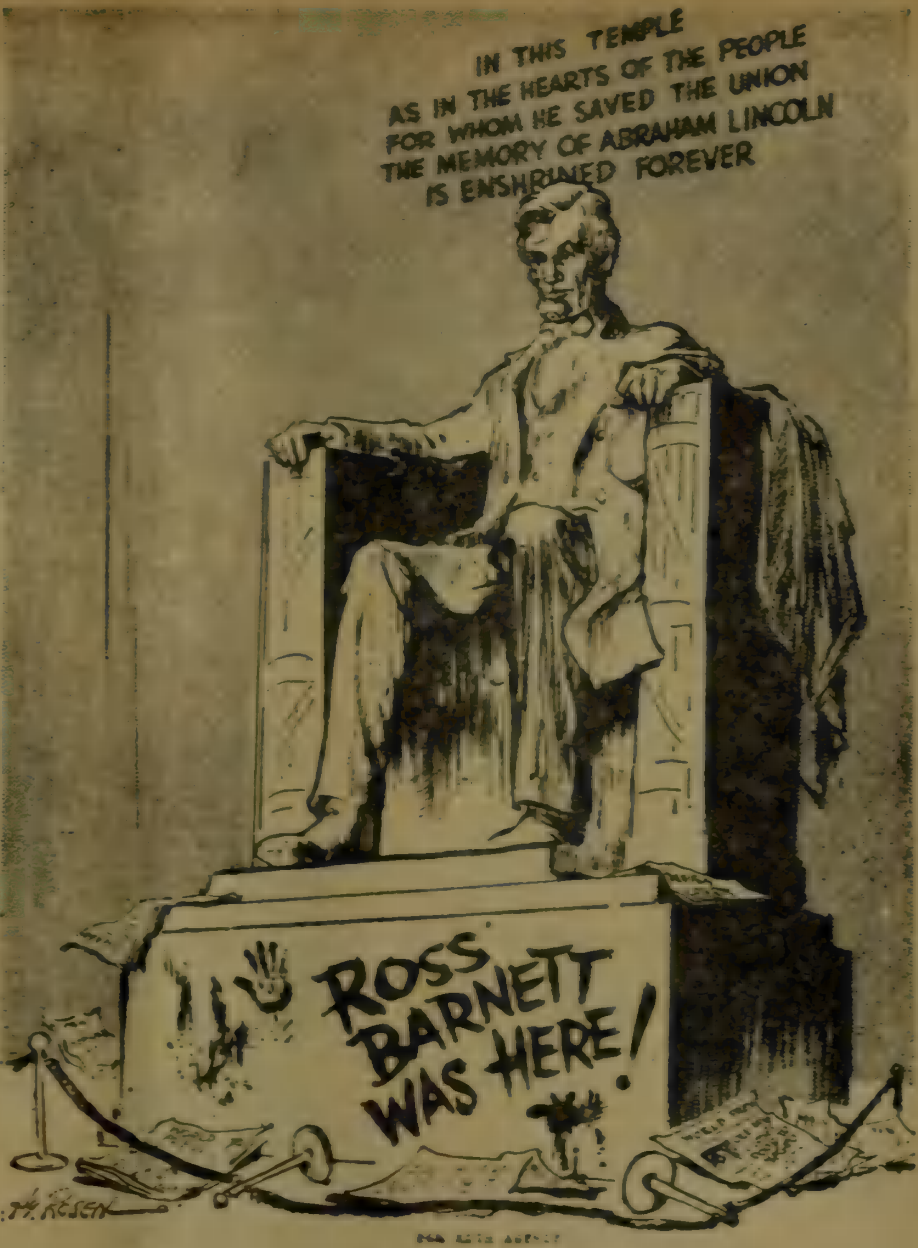

IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER
ROSS BARNETT WAS HERE!

Historical analogies should usually be avoided, since they are as often erroneous as they are valid, but the past two weeks in Mississippi were as surely inevitable, the conflict as "irrepressible," as the Civil War. Now, as then, the hotheads were in full control. Now, as then, the path toward conflict had been apparent for many years. Indeed, the language of the state's leaders seemed to be a direct copy of that used prior to 1861. During the events surrounding the desegregation of Ole Miss, the words of Jefferson Davis after the Civil War seemed to echo across the state: "The principle for which we contended is bound to reassert itself, though it may be at another time and in another form."

Certainly there is one analogy between Jefferson Davis and Ross Barnett which is most definitely valid in Mississippi today. Despite the violence, despite the federal troops, despite the fact that Gov. Barnett is not, as he promised, in jail although desegregation has been accomplished, he is the most popular political figure the state has known since the leader of the lost cause, himself a Mississippian.

WHAT this will mean to Mississippi's political future seems obvious. First, the Democratic Party here, as anything but a hollow shell, has been destroyed. There may be candidates for local, state or national office in the state who will run as Democrats, but they will be Democrats in name only. If they are to be elected, they will have to run as Ross Barnett Democrats, as Mississippi Democrats or as States'-rights Democrats. Any seeming allegiance to the national party will be rewarded with defeat at the polls.

Second, Ross Barnett will be the dominant political figure in Mississippi as long as he lives. It is widely surmised that he will run against Senator John Stennis, who was constrained by this knowledge to echo slavishly the Governor's every word. Senator Stennis knows better, but he also knows the mood of the electorate. The pity is that it will probably do him no good to have pandered to the passions of his state. He went with the national Democratic ticket in 1960, while Ross Barnett was leading the victorious forces of the unpledged electors. The people will be reminded of this devotion to the Kennedy brothers again and again in 1964, when the junior Senator is up for re-election.

Third, the Republican Party in Mississippi has received a vigorous boost toward political parity. Its leaders, to a man, opposed the federal intervention, supported the Governor and reminded Mississippians over and over that the GOP is the party of conservatism and States' rights. If President Eisenhower's use of troops at Little Rock set the Republican Party back a decade in the Deep South, the use of troops by a Democratic Administration advanced it twenty years.

This does not mean the Republicans will carry Mississippi in 1964. But they will run a close second to whatever form the third-party protest takes, rather than a distant third as they did in 1960.

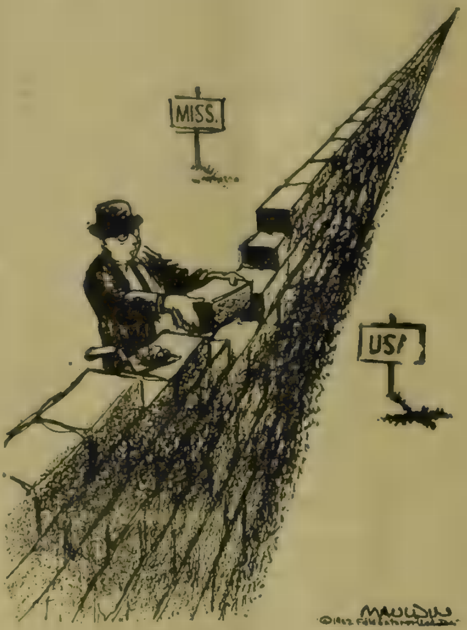
Politics aside, the future is not bright for other desegregation attempts. Violence is not merely probable, it is certain. There are literally thousands of Mississippians who believe the recourse to rioting was justified. They are already convincing themselves it was precipitated by the federal marshals, in which attitude they will undoubtedly be aided by the investigation now being undertaken by Mississippi Sen. James Eastland's Judiciary Committee. And if the desegregation of the University of Mississippi touched a raw nerve, secondary and primary school desegregation will pinch the state's entire nervous system.

It is fruitless to try to talk to many Mississippians about the economic consequences of violent defiance. Reason is not an element which enters into the state equation. Blind emotion, conditioned by the "never-never" posturings of the politicians for the past eight years and the calculated exploitations of the Citizens Councils' leadership, has the upper hand.

If discussions of economic consequences are fruitless, appeals to morality are equally useless. The man who appeals for simple law and order is quickly branded a traitor to the state or an integrationist. There was belated recognition by some in the business and professional community that the rioting and military occupation which followed was a calamity from which the state would not soon recover, and this recognition took the form of public statements in several communities calling for the preservation of peace at all costs. But the significant point is that these statements were issued after, not before, the disorders. For the most part, they fell upon deaf ears.

PERHAPS this seems a picture of unrelieved gloom. Perhaps it is excessively so. But in a state in which political leadership has abdicated its responsibility, in which dissenters have been silenced and in which ministers of God are afraid or unwilling to speak on the one subject which today has paramount relevance to their belief, their is good reason for pessimism.

There will be no easy panaceas for Mississippi, if anyone ever thought there could be. Federal force has taught no lesson which was not already a part of the state's still freshly remembered heritage from Reconstruction. If "forget, hell" was once the half-humorous symbol of the South's reaction to its defeat in the Civil War, today it has a deadly serious application to Mississippi. What happened at the University of Mississippi and the sleepy little town which houses it on Sept. 30 will be repeated, in greater or lesser degree, in the future. As was once said of the Bourbons in France, Mississippi has demonstrated it never forgets the past and never learns from it.



A New Wall

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

could wallow in luxury while the rest of the population did without. But I didn't see the slightest evidence that this has happened—yet.

Rochester, Mich. SAMUEL SHAPIRO

Dwarfs of Science

Dear Sirs: Re your editorial: "Terra Incognita in Space," [*The Nation,* Sept. 1]: This latest "success" of our sorcerer's apprentices reinforces the dread awakened by their preceding failures.

After their two fizzles, these scientific practitioners assured us that no harm was to be anticipated from the two nuclear devices that they had failed to swoosh into space. Such worry was uncalled for, they said; the two warheads had only plunked into the Pacific. By terrestial standards, the Pacific is vast, yet no one knows—these "scientists" least of all—what the ultimate effects of this nuclear pollution will be.

Have we come to the time foreseen by Brecht in the speech he puts into the mouth of his Galileo near the play's close? You remember it: Galileo tells a younger visitor that he had been wrong when he denied scientific truth before the Inquisition, and that if future scientists follow a similar "safe" line they will betray both science and humanity; they will be mere "dwarfs of science."

RALPH IZZARD

San Francisco, Calif.

Common Market: Britain's Ambivalence . . *by J. R. Pole*

London

IT IS EASY to see why the British people are deeply divided on the Common Market. The decision to join, taking it to imply permanent political association with Continental Europe, will certainly be one of the three or four most important peacetime steps of the last four hundred years—in some ways the greatest since Henry VIII's breach with Rome. The comparison is ironically apposite: it is to the Treaty of Rome that the British are now applying to accede.

The party leaders have taken their stand, the press has taken sides and its correspondence and editorial columns groan beneath the opposing arguments, while many Members of Parliament have committed themselves regardless of party. All this was to be expected. The more difficult question is not why the debate should be heated, but why it should have been so slow in gaining momentum. And behind this lies another question. Why, despite the intense commitment of the principals, do so many members of an intelligent and well-informed electorate feel only moderately and uneasily convinced of one or other side of the argument? This is the problem which it is the purpose of this article to discuss. For nothing has been more common during innumerable discussions in recent months than to hear the view which can be summarized: "On balance, I'm *slightly* in favor of going in."

This continuing uncertainty must

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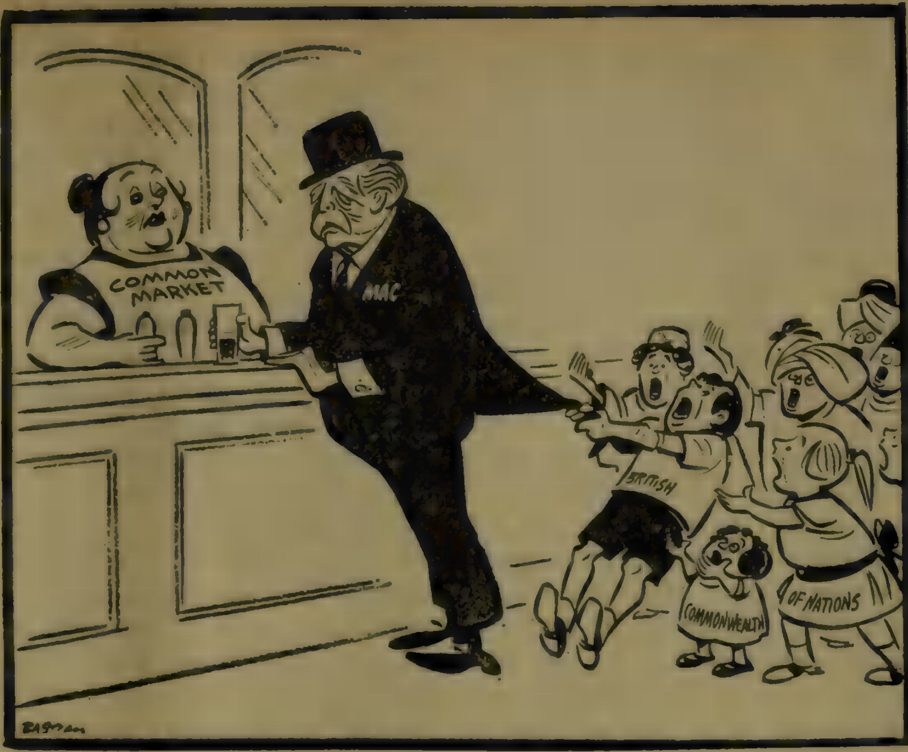
be a source of exasperation and anxiety not only to the British Government, but to the politicians and economists who have definitely made up their minds in favor of "going in." At its best, it expresses a sense of responsibility equal to a great occasion—at its worst, a dangerously flabby complacency. But more than anything else it reflects the extraordinary complexity of the issues and the difficulty felt by many thoughtful people who do not want to hold an opinion before they have a reason.

Worth remembering is the fact that the whole case was originally broached in economic terms. There can be little doubt that when the Cabinet first decided to apply for admission, it had become convinced that the alternative was economic disaster. Recent and rapid advances of productivity on the Continent and the potential exclusion of Britain, whose production was already flagging, would threaten the country with crisis, perhaps ruin. At about the same time, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Selwyn Lloyd, discovered rather to his surprise that the economy over which he confidently presided had become so dangerously inflationary that he suddenly clamped down on incomes wherever he had power to do so with his notorious "Pay Pause."

THAT policy, for a number of reasons, lost no time in becoming extremely unpopular. The Prime Minister, at considerable risk to his normal posture of effortless superiority, labored to communicate enthusiasm —the Common Market was to open brilliant new vistas of economic opportunity, industrial production would thrive in the fresh air of European competition and respond by rolling into the new European markets. But it is important to note that the economic difficulties which led to the Pay Pause were not *themselves* the result of the Common Market. So the increasingly numerous body of electors who were discontented with the government for domestic reasons began to suspect that the Conservative leaders, who had seen no reason for approaching Europe at the time of the last general election in 1959, were now forcing the country in that direction in order to rescue themselves from the consequences of their own incompetence.



The crisis which led to Lloyd's Pay Pause was itself not a flattering reflection on a party that had been in power for ten years; and it was and remains by no means clear that the Common Market will help solve that particular set of problems. Whatever the larger merits of the case, pulling Macmillan's political chestnuts out of the fire is rather more than can be expected of his opponents. It is because so much more is involved that the Labour Party has found it difficult to reach a policy decision and that, in spite of Gaitskell's condemnation of the present terms, eighty Labour M.P.s now stand committed to British entry into the market.

SINCE the first decision of the government to apply for admission, the economic alternatives have become much less certain. At first the British were told that they had to go in to avert disaster. But now some of the Continental economies begin to look a little less buoyant; there are reasons to suppose that the British could continue to export to Europe even from "outside" and that Britain's own economy, if better managed, might effect a recovery. Economists and politicians with economic training (of whom there are several in the Commons—Gaitskell himself was once an economics don at London University) are divided over these questions and both sides can produce arguments so powerful that the layman, honest and ignorant as ever, is liable to find himself helplessly agreeing with each side in turn. It is difficult to feel that the economic reasons for entering are anything like as urgent now as when they first appeared. The major benefit the British people are offered is that of avoiding a somewhat remote economic dislocation which they might even be able to overcome by their own efforts. That is not the kind of conclusion to generate excitement.

THIS GRADUAL weakening of the sense of economic urgency has had a bad psychological effect on the case for joining. To tell the country that it had to go in or face disaster was to play on British fears and expose Britain's situation as desperately weak. As it gradually transpired that we were not quite so weak, or at any rate that joining the Common Market was not the only possible remedy for our weakness, national self-esteem sprang to the support of judgment in concluding that the case ought to be decided on its merits. The merits are weighty, but to many thoughtful minds they are not quite weighty enough.

In face of divided expert opinion, one reliable economist is the housewife. No one denies that the cost of food will rise as an immediate result of British entry. An immediate rise in the cost of living strikes many people as a much more tangible reason for taking a specific attitude than the hope of avoiding a possible crisis at some indefinite future date. In the long run, the strictly economic reasons for British entry may be good ones; but in either case, large sectors of British industry are going to have a tough fight, and one only needs to see the number of Continental cars already on British roads to realize that the advantages will not run all Britain's way. The technical complexities, the differences among experts and, not least, the personal sense of responsibility for making up one's mind at the risk of being proved wrong by events all tend to produce a puzzled and painful uncertainty. The arguments are much more convincing to those who are already committed.

THE political future of Europe remains a matter for speculation. But the first and greatest reason for European cooperation was to eradicate the age-old hostilities that had led recurrently to European wars. No one should underestimate the benefit already gained on this score; no one who lives in Europe is likely to do so. But from the British point of view, it has produced a curiously negative effect. It means that the most important single objective of European political cooperation has already been very largely gained. To the internal peace of Western Europe, British entry would now add nothing.

This observation once again has the effect of putting the debate on to a long-term basis. A case against going in can be quite strongly argued from dislike and distrust of the Europe of de Gaulle and Adenauer, and certainly those who already hesitate can give this as further reason for delay. Once the urgency of the economic case has been toned down, the political problems can begin to cause heart-searching even for those who are generally favorable to entry.

Proponents of entry are at pains to emphasize that the enforcement of the Rome treaties would make no perceptible difference to the domestic government of the British people. Parliament would continue to make the laws that we would obey and local government would remain untouched. This is a defensive argument; it recognizes the extreme unpopularity of subjecting internal affairs to the decisions of a body in which British votes could be outnumbered. Yet it is hard to believe. Economic planning affects not only the movement of goods, but the movement of labor. Quotas or controls for agriculture, allocations or regulations for industry, would obviously affect the freedom with which British people took decisions about their own affairs. The Socialists fear that edicts emanating from a European government might restrain a future Labour majority in Parliament from establishing a Socialist economy. But many of the objectors are not Socialists and object most bitterly to the notion of Europe's laying down laws for Britain.

When the possible domestic consequences of joining Europe are extended to include the impairment of the sovereignty of Parliament and the weakening of the Commonwealth, then they strike at feelings that lie far deeper than the equivocal reasonings of which we have heard so much.

BRITISH national pride has in the last twenty years suffered a series of shocks which would have been enough to turn a people of weaker fiber into a mob of xenophobes—a strain which has, in fact, made some ugly appearances among some of the weedier specimens in Britain in recent years. But the rise of the new Commonwealth out of the ashes of the old Empire has offered some solace to these bruises. British policy has accepted a strongly implied continuing responsibility for the interests of these newer nations. Their adherence to the Commonwealth has been voluntary, and however tenuous some of the links may be, the voluntary association of a vast range of peoples, nations, races and religions is not a despicable achievement, nor it is a negligible heritage for a colonial empire of the old kind.

With the older Commonwealth, British relations are continuous and intimate. One sometimes gets the impression that, despite the sympathetic politeness of the foreign press, the expressions of these loyalties are a strain on the credulity and even the patience of people outside of the Commonwealth itself. That is perhaps not surprising. For one thing, there is no strictly analogous international association to compare it with. It is also probable that old distrust of the British Empire has not easily transmuted itself into respect for its successor. Again it must be admitted that many of us have had doubts as to the permanence of the Commonwealth and the precise nature of the obligations which it implies. But the fact is that in two major wars the response of the old dominions has been swift, effective and voluntary. Britons simply do not think of Australians as foreigners; our mutual relations have the everyday familiarity of ordinary fellow citizens. The great and vital symbol of this association is cricket. England and Australia have been playing each other regularly since 1880. Cricket between these two and among New Zealand, the West Indies, India and Pakistan (but not now South Africa) is arranged by the Imperial Cricket Conference. It is also significant that some very important positions in British life are held by Australians and other Commonwealth citizens. They can be elected and sit in Parliament without other qualifications. It has been necessary for Macmillan to insist that he would never enter the Common Market at the expense of the Commonwealth, and Commonwealth opinion would be enough to decide many wavering British minds.

If you asked any sample of Americans whether they thought that the *internal* structure of the United States would benefit from a constitutional association with other nations, you would probably receive at least a 100 per cent answer in the negative, perhaps not very politely expressed. The same point applies with equal force to the British sample, with the exception that the answer would be given with a cool and somewhat deceptive politeness. It is not British institutions that need rescuing—and one does not have to belong to the Labour Party to feel that if it is Macmillan's government that needs it, this is not the right procedure.

THERE is very little echo in Britain of the American enthusiasm for a United States of Europe. Why should there be? Bigger units of government are not desirable in themselves, but only insofar as they prove better and more efficient, and not less equitable, in serving the purposes of government.

There seems to be no necessary correlation between the size and character of the area that is appropriate for economic organization and the size and character of the unit that is appropriate for political and social organization. This is a way of putting what may well be the central problem in the international political economy of this period of development. From the economic point of view, Britain may (but may not) need closer integration into a much larger European system. From a strictly political point of view, Britain may have nothing to gain by closer integration.

Opinions of this sort do not spring from atavistic nationalism. Admittedly they have forged some abnormal political links, and it is a little difficult to express them forcibly without beginning to sound—perhaps to feel—a trifle nationalistic. But a rapid survey of the world—even if limited to the NATO world—of the last twenty years can only confirm the impression that the British people govern themselves with a very tolerable combination of order and social justice. Britain is a small country, but it seems to its inhabitants to be a very good size for a sovereign political unit. This point has not been made much of in the debate, but it is worth stating because it underlies so much else. The British do not share the common American feeling, which may have been ingrained by the generations of continental expansion and continued by the growth of population and the relentless rise in the mechanical attributes of the standard of living, that ever-increasing size is to be desired as an end in itself.

The broader international reasons for joining Europe may very well outweigh these domestic doubts. But at the same time, the view that Britain ought to be present in order to influence the future structure of Europe and the long-term development of its policies, is a somewhat distant, general type of proposition. It is not charged with the urgency required for such a sweeping break with the past.

This reluctance is cushioned, at least for many, by a more disquieting factor. This is the curious state of insular self-satisfaction that seems to permeate much of the British business world and too much of its professionally intellectual world. It may be compared with the mood in America that relied with such soporific complacency on the protective folds of Eisenhower. It is a complex phenomenon and because it helps to keep alive a certain gentleness, noncompetitiveness and politeness, it has engaging features. But it is not a good frame of mind in which to face (or even recognize) a crisis and it does not conduce to bold decisions.

Feelings and opinions have never borne a more subtle and delicate relationship to each other than in this controversy. As R. T. Mackenzie, the Canadian political scientist of London University, recently remarked, the British do not *feel* European. And this is true of nearly all of us, whatever our convictions may be. Some, it is true, have thrown off these inhibiting doubts and embraced the European spirit. But if that embrace were clearly to mean the outright rejection of our Commonwealth ties, then the number would remain a small minority. Perhaps because it implies a rejection of the Commonwealth, the decision that it is right or essential to go in has engendered in some consciences a sense of guilt which disables enthusiasm. The indecision that so many of us feel is the result of a personal conflict to be resolved by each individual.

In any case, the resolution is liable to be a considered opinion rather than a deep personal wish. Our opinions may outweigh our feelings, but that itself is not the kind of process that gives rise to enthusiasm. On balance, then, even among convinced supporters of joining the Common Market, a great many are only *slightly* in favor of going in.

WE HAVE NO FALLOUT POLICY . . *by Ralph Caplan*

A RECENT *New Yorker* cartoon shows a housewife in a supermarket applying a Geiger counter to a row of milk cartons. She is going about it in the same no-nonsense spirit of inquiry with which, a generation ago, she might have pinched the tomatoes, and for the same reason: direct investigation is the only way she can find out what she needs to know.

The parody is not far from fact. Short of using your own measuring devices and your own judgment (neither of which is much help) there is no way to determine the extent to which your health and the health of your descendants is jeopardized by the low-level radiation that results from nuclear testing, or what to do about it.

Of course, since it is a matter of public health, you can always write your Congressman. But in this case your Congressman does not know and—what is more important—cannot find out.

That was the burden of Representative John V. Lindsay's (R., N.Y.) report last month to the House on his frustrating three-month study of "our national policy toward contamination of our environment by radioactive iodine from fallout." Actually it turned out to be a search *for* pol-

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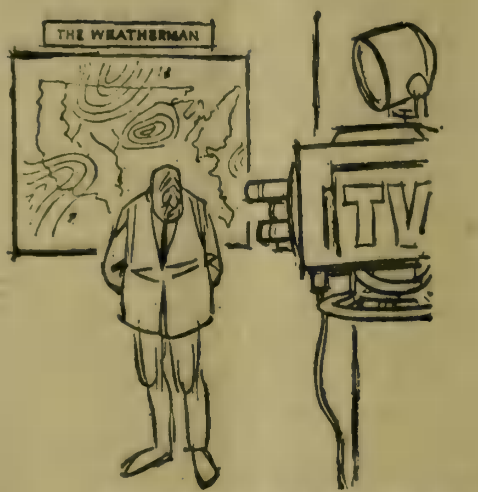
icy, rather than a study of it. Mr. Lindsay is still looking.

Although he is up for re-election this fall, the Manhattan Republican's House speech cannot be dismissed as political. His testimony takes on a certain weight from the fact that he supported President Kennedy's decision to resume testing. I believe him when he says, "I do not wish by this speech to fan a lot of emotions, particularly in those quarters where there has previously been an uninformed, emotional response." Yet an emotional response is hardly inappropriate to what may be matters of life, death and mutation. And, as his own experience amply demonstrates, an *informed* response is something he himself has not been able to achieve. To be sure, Mr. Lindsay began his inquiry pretty late in the game; his admirable concern for national health and safety would have been more admirable still had it come *before* he decided to endorse nuclear testing. But their very staleness gives his questions a special pertinence: even at this late date not even a member of Congress can find answers to the questions citizens have been asking for years.

ON MARCH 2, when announcing the resumption of testing, President Kennedy offered whatever solace lay in the assurance that radioactive fallout would be minimized. "Unfortunately," Lindsay observes, "things did not go quite as planned." Unfortunately, where testing is concerned, they rarely do. The history of our nuclear testing is, like most such experiments, a history of surprises: the fallout is heavier than we had hoped; or, as with last fall's Russian testing, lighter than we had feared (in either case pointing up our inability to predict); or Iodine-131 appears in unexpectedly large quantities; or the underground tests don't stay underground; or the high-altitude test that was not going to form a new radiation belt apparently did form one; or a nuclear-warhead rocket bursts prematurely from its launching pad. All of this is made more disturbing by the obfuscation that at best conceals, at worst *is*, our national program regarding fallout.

Iodine-131 is a radioactive form of iodine that becomes concentrated in the thyroid and is especially dangerous to infants. It first achieved notoriety nearly a year ago, after the heavy Russian tests, when it appeared as unexpectedly as if it had dropped from the clouds, you might say. Its surprise appearance this summer is especially ironic, since this time we brought it on ourselves. Iodine-131 has a half-life of only eight days, and the two largest Russian tests were conducted at altitudes high enough to allow it to decay before reaching us. We were not as lucky with our own fallout, which came down sooner than expected and contaminated the pastures and hence the milk.



Interlandi: Des Moines Register

"... Low tonight, 50 ... High tomorrow, 68 ... Expected radiation increase, 2½ per cent. .. Nighty-night, folks!"

"Contaminated" is a strong and scary word. What does it mean? "How do we know when the levels of Iodine-131 in the diet are excessive?" Mr. Lindsay asks. "That is a good question because it gets us into the story of some of the most ingenious administrative double talk of our time—the radiation protection guides established by the Federal Radiation Council."

WHERE fallout is concerned, the protection guides are distinguished principally by two characteristics: they offer no protection and they are not guides. Established in 1959 to apply to industrial exposure, they either are or aren't, or are *and* aren't, to be used for fallout as well.

Whatever the guides are for, the information based on them often comes after the fact. For example, Lindsay reports that when Iodine-131 levels in milk reached Range II of the protection guides (calling for "active surveillance and routine control"), the Public Health Service stepped up its milk-sampling program from once a week to twice a week. But by the time the samples were processed and the data prepared and issued, the information was irrelevant. Since Iodine-131 is short-lived, protection measures are relatively effective and simple. But for that very reason they are useless if not implemented promptly. A woman constituent of Representative Silvio O. Conte (R., Mass.) wrote to ask what good it did her to read Public Health Service reports about the radioactive content of milk she had already drunk. He had no answer. "I, too, have found it apparent that we have no such national policy," Conte told the House, "and I am deeply and urgently concerned about this fact."

EVEN if the information were delivered in time to mean something, what would it mean? Lindsay attacks the procedure of *averaging out* the milk samples, a policy he labels as "a choice example of statistical machinations." Whether or not it is that, there is no question that the *average* levels are not much help as the basis for action since, by definition, they do not apply to any one or any place. Not only do they not reliably indicate what people should do; as Lindsay points out, they tend to mislead people into doing what they should not do, causing residents of a low-level area to worry needlessly, and others, in a high-level area, to be complacent when perhaps they should be taking action.

But taking what action? You don't know, and neither does your Congressman. While the National Advisory Committee on Radiation (NACR) has described the *criteria* for countermeasures (they must be effective, safe, in the public interest, responsibly and authoritatively implemented, etc.), there is no federal program of countermeasures that meets these, or any other, criteria. This is not for lack of awareness, for the NACR reported in May that unless such a program is begun, "the nation may well be faced in a few years with contamination problems which cannot easily be solved."

So the urgency of the problem has been acknowledged. But, Lindsay submits, "Not only are we without a clear definition of countermeasure policy in this country, but we are not even sure who would be responsible for instituting a countermeasure policy if we had one."

Unable, then, to find out what the guides mean, what countermeasures are planned, and whose responsibility they are, Lindsay wrote to the President and to Representative Chet Holifield (D., Calif.), the Chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. ("It seemed impossible to me that there could be no answers to these questions," he says.) He found that the Joint Committee had itself put the same questions to Abraham Ribicoff, then Chairman of the Federal Radiation Council (FRC), and had requested a joint meeting of the committee and the council to clarify these issues. According to Representative Melvin Price (D., Ill.), Chairman of the Joint Committee's Subcommittee on Research, Development and Radiation, the meeting, held last June, did result in "partial clarification." But the informal half answers will not make anyone feel even half safe. Question: Are the radiation-protection guides the sole criteria for judging when there is too much radioactivity? Answer: Yes. Question: Is this sufficient to indicate what action should be taken and when? Answer: No.

In his letter to the President, Mr. Lindsay complained of "the difficulty which I and my staff have encountered when we have tried to obtain the facts and figures which are essential to even a superficial understanding of the fallout situation," and asked that a full and meaningful account be provided. After an interval of a month, he received a reply from Jerome B. Wiesner, the President's chief scientific adviser. It announced the availability of the kind of material whose inadequacy Lindsay had complained of in the first place, gave a general description of Iodine-131, and concluded with the assurance that effective countermeasures are integrated with the surveillance network and with radiation data "to provide the American people protection from radioiodine."

That assuring statement would be more comforting if the Federal Radiation Council did not keep offering up evidence that it is untrue. In response to the queries of Holifield, Price, Lindsay and others, Anthony J. Celebrezze, the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and the new FRC chairman, has issued a statement of clarification that rivals the muddiest of the areas it purports to clarify.

According to Mr. Celebrezze, "the radiation protection guides are not a dividing line between safety and danger in actual radiation situations; nor are they alone intended to set a limit at which protective action should be taken or to indicate what kind of action should be taken." The reason they cannot indicate when or what action should be taken is that "individual fallout situations require individual evaluation."

However, he says, although not designed to apply to fallout, the guides can be used to indicate "a need for detailed evaluation of possible exposure hazards"—this somehow despite the fact that they do not distinguish between what Mr. Celebrezze would call a safety situation and a danger situation.

ON SEPTEMBER 17, when this clarification was released, Marjorie Hunter in *The New York Times* interpreted the statement to mean that "for the first time the council had taken the official position that its radiation protection guides did not apply to nuclear fallout." She went on: "This, in effect, means that the United States does not have any over-all guide lines dealing with the amounts of nuclear radiation from fallout that a person can absorb safely."

Certainly this seems to be what the Celebrezze statement seems to mean. But the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy is not so sure. On September 26 the committee still complained that "no progress seems to have been made in arriving at a satisfactory answer to the question of whether these guides should be applied to fallout from nuclear-weapons testing."

Even the little sense that can be made of the FRC's statement is obliterated in application. In the absence of a federal program, state action was taken in Utah (and later in Minnesota) to keep contaminated milk off the market. This would seem to be the kind of "individual evaluation" Mr. Celebrezze recommends, and an HEW release praises the Utah action and explains that it was based on the exposure guide lines. But, as FRC chairman, Mr. Celebrezze criticized the action as unnecessary and *premature,* and said that the council would not have recommended it on the basis of the guides as it understood them. I stress the word "premature" because the Utah action (putting some herds on stored fodder, and diverting the milk of other herds to butter and cheese to allow time for the radioactivity to decay) was not taken until several days *after* milk iodine levels had risen to more than ten times the point at which "strong and prompt action" is called for by the council's own guides!

NO ONE can justly demand that reliable safety guide lines be set, for there is not enough measurable low-level radiation experience to base them on. The government cannot tell us what its scientists do not know. But it could tell us plainly *that* they do not know, and clearly interpret the implications of what they do know. Even the bland general report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation acknowledges that "it is prudent to assume that some genetic damage may follow any dose of radiation, however small." That prudent assumption, one imprudently assumes, has been agonizingly factored in to the decision to test. But neither it nor anything else has been incorporated into a coherent national protective policy.

Congressman Lindsay says, "The theory is popularly advanced that the Administration refuses to act for fear that any action it might take to alleviate the fallout hazard would provide additional ammunition to the opponents of nuclear testing." A number of devices are scheduled to be exploded in the next few weeks; it will be interesting to see whether this theory is among them.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Russian Ways of Thinking

FROM GORKY TO PASTERNAK. Six Writers in Soviet Russia. By Helen Muchnic. Random House. 438 pp. $7.50.

Evgenia Lehovich

AMONG the many freedoms denied the citizens of Soviet Russia, the freedom of artistic creation is perhaps the crucial one. In recent years several factors have served to focus our attention on this particular aspect of tyranny. One of these was the short-lived period of "thaw," following Stalin's death, which allowed both the Russians and ourselves a glimpse of how some of the young Soviet novelists and poets would like to write. Another factor was the publication of Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and the ensuing scandal which shocked the reading world into realizing the hamstrung position of Soviet artists in general and of writers in particular.

The servitude of the Soviet writer is possibly more shocking and more important than that of men in other realms of art such as music and painting. It has the most direct influence on the moral, political and mental development of the people, both as an educating factor and as an instrument of propaganda. We know that in Soviet Russia approval is generally given to writers who adhere to "Socialist Realism," who describe objective reality and at the same time stimulate and uphold Communist virtues and ideals; and that the subjective writer, particularly if he has no moral-political ax to grind, may expect to feel the displeasure of the state. Less widely known and insufficiently appreciated is the important fact that these distinctions of contemporary Russian literature go far back into history. Furthermore, although these distinctions are now artificially imposed, they were at their inception not only voluntary but inevitable.

Helen Muchnic's great achievement in *From Gorky to Pasternak* is not only to give us a series of literary essays, each of which has its own intrinsic value, but to impress on us through them that "the story of modern Russian literature is . . . the story of an ominous conflict, as ominous as any that has been or is being fought, in this warring century. Its issue is nothing less than human creativity." Her essays point out the origins and development of this conflict, its past and future historic and philosophic implications and its relation to Western thought and literature.

IN A brilliant introduction which goes back to the accidental meeting of Tolstoy, Chekhov and Gorky in Yalta in 1901, we are prepared for the inevitable parting of the ways in Russian thinking. The course of the two divergent currents is then traced, with their obstacles and deviations, their moral and political climates, from the initial clash of Tolstoy's and Gorky's artistic approaches to the unresolved dissension within the state-controlled Soviet literature of our day. Both currents appear to stem from the same source — the characteristic tendency of Russian writers to accept a degree of moral responsibility along with their creative gift — which was already evident at a time when Russian literature still seemed unfractured. From the end of the nineteenth century, however, under the pressure of increasingly urgent political issues, this fundamental concern with the destiny of mankind began to express itself in opposite ways: for some it could be fulfilled only from inside by individual spiritual efforts; for others it had to be achieved by a reorganization of life from the outside. In its various stages this conflict took the form of faith vs. scientific realism, intuition vs. analysis, imagination vs. concrete fact, dream vs. reality, mind vs. the senses, the "inner" vs. the "outer" world. The essence of the argument became, and still is, "social as against individualistic ethics."

Each of the six portraits of the most significant writers of post-revolutionary Russia which follow the introduction exemplifies an important phase of the argument. These exhaustive and thought-provoking studies of Gorky, Blok, Mayakovsky, Leonov, Sholokhov and Pasternak are so clearly separate literary entities that one is tempted to write a review for each. But through all of them there runs the uniting, leading thread of philosophic analysis. It divides the writers, despite their differences, into two basic categories: those for whom human individuality is the center of creation, and those for whom art is governed by and serves social and political principles which they place above the individual. Helen Muchnic does the authors who belong to the second category the honor (not always justified in this reviewer's opinion) of considering their approach to be voluntary and sincere. However, she is also aware that they are the precursors of a school of writers who will have no choice but to adopt this approach.

MAXIM GORKY is treated with exceptional sympathy or, possibly, a special effort at being fair to this highly controversial figure. We are appalled by the incredibly sordid circumstances of Gorky's childhood and youth and impressed by the dedication and gigantic effort which grew out of them. In spite of this, Gorky the writer emerges as a crashing bore who "spoiled the scattered images of Russia by cementing them into unwieldy novels with the dull mortar of reasoning." A writer, moreover, who did not believe in the inherent merit of truth. The expressions of joy at Russia's happiness and freedom with which Gorky's letters abound during the years of Stalinist terror, cannot really be dismissed with the half-hearted excuse that "he told the truth which suited him and which he considered good for others."

The study of Leonid Leonov, second of the three realistic authors in Helen Muchnic's book, contains an interesting comparison between his fascinating, somewhat Dostoevskian novel *The Thief,* and his typically "Socialist reconstruction" novel *Sot'* (*Soviet River*). It is an excellent demonstration of this writer's transition from instinctive writing, in which passionate and romantic human beings are vividly described, to his painstaking eulogies of exemplary but wooden "strong men" participating in the Socialist communal effort.

What strikes one most in the appraisals of Gorky and Leonov is the metamorphosis of their talent as soon as they become socially conscious and

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deliberately moralistic. Gorky's gift of acute observation gives way to grandiloquence, rhetoric and boredom, while Leonov's heroes grow incredibly banal and indulge in embarrassing platitudes.

Mikhail Sholokhov, though another of the social realist authors, seems to escape the worst of the pitfalls—at least in his great early novel, *The Quiet Don.* In writing it he was more bent on reliving his experiences as an active participant in the revolutionary strife than on instructing young Communists on their behavior. The love stories of his characters, the vigorous feeling for the land, the horrors of civil war which he had witnessed, are all overwhelmingly true. There is more passion and less moralizing than in Gorky's and Leonov's tendentious novels.

HELEN MUCHNIC'S special talent is her understanding of poets and poetry. In this book she is faced with the almost insurmountable obstacle of conveying the feeling, content and interpretation of three great poets without the possibility of quoting them in their native tongue. When one takes this into account, the essays on Blok, Mayakovsky and Pasternak are an extraordinary achievement. They examine the central creative impulses of these poets in the light of the book's unifying theme of creative conflict in Russian literature. The complex interplay of biographical, emotional and intellectual elements in the writers' lives, and their transmutation into verse and prose, are displayed with skill and penetration.

The studies are fascinating reading, especially for those who are acquainted with the writers' works in Russian. For those who are not, the rhymed translations and Miss Muchnic's own excellent prose paraphrasing of these poets can never be fully effective. The rhythm and motion are lost and the full impact of the meaning is lost with them. This is especially true of the wholly lyric verse of Alexander Blok, whose art the author aptly compares to ballet:

> The symbolism of his language is closer to the meaning given by the rhythm of physical motion . . . in a dance, than to the significance of concepts or even of musical tones, or the colors and contours of pictures. By contrast to "visual" or "aural" symbolism one is tempted to call it "kinetic." It is here that one senses best his special gift: an ability to impart the very essence of irrationality.

Unfortunately the essence of Blok's poems is not always conveyed by the translations, and perhaps for that reason he appears to us even more irrational and at the same time less true to himself than he really was. We have, nevertheless, a striking portrait of a great poet of "inner reality," moved by emotions and spiritual aspirations, at home in a dream world of his own creation, yet remarkably attuned to his period and sensitive to its most secret vibrations. Blok was inextricably tied to the destinies of his country and longed to identify himself with the spirit of its revolutionary period, but was overwhelmed and destroyed by its outer reality, its "filth and baseness," until he could no longer "hear the music of the world" and so could write no more.

Vladimir Mayakovsky's suicide at the age of thirty-seven, following an immensely productive and successful career, has been ascribed to various causes by sympathetic as well as antagonistic literary historians. Helen Muchnic's probing of Mayakovsky's character, life and death casts on the poet a new light so vivid and challenging that a rereading of his works becomes at once imperative. The essence of his tragedy was that the poet and romantic turned himself into a moralist and propagandist from devotion to communism, but never truly belonged in the Socialist realism camp. We are shown the hidden human side of Mayakovsky—the solitude behind his self-exposure, the desperate gravity of his clowning. We perceive then, through the accepted, simplified and glorified image of this colossus of Socialist art, the second Mayakovsky: a solitary, divided and secretive man unsuccessfully hidden by the gigantic mask of his own creation.

The concluding essay, "Boris Pasternak and the Poems of Yuri Zhivago," is a remarkable piece of literary analysis and the most brilliant study in the entire book. It would in itself be reason enough to urge *From Gorky to Pasternak* on any serious student of contemporary literature. The essay gives a comprehensive idea of Pasternak's whole world outlook, way of thinking and approach to art. And it is based on a profound knowledge and understanding of Russian literature and thought rather than on attempts to "interpret" the allegorical meaning of this writer's symbolism. The result is probably the most thorough and revealing study of the poet that has been published to date.

Of the three Russian poets examined in this book, Pasternak with his "inclusive vision" comes nearest to relating the "outer" and the "inner" world in a true reality. It is the poets who, on the evidence of this book, show the best chance of emerging victorious from the "ominous conflict." They are, Helen Muchnic says, "the true innovators in Russian literature and the inheritors of its great tradition."

Commonly So
from *I Love* (1922)

Love — to anyone born — is given, —
but among jobs,
incomes
etcetera,
from day to day
the soil of the heart hardens.
Over the heart the body is put on,
over the body— the shirt.
As if that weren't enough!
Someone—
a fool!—
came up with cuffs
and flooded the breast with starch.
When old age is near, they suddenly notice.
Woman paints, grooms, preens.
Man with a daily dozen revolves like a windmill.
But it's late.
The skin multiplies with wrinkles.
Love will bloom for awhile,
will bloom for awhile —
and then shrivels like a fig.

Vladimir Mayakovsky
Translated by *Ruth Herschberger*
and *Marina Prychodko*

The Fact of His Life

PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL AND OTHER POEMS. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. 184 pp. $2.25 paper.

Robert Creeley

THERE IS no simple way to speak of this book. When a man makes something so much the fact of his own life, then we are all of us involved because each life is first of all that singular.

What shall I say, because talk I must
That I have found a cure
for the sick?
I have found no cure
for the sick
but this crooked flower
which only to look upon
all men
are cured . . .
("The Yellow Flower")

What we have been told too often to care for in our lives are the plans, tomorrow's solutions, what we can look forward to; no one speaks of what is here to be seen, right now. But that is what there is, to speak of. Against the confusions which come of a blindness to that fact, Dr. Williams puts the things he sees, feels, knows, in the life given him. He has said for a long time that there can be "No ideas but in things," and by that he means that no man or woman can hope to avoid what they literally are, or, equally, the reality of which they are a part. We live just as and where we are. As this man does here, for example:

"The World Contracted
to a Recognizable Image"

at the small end of an illness
there was a picture
probably Japanese
which filled my eye
an idiotic picture
except it was all I recognized
the wall lived for me in that picture
I clung to it as a fly

Whatever a poem uses for its means — the rhythms, the order of its words, etc. — all of these must come from what has provoked the writing to begin with. The mind and ear, in this sense, are stripped to hear and to organize what is given to them. The *dance* Williams has used as a metaphor for this recognition of life and its use is present to all:

. . . But only the dance is sure!
make it your own.
Who can tell
what is to come of it?

in the woods of your
own nature whatever
twig interposes, and bare twigs
have an actuality of their own

this flurry of the storm
that holds us,
plays with us and discards us
dancing, dancing as may be credible.
("The Dance")

In "The Desert Music"—the title poem of an earlier collection (1954) included, together with "Journey to Love" (1955), in this present book—the music for this dance is "a music of survival, subdued, distant, half heard. . . ." As an answer to the superficial music of a "nauseating prattle," Williams gives "the form of an old whore in/a cheap Mexican joint in Juárez, her bare/can waggling crazily . . .":

. . . What the hell
are you grinning
to yourself about? Not
at *her*?
The music!
I like her. She fits
the music .

And again, finding a form which is apparently human, but which has no simple identity, "propped motionless — on the bridge/between Juárez and El Paso — unrecognizable/in the semi-dark . . .":

. . . But what's THAT?
the music! the
music! as when Casals struck
and held a deep cello tone
and I am speechless .

The *dance*, the acts of a life, move to that *music*, the force of the life itself. Anything a man does might well be in reverence of that fact. For the making of a poem it is essential:

. . . Now the music volleys through as in
a lonely moment I hear it. Now it is all
about me. The dance! The verb detaches itself
seeking to become articulate .

And I could not help thinking
of the wonders of the brain that
hears that music and of our
skill sometimes to record it.

The most recent poems in this book have the same root. I cannot pick and choose among them because they are all true. Taste will always argue, but there must come a time when each poem takes its place among the others in that life which it works to value, to measure, to be the fact of. What can one say more than this:

"To Be Recited to Flossie
on Her Birthday"

Let him who may
among the continuing lines
seek out

that tortured constancy
affirms
where I persist

let me say
across cross purposes
that the flower bloomed

struggling to assert itself
simply under
the conflicting lights

you will believe me
a rose
to the end of time

ROBERT CREELEY'S poems written in the decade 1950-60 have been collected in the volume, For Love *(Scribner's).*

LETTER from ATHENS

Maurice Grosser

ATHENS this summer was unprecedentedly hot, prosperous and full of tourists. Their number astonishes. Greece is not like Italy where the smallest town has something to be seen. It has little to offer except archaeology, fragments and sites denuded of all but their history. Sicily has better-preserved temples. The most famous examples of Greek sculpture are elsewhere, in London or in Munich. And as for Byzantine art, Daphne and Osios Loukas are small pickings after St. Marks or Ravenna.

It is perhaps exactly this—that there is so little to see — that makes tourism here so popular. Athens with its museums, Cape Sounion, Delphi, Olympia, and an island cruise, and you have had it. It still remains that what is here — fragmentary or not — is all authentic. These are not Roman copies. And seen in the clear light of their own land, the fragments are remarkably impressive.

The most impressive depository of

them is the new Acropolis Museum, a low, tactfully inconspicuous building tucked well out of sight behind the Parthenon. Of the museums here, it is by far the most tastefully installed. And its collection has the historical unity of having all come from excavations made on the Acropolis itself. The digging was thorough. Every spoonful of dirt was removed from the plateau; there remains today only bare and slippery rock. And the finds were rich — sculptured fragments and votive statues from earlier temples, sculptures blasted from the Parthenon by the Venetian bombing, as well as those portions of the Parthenon frieze and pediment which Lord Elgin had not thought worth taking.

The museum has two sections: one for the pre-Phidian sculptures and the other for works from the Parthenon and later. The lighting is soft and effective, and the wall colors have been skillfully chosen to set off the color of the pieces themselves which, almost unbelievably, still retain much of their original paint. The legs of a rider, for example, perhaps a Persian, decorated with lozenges of red, yellow and black to indicate tights, the feet in red-painted shoes; the bulls and snakes of the animal pediments still in their heraldic colors; and as for the *korés*, the color of their robes still evident in depths of the folds and their *chalmys* still edged with complicated key-pattern borders in paint.

The museum possesses more than a dozen of these *korés* — life-size statues of women, elaborately coiffed and gowned, and all standing in the identical pose: one foot advanced, the right hand extended as if bearing a gift, the left hand at mid-thigh level, grasping a handful of robe. No one is certain what they represent — priestesses, goddesses, votive figures? The male *kouroi* are equally mysterious — images of Apollo perhaps? — and also in standardized positions: nude, the weight distributed equally on the two feet, one of which is advanced, the arms down and forward with palms out, the hair long and carefully dressed, and on the face a fixed "archaic" smile.

THE MUSEUM is only a few years old and three of the rooms are still closed to the public. Two of them, now almost ready, will display the museum's immediately pre-Phidian works: the well-known bas-relief of Athene leaning on her staff; the head of the *Blond Boy*, so called because of the flecks of gold still to be seen in his most fancy hairdo (certainly the most beautiful Classical male head extant); two largish terracotta standing *Victories* — winged female figures which could easily be mistaken for French Neo-Classic — and a diminutive *koré* with a comically round face wearing a pair of pointed shoes exactly like those of the present-day Efzone Royal Guard. The third room houses a more ambitious project. It will present a reconstruction, made like a picture puzzle from a mass of fragments the museum possesses, of a sixth-century pediment whose subject is a battle of gods and giants. I doubt it will be successful. The fragments at hand seem too few and in very small pieces.

Down the hill is the Stoa of Attalus, the reconstruction of a late Classic building done with funds from the Rockefeller Foundation, which serves to display the finds made in the Agora by the American School of Classical Studies. The building, it is claimed, is an exact reconstruction of the original stoa. But either that building was not very good, or the proportions of the detail in columns and capitals were faultily reconstituted. At any rate, the central columns seem over-plump, the capitals skimpy and the structure itself — a one-sided, straight line, double-decker colonnade — has the air of a warehouse got up in the American Colonial style. The effect might be better if it did not sit there so white and so alone.

Among the objects it contains are a fine series of Roman portrait heads and some strikingly stylish geometric pottery from eighth- and seventh-century tombs. More topical is a water clock from the fourth century B.C. whose function was to limit political speeches to six minutes; and a cooking pot from the same period with airtight lid and spout on the side for escaping steam, very like a pressure cooker. There are a hundred or so lamp-bottom fragments — the shards used when someone was to be ostracized — all found together, each one inscribed with the name Themistocles and all the writing done in one of three or four recognizable hands. Either the Athenian citizens could not write and used professional scribes, or this is an early example of the stuffed ballot box. Even more up to date is a bottle for wine or oil inscribed "return to Phillip, brother of Phillip," and a jar from the second century after Christ marked "cookies."

The Ceramicus, a small museum situated at the far end of Hermes Street, is on the whole the least interesting. It nevertheless contains some fine fifth-century grave stones, and its large collection of pottery includes the one object here I would be tempted to steal — a small black-figured bordello lamp, charmingly decorated with some lively and quite appropriate scenes.

THE LARGEST and richest museum of them all is the National Archaeological, the most important museum in Greece. It is a handsome building in a contemporary version of Greek nineteenth-century Classical, with flat pilaster columns and all in white marble and red brick. The present installation dates from well after the war, most of the rooms having been opened to the public only in the last few years. The collection is much too large for detailed description. It contains all the pottery, weapons, art objects and jewelry dug up by Schliemann and his successors at Mycene, Tiryns and the other pre-Homeric sites. There is a case with clay tablets from Pylos, inscribed with the

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recently deciphered "linear B" script; the writing seems suprisingly neat and clear. There are rooms of Cycladic pottery and sculpture — marble goddess shapes with flat faces, and two astonishing musicians with instruments which might be from pre-Columbian Colima.

As for sculpture, it possesses the one representative collection to be found in all Greece: from the early, almost Sumerian, seated figures; a progression of *kouroi* in all the archaic styles; the mignificent bronze of *Zeus Hurling a Thunderbolt,* a fifth-century piece brought up from the sea bottom in a fisherman's net not too long ago; the original fifth-century bas-relief of *Demeter, Persephone and Triptolemus* illustrating a point in the Mysteries, of which an excellent Roman copy exists in the Metropolitan; down to a Hellenistic *Pan* which might have been by Rodin, and, also Hellenistic, the incomparable little jockey (another of the bronzes fished up from the sea), an impossibly vivid image of a child in violent motion and certainly the finest work that has come down to us from that period.

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, George G. Kirstein
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Editor, Carey McWilliams
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Victor H. Bernstein
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Business Manager, None.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceeding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the Act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 27,567.

CAREY McWILLIAMS,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1962.

(Seal) MARION HESS,
Notary Public, State of New York
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TO this list of bronzes must be added the sixth-century *kouros* found in Piraeus a few years ago. It was uncovered, along with some other pieces, when a street was dug up; the belief is that the dictator Sulla had got them together for shipping off to Rome. The *kouros* itself, I am told, though the finest of the lot, has certain anomolies. The hands and feet would seem by their style to be of a slightly later date than the figure itself. The hair-do is uncanonical, and the face seems less stylized and more like a portrait than was common at the time. More curious than any of this to my own eye is the awkward modeling where neck joins left shoulder. At any rate, the find has initiated a number of scholarly — and administrative — questions which have not yet been satisfactorily answered. Is this an original work, or a later copy of an archaic statue — a thing which was not common — or an injured work restored in Classical times? And who is to own it, Piraeus where it was found; or Athens, which has the more important museum?

The floor above houses what is certainly the most comprehensive display of Greek vase painting in the world. Here are examples of all the shapes and in all the styles: from the early severities of the geometric period; black-figured pieces from the beginning and middle of the fifth century signed by all the known masters; the extraordinary white ground *lekythoi* of the end of the century, decorated with scenes in a fluid brush work that might be mistaken for Picasso or Bérard; and on to the decadent and commercial let-down in the art that took place so shortly after. These broken domestic examples of a minor art convey — along with the impression of how charming life must have been in ancient Greece — some hint of what the real Greek painting must have been like. Remembering its debased form as preserved in the wall decorations of Pompeii, I suspect that Greek painting of the grand style was nearer to Chinese painting than is generally supposed — that it was essentially linear; that it depended on the use of aerial perspective for the depiction of space, and, if one is to judge by the quality of line in some of the freer pieces, it was executed, as in Chinese painting, with a vertically held, conical-tipped brush.

But these considerations lead away from the Greece of today where painting is far less in evidence than photography, and where (as indeed everywhere else) amateur photography has replaced the tourist's sketch book. At the Acropolis I even saw, among the hordes of busily clicking amateurs, a real professional — an elderly man dressed in a linen duster, peering into an antiquated camera on a tripod. Before him stood aligned a large Greek family, waiting, with the Parthenon as background, to be immortalized in tintype.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

RONALD MILLAR'S dramatization of C. P. Snow's novel *The Affair*, a London success, is a play which I mentioned in these columns when I saw it first in that city. It is a social play in the Galsworthy vein (*Strife, Justice, The Mob, The Skin Game*). Being a dramatization, *The Affair* is cruder and more summary than those plays, but it is marked by some of the decorum and the avoidance of special pleading which we associate with Galsworthy.

The theme of the Millar-Snow piece is the humane need to treat with fairness and balanced judgment even those people whose personality and philosophy we may detest. No one in the play likes the rude and obstreperous scientist who has been ousted from his post at Cambridge, but even the most conservative of his colleagues—including a Roman Catholic — come to his defense when they are convinced that he is innocent of the professional fraud for which he was dismissed. The only ones unreconciled to the terms of his vindication are the fanatics of the Left and the Right. The legal protagonist of the play — the author's mouthpiece — speaks for sanity.

What is most entertaining in the play is the series of thumbnail sketches of the various Cambridge dons. The development of the plot provides a certain degree of suspense — also entertaining. Most valuable of all is the play's spirit:

typical of a certain dignity and stamina traditionally, and on the whole rightly, regarded as one of the most admirable aspects of the British character. The play has a civilized tone.

Angus Wilson has said that Snow's novels are not art but sociology. Agreed. Still less is the dramatization of *The Affair* art. But last week I stated that the play is worth seeing — an opinion I now reaffirm. For it is surely obtuse to pretend that the plays we commonly see, hear praised and enjoy are art!

A Man For All Seasons — a play better written and better acted than *The Affair* — is itself barely art, if art at all. And I am not at all sure that the theme of *A Man For All Seasons*, as presented in its argument, is more pertinent now than is that of *The Affair*. Are the questions of the pre-eminence of the law and the freedom of conscience, as enunciated in Robert Bolt's play, more valid than Mr. Snow's story which alludes to the insane psychology of the cold war?

I too would like all plays to attain the status of literature and all productions to that of art, but lacking these — as most of the time we do — the entertainment offered by *The Affair*, if we go to the theatre at all, should momentarily prove sufficient.

Edward Atienza, whom I judge from his Mercutio in the Zefferelli (Old Vic) *Romeo and Juliet* last season to be a young man, traces in *The Affair* a rather exaggerated but highly amusing characterization of a senior Cambridge Fellow. Brewster Mason is solid (without being stolid) as the lawyer for the defense. There are creditable performances by J. S. Good, Kynaston Reeves, Francis Compton, Geoffrey Lumsden. Brenda Vaccaro, though possibly miscast in a not too well-written part, is an attractive actress of some promise.

THE off-Broadway theatre serves its most important function in presenting such a play as William Snyder's *The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker* — particularly when it is as nicely acted and directed as in this case (Sheridan Square Playhouse).

It might be called seedling drama. It is not "big," not fully grown, but it is alive. It is an attempt to compose an honest bit of realism about the kind of young person who comes from our hinterland to soar to some significance in the metropolis. The values of the old homestead are now threadbare. They offer the young person, Beebee Fenstermaker, nothing by which she can live, and she has no particular talent — apart from her aspiration to "something better" — to sustain her.

Poetry Editor

With this issue, David Ignatow assumes the position of Poetry Editor, a rotating assignment held most recently and conducted very ably by Paul Blackburn.

Mr. Ignatow is the author of three collected volumes of verse: *Say Pardon* (Wesleyan University Press), *Poems* (Decker Press) and *The Gentle Weight Lifter* (Morris Gallery). For ten years he was an editor of the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and the Walt Whitman Centennial issue of that magazine was published under his direction. Recently, Mr. Ignatow edited a special issue of *Chelsea* devoted to contemporary political poetry.

The author does not sentimentalize his heroine (he may not even like her). Her little quiver of idealism and appetite only tends to make her foolish and intellectually arrogant, though she hasn't much intellect to begin with. Yet she is a true enough specimen of our times and country, and though the author doesn't dig deep — there is barely enough substance into which to dig — the girl comes through as real.

This is equally true of the others in the play. The young man whom Beebee lives with for a while and whom she hopes will fulfill her, is himself a confused boy in uncertain quest of manhood. The play seems about to exhaust its spare material when it is saved by a charming, original, funny and sad scene in which a fledgling "hillbilly" wanders into Beebee's apartment, an innocent and utterly bewildered lamb. Abandoned by her lover, Beebee is reduced to agonized anonymity and therefore invites the guileless hick to stay with her — to which he distractedly consents.

This first play by William Snyder is the dramatization — in a series of short sketches — of the ache of our cultural callowness, the troubled vacuity of a large body of our youth.

All the performances are right for the play. The younger folk have the better parts. I recommend to your attention the modest and unforced realism of Rose Gregorio, Stanley Beck, Ann Wedgeworth and Robert Duvall. It is clear that Ulu Grosbard knew how to direct them.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE film version of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* places the reviewer in a familiar, if not customary, dilemma. He must hedge his praise without turning his readers away from the picture. This play was its author's masterpiece; Ely Landau and Sidney Lumet have brought it to the screen with respect and understanding. Therefore, it has a stature and makes an impact quite beyond comparison with the run of contemporary screen fare. *Long Day's Journey* is a true tragedy, a drama relentless and compassionate, springing from character and developing by the interplay of character. It was superbly produced on Broadway several years ago (José Quintero directed), but I do not know when or where it will be staged again. Therefore I urge the movie on anyone who has not seen the play; it is better — a great deal better — than missing out altogether.

At the same time, the movie is a different, a smaller, experience than the play. *Long Day's Journey* is not meant for the screen; it resists the camera. It is a play of talk — long-winded, repetitious, evasive, self-justifying, wounding and obscuring talk. There is almost no action. And it all takes place in two or three mildew-redolent rooms in a Connecticut shore cottage of the last century. In these circumstances, a camera has nothing to do and, being idle, it jitters about, looking for "interesting" shots, trotting up for pointless and disconcerting close-ups, making itself as conspicuous as the players. O'Neill wrote out of his impassioned exasperation with the evasions and delusions of his beloved

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family — on the screen, one's exasperation centers on the camera.

You feel hemmed in. This is not a tale of imprisonment, except in the figurative sense that families can become prisons of their interlaced weaknesses; and, indeed, the four characters come and go on repeated occasions. On the stage, when a character exits, we are content with the playwright's word as to where and why he has gone, and when he enters again we readily visualize what he says he saw and did. It is the essential nature of the camera to follow people through doors and about the town. It cannot always do so, except when the film is made in "real" time, but when it never does so, the viewer eventually feels that he is being deliberately confined and kept in ignorance. Some very stimulating effects can be worked up this way in suspense pictures, but that is not the intent here. The producer and director are being faithful to O'Neill's play; they are not, with a few trivial exceptions, shooting scenes he did not write. The unfortunate result is that the spectator becomes estranged and for long passages bored. On the stage, O'Neill's great bundles of dialogue built the whole world of the play; on the screen, they seem a perverse thwarting of dramatic movement. Toward the end of the picture, the midnight carouse and confession of the father and his two sons comes very close to the exposure and forgiveness of that scene on stage; but by then I felt worn out physically — not exhausted emotionally — by the abnormal forcing of the camera.

Jason Robards, Jr. plays the part (the author's elder brother) that he created so brilliantly on stage. Ralph Richardson, as James O'Neill, the father, is vital and lucid; I wondered at times if he was taking easy advantage of the irony of an actor caught by his own histrionics, and sometimes he seemed to be working under the shadow of Willie Loman — a different kind of failure. Dean Stockwell is certainly a satisfactory younger son, though he is perhaps more self-centered and less quietly watchful than the author meant Eugene to be.

Miss Hepburn is not very good as the mother, and I am sorry to say it, for I think she has a deep respect for the part and gave everything she had to it. Her failure is that, though she can show you quite a lot, she can imply very little. Specifically, she cannot imply the woman she was, and one does not understand, therefore, why her terrible decline fills her men, not only with guilt and pity, but with terror. It was the mother who had sustained this family, but Miss Hepburn cannot show lost strength, only present weakness. Her presence is touching but not tragic.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I say do not miss *Long Day's Journey*. It might be well to read it first.

THE French *Cleo from 5 to 7* is an interesting experiment by Agnès Varga in film actuality — narrative without plot. It is an "occurrence," not a story, for although one sees everything with almost vertiginous clarity, one is told little.

Cleo, a *chanteuse*, a spoiled, beautiful, intelligent, but unthoughtful entertainer, has been warned that she may have cancer, and is passing the hours of the title as best she can, awaiting word from the laboratory. None of the old devices work very well—hats and lovers, work and self-admiration — are ways of evading boredom, but useless against terror. She roams and chatters, keeps asking herself who she is and fleeing the answer. She is ever on the move (Paris in film has never looked so much a real, lived-in city) and eventually picks up a soldier — a paratrooper on leave from Algeria — who induces in her a fatalism that approaches maturity. I didn't much like the golden-hearted *para*, he seemed a trick of sentimental journalism, but you can, if you want, take him as any guy with an idle afternoon. *Cleo from 5 to 7* is a session of heartbreaking association with a woman one would, and perhaps could, comfort if only there were a way of touching her. In this respect, the audience and the people around her are at exactly the same disadvantage — all but the man in the park, who trusts mere proximity to be a help. It is a beautiful study, and one that only the camera could achieve.

From the Book of Rites & Events

Shambling along the veins on its way
to the heart the great beast has arrived in the city
its scalding water on friend & foe

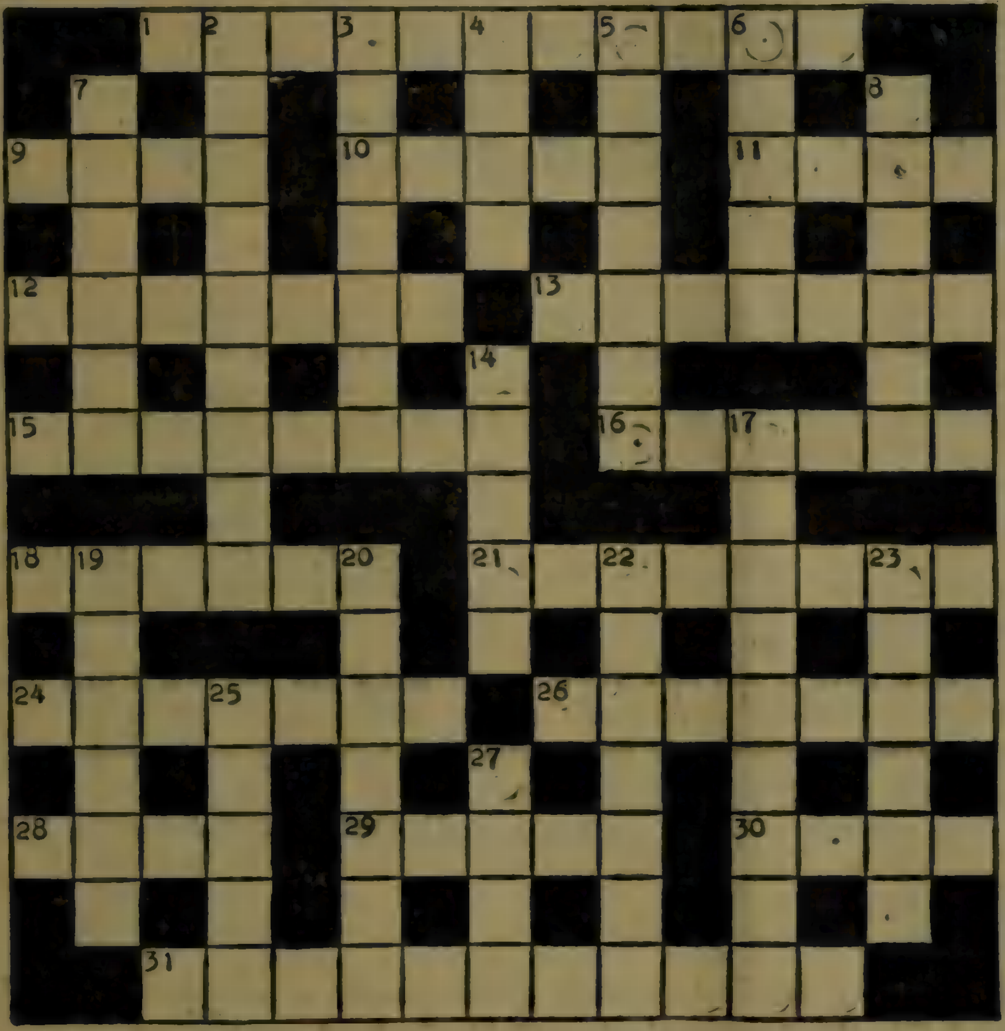
it will pass

& mushrooms will grow
& mushrooms will grow

Anselm Hollo

Crossword Puzzle No. 980

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Dress affected by a distant (and rather rare) storm. (11)
9 and 11 How you might be carried along with a painful expression is less common, but you might get a charge out of it. (8)
10 A goal of many. (5)
11 See 9 across
12 Not so tight as one who doesn't carry full weight. (7)
13 But those who have them are still eligible pass-receivers. (7)
15 and 25 down Tickets for "Robinson Crusoe and Friday," it might suggest. (3, 2, 3, 5)
16 Tack-hammer or possibly a 27? (6)
18 Did the poet suggest the tan sort don't go with the shoes? (6)
21 Rather kittenish yet noble, as the name for a trio. (8)
24 What are the very good up to? This! (7)
26 Little streets? One of them might act as a 16. (7)
28 A singular form of 13. (4)
29 and 7 down What might take in provisions at one gulp? Flies, as well. (4, 7)
30 Animals employ this, by the sound of it. (4)
31 The chic part of Chicago? It's descriptive of the holding of course. (11)

DOWN:

2 Suggests the work of a very skilled and fancy thuggee in the plant! (9)
3 Met up with a nuisance in the end of 1. (7)
4 Might be a stimulus for a 24. (4)
5 Made a telephone call and played the first card in a crooked way! (7)
6 See 14 down
7 See 29 across
8 One who does gives an agreeable performance. (6)
14 and 6 Blue ribbon cats around your necks? (10)
17 Descriptive of the spoiler, perhaps. (9)
19 Acted as a paid 16, but didn't make a clean cut. (6)
20 Fire, except when an old noisemaker? (7)
22 A model of perfection? (7)
23 Young Tom is related to 6. (6)
25 See 15 across
27 Element associated with the press. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 979

ACROSS: 1 Admonishing; 9 Lordship; 10 Number; 12 Fenders; 14 Hernia; 15 Test case; 17 Methodic; 20 Cathay; 22 Petcock; 24 Pythias; 26 Medici; 27 Cathodes; 28 Dragon flies. DOWN: 2 Dude ranch; 3 Ophidia; 4 Impi; 5 Hinders; 6 Nomad; 7 Pounce; 8 Ferris; 13 and 11 Stock in trade; 16 Catchpole; 18 Eleven; 19 Ducking; 20 Crystal; 21 Awaken; 23 Crier; 25 Scan.

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William H. Fisher
Assoc. Prof., Dept. of Education
Texas Western College, *El Paso, Tex.*

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Denny Colbert, *Baltimore, Md.*

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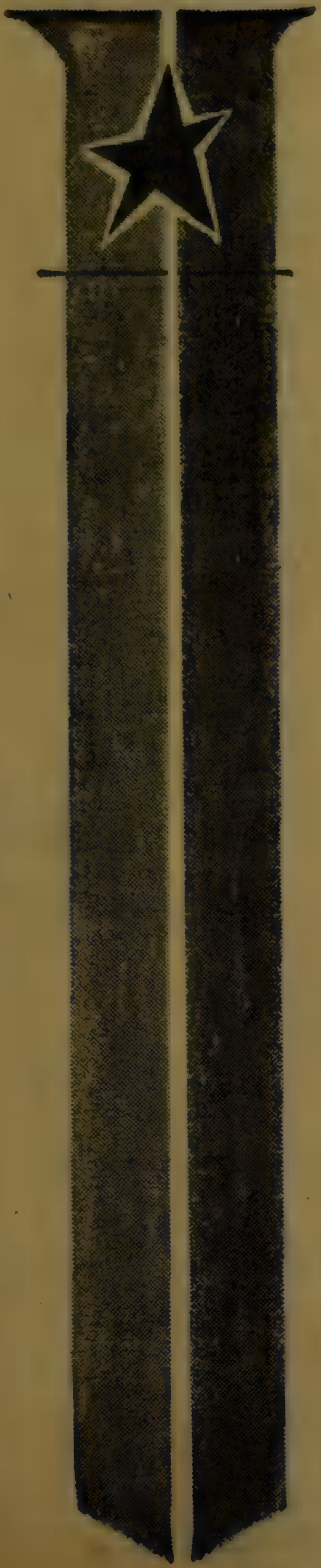

By a Former FBI Special Agent

HOOVER and the RED SCARE

Jack Levine

FAREWELL to the LIBERALS

A Negro View

Loren Miller

LETTERS

Reform with a Big "R"

Dear Sirs: Blanche Blank's article, "Reform Politics: a Biopsy," [Sept. 29 issue] makes the naive assumption that procedural and substantive interests are mutually exclusive. Does she really think it possible for a club to attract several hundred members and function successfully for several years by offering nothing more than the struggle for the "all-engaging goal . . . procedural purity?"

Quite the contrary. The clubs that deem party reform essential to long-range liberal achievements are the very clubs that are most active in substantive areas, on local, city-wide and state-wide levels. I will single out two—the Riverside Democratic Club, which brought about significant changes in the city's crackdown on slum violations, and my own club, the Village Independent Democrats. VID's interest in housing has been demonstrated by sending delegations to Albany, testifying at city hearings, sponsoring rent clinics, saving homes from demolition, holding forums with top housing officials, and attempting to obtain vest-pocket, middle-income housing for Greenwich Village. . . .

A word is in order about my erstwhile co-leader, Mr. Lanigan. There is an implication in the article of a rational break with VID based on differences in philosophy. This is simply not the way it happened; in his campaign with me last year, Mr. Lanigan was an articulate spokesman for purity even to the point of formulating a party reorganization plan that would eliminate district leaders. Soon after losing his bid to become county leader, he began to lose interest in functioning on the club level, apparently deciding that it could no longer serve as a vehicle for whatever political plans he had. But far from discussing differences or suggesting changes in club policies, he remained agreeable till the sudden end.

Re the Farley matter: Miss Blank betrays her ignorance of the facts by alluding to a "reform club's cavalier refusal" to make Farley a convention delegate. One might as well talk about the voters' cavalier refusal to send Nixon to the White House! The club in question (*not* mine) ran its usual election for party posts with the usual speakers in behalf of candidates. Farley's known disapproval of this club's goals might just be the reason why members "cavalierly" elected someone more sympathetic to be their one delegate to the nominating convention.

Miss Blank's assertion that reform clubs do not really represent their districts is puzzling in view of her previous reference to the amazingly large turnout for the 1961 primaries. The fact that most reform clubs won by healthy margins in a large turnout ought to be proof not only that they do represent the overwhelming majority, but that they and the Wagner ticket received a very special mandate for reform.

CAROL GREITZER
Democratic District Leader
1st A.D. South, N.Y. County
New York City

Dear Sirs: Blanche Blank's article is the best on New York City's Democratic Reform Movement yet written. However, the article omits significant historical background. . . . In the first twelve years of its existence (1949 to July, 1961), when the Reform Movement grew from nothing to a significant minority, it concentrated on "big R" Reform, fighting to control the party and to liberalize its rules. It indicated little interest in government, which then seemed remote.

In the period since, during which the Reformers joined Mayor Wagner in his successful city-wide race, they approached control of the party in Manhattan and gained strength in other boroughs. City government became accessible. This led to the emergence of the "small r" reformers who have broadened their vision to encompass controlling government in behalf of substantive, liberal programs. The "big R" Reformers have not taken this forward step.

The "small r" group will increasingly provide the movement's leadership. The "big R" reformers, continuing to focus on party matters, will become less significant as they become more and more removed from the critical areas of struggle. JAMES S. OTTENBERG
New York City

Dear Sirs: The illness of reformers and Reformers both is signaled in the article by Miss Blank's terminology. . . .

What I am suggesting is that the New York City Reform Democrats can make progress only by emphasizing the *ends* of their endeavors—by becoming, in the new parlance, "issue-oriented." The issues—state, national and international—are not wanting: the arms race (what reformers have urged that the Governor of defense-industry-laden New York State initiate plans for conversion to a peacetime economy should disarmament come about?); civil rights; abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee, to mention just a few. Should the Reform Democrats move into the issue field, they can expect a massive influx of dedicated workers into their campaigns *and* day-to-day activities. Otherwise they will die far faster than Tammany. TODD GITLIN
Cambridge, Mass.

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The Nation, Oct. 20, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 12

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 12

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Dedication to Failure

It is quite possible that if the United States had not organized — if that is the word — the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in April, 1961, Castro by now would be in such domestic trouble that no member of Congress would find it worth while to threaten him with a new invasion. Whether a second assault is contemplated "at this time," or some other time, a policy of "unremitting hostility" certainly has threatening connotations which fully justify, in Castro's eyes, the defensive measures which he has taken. "Mr. Kennedy's dilemma," notes the *Daily Telegraph* (London), "is that the mounting irritation of his countrymen pushes him to strong action against Cuba, while sound policy counsels restraint." It might be added that the mounting irritation is fanned by the press, using cold-war techniques now brought to such a high state of perfection. Newspaper readers who scan nothing but the headlines would not, for example, have an inkling of the fact that President Osvaldo Dorticos Torrado's speech to the General Assembly was, all things considered, quite a conciliatory speech in which the possibility of negotiation was repeatedly stressed. Even where this was noted in the press, attention from it was diverted by the play given to the disturbances of the anti-Castro claque in the galleries.

Here and there a sane voice may be heard amid the screams of the war hawks. For example, Malcolm S. Forbes, publisher and editor in chief of the financial journal that bears his name, urges us to think through the implications of a tight naval blockade and some of the other measures that have found eager advocates. What happens if a Soviet ship refuses to stop when a shot is fired across its bows? Do we sink it? That, of course, would be nothing less than an open act of war against the Soviet Union. Despite his earlier threats, Khrushchev might not trigger his ICBMs and blast New York and Washington off the map, to be followed shortly by our blasting his cities off the map. He could capture neutral opinion, and perhaps that of some of our European allies who lie in the shadow of Soviet rockets, by simply instructing his submarine commanders to sink American ships supplying our armed forces in Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, South Vietnam, South Korea and elsewhere in the world. The nuclear war might come later. In the meantime, how would we call him to account before the United Nations, when we would have started the sinkings because we objected to communism near our shores, just as the Soviets have been objecting to our bases on their borders—and have not gone beyond verbal protests for these past fifteen years? And if we invade Cuba again, why should not the Soviet Union invade Turkey, Iran and our other satellites?

Forbes denies, as *The Nation* and every level-headed military expert has denied in the past, that Cuba poses a military threat to the United States. The only threat Cuba poses is Red penetration of Latin America, and that not with arms, but with propaganda. Forbes does not say so, but everyone propagandizes: it is only that our propaganda sounds sweet in our ears, while theirs sounds execrable. If conditions to the south are so intolerable that the people turn to Castroism in desperation, Castro's propaganda may be the catalyzer, but the basic fault will be ours and that of the Latin American rulers whom we support.

Far more sensible than a policy of "unremitting hostility" are the efforts of James B. Donovan who, it now appears, has been acting as President Kennedy's agent in negotiations aimed at securing the freedom of the 1,113 prisoners who fell into Castro's hands in the Bay of Pigs invasion. If Kennedy can manage to channel federal funds toward this ransom, or indemnity, the war hawks will shriek even louder, but it would be a good investment. And if "unremitting hostility" can be stretched to allow negotiations for the return of the prisoners, why cannot differences no more vital be negotiated?

Berlin: After November 6

Khrushchev has set so many time limits on the end of the West's occupancy of West Berlin that he probably cannot afford to retreat again. He is in much the same position as when, unable to tolerate continuance of the mass flight of East Germans to the West, he consented to the erection of the wall. By all indications, after the American elections he will sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany. What he will do by way of follow-up one cannot say without bugging the top conference room of the Kremlin, but it is clear that the situation will be even more dangerous than it has been in the past fifteen years of tension and wrangling.

The Washington Administration is likewise dug in. Before Kennedy, Eisenhower, and before Eisenhower, Truman, swore they would never abandon Berlin to the Communists. If this means military action, so be it. Since fighting the Red Army with conventional weapons is impossible, military action reduces to nuclear war. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara made this perfectly clear at his September 28 press conference following his two-day visit to Europe, which was itself a demonstration of determination to hold Berlin on our terms and at all costs. It is our policy, said McNamara, to use whatever weapons are required to protect our vital interests, and access to Berlin is a vital interest. McNamara made numerous references to the nuclear strength of the Third Armored Division and the aircraft of the Thirty-third German Fighter Wing, on strip alert and loaded with nuclear warheads; "these, of course, being in the custody of United States custodial personnel," he added. But reports circulating in Europe, very likely credited by the Kremlin, say that the United States is planning to turn over nuclear weapons to the West Germans, including IRBMs with a range of 1,500 miles.

So the two superpowers face each other. But for all their adamant resolution, each has a nightmare: World War III, waged all-out with their respective nuclear arsenals, would destroy most of Europe, starting with Berlin — and the United States likewise. So, by force of military circumstances, each hopes that the other will provide some opening which, if it does not result in a compromise, would at least postpone an acute crisis.

Not so the West Germans. If Willy Brandt's and Konrad Adenauer's proclamations are to be given any credence (even allowing for the phony morality with which all statesmen overlay their utterances), they have no nightmares at all. Brandt left his conference with President Kennedy breathing fire. Last week Kennedy sent a personal message to Adenauer urging that West Germany offer some initiative to solve the German problem. In his speech of October 9, at the opening of the West German legislative session, Adenauer stood pat. All he wants is free elections (with an automatic 3:1 West German majority even if all the East Germans voted for communism) and all the other shibboleths which John Foster Dulles, his dear departed friend, reiterated with the insistence of a stuck phonograph record from the end of World War II to the end of his life.

Yet, for those who are willing to take a fresh look, the materials for negotiation are there. *The Nation* (October 6, "A Burst of Sanity,") referred to the proposals of Geoffrey McDermott, British Minister in Berlin until last September, and now free to speak his mind.

In the London *New Statesman*, R. H. S. Crossman points out that the inflexible policy of the Bonn government can only result in "consequences for West Berlin's liberties . . . far more catastrophic than the erection of the Wall." The West Germans and West Berliners, he says, "are waging cold war against the German Democratic Republic under the protection of our troops." He reveals something that he, a member of Parliament and an expert on the German problem, did not know until he was in East Berlin recently. A whole series of concrete proposals have been made during the past twelve months by East German Oberbuergermeister Ebert for reducing tensions along the wall. All were rejected on the ground that the wall must come down first, East Germany must not be recognized, and the cold war must go on and on and on.

If there were in fact nothing to negotiate, the outlook would be bleak indeed. But the steady flow of suggestions and proposals, coupled with the Administration's attempts to prod the West Germans into taking some initiative toward negotiation, clearly demonstrates that it is the West German position, not the West Berlin problem per se, which appears to be non-negotiable. No one knows whether it is possible to negotiate a satisfactory new status for West Berlin, but everyone agrees that an effort should be made to find out — everyone, that is, except Dr. Adenauer and his advisers.

Member of the House

The death of Rep. Clem Miller, in a plane crash in California, brought the silence of sadness to this office. We knew Clem Miller as a reader, friend and preceptor. He felt — and he was right, of course — that something should be done to improve communications between Congress and the press; that the press did not always understand the legislator's problems and that the legislator was often at fault in not explaining the legislative process to newsmen. Over the years, he was for us a perceptive, thoughtful, kindly guide to Congress and the tribulations of its members. For some years we were privileged to receive the newsletter that he sent out to a select list of key supporters and friends. Fortunately a collection of these letters was published a week or so before his death (*Member of the House: Letters of a Congressman*, edited by John W. Baker, published by Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume will stand as a lasting testament to the depth of his understanding of Congress and its ways and his skill in communicating this often esoteric lore to the uninitiated. Flags should be flown at half-mast throughout the First Congressional District of California; it will be a long time before the district is represented by a better man than Clem Miller. In our book, he was a model of what a Member of the House should be.

The Sensitive Senator

Senator Barry Goldwater has had much to say about the "conscience of the conservative." Among the traditional virtues of the conservative, which his conscience obliges him to conserve, are poise, *sang froid*, clarity of purpose and willingness to take punishment as well as to inflict it. None of these admirable traits are exhibited in the uproar which Goldwater raised over an article in *The Gadfly*, a supplement to *The Colorado Daily*, campus publication of the University of Colorado. The article was written by Carl Mitcham, a senior who apparently took seriously the *Daily's* motto, "Seventy-first Year of Editorial Freedom."

On the basis of the Arizona Senator's foreign-policy views, Mitcham called Goldwater a "mountebank" and "no better than a common criminal." Perhaps worst of all, he compared the Senator's attitudes unfavorably with those of Henry Miller!

A controversy was raging at the time about the merits and demerits of the Colorado football team and no one paid any attention to Mr. Mitcham's wild swings — except Senator Goldwater. He viewed the matter as "very serious" and demanded apologies, which were offered by the editor of the paper, and by Quigg Newton, the president. This did not satisfy the august member of the most exclusive club in the world, who demanded Mitcham's expulsion, a change in the editorship of the paper and other punitive action unspecified. He was joined by campus conservatives and foes of the university administration, including Dr. Edward J. Rozek, a Hungarian refugee and associate professor of political science, who has been suing the university in connection with a grievance of his own. Thus reinforced, Senator Goldwater attacked President Newton, saying, "I doubt that you have either the interest or the concern to be in the position you hold."

Whether this tempest would have blown up in other than an election year is doubtful. Senator Goldwater took full advantage of a silly attack that was about on a par with a taxi driver's insults when someone cuts him off in traffic. But the Senator's own behavior was no better, and perhaps worse. What he and his crowd have done is to blow up the idiotic affair into a full-scale onslaught on "liberals," "Socialists" and "un-Americans." "I am far more concerned," he wrote Newton, "about the ability of people with un-American philosophy to have that philosophy displayed in the college press . . . than I am about what happens to me or my name. I have spoken with groups of some 250 colleges and schools in the country, and this is the only one where the Socialists, or whatever you care to call them, seem to have the ability to do what they want without censure."

The man who speaks in these bully-boy terms is not a conservative; nor does he understand, much less honor, the values upon which the genuine conservative tradition is based.

Elections in Name Only

This is an odd campaign, with apathy as the dominant feature. "President Finding It Difficult to Create Interest in Fall Races," reads the headline in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of October 8. In Minnesota, the President's reception varied, but in a number of instances his message seemed to fall flat. A possible cause is that he had no message, but only a simulation of one, and no appeal except to elect a Democratic Congress. But when the voters can't see much difference between Democrats and Republicans, why should they get excited?

Interest in politics comes from honest discussion, vigorous debate and clarity in the voters' minds, pro or con. To some extent this was exemplified in the case of Medicare. At least one knew where the contestants stood, and now the voters know whom to blame and whom to uphold. But as to Cuba, as one example, the Republicans attack Kennedy, but there is no *division*: most of the Republicans are just as afraid to advocate invasion as most of the Democrats; and, of course, neither party advocates negotiation. Unemployment crops up mostly in terms of a choice of alternative programs, such as a shorter week on the one hand and faith cures on the other. The discussion is involved with such questions as how to attract business to one state at the expense of another, when the real question is what to do about a chronic state of joblessness. Again and again pollsters report that voters are against *both* candidates. In most of these cases the voters show commendable insight.

Apathy in politics is a basic evil, but it should be blamed on the politicians, not on the voters. The thing to note about apathy is that it is always deserved. It is the inattention that people pay to those who have nothing real to say.

HOOVER and the RED SCARE . .

by Jack Levine

[*The author of this article, former Special Agent of the FBI, resigned voluntarily from that organization last year.*—ED.]

RECENTLY, at a Western States Democratic Conference, W. H. Ferry, Vice President of the Fund for the Republic, in the course of developing a thesis on myths which are impeding the country's efforts to come to grips with current problems, criticized FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover "for being as responsible as any person for keeping the Red poltergeist hovering in the national consciousness." Although the statement was only an insignificant part of a much broader theme, the repercussions from it testify to the raw-edged sensitivities aroused by any public discussion of matters touching upon our internal security. For several days, the incident received front-page attention in the nation's press; *Time* (August 17) gave it extensive coverage. Republican National Chairman William E. Miller branded the criticism of Hoover as "virtually traitorous."

At the conference the next day, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, apparently concerned with the adverse political consequences of the controversy for the Democrats, came to Hoover's aid. "A major reason for the numerical weakness and lack of broad influence of the Communist Party in the United States," he said, "is the dedication and effort of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. Those who dismiss the problem of Soviet espionage perform a disservice to the nation." The Attorney General's response, however, did little to resolve the question raised by Mr. Ferry: Does Communist subversion really represent a menace to our democratic institutions?

To begin with, a distinction must be drawn between the activities of American Communists and Soviet espionage agents operating here and the advances that the Communists have made in Berlin, Cuba, Vietnam and elsewhere. To attribute these "cold war" reverses to "traitors within our midst" (as right-wing extremists often do) is to compound the confusion which already exists. It is necessary to delimit the "threat from within" to its proper sources: the American Communist Party and Soviet espionage. How great is this threat? Is the current concern with Communist subversion justified? Does the FBI have the Communists and Soviet spies under control? Has J. Edgar Hoover given the American public all the facts?

IN THE 1930s and early 40s, the American Communist Party was a source of great concern. It boasted a membership of 80,000 Americans. It was electing candidates to public office and was active in fomenting strikes and spreading propaganda. Many idealists were lured into the party by the promises it held out for a more equitable social and economic order.

With the gradual realization that the Communist ideology was no panacea for the world's ills, the great disillusionment set in. The purges in Russia under Stalin, the Soviet-Nazi Pact, the ruthless suppression of the Hungarian revolt and other evidences of the disparity between Communist ideals and Communist practices, triggered a mass exodus from the American Communist Party. By 1945, its total membership, according to the FBI's own estimates, had dropped to 64,000 and has continued to decline at an accelerating rate: 1950, 43,000; 1955, 20,000; 1960, 10,000. At the present time, sources in the FBI place the numerical strength of the party at approximately 8,500—a figure that includes a large number of FBI informants. Today the most informed sources in the FBI consider that, as the result of the bureau's long and arduous struggle against the party, it no longer represents a threat to our national security.

In 1936, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, concerned with the increasing activities of the various subversive groups throughout the country, ordered the FBI to begin gathering intelligence information on them. At the outset, priority was accorded the Fascist groups, since Nazi Germany at the time seemed the more imminent enemy than Soviet Russia. After World War II, the FBI focused its full attention on the Communists.

SINCE that time, FBI agents have been engaged in seeking to identify the members of the American Communist Party. This is done by the utilization of various techniques of physical and technical surveillance, through information furnished by informants, from party membership lists, by evidence of attendance at party meetings and participation in suspected Communist-front organizations, from signatures appearing on petitions supporting Communist aims and purposes, and from subscription lists to Communist publications. More than one of the preceding factors must be present before the FBI will certify any individual as a Communist (although one factor alone is usually enough to identify a person as a "security risk," barring him from government service or any position involving access to classified information). Once a person is certified as a Communist, the FBI continues to develop all possible information on his party position and activities. In addition, much personal data is collected, such as a complete physical description of the individual, his occupation and skills, his habits, the names and addresses of friends and relatives, etc., so that he can be identified in the event he attempts to go "underground" and establish a new identity. Party members are under the constant surveillance of agents, informants and other sources of information. The FBI believes it has completed its documentation of all current members of the party, and since party recruitment has dwindled to almost nothing, there is little difficulty in keeping abreast of new members.

WHAT does the FBI plan to do with its certified list of Communist Party members? Some are currently being prosecuted by the Department of Justice under the Smith Act and additional prosecutions under the McCarran Act will commence when—and if—the courts dispose of constitutional objections which have been raised. The Justice Department has started with the top Communists and is in the process of working its way down to the lower echelons.

In the meantime, the FBI has a well-developed plan to neutralize the sabotage potential of the American Communists should a U.S.-Soviet war seem imminent. With the declaration of the existence of a state of national emergency, and upon instructions from the Attorney General, Hoover will issue the order for "Operation Dragnet." Accordingly, FBI agents, with the cooperation of local police, will round up all Communists for internment in detention camps until the crisis is over. Because of the close surveillance maintained on party members, the bureau believes that they could be arrested within a matter of hours.

By 1940, the FBI strategists had become familiar enough with the methods of the Communists to appreciate their effectiveness. At top-level policy conferences that year, a long-range scheme to destroy the vitality of the American Communist Party gradually took shape. The bureau decided to try to beat the Communists at their own game of infiltration and subversion: The development of informants within the party was to be the instrument of its ultimate destruction.

At first, progress was slow. Before and during World War II, many American Communists could see no conflict between their party membership and their loyalty to the United States. However, when the warmth of our wartime alliance with Russia began to cool into the chill of the cold war, and Soviet conduct appeared to many to become increasingly aggressive, thousands of Communists left the party. Many of these offered their services to the FBI as informants, and encouraged their friends to do likewise.

For party members who could not be cajoled into becoming informants by appeals to patriotism and reason, the bureau utilized other methods. Fear of criminal prosecution under the various internal-security laws has been an important factor in making some Communists see the error of their ways. There was also the possibility of publicly embarrassing Communists by leaking their names to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Those obdurate enough to survive these pressures could sometimes be forced into co-operation through economic duress. Even Communists have to eat and pay the rent; for those not self-employed, or who are not working for other Communists, a phone call from the FBI to an employer could result in chronic unemployment.

Over a prolonged period of time, tactics such as these can break down the resistance of even the most dedicated Communists. *Today, the FBI has nearly 1,500 informants in the Communist Party—a ratio of one informant for every 5.7 members.*

BY 1960 the end of the Communist Party: U.S.A. as a viable organization was already in sight. In a highly confidential memorandum to all bureau offices, Hoover announced that the development of additional Communist Party informants, except at the highest policy-making levels, would serve no useful purpose. This decision was motivated by a number of factors. First of all, the bureau had discovered that the informant system had at last reached the point of diminishing returns; informants were duplicating one another's reports. Secondly, in order to protect identities, no informant was told by the bureau who other informants were; as a result, informants began informing on one another with increasing regularity. Thirdly, the informants' payroll grew to the point where it constituted a severe drain on FBI appropriations. Moreover, it was a source of some anguish to the bureau that, through its dues-paying FBI contingent, it had become the largest single financial contributor to the coffers of the Communist Party.

The bureau's penetration of the party now extends from the lowest echelons, where the concentration of informants is highest, up to and including the highest levels. Indeed, one FBI informant was recently assigned by the party to act as a security officer for the purpose of weeding FBI informants out of the membership! The FBI promptly gave this man instructions to "frame" loyal party members and to "clear" disloyal ones—FBI informants—for party promotions.

The current situation in the American Communist Party poses an insoluble problem for its aging, hard-core leaders like Gus Hall, Benjamin Davis and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. As membership continues to decline and the percentage of informants increases, the day will soon come when FBI informants, who are rising rapidly to the top, will capture complete control of the party.

The supervisor in charge of the Communist Party Desk at bureau headquarters in Washington, D.C., during a briefing of agent personnel on recent party developments, summed up the current situation: "The Communist Party: U.S.A." he said, "has long ago become a paper tiger. The hard-core members have been reduced in size to a manageable bunch of harmless crackpots. We here at the bureau are starting to feel sorry for them."

ARE THERE really Soviet spies running loose in the United States? Of course there are—and there is little that the FBI can do about them. By this I mean that 95 per cent of Soviet espionage here is conducted legally and above board. A veritable wealth of strategic information is readily available to anyone in the United States who seeks it—including Soviet agents. The locations of our guided-missile sites, our military installations, our research laboratories and our defense plants are no secret. The activities at these facilities are usually reported in the daily press. Information on new weapons systems and industrial processes can often be obtained from scientific, technical and trade publications which are available to all. Maps and information regarding business and industry for every city and town in the United States can be had by dropping a postcard to the appropriate Chamber of Commerce. We, in America, who live in a free and democratic society, are at a severe disadvantage in espionage competition with the Soviets. (At a diplomatic reception in Moscow shortly after the downing of Francis Gary Powers' U-2 plane, an American official was reported to have told a Soviet official: "If our people here had the same access to information which your agents have in the United States, the U-2 would be entirely unnecessary.") However, to correct this imbalance would require the imposition of security and travel restrictions that would make life here as intolerable as it is for many who live behind the iron curtain.

THE established base for the Soviet espionage network in the United States has long ago been shifted from the Communist Party to the diplomatic, trade and press delegations which the Soviet bloc countries maintain here. At one time, party members were of considerable help to Soviet agents. But now, as the FBI has learned from interrogating defecting Soviet agents, spies trained at Soviet espionage schools for assignments in the United States receive stern instructions to stay clear of American Communists. Soviet spies have learned that to contact a party member is the surest way to invite detection by the FBI. The bureau's complete penetration of the party has forced the Soviets to rely almost exclusively on their own nationals for recruiting agents and for the establishment of espionage networks, thus making things easier for the bureau's counterespionage activities.

The official Soviet establishments here — the Soviet Embassy, the UN delegation, the Amtorg Trading Corporation and Tass — serve as communications centers for the transfer of intelligence to the Soviet Union. It is for this reason that most Soviet officials are under twenty-four-hour surveillance by bureau agents. Every suspicious contact made by these potential spies is assiduously checked out by the FBI; concealed, long-range cameras are constantly clicking in front of all Soviet establishments; incoming and outgoing mail is carefully watched. Telephones of Soviet officials are "tapped" and "bugging devices" are strategically planted, whenever possible, by agents disguised as painters, plumbers and maintenance men.

The Russians, of course, are aware of these counterespionage activities and rarely do these efforts result directly in the detection of clandestine Soviet agents or couriers. However, the FBI by these means does make Soviet espionage and communications more difficult; and it is true that, as the spy game becomes more involved, likelihood increases that the spying country will make errors.

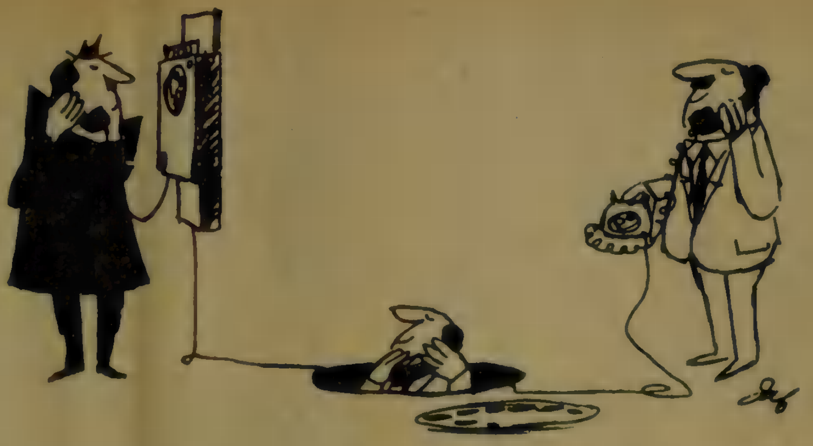
Through the years, the Soviets have attempted to place highly trained espionage agents in this country who have no connection with official Soviet establishments. These "sleeper agents," who establish themselves here with forged travel and identification papers, remain inactive until they are needed. Their purpose is to insure the continuity of espionage operations, which would otherwise be disrupted should Soviet diplomatic and trade mission officials be sent home in the event of hostilities between the Soviet Union and the United States. However, since the outbreak of the next war will probably give no one time to do anything except to make a quick dash to the nearest fallout shelter, the FBI feels that these Soviet efforts have been largely wasted.

WITH THE possible exception of master spy Col. Rudolph Abel (who had been offered lucrative jobs by both the FBI and the CIA), the counterespionage specialists at FBI headquarters have not been too impressed with the caliber of the known Soviet agents. Examples of Soviet bumbling have been frequent. Not long ago, a Soviet espionage agent, en route from Russia with forged identification papers, was detected by an alert customs official while attempting to enter this country from Canada via the Detroit-Windsor tunnel. This Soviet agent had been born and raised in a Detroit suburb and had been taken to Russia by her parents some twenty-five years earlier. Now, having completed an extensive espionage course at a spy school in Russia, she was returning to establish an identity here and to serve the Russians as a "sleeper agent." When asked routinely by the customs official for her place of residence, she gave the name of the town in which she had been born. Unfortunately for her, that town no longer existed, having been engulfed some two decades or more earlier by the spreading metropolis of Detroit. The customs official put two and two together and notified the FBI.

In a very recent case, two Soviet spies employed at the United Nations were unsuspectingly fed useless information for three years by a young New York lawyer under the FBI's supervision. In the course of this cloak-and-dagger routine, the Russians were bilked out of $3,000 in payments to the "spy."

THERE can be little doubt that the FBI has been amazingly successful in its operations against the Communist Party and Soviet spies, but its accomplishments for the most part have been withheld from the general public. It is the belief of many in the bureau that this "modesty" is largely attributable to policy decisions made by Hoover based on the theory that support for the bureau's activities in this highly sensitive sphere can best be obtained by convincing the public that the enemy is still among us, powerful and dangerous as ever. Hoover's (public) exaggerations of the "threat from within" may also be due, it is felt, to the Director's desire to safeguard the stature and autocratic powers he has gained as the country's No. 1 protector against communism. Belittle the dragon and you belittle St. George.

Thus, the FBI Director's public



statements generally include such exhortations as, "We must continue to stiffen our national backbone in dealing with the Communists and their dupes, sympathizers and apologists"; "The Communist Party in this country has attempted to infiltrate and subvert every segment of our society"; "The Communist threat from within . . . is reaching into the very heart of America through its espionage agents and a cunning, defiant and lawless Communist Party which is fanatically dedicated to the Marxist cause of world enslavement and destruction of the foundations of our Republic"; "If we relax our guard for one moment we court national disaster."

In the past, these stratagems have served Mr. Hoover's parochial interests quite well. However, it is now generally recognized that, by exaggerating the "threat from within," Hoover has helped to create a "Frankenstein monster" in the form of a right-wing hysteria intent upon destroying anything that smacks of liberalism or social progress. It is the belief of many observers in the bureau that, in the course of events, Hoover and the Far Right have developed a mutual vested interest in maintaining the myth of extensive Communist subversion. Some have noted that the FBI Director has come to lean heavily on right-wing support for the perpetuation of his thirty-eight-year-old dynasty.

RECENTLY there have been some indications that Hoover has at last recognized that the emotionalism generated by the right-wing extremists may be getting out of hand. Thus, in the Director's most recent book, *A Study of Communism* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), he cautions his reading public with the admonition that "Reckless charges against individuals and false statements about the nature of Communism and the extent of its penetration into various areas of our life serve the cause of Communism by creating disunity among Americans."

Unfortunately, this warning comes too little and too late to undo the damage already inflicted through the years on countless individuals whose reputations and loyalty have been maligned by the irresponsible devotees of "McCarthyism." Even more important than this is the incalculable price that America has had to pay in thought conformity — the natural result of the fear and suspicion which the "super-patriots" have engendered.

Established myths, of course, die slowly, and the prognosis for the "Red scare" is that it will be with us for a long time to come. Professional anti-communism has become so important a part of the American scene that it is likely to outlast the American Communists.

FAREWELL to LIBERALS: a Negro View . .

Loren Miller

LIBERALS who were shocked or surprised at James Baldwin's recent statement that Negroes "twenty years younger than I don't believe in liberals at all" haven't been doing their homework. Discontent with the liberal position in the area of race relations has been building up for the past several years. Of course there are liberals and liberals, ranging from Left to Right; still, there does exist a set of beliefs and attitudes, not easily defined but readily identified, constituting the liberal outlook on the race question. Simply stated, it contemplates the ultimate elimination of all racial distinctions in every phase of American life through an orderly, step-by-step process adjusted to resistance and aimed at overcoming such resistance. In the field of constitutional law, the classic liberal position, exemplified in the Supreme Court's "all deliberate speed" formula of the school-segregation cases, requires and rationalizes Negro accommodation to, and acquiescence in, disabilities imposed because of race and in violation of the fundamental law.

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On his part, the Negro has to put up with such practices, but he cannot admit that they have constitutional sanction; to do so would be to give away his case and knuckle under to the revisionist theory that the Civil War Amendments conferred less than complete equality under the law. The liberal sees "both sides" of the issue: the force of the Negro's constitutional argument and the existence of customs, sometimes jelled into law, that justify the gradualist approach. He is impatient with "extremists on both sides."

The Negro is outraged at being called an extremist. Since he takes the position that the Constitution confers complete equality on all citizens, he must rest his case on the proposition that there is only one side: his side, the constitutional side. That his attitude in that respect is firming up is evidenced by the fact that Negro spokesmen who once won applause by claiming that their activities made for progress in race relations are being elbowed aside by others whose catchword is Freedom Now. "We want our Freedom Here; we want it Now, not tomorrow; we want it All, not just a part of it," Martin Luther King tells receptive audiences. Whoever opposes, or even doubts, that doctrine is cast in the role of a foe, whether he calls himself conservative or liberal. The middle ground on which the traditional liberal has taken his stand is being cut from beneath him.

Every civil-rights victory adds to the Negro's intransigence; he becomes ever more impatient and demanding. To the extent that this attitude tends to precipitate racial conflict, a substantial number of liberals shy away. As they see it, their role is to ease, not heighten, racial tensions while they create a climate in which progress is possible. But the new militants don't want *progress;* they *demand* Freedom: "The courts take time and we want Freedom Now—Today," the Rev. Ralph Abernathy told cheering Georgians last month. Abernathy's cry, echoing King and the student leaders, underscores the strong trend away from dependence on legalistic methods and, equally important, implies rejection of the dogma that racial reforms must await a change in the hearts and minds of men — the so-called educational approach that once numbered many adherents.

THE swing away from major reliance on legal methodology and the educational approach poses new problems for liberals. It was easy and comfortable to wait for the filing of civil-rights cases or proposals for anti-discriminatory legislation and then lend support to those causes, or an even greater mark of liberalism to initiate them. However, the persistence of discriminatory practices in the wake of the NAACP's sweeping court victories which have destroyed the legal base of the Southern segregation system, and in the face of an upsurge of civil-rights legislation in the North, has shaken the faith of the Negro in the efficacy of the law. It is significant that King abjures his followers to disobey "unjust laws" and ironic that some segregationists, harried by the direct actionists, now argue that racial issues should be left to the courts. The plea for civil disobedience flies in the face of liberal doctrine of respect for the law; direct action in the form of sit-ins or stand-ins is seen by many as raising grave questions as to infringements of personal and property rights.

THE LIBERAL dilemma does not spring solely from doubts as to the advisability of direct action or the disobedience doctrine. The hard core of the difficulty lies in the circumstance that in the eighty years since the failure of Reconstruction, racial discrimination has become deeply rooted and thoroughly institutionalized in governmental agencies (local, state and federal), in the civil service and in churches, labor unions, political parties, professional organizations, schools, trade associations, service groups and in that vast array of voluntary organizations which play such a vital role in our society. Racial discrimination can't be uprooted unless governmental agencies are administered with that purpose in mind and unless voluntary organizations exert constant and consistent pressure to that end on local, state and federal governments, and at the same time accord Negroes all of the privileges and benefits that accrue from membership in such organizations. Those requirements aren't being met. Negroes are dismayed as they observe that liberals, even when they are in apparent control, not only do not rally their organizations for an effective role in the fight against discrimination, but even tolerate a measure of racial discrimination in their own jurisdictions.

Again, the liberal is restrained by his historical choice of seeing "both sides" of the issue. He understands the justice of the Negro's claim, but he argues that as a responsible administrator, he must reckon with deep-seated resistance to quick change and with the breakdown that might follow precipitate disruption of institutionalized practices. He may vacillate, as the President has done in the case of the Executive housing order, in an attempt to coax a consensus favorable to a change in policy. In any event, he is not, he says, as free as the Negro thinks; he must gauge the situation and settle for progress in the face of Negro clamor for immediate action.

Take the case of a liberal administrator of a government agency. He may owe his eminence to a political victory insured by a four- or five-to-one vote cast by urban Negroes. He now finds himself head of an agency mired in civil service and hobbled by a heritage of discriminatory practices. His underlings are apt to be wedded to that past; they helped frame the rules. He is a new broom that can hardly sweep at all, let alone sweep clean. Ordinarily, he appoints a few Negroes and institutes such reforms as will not call down upon his head the wrath of Congress, the state legislature or the Chamber of Commerce. Not personal cowardice makes him fear that wrath, but concern lest the opposition—through a crippling withdrawal of funds from his agency, perhaps—might make *all* reform impossible.

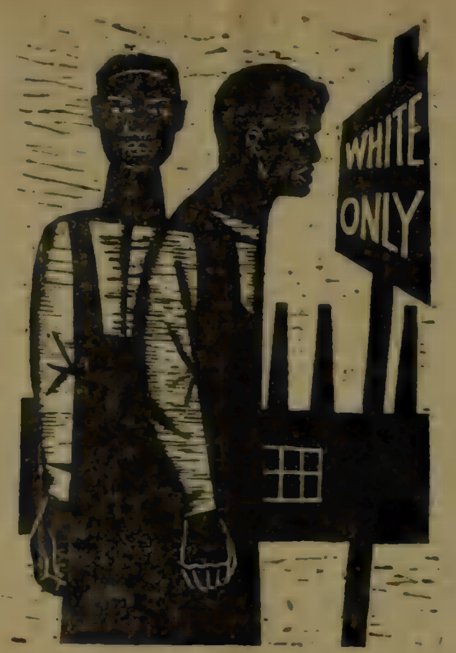
He may have done the best he could, but he hasn't endeared himself to Negroes, who contrast performance to pre-election speeches and campaign promises.

CIVIL SERVICE is a trap for unwary Negroes who enter it and find themselves frozen in its lower reaches. The United States Civil Rights Commission has found that, just as in private industry, there are "Negro" jobs and "white" jobs with Negroes at the bottom of the civil-service heap. The liberal who comes to head a civil service-staffed department of government is caught in a web of rules and regulations deliberately designed, in some instances, to institutionalize racial discrimination, or having that effect. Again there may be token appointments and token promotions, but the establishment yields slowly. The Negro looks for results and what he sees often makes him take the cynical position that the liberal differs no whit from his conservative predecessor.

Or take the situation in the AFL-CIO, where discrimination is rife in craft unions. The federation professes an inability to compel constituent unions to abandon time-honored racial practices. That is bad enough. What is worse is the stance of liberal-led industrial unions. The Steelworkers maintain Jim Crow locals in the South, where union halls double in brass as meeting places for White Citizens Councils. It is an open secret that Negroes have next to nothing to say in the policy-making bodies of unions, craft or industrial, on local, state or national levels. When the Pullman Porters' A. Philip Randolph, the only Negro member of the AFL-CIO Executive Board, urged reforms in federation, George Meany, described in labor circles as a liberal, shouted at him, "Who the hell gave you the right to speak for Negroes?" and accused him of attacking the labor movement. The Executive Board, at Meany's urging, then censured Randolph for anti-union activities — without a dissent from such liberals as Walter Reuther or David Dubinsky. Randolph's answer was the formation of a *Negro* labor council; he was denounced again by labor leaders of all shades of opinion on the ground that he was fathering "Jim Crow in reverse." Yet for many years, the AFL-CIO has thrown its official weight behind state and federal fair housing, fair employment and other civil-rights legislation and has assisted in tests of segregatory laws.

AN examination of the practices of other voluntary organizations, including churches, would produce a similar yield of institutionalized discriminatory practices. In almost every case in which the leadership of such organizations is classified as liberal, there has been announced public support of civil-rights objectives. Everybody seems to want everybody else to practice what he preaches and nobody seems to be able, or willing, to practice what everybody else preaches.

It is very easy to charge hypocrisy in the situation, but what is really at play here is a cleavage between the burgeoning Freedom Now thinking of the Negro and the old progress concept to which liberals still cling. That conflict flares into the open when liberals exercise the prerogative, long held by them, of speaking *for* the Negro, and of espousing views which the Negro is abandoning. The liberal custom of speaking for the Negro is rooted in history; there was a time when the Negro needed spokesmen. Inevitably, a measure of paternalism and a father-knows-best attitude developed. But as the Negro becomes more articulate and discerning, he insists on voicing his own aspirations, particularly in the light of what he regards as the shortcomings of liberal leadership.



WHEN THE Negro insists on speaking for himself, the rebuffed liberal may shout as Meany did at Randolph that the dissenters are agitators or trouble makers (another replication, in a liberal context, of a familiar Southern cliché). Others take the tack popularized by John Fischer in *Harper's* and, transforming themselves into spokesmen for all whites, issue stern warnings that discrimination will prevail until all Negroes conform to middle-class standards of morality — a cozy variant of the theme that all Negroes are chargeable with the sins of every Negro. Negroes aren't dismayed at the opposition to their taking matters into their own hands. Detroit Negroes, led by unionists, revolted against the UAW's mayoralty endorsement in that city and turned the tide against the union's choice; the NAACP and the AFL-CIO are increasingly at odds over the treatment of Negroes in the labor movement; Roy Wilkins defended bloc voting by Negroes in his Atlanta keynote speech. Muslims are drawing substantial urban support by proposing to have done with all "white devils."

There is a growing cynicism about the current stress being laid on absolute fairness in public and private employment and in political appointments — beginning as of today. The Negro wants a little more than that. One hundred years of racial discrimination have produced a wide gap between him and white Americans. The Negro wants that gap closed in political appointments, in civil service, in schools and in private industry. He sees no way to close it unless he gets preferential treatment. Logic favors his position, but such a proposal runs into opposition from those who argue, correctly, that preferential treatment cannot be extended to a Negro without impinging on the personal rights of the white person over whom he will be preferred.

IN TRUTH, the impasse between liberals and Negroes is the end-product of a long historical process in which Americans of African, or partially African, descent have been treated as Negroes rather than as individuals, in legal lore as well as in popular concept. But constitutional protections run to persons — individuals — rather than to groups; American idealism exalts the individual and insists that group identification is an irrelevance. The liberal's historic concern is with individual rights and he seeks to apply that formula in the area of race relations. The Negro, whose ultimate ideal is the attainment of the right to be treated as an individual without reference to his racial identification, sees his immediate problem as that of raising the status of the group to which he has been consigned by popular attitude and action and by laws which permit racial classification. The liberal sees progress in the admission of a few select Negro children to a hitherto white school; the Negro wants all

Negro children admitted and spurns the concession as mere tokenism.

The Negro's quarrel with liberal leadership does not portend his subscription to conservative or radical philosophies of race relations. Indeed, the Negro revolt, as Louis Lomax has pointed out, is a rebellion against white leadership, whether that leadership is asserted directly or filtered down through Negroes who accept it. There is a certain irony in the fact that liberals are the targets of Negro displeasure precisely because of their long association in the quest for equality. It is the ally, not the enemy, who gets the blame when the alliance fails to gain its objectives. Rejection of liberal leadership does not mean that Negroes do not want, and expect, continued liberal aid. But they want it on their own terms and they are too sophisticated to believe that liberals can resign a battle involving fundamental equalitarian issues out of pique at the rejection of their leadership.

It is against this background, and to some extent because of it, that the young Negro militants "don't believe in liberals at all." Profoundly influenced by the overthrow of white colonialism in Asia and Africa, they not only want Freedom Now, but insist on substituting a grand strategy for the liberal tactics of fighting one civil-rights battle at a time. They are determined to plot the strategy and dictate the tactics of the campaign. The details of the grand strategy haven't been blueprinted as yet, but in bold outline it calls for direct action by way of sit-ins, stand-ins, kneel-ins, boycotts, freedom rides, civil disobedience and as-yet-unheard-of techniques as the occasion demands, with resort to legal action when expedient—all under Negro leadership, all calculated to produce immediate results. Heavy stress is being laid on voter registration in the Deep South and it is significant that student leaders make no bones about the fact that *Negro* voting is seen as a device to elect *Negroes* to public office. The very choice of weapons, incidentally, requires action by Negroes. Only Negroes can desegregate a cafe or a hotel or an airport by a sit-in, or a beach by a wade-in, or a church by a kneel-in or withdraw Negro patronage through a boycott.

IT WOULD not be accurate to say that the direct actionists speak for all Negroes under all circumstances. It is fair to say that their philosophy is ascendant, that their influence is becoming pervasive and that their voices are heard with increasing respect and diminishing dissent in Negro communities. Those voices are harsh and strident, and jarring to the liberal ear. Their message is plain: To liberals a fond farewell, with thanks for services rendered, until you are ready to re-enlist as foot soldiers and subordinates in a Negro-led, Negro-officered army under the banner of Freedom Now.

LABOR in CUBA . .

by Maurice Zeitlin

IT IS NOW two years since the Cuban Revolutionary Government nationalized American-owned commercial and industrial enterprises in Cuba, thus establishing a social structure unique in the Americas. For the past several months, the Cuban economy has been experiencing its gravest difficulties since the revolution came to power. The 1962 *zafra* (sugar harvest) fell below expectations and prevented Cuba from meeting certain international market obligations. There are severe scarcities in foods and consumer goods; the transportation and internal distribution systems are inefficient, while the receipt, storage and distribution of goods from abroad have both tragic and comic aspects. A recent government investigation disclosed that literally tons of drugs and medicines spoiled on Cuban docks because of Cuban ignorance of Soviet medical terminology. Furthermore, one reason for Cuba's population boom is a Czech shipment of 10,000 automobile gaskets instead of the contraceptive diaphragms ordered by the Cubans.

THE SHORTAGE of those raw materials and spare parts which once came almost entirely from abroad —primarily from the United States —has begun noticeably to affect production in certain industries. Soft-drink factories are producing only two or three drinks—with "Coke" and "Pepsi" bottles both containing the same local lemon drink. The hops and malt whose importation require the expending of valuable foreign exchange are now being ordered in quantities sufficient only to keep the breweries operating. Textile factories are suffering from shortages of materials, dies and machine parts. Some hard-fiber and leather-goods factories have shut down completely; many others are not reaching even minimal production goals. A huge Westinghouse turbine at the Havana (Regla) oil refinery (formerly Esso) broke down some time ago and has been useless since. Workers throughout the island told us of occasional slowdowns in their plants resulting from parts deficiencies and raw-material shortages. Such difficulties affect not only the economy, but also the workers' morale.

The problem of absenteeism continues to plague much of Cuban industry—one result of the fact that while workers are earning more (because they are now working more regularly), they have little on which to spend their earnings. Moreover, the tradition of absenteeism, especially in the mines, is strong. Until

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now, no special sanctions have been imposed to curb absenteeism, but there is talk that this may yet come.

DESPITE these difficulties, gross industrial production (excluding the agricultural sector) has grown at an average annual rate of 7 per cent since January, 1959, according to "Ché" Guevara, Cuban Minister of Industries. The enthusiasm of the Cuban workers for their revolution continues to be evident. In talks with them throughout Cuba, we were told many times that their babies were "a gift of the revolution"; they could now afford to support an additional mouth. One worker said: "Now somebody comes to the door to visit, am I ashamed? I turn him away now in humiliation like before? No. We spread out a dinner of plenty of bread, *arroz y frijoles*, *calabaza* [a kind of squash], even some meat, maybe. That is the truth."

Medical care is available either free or at a nominal cost to most Cubans; and although drugs are scarce, they are, at least, uniformly and moderately priced by the Ministry of Public Health, and in each case the price is printed plainly on the label.

Rents are low; the typical unionized worker spends one-tenth of his monthly earnings on rent for a "house" or "apartment" (many of these are one- or two-room deteriorated quarters without electricity, running water or sanitation facilities) which he now owns or will own in a few years thanks to the Urban Reform Law. Construction of two- and three-room rural houses for agricultural workers, *campesinos*, and workers in the sugar refineries continues throughout the island (obviously, however, the majority of the *campesinos* still live in the pre-Columbian mud-floor thatched hut of a style inherited from the ancient Indians).

Utility rates were all greatly reduced early in 1959, and there is no minimum charge for gas or electricity as there was before the revolution. Workers' centers, beaches, resorts (the fancy Varadero resort costs a worker $14.50 for his wife and family for a week's vacation), children's nurseries for working mothers, new schools and classrooms are other tangible if indirect increments to the real income of the Cuban worker.

Of dramatic importance also is the significant gain in employment. According to their own testimony, most workers are now employed much more regularly and, despite the wage freeze, earning more than before the revolution. For the first time in their lives, many have begun to open savings accounts—something very much encouraged by the government in signs posted everywhere:

> Open a savings account. Reduce the flow of money in the market which induces greater scarcity. Put your money to work for your future and the future of your country.

In the past few months, the Ministry of Public Health completed a campaign of innoculation against polio and it is presently engaged in a campaign against gastroenteritis—the gravest killer of newborn infants in Cuba. Billboards which used to advertise Coca Cola or toothpaste are now used to warn against leaving garbage without covers, to instruct in the boiling of water and milk, and the scouring of utensils.

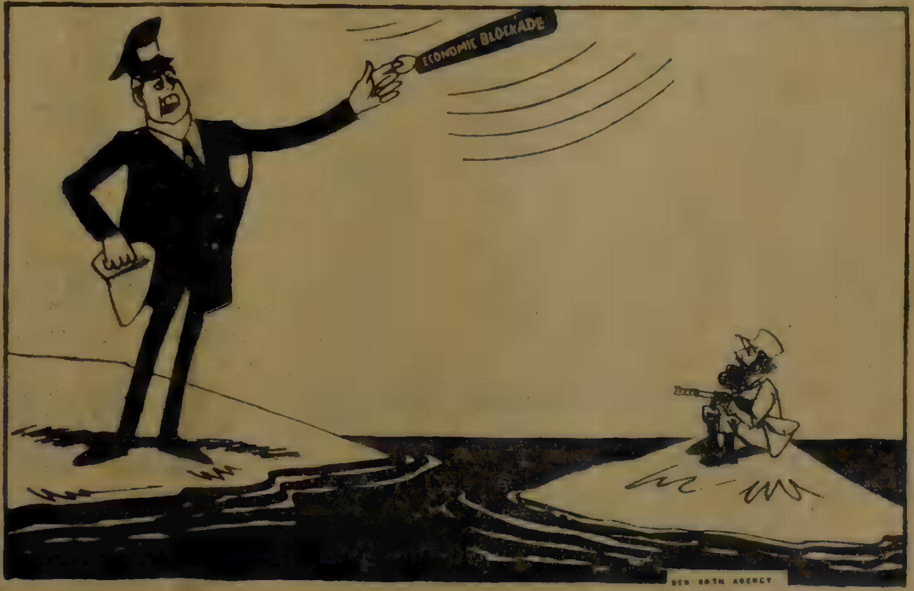
ESPECIALLY important is the immeasurable gain for that one-fourth or more of the Cuban population, previously illiterate, who can now (with effort, assuredly) read and write simple sentences. The evidence of the real accomplishments of the education campaign can be seen everywhere one travels in Cuba. We spent at least one day in each of twenty-one widely separated factories throughout Cuba's six provinces; and each factory had a class functioning to raise the minimal level of the worker's education to that of the third grade *(seguimiento)* or the sixth *(superación obrera)*. Courses in *mínimo técnico*, offering basic technical information and training to workers, are also attended regularly. Official, but unpublished, statistics of the Ministry of Industries say that some 72,000 industrial workers are enrolled in these technical courses (though figures on *attendance* are not available)—approximately one-third of the 200,000 industrial workers employed in factories directed by the Ministry of Industries. Some 26,000 workers are enrolled in *superación obrera*, but only 11,000 attend regularly.

THESE COURSES are by no means mere propaganda, although that is assuredly present. Each class must get ten minutes of political instruction, as the special booklet of instructions for teachers in *El Seguimiento* points out, concerning such

> . . . matters as popular mobilizations, revolutionary slogans, goals of production for the union, emulation, and facts about the center of work. . . .

The introductory textbook in *seguimiento*, in the section on geography, teaches not only such interesting facts as that Cuba is an archipelago rather than an island, but also that

> Imperialism resorts to an economic blockade and military aggressions



"Stop threatening me!"

> against our country in order to bridle the Revolution. But our people have said that *they will not retreat and that they prefer to die standing than to live on their knees.*

A test question in the course in Spanish asks:

> Why, if Cuba had so many natural resources, did her people live in misery?

Sample arithmetic problems:

> The unit of concentrate to make Coca Cola costs $64 today. Before, it cost $32 more. How much did the concentrate cost before?
>
> The workers of the port at Cienfuegos accomplished a great labor. They unloaded in only eight hours one thousand, six hundred and twenty-five sacks of rice. Each sack weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Write in figures the [number of] sacks they unloaded ——— and the weight of each ———.

But along with this indoctrination, workers are learning geography, physics, mathematics, the Spanish language, Cuban and world history. Workers who never had a grade-school education are now attending night classes after work; and this, as the teachers' instruction booklet says,

> . . . requires intense propaganda. The leaders of all organisms and levels must know that *seguimiento* faces a difficult task: To create in adults the habit of almost always attending class at night.

DESPITE these accomplishments, the general scarcity of goods, the production problems, the intense social pressure to be "revolutionary" and the poor administrative methods in some factories, have caused discontent among a number of industrial workers. The discontent is confined to a minority: it is clear to any objective observer—witness even a recent AP dispatch—that the majority of Cuba's workers are fervent supporters of the revolution. However, it is also clear that wherever we had the opportunity to interview workers we found, on the average, one-fifth of them who feel that the workers are either no better off now or are, in fact, worse off now than they were before the revolution. (This is not merely an impression, but rather data based on a systematic survey carried out in Cuba by my wife and myself during our recent visit.)

Often the discontent grows directly out of local situations: a poor administrator, unrepresentative union delegates, poorly functioning grievance commissions, unhealthy working conditions, etc. *There have been two strikes in Cuba within the past six months,* one in Havana and the other in a Las Villas paper factory. Both were settled, according to "Ché" Guevara, by replacing the factory administrator after investigation had disclosed that the workers' grievances were justified. Guevara was firm in his opinion that strikes stem from the malpractices of those in charge at all levels of the industry, and that strikes—while certainly not to be encouraged—are a necessary working-class weapon to be used when other methods fail.

IN MY talks with Jesús Soto, Organizational Secretary of the central labor organization, CTC-R, and with Carlos Fernández R., member of the CTC-R Executive Committee and editor of the CTC's journal, *Trabajo*, I obtained quite different impressions. Neither seemed to have even an elementary Leninist conception of the labor unions' role as defenders against "bureaucratic deformation" in a "Socialist society." Both stressed the unions' functions of raising the productivity of the workers and heightening their sense of dedication to their work. Neither mentioned that a union ought also to protect the immediate interests of the workers—although they did say that labor organizations should constantly consider means of improving working conditions and extending social services.

Paradoxically, this attitude toward the unions is apparently widespread among the workers themselves. They assert with evident conviction that the factories are now their own, that they run things themselves, that whatever grievances they have can easily be settled through discussion in open assembly. As one worker put it: "Look, *chico*, there's no reason to strike. I mean, well, we're our own bosses; we'd be striking against ourselves. That would be quite a picture, wouldn't it?"

This attitude is strengthened by the workers' knowledge that it is a rare administrator who earns more than the highest paid skilled worker in the same factory. Typical administrators earn the low salary of $350 a month; many earn no more than $250. The administrators in some factories we visited were formerly skilled workers in the same plants. Their salaries are relatively low not only because "Ché," the Minister of Industries, believes in this as a Socialist principle, but also because wages are frozen and administrators receive the same salaries they earned in their preceding jobs. Some of them do enjoy certain material "fringe" benefits: a car, for instance, if their work requires one.

But the fact is that in general—whether the cynical will believe it or not—the administrator's major gain has been in prestige. He doesn't even have status as the term is used in American industry: workers dash in and out of the offices of production chiefs, personnel directors and administrators without inhibition.

YET IT IS clear that the workers, who are supposed to participate in directing production, do not do so. Participation was supposed to take place through the Technical Advisory Councils, theoretically composed of the most dedicated and conscientious workers. Most workers, however, seem to be almost unaware of the councils' existence.

In contrast, the Grievance Commissions (*Comisiones de Reclamaciones*) have apparently succeeded to a great extent in gaining the workers' approval. The commissions are three-man bodies composed of representatives of (1) the factory administration, (2) the Ministry of Labor (elected by the workers), and (3) the factory work force (also elected by the workers). The commissions are empowered to decide questions involving workers' individual grievances, such as sick leaves, work transfers, dismissals and wages. Once a decision is taken, the worker concerned can appeal to an Appeals Commission, and even directly to the Minister. When I asked Jesús Soto and Carlos Fernández R. what a worker could do if, after going through the whole process of appeal, he was still unsatisfied, they apparently did not understand the implications of the question. "Ché," however, said that a worker could appeal to his union to intervene in his behalf, and involve it in the defense of what he considered his infringed rights.

EVEN when they thought the commissions "bureaucratic," most workers compared them favorably with the burdensome, lengthy and often corrupt process to which even the simplest grievance was subjected in pre-revolution days. In a way, past experience offers a serious obstacle to the development of an autonomous labor movement today. The pre-revolutionary labor movement was riddled with corruption and gangsterism (the Cubans called it "*pistolerismo*"), and was the instrument of the government against the workers. The "labor movement" consisted of a small coterie of "leaders" who, at a price, acted as middlemen for the government. Out of these dealings, some workers occasionally gained something. By tradition, then, Cuban workers are more or less accustomed to government tutelage and control.

The revolution's elimination of corruption and gangsterism in the labor movement has given the workers a naive faith in their present union leadership; they feel that these leaders are workers like themselves, and deserve their confidence. There is a ceiling of $300 a month on the salary a full-time union functionary can receive, and the workers know it. These functionaries do enjoy other benefits. (For instance, Lazaro Peña, Secretary General of the CTC-R, is not living in a worker's house, but in a fine apartment in Vedado, formerly belonging to an upper-class Cuban, and he has a car and chauffeur.) But these benefits are insignificant when compared to the wealth amassed by the corrupt union leaders of former regimes. As a result, the workers have made no attempt to shape their unions into independent organizational weapons prepared for any eventualities that the future may bring.

In only a few unions—such as the textile union at Ariguanabo or the tobacco union in Las Villas—did I discover union officials who had been active labor leaders before the revolution. Most labor officials today are young and inexperienced, without any personal following among the workers forged out of common struggles in the past; nor, in most cases, do they owe their positions to the workers. Only in a few factories that we visited had there been genuine elections in which several candidates competed for union offices. In most, a *candidatura unica*—one candidate for each office, selected by the ORI (Integrated Revolutionary Organizations) branch, and then "nominated" in general assembly—was the only choice available to the workers. It is true that other candidates could be nominated (most workers apparently had a clear conception of how nominations could be made); and the elections were carried out by secret ballot with a space provided for write-in candidates.

BUT THIS electoral system is hardly conducive to a genuine dialogue about union questions, or to the encouragement of workers' initiative and participation in union affairs. Worst of all, it gives them no experience in what representative democracy can be when it is not subject to manipulation, coercion and corruption, as the elections in Cuba had been. It deadens their sense of participation in the control of their own lives. It allows the unions to become instruments of the government rather than their own organizational weapon. (When I made this same criticism to "Ché," he agreed; he explained that the method of election did not represent government policy, but had been initiated within ORI at the local level, and was now in process of change. The fact that in some factories we found that there had been elections with several candidates tended to confirm "Ché's" statement.)

The most important of the old Communist labor leaders are now back in their positions. Their conception of the role of the trade-union movement—and of "the Party" and the working class—in a "Socialist" society is borrowed from Soviet experience. Five members of the thirteen-man Executive Committee of the CTC-R, and eleven of the Secretaries-General of the twenty-five national labor unions are old Communists. Most of the 26th of July labor leaders, if my discussions with some of them are any indication, do not differ noticeably from the Communists in their thinking.

But there are important labor officials whose views obviously never endeared them to the Communists. Octavio Louit, to cite one, was attacked repeatedly by the Communists during November, 1959, when he opposed a united union candidacy with them. When his name appeared, subsequently, on the list of members nominated for the new Executive Committee of the CTC, the Communist daily, *Noticias de Hoy*, vehemently opposed him. This same Octavio Louit is still on the Executive Committee, as Secretary of Labor Affairs, and is Organizational Secretary of the National Union of Railroad Workers. In a recent speech, reported in *Revolucion*, September 15, 1962,

> . . . He affirmed that the Grievance Commissions must not be converted into instruments of the administrators, doing what the administrators consider just or convenient; although, of course, it is valuable to listen to their point of view equally to that of the union local.

One-third of the workers we interviewed throughout Cuba described their present attitudes as either "indifferent" or "hostile" to the Communists. This is true despite the fact that the leaders of the revolution, including Fidel himself, now publicly refer to themselves as "Communists," and that the youth organization of the projected United Party of the Socialist Revolution is called *Jovenes Comunistas*. Many workers who are "anti-Communist" are unquestionably *Fidelistas;* for them, Fidel and the revolution are one thing, while the Communists are quite another.

To us it appeared unquestionable that the vast majority of Cuba's workers — equipped with a small arsenal of modern weapons at every factory — are firmly behind Fidel Castro and the Revolutionary Government.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Combat in Orbit

CONFLICT IN SPACE. By M. N. Golovine. St. Martin's Press. 146 pp. $4.50.

Carl Dreher

MICHAEL GOLOVINE was born in Petrograd (now Leningrad) in 1903 and received his engineering training in England. He is presently managing director of Aerospace Technical Services Co., the evaluation, market and operational research unit of Hawker Siddeley Aviation Ltd. Briefly stated, Golovine's twin thesis is that the envelope of space extending from, say, 100 to 25,000 miles from the earth's surface may become the primary theatre of war, and that combat in this area may avert a holocaust on the earth. The figures are not Golovine's, but have been ascribed to U.S. Air Force General Bernard A. Schriever.

A part of the argument is unquestionably sound. Assuming that no surface nuclear war on a major scale breaks out in the next few years, orbital combat is a near-certainty. It is already in the preparatory stage. The U.S. Air Force is orbiting early models of "spy" satellites of various types. This is official U.S. policy; at the recent Air Force Association convention, Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert laid it on the line: "We in America have no choice but to extend our defenses as far as they need to be extended to save freedom on earth." These measures will be matched by the Soviets in the immemorial fashion of arms races. As Golovine says, ". . . the day must come when the Soviets will be compelled to take *official notice* of American reconnaissance, mapping and surveillance satellites overflying their territory." (Italics in original.)

When both sides are represented in space, they will proceed to apply the techniques of disabling each other's intelligence-gathering devices, and missile-killing systems if these become operational. This will be done, of course, with the loftiest motives — as Secretary Zuckert says, to save freedom, and on the part of the Soviets to defeat the designs of warmongering imperialists.

Besides these righteous defensive devices, the orbital or Damoclean bomb must be considered. In its early versions, at any rate, it will be inaccurate in comparison with the ICBM, and because of its predictable path it will be subject to destruction by the intended victim. It may even be diverted to a surprise target in the launch-nation, which would thus literally be hoist by its own petard. The OB does, however, have one important advantage from the standpoint of international comity. The ICBM cannot be recalled, the OB can. In fact, the launching of the OB (disregarding psychological considerations) is an act in itself hardly more threatening than the emplacement of a combat-ready ICBM on its pad. The OB can be brought down harmlessly by its masters if they so desire, or are forced to do so. The irremediable act is de-orbiting it to explode on target. Employed in this fashion, the OB might, in Golovine's words, "provide a reasonably dissuasive form of posthumous retaliation."

Psychology, to be sure, is a factor in these international pleasantries. At the outset the prospective victims would no doubt be more frightened or enraged by the OB than by the ICBM. This is in fact one of the arguments for its development, an argument that tells us something about the mentality of the scientists and politicians who dream up these devices and plan to put them to use. ". . . underground or underwater ballistic missiles," Golovine points out, "may gradually lose some of their deterrent value, particularly when public opinion becomes accustomed to threats and counter-threats by invisible and conceivably non-existent weapons. A bombardment satellite in orbit can be a permanent reminder of retaliatory power in being."

One must never underestimate the power of habituation and uneventful recurrence, however. The public may become as blasé about orbiting bombs as about sitting ones. Thus, those who launch the orbiters may be under the necessity of exploiting their blackmail value while they are still a novelty. After a few hundred passes these monsters may be taken for granted almost as a new research satellite is now — especially since, by the time the United States has orbital bombs, the USSR will no doubt have them too, or vice versa.

AS FOR the second part of the thesis — that limited war in orbit may save mankind — this seems to me very questionable. After the initial orbital engagement, Golovine foresees a stepping up of launchings and technical improvements on both sides, ultimately reaching the proportions of an orbital war of attrition. Hopefully, however, he believes that the ruling groups will try to confine the fighting up there and keep it from coming down here. He considers the possibility that a kamikaze-like state of mind might be engendered in the population of the loser, but foresees as more likely "a change of political regime which would permit the gradual adjustment of policies to those of the Power in command of aerospace."

I am not as ready as Golovine to dis-

At Benediction

How to compose my face? My shoulders
listen, good citizens, to any closing prayer;
my hands pretend they are saved. But
a shadow full of resource baffles itself
and inhabits my head so deceptively bowed.
All the prayer doesn't say, or says one way —
depends; and there are other things,
a consideration or so, my shoulders say.

Call back all sound into the prayer.
Fold the prayer in its self.
Beyond stained glass the world
brilliantly impends, restating its truth
all the time, too clear. I must close
my eyes. I must decline to hear.
The right thing will come sometime,
Amen. Somewhere.

William Stafford

miss desperation, whether at the grass roots or in the high commands. The kamikaze mood is not the exclusive property of inflamed Japanese patriots facing defeat and it may well be a factor in future wars of the type Golovine envisions. Nor, in a broad sense, is it necessarily a state of mind which moral human beings should want to get rid of. In their differing ways Socrates, Christ, Giordano Bruno and the other heroic characters of history exemplified something akin to the kamikaze spirit. The Russian people certainly do not lack it. Whittaker Chambers tells the story of a twenty-year-old girl named Ragozinikova who, in 1907, wished to lodge a protest against the czarist government's policy of systematically beating political prisoners. She called on the commandant of the Central Prison in Petrograd and shot him dead. This official was not her real target. Her motive was to be brought into the presence of the staff of the Okhrana, the political police. She had thirteen pounds of dynamite and a detonator sewed into her dress and intended to blow up the headquarters, and incidentally herself. Unfortunately she was searched and the dynamite discovered. She was hanged, regretting only that she had failed.

IT IS pure supposition to rule out a surface Armageddon following the defeat of a great power in space. I find it no more plausible that a "realignment [by the orbital loser] with the policies and social structure [of the orbital winner]" would settle matters. Nations fight not for ideologies, but for national interests as conceived by their ruling groups and indoctrinated in the masses. The policies and social structures of Britain and Germany were essentially aligned before World War I; they and the other belligerents had a common interest in markets and colonies. As King Francis I observed three centuries earlier: "My cousin Charles and I are perfectly agreed: we both want Milan." Today Red China and the Soviet Union are on bad terms, though both are Communist. I fear Golovine is tailoring his prophecy, or extrapolation as he calls it, to a prejudged conclusion.

Another factor that must be considered is man's role in orbital combat. The U.S. Air Force purposes to send men to fight in space as soon as possible; in part this accounts for the flood of press agentry proclaiming the superiority of man to instruments in space. If, providentially, orbital conditions should prove

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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR FROM

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so inclement that only robots can withstand them, the chances of limiting space wars would be improved. If only robot can fight robot, the contest could conceivably eventuate as the moral equivalent of war in a form that William James could not foresee; but in a spatial war of great dimensions there will always be the danger of its extension to earth.

GOLOVINE takes for granted the ever-tightening alliance between military and industrial-technological interests, and this seems to me in itself a disequilibrating factor. In effect, past wars were self-limited both by the low state of the industrial arts and the technological ignorance and lack of imagination of military leaders, even the greatest. Although Napoleon was an artillery officer and hence a member of the most advanced service, he gave no encouragement to the aspiring balloonists in the army and turned down Robert Fulton's naval inventions. Probably his principal innovation was prodigal expenditure of manpower. Wellington was no better: it was largely due to his influence that the British clung to "Brown Bess," the musket used at Waterloo, after demonstrably superior firearms had become available. Later, Haig thought the machine gun a "much overrated weapon"; it finally had to be forced on the British Army by Lloyd George. The resistance to the introduction of aircraft and tanks is of course notorious.

The extreme technicalization of combat dates back only to the Second World War and is now proceeding at an increasingly frenzied rate as preparations are made for war in orbital and cislunar space. A new type of soldier is developing—one in whom the attributes of the fighting man, the flier and the astronautical engineer are merged. A new type of general officer is also coming to the fore. An Air Force major general declares that we need a "surveillance system with a first-orbit capability for detecting, tracking, identifying and cataloguing all objects." His title is Commander of the Electronic Systems Division of the Air Force Systems Command. This is only one of dozens of happy hunting grounds for the prepared officer—or for the officer who, with an appearance of bluff efficiency, can ride herd on disputing scientist-engineers. These commanders may know their specialties (although evidence to the contrary often crops up) but as complexity is piled on complexity it is doubtful that anyone knows, any longer, where the Hydra-headed monster is going.

When something doesn't work, or seems vulnerable, another tier of complexity is summarily added. As has been said, the satellite bomber's fixed orbit lays it open to attack. Golovine cites a remedy: "systems with programmed or telecontrolled variable orbits . . . or else weapons monitored by manned orbital platforms." Or put a man in the bomb—making it a bomber—and he will program extempore and try to avoid being shot down.

If there is to be any control, it must be from the top, from hard-nosed individuals like Secretary of Defense McNamara and his engineering deputy, Dr. Harold Brown, neither of whom is at all popular with the aerospace industry or the military. The citizen and taxpayer, if he ever had any control over his fate in such areas, has certainly lost it. Helpless and ignorant as a medieval serf, he can be relied on to acquiesce and pay ad infinitum, in the hope of achieving a modicum of security for himself and his loved ones. All he actually gets is more complexity, more danger, more compulsive approach to the final disaster. Were it not sanctified by the patriotic motives of its promoters, it could qualify as the greatest con-game in history.

I feel, also, that Golovine is too credulous, even in some of his technical analysis. Discussing interception of ballistic missiles during the ascent phase, he says the boosters "are easily detected by their infra-red [heat] radiation." So, indeed, the U. S. Air Force believed when it embarked on the Midas project, but it turns out that the sensors are confused by innocuous sources of heat radiation, such as clouds reflecting sunlight. The Air Force, together with Lockheed, the prime contractor, is now being mildly criticized for not paying enough attention to the basic physics of the problem.

Moreover, Midas contains more than 60,000 components and a study made by a contractor hired by the Department of Defense indicated a probable operating life of *ten* hours before failure. Nothing daunted, the laborers in the Midas vineyard are proposing a combination of infrared and ultraviolet sensors (still more complexity) and other revisions, including a substantial increase in the number of satellites to be expensively sent aloft. Perhaps they will succeed: only $200 million has been spent so far. But it isn't, as Golovine thought as late as May of this year, going to be easy.

This illustrates a basic weakness in Golovine's method of research. I sympathize with his difficulty, for it is my own, and that of every outside critic of the arms race who presumes to meet its promoters on their own ground. His principal sources of technical information are the American weeklies *Aviation Week & Space Technology* (McGraw-Hill), *Missiles & Rockets* (American Aviation Publications) and the monthly *Astronautics* (American Rocket Society). These magazines do, indeed, provide a great deal of information, but the first two necessarily represent the aerospace industry and the hopes, aspirations and empire-building of the Air Force. On all counts, therefore, their reports must be diluted with a considerable amount of skepticism, especially in the early stages of a project, when promotional joy runs unconfined.

Let Golovine compare the prospectuses and the reports, one or two or five years later, of the partial successes and outright failures. Not that he will ever encounter a conceded failure. Failures become the bases for later-generation, even more complex systems, much as in the Catholic faith the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. But he will see what I mean.

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'Mr. What's-His-Name'

STAND STILL LIKE THE HUMMINGBIRD. By Henry Miller. New Directions. 194 pp. $4.

R. A. O'Brien

HENRY MILLER describes this collection as "strongly critical of our way of life" although "strictly kosher." He insists on his Americanism. He is more American than his readers, "only against the grain." And, as he observes, this puts him in the tradition. He is one with all the great American social critics and rebels, from "Thoreau, Whitman, Emerson" to Lewis and Mencken, to go no further forward or backward. The individual is celebrated in these pieces. In a letter to Lawrence Durrell, Miller once said that our troubles are mostly social. The social pattern remains the same, fundamentally, and "It gets more thwarting all the time—for the born individualist."

The theme, then, is that the artist in America is still "suspect, still regarded as a menace to society." The conformists are the petted and pampered of society. This Miller calls the "dominant note." The "subdominant" note is: "Don't wait for things to change, the hour of man is now and, whether you are working at the bottom of the pile or on top, if you are a creative individual you will go on producing, come hell or high water. And this is the most you can hope to do."

Having stated his premises thus, Miller gives us the image from which the title of this collection is taken: "When you find you can go neither backward nor forward . . . when you realize that all the exits are blocked, either you take to believing in miracles or you stand still like the hummingbird." This figure, as Miller expands it, proves to be a highly condensed, powerfully evocative expression of his characteristic personal vision. The individual always triumphs by realizing that "the honey is always there, right under your nose. . . ." Miller is—to a foreigner at least—the most vivid, living embodiment of a clear, direct, naive way of seeing that is the greatest single contribution of American writing; the kind of vision we have in childhood and which most of us are never able to evoke thereafter. In all his work Miller is able to adapt this vision so that it is just as effective in illuminating the "human predicament" as it is in creating the atmosphere of Paris or New York.

The fact is that Henry Miller is a poet because he is able to pass on to us the joy, the clarity of perception which he experiences and which we crave. He says in one of these essays, "My Life as an Echo," that English critics often complain that he never writes about anything but himself. He admits it cheerfully but does not go on to make the obvious point, that this is what makes his work vibrate with life. No matter what he is writing, no matter how factual and objective he tries to be, he himself keeps bubbling into view like a life-enhancing stream of clear, shockingly cold water.

E. E. Cummings once said that the goal of a poet is to be nobody but yourself. Miller, in this particular essay, puts it this way: "My ideal is to become thoroughly anonymous—a Mr. What's-his-name. Or just George, like the iceman. In short, I am at my best when nobody knows me, nobody recognizes me. When I am just another nobody, in other words." But this is just his way of being nobody but himself. He simply has never "longed to be a somebody." He just wanted to write, and the "rosy crucifixion" he later was to use as a title was, as he here acknowledges, the experience that came to him when he began writing seriously.

YOU will not find in this book (or in any other of Miller's writings) an explanation of what place his apparent obscenity has in his total thought. He often refers to himself flippantly as obscene ("a nine-day wonder in the realm of obscenity, farce, mysticism and obscurantism"). But you will find here the basic thoughts which rule all his work. He believes that we need only be true to our own best instincts, to put it briefly. Greed, hate, lust, fear are all destructive of life. They are imports into the human sphere. Love is natural but it always has to fight against the desire to gain something. It is only when we are finally able to ". . . behave as brothers and sisters, follow our hearts not our minds, play not work, create and not add invention upon invention" that we live free.

Henry Miller is un-American in that he is unselfconscious, solitary, unafraid of the crowd; but he is American in his racy and evocative language, his unabashed confrontation of all manner of obstacles, even the metaphysical ones, and in his open, childlike heart which is something every man who can read him must love and cherish him for revealing.

R. A. O'BRIEN is editor of the editorial page of The Whig-Standard, *Kingston, Ontario.*

Ellipsis

And if there are some people
whose gait in life
is more a stammer
than a smooth elision,
why not credit them
with fashioning of their days
a secret or a special meaning?

In the tiny hand
of the sullen Negro girl
I saw the elegant likeness
of a duck she had modeled,
her gaze resting elsewhere.

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THE WARFARE STATE. Fred J. Cook. Foreword by Bertrand Russell. Macmillan. $4.95.

A considerably expanded version of "Juggernaut," first published as a special issue of *The Nation*. (Oct. 28, 1961.)

THE INTELLECTUAL VERSUS THE CITY. Morton and Lucia White. Harvard and M.I.T. Presses. $5.50.

Against the deterioration of the modern city, the authors set the fact that America's leading minds, from Jefferson to John Dewey, from Emerson to Frank Lloyd Wright, have shown scant enthusiasm for urban life and devoted scant attention to urban problems.

PORTRAIT OF INDIA. Bradford Smith. Lippincott. $5.95.

An account based on three years spent by the author and his wife as directors of the Quaker International Center in Delhi. One section appeared in *The Nation*.

INDIA'S CHINA POLICY. P. C. Chakravarti. Indiana University Press. $4.95.

The author, a journalist, offers views in sharp conflict with official Indian policy.

FAREWELL TO THE BLOODY SHIRT: Northern Republicans and the Southern Negro, 1877-1893. Stanley P. Hirshson. Indiana University Press. $6.95.

A scholarly book that gives the background of today's Southern racial conflict.

MORE LIVES THAN ONE. Joseph Wood Krutch. Sloane. $5.

The autobiography of a teacher, journalist, naturalist who was for twenty-six years the drama critic of *The Nation*.

MAN ALONE: Alienation in Modern Society. Edited, with an introduction by Eric and Mary Josephson. Dell. 95c paper.

A well-edited collection of papers and studies. Two sections — by Harvey Swados and Alan Harrington — appeared in *The Nation*, to which Eric Josephson also contributes.

THE DESEGREGATED HEART: A Virginian's Stand in Time of Transition. Sarah Patton Boyle. Morrow. $5.

A descendant of the old South tells of her involvement in the present anguished drama of race in Virginia. Sections appeared in *The Nation*.

JEENEY RAY: Iris Dornfeld. Viking. $3.50.

A first novel that narrates with poetic intensity the growth of an unflinching spirit within a halting body. "A big little story of terror and triumph that runs on like a song, making its own music as it goes. . . ."—John K. Hutchens, N.Y. *Herald Tribune*. The author is the wife of Carey McWilliams, editor of *The Nation*.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IF DURING the intermission of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off* (Shubert Theatre) I had yielded to the pressure (which several friends put on me) to say what I thought of the show, I might have blurted something like "I find it a little dull, but I like it" or conversely "I think it interesting, but I don't like it."

Such a reply might have been even more confusing than cagey: it certainly could not have been considered an opinion. (Why must one always have an opinion? This is a pertinent question, even for a critic; or should I say especially for a critic!) But to some extent it is still the way I feel about the show.

When I saw it first in London last March and in passing mentioned it favorably in *The Nation* I was taken to task, challenged in fact, by a leading and thoroughly intelligent American director. I explained in defense that what interested me chiefly about *Stop the World* (apart from its very clever title) was its reflection of the general spiritual climate in England at present. It is not so much a pessimistic or iconoclastic state of mind as a wryly querulous one. It is dissatisfied, distrustful without true rebelliousness or firm conviction. It is essentially an expression of discomfort, and one notices in the present instance that the parts of the stage action which stand for "I want to get off" are ventriloquistically rendered in a sort of infantile puling. Still, for all the impulse to deflate and jeer, the temper of the English in this vein somehow manages to remain genial, wistful —even "nice."

Stop the World, etc., billed as a "new-style musical," with book, music and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley—who is also its director and star—is "different." Much of it is pantomime; it has only eleven people in its cast (including the "chorus"). Its set by Sean Kenney is, like the show itself, abstract; if it were taken to represent anything, it would be a circus tent. It has no "story." It is a sort of allegory: the life of the common man, here designated as Littlechap.

We see him "born," see him take his first faltering and astonished steps into the world. We hear him learning his alphabet—in song. He grows up in hardship (a boys' reformatory is referred to), then marries a well-born typically English girl (another song) after he has made her pregnant. He did not wish to marry so he complains in what is virtually the theme song of the show, "I Have Been Lumbered." His prosperous father-in-law gives him a job in Sludgepool (any industrial town north of London) and he expresses his will to succeed in one of the better songs, "Gonna Build a Mountain." He accomplishes this dreary task and is promoted to a post in Moscow. Anna Quayle—the principal lady—who at first and throughout the performance plays Littlechap's wife—now appears, in her permanent leotard (the show does not require changes of costumes) as a "typically" Russian girl. Rather trite jokes about the Russians follow. Littlechap has an affair with the Russian girl, gets her with child, a little boy who expires in pantomime. Littlechap returns to his family where the children find it difficult to communicate with their parents. Father and mother bicker and quarrel in accredited (discredited) middle-class fashion. (Song title: Nag! Nag! Nag!) Littlechap hires a German maid—whom Miss Quayle also impersonates. She is a Valkyrie—and her scenes are more pronouncedly anti-German than the Russian scenes are anti-Soviet. (It is interesting to observe that this contrast was more pleasing to the London audience than it seems to be to ours.)

Littlechap's next stop is America. Miss Quayle, now an American girl who works in a night club, purrs and simpers like a musical comedy ingenue of 1912. On his return to England Littlechap, increasingly successful, stands for Parliament and is elected. His speeches are Mumbo Jumbo. He is knighted. One of his daughters is married under the same awkward circumstances that trapped him in matrimony. His heart begins to fail. He sentimentally recalls his loyal wife who for all her "typical" propriety was sweet. He dies asking himself "What Kind of a Fool Am I?"—a song of which the first musical phrase or its delivery proves touching. Another Littlechap is "born." The circle is complete. The clown show (or circus) goes on.

Stop the World has form and style: these are genuine virtues. It has two faults: no single element of its execution is first-rate. The set functions in a drably neutral fashion. The music is pleasant but thin. Newley is certainly versatile: he does everything. Quite apart from his share of the authorship, he mimes, sings and comments on the action. But none of these things are done with any special flair. Miss Quayle is a sturdy and likable revue artiste. In a word, the fabric of the show is dilettante or amateur. Its atmosphere seems to be more suited to an intimate cabaret than to the stage of a large theatre.

The show's second fault is the basic banality of its content. Its ideology is a dilution of the theatre of the absurd in British middle-class terms. It is a lighter and sweeter compound of the message from the angry young men.

Yet I cannot bring myself to reject it, and not only because it departs from the norm—which is always to be welcomed. There is something modestly and warmly affecting about it, a quality almost entirely absent from our more efficient and richly endowed musicals. The possession of this warmth—like a personal friendliness—is what seemed to engage the second-night audience despite the rather poor notices the show had received that morning. The dispirited and stereotyped "meaning" of the show is not as sensible to us as its smiling forbearance, for which many are sure to prove grateful.

So I must end this review with a further and grosser ambiguity than my first reaction by saying: See *Stop the World* at your own risk—you may enjoy it!

ART

Hilton Kramer

ANYONE who has ever encountered a fine collection in a private home, where art may be felt to have a moral as well as a decorative function, knows how affecting such an experience can be—and knows, too, how utterly removed it is from one's normal museological wanderings. What is at best distracting, and more often a plain nuisance, in a public museum—the talk and the manners, the physical and psychological presence, of others—takes on in the privacy of a man's home, and of his life, an entirely different dimension. The individual human context provides an ambience, a measure of feeling and value, that is the very antithesis of the institutional void. To see a work of art in relation to an individual life and sensibility other than one's own is to see it removed from the timeless and anonymous world of the museum and restored once again to the limits of human existence. Paradoxically, it is only in this relatively private context that we see art confirmed in its social function.

There is no use pretending that this context can be sustained once a collection is separated from the life which might have inspired it. Transferred to museum walls, thrown open to the company of strangers once again and enlisted in the abstract uses to which museums put them, works of art quickly revert to their orphaned status and speak to us, if at all, in the private whisper to which our museological experience has accustomed us.

This, surely, is the case with the Louis E. Stern Collection currently at the Brooklyn Museum. One assumes

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this collection had a meaning of a sort for Mr. Stern himself, who died earlier this year at the age of seventy-five. Professor Meyer Schapiro, a reliable witness, speaks of the collection as "the fruit of [Stern's] fifty years' communion with art," and one imagines that it brought great pleasure to those who were able to enjoy it in its owner's company. But this is not a pleasure it can any longer yield. Apart from its remarkable collection of books and two or three exceptional pictures, it is not a great, or even a notable, collection. It abounds not only in the second-rate, but in works that are trivial when not inexcusably poor. That some of these have come from names we have reason to honor as among the most exalted in modern art—Renoir, Redon, Vuillard, Picasso, etc.—does not improve their quality one jot. Nor does the feeble quality of works by lesser-known artists, mostly American, enhance one's respect for the taste which dictated their choice.

The exceptional pictures in the collection are Rousseau's *Un soir de carnaval* and Pascin's *Girl in a Blue Bonnet.* Of the five small Courbets, only one, *L'orée de la forêt* (c. 1860), approaches—even if it falls short of—the best work of this great painter, and among the many Chagalls, a painting called *Oh God* (1919) is especially arresting. It is in the graphic art and the astonishing collection of books that the real quality of the collection is to be found. The little gallery hung with fine prints by Mary Cassatt, Pissarro, Manet, Picasso and others, and through which one enters the main exhibition, creates an expectation of quality which the pictures can only disappoint. Here, too, are the twenty-four books, illustrated with etchings, woodcuts and lithographs by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Derain, Kokoschka, Matisse, Picasso and others. But precisely because of their great interest these are saddening in another respect. They must have meant a great deal to their owner. Professor Schapiro says of Stern that "He loved books and made it a point to have all the books that contained original etchings, lithographs and woodcuts by modern masters." But now, condemned to public use and yet prevented by their rarity from being actually used by the public, one wonders how often their pages will ever again be turned.

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WITH the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection, of which the 444 sculptures now installed at the Guggenheim Museum are only a part, we are in another world altogether. It bears about the same relation to an intimate private collection that the highway supermarket bears to one's pantry shelf. Everything (or almost everything) to satisfy one's own taste and interests is there, and then there is more than enough left over to satisfy practically everybody else's interests. This is without doubt one of the greatest collections of modern sculpture in the world. It far outdistances in scope and quality even the few museum collections that can boast of an adequate representation of modern sculpture. These are remarkably few, for museums have been notoriously hesitant and confused in their selection of sculpture even where their choice of paintings has been beyond reproach. In this country only the Museum of Modern Art can rival the Hirshhorn holdings, in quality and in the range of ideas represented, if not in actual numbers.

But this is surely not a *private* collection in any meaningful sense; it is simply another museum in the making. The Hirshhorn Collection is institutional collecting of a high order, but it is institutional all the same. It has a distinct, though by no means disturbing, bias, which is in favor of the figurative and somewhat shy of (rather than hostile toward) the more radical, modernist, open-space sculpture. (Gonzalez and Gabo, though included, are among the few twentieth-century masters not adequately represented, whereas one finds an abundance of works—some of breathtaking beauty—by Manzù and Renoir and Giacometti.) A recital of names would be pointless, however, for the history of sculpture from Daumier (represented by thirty-six works) to the present moment is traced out in the collection with few significant omissions.

WHAT may be of more interest here is to note the extent to which the collection conforms to its institutional character. Where professional opinion has more or less agreed on the status of a reputation, Mr. Hirshhorn has bought heavily—and for the most part, bought well. But where opinion remains divided or unformed, which is still largely the case with younger living artists, his choices are hesitant and cautious in the extreme. With the exception of Leonard Baskin (a vulgarian whose work conforms to the worst element in Mr. Hirshhorn's bias), his selection of the younger and lesser-known sculptors is apparently not motivated by any compelling principle or commitment. One has the impression that Mr. Hirshhorn follows critical opinion very closely. Many an author of illustrated articles on current sculpture over the past decade must have the feeling, on walking through the exhibition at the Guggenheim, that Big Brother had been watching him with a careful eye.

As for the physical installation at the Guggenheim, the director, Thomas Messer, has done his best with an impossible task. This building will never provide a happy or commodious atmosphere for the study or enjoyment of paintings and sculpture. Indeed, its design drives home to us with a vengeance exactly how anonymous and atomized our public experience with art normally is—how distant it remains from the emotions one may expect to share with a collection that is genuinely personal and thus truly sociable.

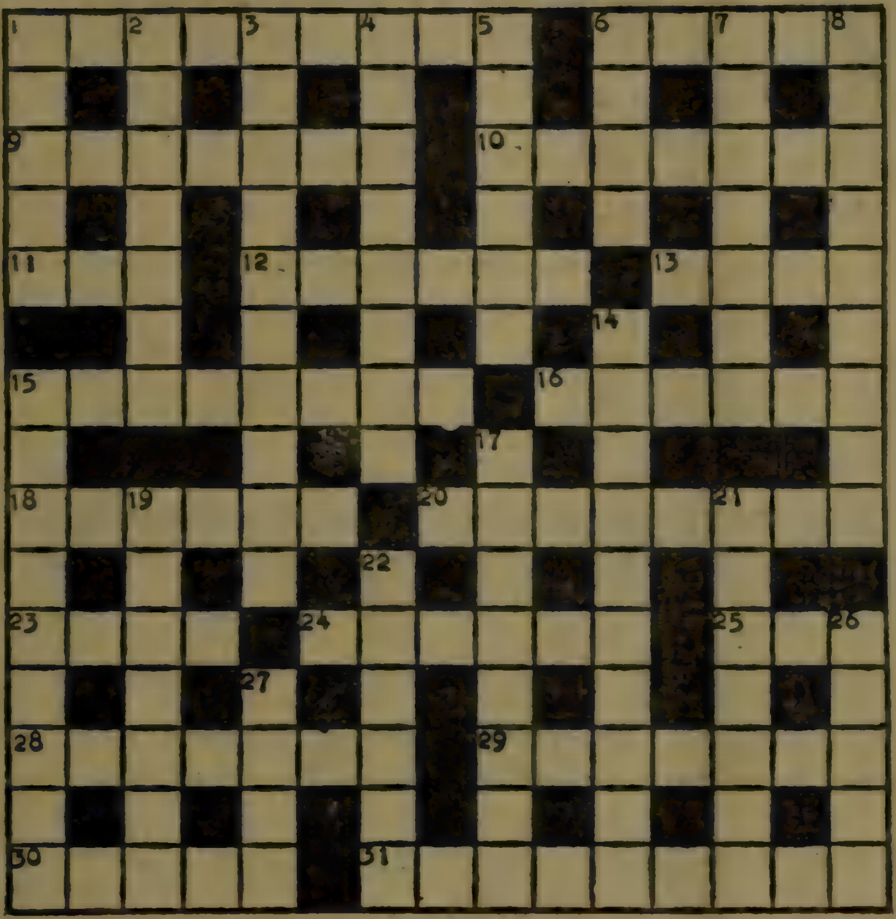
The form of it

It is seldom as it was this summer.
They stand by the lake,
son and father.
On the sand are bones,
a man's skeleton,
which they piece together
carefully, agreeing
this goes here, that there.

Jacob Leed

Crossword Puzzle No. 981

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 Attic expansion in serial form. (9,5)

9 A poet is quite a change from those that put one to sleep. (7)

10 A spot where one might get to talk with liquid French, in a way. (7)

11 Haggard woman? (3)

12, 13 and 23 A vehement denial of how a close quarters engagement was ended. (3, 2, 1, 4, 4)

15 Weekends, they appear in both the store and T.V. (8)

16 Hood work placed it between seam and band, band and seam. (6)

18 Observing what the broken bell has to offer? (6)

20 Rood, approached by the hungry wayfarer, perhaps. (8)

23 See 12 across

24 Place where they have to cause confusion to get to rob one. (6)

25 and 27 down Newt will be shortly finished, again! (7)

28 What happens when man's best friends are stolen? They appear in the park! (3,4)

29 Does he answer questions about departings only? (7)

30 Look! The way one hurried has helped determine one's position! (5)

31 Iron king, for example? (If you can bear it, you'll possibly be permitted on the scene.) (5,4)

DOWN:

1 The lamb variety, possibly, but if they have ticks they're probably oriental. (5)

2 If you've change for a ten, I've a feeling one is a sucker for having it! (7)

3 Are the good sort used if the pavement goes deep down? (10)

4 One way to nettle us, obviously! (8)

5 Does it suggest DKK goes bad? (6)

6 The face of Al. (4)

7 It's not pleasant, but one rousing composition loses spirit, in a way. (7)

8 Vulgar gentlemen are confused in your environment, boy! (9)

14 Dollar-a-year men as Directors—for the Teamsters Union, perhaps. (10)

15 Estate manager. (9)

17 Bill associated with the Old Navy? (A sticky problem is presented by it.) (8)

19 Horse or pig in part. (7)

21 A canoe I wrecked getting some place in the Pacific. (7)

22 How a court game might start, even now. (4-2)

26 Worn-out vehicles might be. (5)

27 See 25 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 980

ACROSS: 1 Farthingale; 9 and 11 Cartouch; 10 Mecca; 12 Slacker; 13 Glasses; 15 and 25 Two on the aisle; 16 Driver; 18 Cheeks; 21 Archduke; 24 Scratch; 26 Mallets; 28 Lens; 29 and 7 Barn swallow; 30 Ewes; 31 Pertinacity. DOWN: 2 Artichoke; 3 Tempest; 4 Itch; 5 Gnarled; 8 Accede; 14 and 6 Medallions; 17 Indulgent; 19 Hacked; 20 Sackbut; 22 Classic; 23 Kitten; 27 Iron.

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CANADIAN WRITERS *by Louis Dudek*

THE NATION

OCTOBER 27, 1962 . . 25c

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POLITICS OF PERSONALITY

Key Contests in 11 Areas

SPAIN REVISITED

Behind the Tourist Paradise

Alexander Werth

Selling the Desert by Mail

SUNSET YEARS in the CACTUS

Stan Steiner

LETTERS

Forcing Their Hand

Dear Sirs: The issue in Mississippi is, or was at the time of your editorial "Close Ole Miss" [Oct. 6], whether the State of Mississippi would be able to subvert the intention of the court orders ordering the admission of James Meredith to a university education on terms of (outward) equality with the other citizens of his state. You would take that attempt out of the hands of the state and place it with the federal government, and thus deny the very goals sought. Equality of non-education is certainly not better than equality of education, even if the latter is not immediate. . . . CHARLES S. KAMEN

Chicago, Ill.

We suggested the closing of Ole Miss in order to engender pressures within the state *aimed at forcing Governor Barnett to reopen it under conditions assuring Mr. Meredith's safety on the campus. Thus we shared Mr. Kamen's conviction that the integration of the university is, ultimately, the state's responsibility.*—ED.

Heyerdahl's Theories

Dear Sirs: The "review" by Alfred Sundel of *Archaeology of Easter Island, Vol. I,* in the June 23 issue of *The Nation,* is not a review but an irresponsible diatribe against Thor Heyerdahl, expedition leader and one of five authors of the volume.

Heyerdahl is sole author of only four of the twenty-eight papers in the book! Twenty-three others are individually authored by four qualified archaeologists who were free to choose their own excavations and who independently wrote their reports.

The summation, wrongly credited to Heyerdahl, does not invoke Peru "like a shaman's all-purpose wonder-working cry," but states (page 533) "there is a substantial group of traits and complexes in the Easter Island culture which have wide distribution in Polynesia and have come from one or more of those islands." Possible American contact, based upon numerous parallels, is conservatively stated to be still hypothetical (page 533). Although the reviewer pompously decries lack of linguistic reporting, most people realize that archaeology is concerned with the past. Stone statues and skeletons don't talk!

Concerning Heyerdahl's claimed disinterest in racial matters, your reviewer had only to read page 13! There it states that blood samples for racial genetic studies were flown to the Serum Laboratories in Melbourne. It is elsewhere stated that skeletal material will be reported upon in our subsequent volume.

The intentional omissions, false statements and innuendos of this biased and insidious "review" are invoked in a vain attempt to vilify the integrity of a man with an idea.

Accept or reject his theory, Heyerdahl knows it is only a theory to be proved, modified or rejected. That it shook loose petrified thinking in Polynesian prehistory, and inspired open-minded approaches to the problem, is professionally recognized.

EDWARD N. FERDON, JR. (Associate Director, Arizona State Museum)

CARLYLE S. SMITH (Curator, Division of Anthropology, Museum of Natural History, University of Kansas)

Dear Sirs: The Easter Island expedition—financed by the King of Norway, led by world-famous Thor Heyerdahl (translated into fifty languages)—clearly set out to find proof for Heyerdahl's theory that Polynesia was peopled by American Indians, especially from Peru. But *no pottery or other item of conclusive mainland derivation was found,* although the ancient Peruvians were the world's master ceramists, and ceramics make durable artifacts.

Heyerdahl's 30,000-word summation (the longer of two) is the heart of the book. In it, he roams a third of South America seeking "parallels" to Easter, totally ignoring those that lie along the Malayo-Polynesian migration route that runs through Melanesia. Item: the following traits, found on Easter, are predominant in Melanesia: mortuary heads, humanoid totemism, bird motifs and Negroid characteristics (one carved instance, cf. plate 69).

Linguistic studies cannot be laughed off, for, under current definition, *the Malayo-Polynesian language extends west from Easter to Madagascar—from Pacific-prehistory days!* As Polynesians have been exposed to racial mixture since the sixteenth century, Heyerdahl's blood-type program can prove nothing. A leading Polynesian archaeologist, Dr. R. C. Suggs, has scored the program off as unsound.

Heyerdahl has failed to relate Easter's artifacts to any art styles of the Pacific other than one in Bolivia. This is done à la Rorschach, e.g., he sees a rigid Bolivian motif in a flowing stylization reminiscent of the Papuan Gulf, New Guinea. Neglect of known art styles leads to statements like "Stone statues . . . don't talk!" But they do, my friend. Why else are they dug up?

The expedition's scientists wrote voluminous spadework reports, but their conclusions avoid coming to real conclusions (like Ferdon's noncommittal remarks on p. 533). That privilege was reserved for Heyerdahl, who so stacked the deck as to suggest he is under the sway of an obsession.

New York City ALFRED SUNDEL

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The Nation, Oct. 27, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 13

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

JAN 13

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 13

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'The Loudest Issue'

With the elections less than a month away, *Newsweek* (October 22) sees signs that the "loudest political issue" of the campaign may be Cuba. There are certainly Republicans who would like it to be just that. Searching for a detonating issue, Representative William E. Miller (N.Y.), chairman of the Republican National Committee; Senator Barry Goldwater (Ariz.) and Representative Bob Wilson (Calif.) issued a manifesto on October 16 labeling Cuba the "dominant issue." The three eminent statesmen are willing to forget and forgive the Bay of Pigs fiasco, if only the Administration will now show itself "willing to face reality." The nature of this reality is left safely vague, as is the remedy offered: "a resolute foreign policy that bars any further retreat." At the same time, an equally eminent stateswoman, Hon. Clare Boothe Luce, declares in *Life* that the decision for intervention or nonintervention in Cuba "is the question not only of American prestige but of American survival."

Since everyone favors facing reality, applauds resolution, condemns retreat and wishes America to survive, pronouncements in these terms seem reasonably well designed to catch votes, especially the votes of political jerks which, once the lever has been pulled down, count the same as those of the informed and wise. The question is, however, whether there are enough jerks to make the Cuban issue a rewarding one. Endeavoring to find out how much substance there really was to the Cuban issue, *Newsweek* made an impressionistic survey. Its correspondents in all fifty states went around ringing doorbells, buttonholing passers-by, questioning barbers and telephoning community leaders and nobodies alike. The consensus of some 2,000 such catechisms was at sharp variance with earlier samplings which indicated a warlike mood toward the miscreant Castro. While nearly all were concerned, 90 per cent of the citizens didn't want to invade Cuba now, and there was general confusion as to what could or should be done.

No more favorable to Republican hopes of inflating Cuba into the dominant issue are the results of the current Gallup poll. The Gallup samplers first divided their subjects into two groups: those who believed that war with the Soviet Union would result if we invaded Cuba, and those who thought all-out war unlikely. Fifty-one per cent thought it likely and 12 per cent had no opinion. Of the 51 per cent, only 19 per cent were willing to invade. Even among those who thought all-out war unlikely, only 36 per cent were for invasion.

A majority of voters, then, seem to be showing good sense, and the more good sense they show, the less chance the GOP has of upsetting the apple cart on this particular issue between now and November 6. The voters evidently don't feel that there is a moral compulsion to invade Cuba and restore free enterprise, any more than they felt impelled to overthrow Batista because he was a grafter and gangster. As for the ninety-miles-off-Florida argument, it is beginning to sink in that it is no farther measured from west to east than from east to west. Guantanamo isn't ninety miles *from* Cuba; it is *on* Cuba. The waters around Cuba, and the air above, are swarming with our surface craft and aircraft and submarines, not to speak of the PT-boats of Cuban exiles who are unhindered in shooting up Castro's minions (and even neutral shipping) to express their indignation. Some of the voters may even realize that Castro's hands are not altogether dirty, nor ours altogether clean.

It looks as if Representative Miller and his colleagues will have to do some more prospecting for issues that are not only loud, but sound. And time is running out.

The Long View

Just the same, the Kennedy Administration has a problem on its hands in Cuba; and the solutions, or attempted solutions, will have far-reaching effects on America's and the world's future. The President's current policy is one of improvisation and temporization. He counters the war hawks by enlisting Cuban exiles in the U.S. Armed Forces, provoking Castro militarily, rallying Latin American governments to his standard as far as possible, imposing a *de facto* blockade by boycott and intimidation, and shaking his finger at press conferences. But he avoids any precipitate action of the type which miscarried so disastrously at the Bay of Pigs. In short, he has no solution at the moment.

The policy of hostile improvisation may, nevertheless, bring him into trouble even more serious and humilitating than the trouble of April, 1961. What we do voluntarily today may determine, by a process of development, what we are compelled to do tomorrow. Worse, the action of tomorrow may be on a vastly larger scale than the details that led up to it. Policy is not designed like an electronic circuit: it is a complex product of trial and error, thought and passion and blind chance. In the shadowy outlines thus emerging, the future Kennedy policy looks ominous enough.

Two forecasts by experienced observers are at hand. In *The New York Times,* Max Frankel, quoting "authoritative sources" in Washington, reports that "close and occasionally provocative surveillance" of Cuba is being exercised and has met with no resistance from Castro's government. In a tone of regret, these sources note (in Frankel's words) that the Cuban armed forces "have gone to great lengths to avoid any brush with the U.S. aid and sea patrols." According to Frankel (who is indirectly quoting his sources), the surveillance and incursions "have demonstrated not only the cautious conduct of the Cubans and their Soviet advisers, but produced evidence that Dr. Castro himself is moving in ways that betray a fear of assassination." The sources add that, "in any case, military intervention will remain an alternative if the present policy fails." In plain language, Castro is to be brought down by hook or crook.

In the New York *Post,* Eric Sevareid substantially concurs. Our ultimate goal is to bring down the Castro regime, and we should be under no illusion that "Castro is going to give us a pretext for direct invasion by touching Guantanamo or by installing atomic missiles or by any overseas expeditions against Latin countries." Our next step, therefore, is to cooperate in the establishment of a Cuban government-in-exile to carry on propaganda, political warfare and limited military action, such as hampering Russian shipments to Cuba with Cuban-owned and operated (and presumably American-supplied) ships and aircraft. Otherwise, the Castro revolution may spread to Latin America. Rather than endure such calamity, Sevareid is willing to see many Cubans die; they are begging for the right to take that risk.

There are at least four things wrong here. One is that if Mr. Kennedy takes this kind of advice and hostilities reach this level, there will be any number of Latin Americans equally ready to die fighting the counterrevolution. Another is that revolutions are best spread by armed conflict; still another, the fact that much of the rest of the world does not share the United States' counterrevolutionary zeal, as shown by Ben Bella's visit to Castro in meaningful sequence to his meeting with Kennedy. Finally, in an age of revolution, it is smarter to roll with the punches than to mount a crusade against new ideas and new modes of life. The United States, with its wealth and military power, is in a perfect position to follow a policy of accommodation while itself remaining capitalist. Yet Mr. Kennedy may choose the road of folly—may, in fact, already be choosing it.

Bipartisanship on November 6

Despite the paucity of national issues in the current election, the intelligent voter can serve himself and his country by discriminate choice, regardless of party affiliation or lack of it. *The Nation* would suggest the following procedures.

1. In those instances, as in Massachusetts, where peace candidates of the stature of H. Stuart Hughes appear on the ballot, they are the obvious choice. Even if they lose, a large vote for such people will have an impact on both major parties out of all relation to the size of the vote.

2. Where the Democrats have failed to present acceptable candidates, and where there are modern moderate Republicans (as with Rockefeller and Javits in New York State), don't hesitate to vote for the Republicans because (a) it will strengthen the elements in the Republican Party that need to be strengthened and (b) it will rebuke the Democrats for not presenting acceptable candidates.

3. Vote for the ninety or so members of the Democratic Study Group in the House and their counterparts in the Senate — men like Reuss of Wisconsin, Blatnik of Minnesota, Thompson of New Jersey, Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. These are the men who, as Robert G. Spivak points out, "give the party its character and idealism" and who, if their numbers grow, could free the party from the incubus of the Dixiecrats. Since both parties are divided, the obvious tactic is to vote for the better elements in each.

4. Bounce the malefactors in both parties wherever and whenever the opportunity offers itself, as by voting against the avowed Birchers Rousellot and Hiestand in California.

As long as the Democratic Party refuses to purge itself of its Dixiecrats, and the Republican Party is riddled with Capeharts and Hallecks, there is no virtue per se in giving the President "more Democrats" any more than in giving General Eisenhower more Republicans.

Tests and Protests

When the Russians resumed nuclear testing, there was an uproar of indignation which reverberated around the world. When the United States followed suit (after warning that it might take the initiative at any time), there was another flare-up, but on a smaller scale. And now almost everyone seems to be resigned to an indefinite continuation of testing, as if it were a phenomenon, like the weather itself, which had to be patiently endured.

Like the weather! Aside from the gradual poisoning of the atmosphere, it may be that nuclear testing, especially at high altitudes, *can* affect the world's weather, and not for the better either. John Davy, the science correspondent of the London *Observer*, mentions a NASA statement which describes the phenomena in the regions beyond the earth's lower atmosphere as "one of the biggest mysteries in the history of mankind," and says of the particles in the earth's radiation belts: "Possibly they have a role in modifying the earth's weather." Yet, although so little is known as yet of what actually goes on in these fields of force, the superpowers do not hesitate to change their characteristics by nuclear detonations. The scientists who plan these experiments may be no more aware of the possible consequences than the early radiologists were of the harm X-rays could do.

The *National Observer* (September 24) is another informed medium which carries some educated speculations on this topic. Dr. Irving P. Krick, president of a private weather forecasting firm in Denver, has noted peculiarities in weather in North America which he thinks may be the result of Russian and American tests in the upper atmosphere. He points out that our weather is determined by the distribution of barometric pressures, which in turn are a response to energy from space, primarily from the sun. The sun's output of energy is variable and this causes variations in the weather. Changes in the high atmosphere can also play a part in altering the energy flow which produces barometric effects. Conceivably, a man-made radiation belt, or an intensification of a natural radiation belt — either of which can be produced by a high-altitude nuclear detonation — can have the same effect as an increase in the output of solar energy.

Last winter, cold waves were more intense and penetrated farther south than would be expected in a period of low solar output, such as we are in now. This summer and fall, hurricane activity in the North Atlantic has been slight, which may be because these surges of cold have disturbed the breeding places of hurricanes in the Caribbean. This is fine (if it is so), but when the solar output rises, as it will later in the decade, the further intensification and spread of cold waves might be extreme.

Dr. Krick thinks we are on the threshold of global weather control, but he adds: "Perhaps we have unwittingly opened the Pandora's Box with these current high altitude explosions." The purpose of these explosions is, of course, purely military, and the latest nightmare is that weather might become a new area of warfare. The scientists who plan these "experiments" have recently been somewhat embarrassed by the unforeseen results of the Johnston Island test in July. Perhaps they should be more nonplussed than they have been, and certainly the rest of us should be less tolerant of ventures based on insufficient knowledge and swollen pretensions.

The Fine Print

On many a campus flags were unfurled and bells rung when university deans, presidents and student editors learned that Congress had approved repeal of the mischievous loyalty oath, required for scholarship awards under the National Defense Education Act (see "'Oathism' on the Campus" by Kevin Sullivan, *The Nation*, December 5, 1959). Some university presidents who had held out against the scholarship program in 1958 because of the hateful oath, promptly announced that their institutions would now participate. It was the alert editors of the Columbia *Spectator* who first spotted the fine print. For while Congress had repealed the oath, it had added three new provisions described by Dr. Mark Peisch, Director of University Admissions and Financial Aid at Columbia, as "most deplorable" and a "step backward." The provisions (1) make it a crime for any member of a "Communist organization" to apply for NDEA aid (Communist organization being defined by the Subversive Activities Control Act); (2) require applicants to list all criminal convictions (including traffic violations) which resulted in fines over $25, but excluding crimes committed before the age of sixteen; and (3) give the NDEA commissioner arbitrary authority to reject "such an award [scholarship]" if he believes the award would not be "in the best interests of the United States." With candor and exactitude, the editors of *Spectator* characterized this quick shuffle of the cards as "a witless practical joke played by both Houses of Congress on enlightened supporters of higher education."

Unhappily the President, who had favored repeal of the oath, last week fell for the "practical joke" and signed the new law. Nevertheless, it is still possible for enlightened university administrators to have the last word. Those institutions of higher learning that held out against the scholarship program in 1958 because of the oath can continue to hold out until the new law is also repealed, or amended. And they could, if they would, urge other colleges and universities to do likewise. Under the pressure of this kind of "sit down" strike, the next Congress might conceivably be persuaded that the Subversive Activities Control Board is not the best judge of which students are deserving of NDEA scholarships.

POLITICS OF PERSONALITY

In the following pre-election survey, we have tried to select those contests which are of more than local interest because of the personalities and issues involved or because their outcome is likely to affect national policy either immediately or in 1964.—EDITORS.

California

Carey McWilliams

THE MOST expensive — and the noisiest — campaign in California's political history is drawing to a close without having aroused voters to the fever pitch. It would seem to be a rule of modern TV politics that the more expensive a campaign is, the less rank-and-file interest and participation it is likely to arouse. With three-hour (Nixon) and ninety-minute (Brown) telethons, the exhausted viewer-voter apparently feels that there is very little need for him "to talk it up" in neighborhood, shop or office. Then, too, there are really no issues in the California campaign; or, to state it another way, the only issue is Richard M. Nixon. Also big league baseball—the exciting play-off between two California teams and the protracted World Series—has diverted attention.

Essentially the campaign has been a competition in images. The Nixon-Chotiner axis has tried to make it a campaign between Mr. Bright (Nixon) and Mr. Bumble (Brown); the Governor's camp has tried to make it one between the Good Knight (Brown) and Mr. Dirty (Nixon). Given the nature of the one issue—Nixon—the black-and-white stereotypes reflect voter attitudes fairly well. Those who dislike Nixon cannot be moved to vote for him by any tricks, arguments or blandishments, whereas those who have always voted for him—whether even *they* really like him is debatable—cannot be induced to vote for Governor Brown.

On the face of things, Governor Brown must be given a slight edge. The latest polls give him a six-point margin, but Nixon has been edging forward in the last few weeks. The Democrats, of course, enjoy a comfortable margin in registrations, but many voters register as Democrats in California who seldom vote for Democratic nominees, particularly if the nominees are "liberal" or are regarded as such. Republicans, on the other hand, tend to vote a straight ticket. But between the primary on June 8 and the closing of registrations on September 13, 451,182 voters registered, of whom 283,033—approximately 62.8 per cent—registered Democratic and 168,149—approximately 37.2 per cent—registered Republican. Some of these late registrants, of course, were new residents who had just become eligible to vote; but the bulk were probably voters who had suddenly decided to vote on November 6. In a way, these new registrants represent a more significant indication of preference than any of the polls to date. Overall, Republican registration has dropped somewhat since the primary —from 40.18 per cent of the registered vote to 39.88 per cent.

BUT OTHER facts also give the Governor an edge. In this campaign, there have been virtually no defections from the Democratic ranks despite the fact that the Democratic nominees are running separate campaigns. Richard Richards, the Democratic nominee for the Senate, has been a major asset to the Brown campaign. His major contribution has been the remarkable "neutralization" of Republican Senator Kuchel, running to succeed himself. An issue-type politician coached and advised by the astute Paul Ziffren, Richards has pressed Kuchel so hard that a noticeable wedge has been driven between Kuchel and Nixon. When Nixon speaks in Oakland, Kuchel makes it a point to be in El Centro; in fact, on several occasions Kuchel has even managed to suggest that he favors Governor Brown. The influential McClatchy newspapers support Kuchel and Brown.

The incumbent Attorney General, Stanley Mosk, is running a strong campaign, as he always does, and is well ahead of his Republican opponent. He, too, adds strength to the Brown candidacy. Moreover, Governor Brown enjoys the advantage of being an incumbent, the principal practical advantage being access to campaign funds. (Not that Nixon suffers from any lack of funds; his campaign expenditures will, by some estimates, well exceed a million dollars.) While "Big Daddy"—Jess Unruh, the Speaker of the House—has succeeded in annoying the liberal, idealistic rank-and-file members of the Democratic clubs, he has added organizational strength, and funds, to the Brown campaign. (But once the election is over, the feud between Unruh and the clubs will blaze.) Nixon has not made a target of Big Daddy, which is rather odd in view of the fact that Unruh is type-cast for the role of the power-drunk, behind-the-scenes manipulator. Tactically, Nixon has not been effective. He has nothing to offer in the way of a rival program (some of his suggestions have been extremely silly) and his "slashing attacks" on the Brown administration have not slashed very deeply.

The plain fact is that Brown has been a good Governor—better by most accounts than Governor Knight and with more legislative accomplishments in one term than Earl Warren managed to chalk up in three. Brown is a real expert on California issues, Nixon a novice.

In large part because he is the kind of man he is, the Governor has enjoyed a much better press than Democratic nominees usually enjoy in California. He will run very well in the northern part of the state, while Nixon will have a slight edge in Southern California, particularly in San Diego County. But even in Southern California, the big blocs are pro-Brown: labor, the minorities (Negroes, Mexican-Americans, Jews) and the Senior Citizens. Factors which might elect Nixon are: the volatile new voters, some last-minute "emotionalism" tagged to headlines (a blow-up in Cuba or something of the sort), and possible apathy—for, as noted, there is less interest in the campaign than the noise heard at a distance would indicate.

The biggest "sleeper" factor is the well-timed, last-minute visit of President Kennedy which could add enough momentum to the campaign to elect the entire slate of Democratic nominees for state officers and Richards as well. The "Red scare," which Nixon has used with considerable caution, does not seem to have hurt Brown, Richards or Mosk. But, oddly enough, the so-called Francis amendments (a vicious "anti-Communist" initiative) opposed by Nixon (on technical grounds), by the Los Angeles *Times* and by Brown, are favored by a 4-to-1 margin in the polls.

Predictably, a last-minute Red-baiting gimmick has been injected into the campaign. One cannot prove that the Chotiner-Nixon team authored it, but it is certainly out of their familiar bag of tricks. The first manifestation was the appearance, in suspiciously large numbers, of a booklet entitled, "California: Dynasty of Communism," by Karl Prussion, who has appeared at some of the "anti-Communist" schools. More recently, a rather mysterious organization calling itself the "Committee for the Preservation of the Democratic Party in California" has been raising funds to send out mailings to registered Democrats. The propaganda is all geared to the suggestion that the California Democratic Clubs, with a membership of 60,000, are about to take over the Democratic Party in the state. The smear is aimed at the C.D.C. on the ostensible ground that the organization has refused to erect a specific bar against "Reds"—meaning those accused of being Reds. Reports indicate that as many as a million copies of this poisoned dart will be aimed at registered Democrats between now and November 6.

In the Congressional races, the Democrats have experienced two bad breaks: the tragic and untimely death of Representative Clem Miller of the First Congressional District and the prolonged illness of Representative D. S. Saund in what is now the Thirty-eighth District. But Democratic incumbents should fare well in other races and the Democrats should win a majority of the new seats.

Governor Brown

The West

Roscoe Fleming

Denver

THE less-populated Western states have long been the happy hunting-ground of national politicians who hope to pick up several U.S. Senate seats for the price of one. Excluding huge California, the sixteen westernmost states have less population among them than either New York or California; yet they have 32 Senators. A shift of a few thousand votes is often sufficient to swing a seat.

Although all but three of these states went for Richard Nixon in 1960, their present Senate line-up is 20 Democratic seats against 12 Republican. Because of the deaths of Republican stalwarts Schoeppel of Kansas, Dworshak of Idaho and Case of South Dakota, and the expiration of initial short terms in the new states of Hawaii and Alaska, there are 17 Western seats at stake in all, including that of Senator Kuchel of California. Of these, Democrats now hold 10 and Republicans 7. Election Day will probably see a change of no more than one or two seats in this line-up.

This won't be for lack of trying, however, particularly on the Republican side. Senator Goldwater, as chairman of the GOP Senatorial campaign committee, has named two Democrats, Morse of Oregon and Carroll of Colorado, as special targets. John Carroll, a liberal Democrat with a record of hard if relatively inconspicuous work, has twice run the gauntlet of Republican blows, some of them low. In 1954, he first ran for the Senate and was defeated by a last-minute blitz financed largely by outside oil money; the opposition charged that his House votes showed him to be in league with Moscow. (Murray Chotiner, the well-known Republican hatchetman, is now back in California, and Nixon's got him. But in 1955, Mr. Chotiner, in a long lecture in Washington to a national Republican gathering, pointed to the Carroll defeat in 1954 as a vindication of his craft.)

Carroll's opponent this year is a conservative lawyer named Peter Dominick, who beat the liberal Byron Johnson in a Chotiner-like campaign for the House in Colorado's big Second District in 1960; after one term in that body, he aspires to the Senate. Dominick comes from a family of Wall Street investment bankers. An early poll showed the two running neck-and-neck. Complacency will favor Dominick—particularly if it's on the part of labor, which has always supported Carroll.

Governor Stephen L. R. McNichols (Dem.) of Colorado, one of the nation's abler and more dynamic younger governors, is apparently having the fight of his life against a conservative Colorado Springs lawyer named John A. Love, a political novice somewhat to the Right of Barry Goldwater. The allegation is that Colorado has too much money and that McNichols is spending it too freely (he has been spending it on long-needed educational and institutional programs). A Denver *Post* poll taken about October 1 showed him actually trailing Love, rather badly. But the prospects are even for a McNichols victory.

IN NEIGHBORING Wyoming, circumstances are again peculiar and peculiarly local. In 1960, Wyoming's veteran Joseph T. O'Mahoney (Dem.) retired and Republican Keith Thomson was elected to the U. S. Senate by a large majority. But Thomson died even before be-

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ing sworn in. Governor J. J. Hickey (Dem.) was named to the Senatorial vacancy by his successor as Governor, Secretary of State John B. Gage.

This sort of self-promotion isn't ever particularly popular, and is the chief Republican theme against Senator Hickey, who's running for the remaining four years of the term. His opponent is Milward Simpson, another Goldwater-type Republican. Simpson was Governor from 1954 to 1958, when Hickey defeated him in a ding-dong battle. Now they are facing each other again. Ex-President Eisenhower has enthusiastically endorsed Simpson. If the Republicans gain a seat in the West, this may be the one. And Gage may lose the governorship to Clifford Hansen, a rancher.

In South Dakota, the death of Senator Francis Case (Rep.) might spell Democratic victory. George McGovern, former Congressman and head of Food for Peace, quit the latter job to run for the Senate with President Kennedy's blessing. Now McGovern is confronted by Case's successor by appointment, Joseph Bottum. Here may be one chance for the Democrats to pick up a seat.

In Idaho, Representative Gracie Pfost (Dem.) is challenging former Governor Len Jordan for the seat left vacant by Dworshak's death; and Senator Frank Church (Dem.) who, when elected in 1956, was the youngest U. S. Senator, is running for a second term.

Pennsylvania

James Higgins

York

THE GIST of the matter in this state is that Mellon, Pew (Sun Oil), the Pennsylvania Railroad, Gulf, Scott Paper, steel (U.S., Bethlehem et al.), coal and other assorted interests are investing risk capital to the extent of at least $2.5 million in the campaign of Republican candidate for governor, William Warren Scranton, who is as well-born as his name sounds and very rich besides.

In Scranton, the Republicans think they have found the means of recapturing the state capital (Harrisburg), where key decisions are made not only about patronage jobs but also about the really important things to industry: enforcement of health and safety laws, the administration of workmen's and unemployment compensation, collection of (and exemptions from) the state sales tax, migrant labor standards, public-utility regulations, minimum wage and so forth. The state Republican finance chairman, Philip Sharples (pronounced Sharp-less, but he's quite the opposite), couldn't have been more frank in his plea to wealthy colleagues at a $1,000-and-up fund-raising dinner in Bedford Springs in early October. He "overcame his embarrassment [at having to talk about cash] and really laid it on the line," as former President Eisenhower, who was guest of honor, remarked. Sharples told the group to measure any contributions by investment standards and advised that the size of the investment would determine whether or not the Republicans would win the top state management posts.

It can be assumed that the choice of candidate Scranton, who is a well-preserved forty-five, Yale and Yale Law, fairly fluent and blessed with an extremely helpful campaign traveling companion, his wife Mary, was in good part dictated by the strength at the head of the Democratic ticket. U.S. Senator Joseph Clark is running for re-election to his second term and Richardson Dilworth, who succeeded Clark as mayor of Philadelphia, for governor. Clark and Dilworth started as a team back in the forties when they took Philadelphia away from a pack of overweight Republican wolves. At the same time they began the political process which converted Pennsylvania from a preserve of the GOP and the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association to a state where registered Democrats now outnumber Republicans by 161,000. (In 1954 the Republicans had an edge of almost a million.)

Both Clark and Dilworth are as well-born as Scranton and similarly educated. Dilworth is Yale and Yale Law; Clark, Harvard and Harvard Law. And though not multimillionaires like Scranton, they are sufficiently well-heeled to afford the risks of politics. The difference between them and Scranton is that early in the game they began to think for themselves about political and social problems, stepped out of their families' traditional Republicanism and became active liberal reform Democrats.

Dilworth, like Clark, is an intelligent man who means and knows what he says when he talks about the public interest. For the past few months he has been roving Pennsylvania, alternating between serious exposition of the issues—industrial development, natural-resources development, urban renewal, school-district reorganization, an expanded mental-health program—and sardonic references to the immaturity and political innocence of his opponent, whom he often calls Little Lord Fauntleroy. Most recently Dilworth has been reiterating his conviction that Scranton is strictly the delegate of Pennsylvania industry and finance.

Whether the voters think so remains to be seen. If they don't, it will be partly because Scranton has appeal as a nice young fellow who would never be false to his Boy Scout oath no matter how fierce the temptation. The Republican candidate has things other than personality going for him, however, chief among them the so far unexplained unpopularity of Governor Lawrence, who has run a conservative administration, managing to balance the budget mainly by raising the sales tax to 4 per cent and by holding the line on appropriation requests. He is neither condemned for the sales-tax rise nor applauded for budget balancing. Those who dislike Lawrence do so, it seems, because they feel they never got to know him as Governor. He has projected poorly.

Another Scranton advantage is the press, especially the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (morning) and *Bulletin* (evening) which have blown up out of all proportion the symptoms of bribery and corruption in the lower echelons of the Dilworth administration in Philadelphia. Publishers and editors really know, I would think, that in Clark and Dilworth, Philadelphia has had mayors of the

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highest rank in honesty and administrators of a caliber few cities can match.

Nobody appears to be willing to guess who the unemployed, of whom there are 350,000 in Pennsylvania, will blame for their plight. Reporters traveling with the candidates tell me that in the southwest corner of the state, its most distressed area where coal and coal miners are no longer in demand, the unemployed feel Lawrence has let them down, but have no confidence in Dilworth or Scranton to do better. An incursion by President Kennedy in mid-October may have helped the Democrats. (He carried the section by about 166,000 votes in 1960.) And it's worth noting that Mr. Kennedy, who originally planned only one trip into Pennsylvania, decided to make three.

I have not mentioned Clark's opponent, Rep. James Van Zandt, an oversight for which my unconscious is no doubt responsible. The state AFL-CIO has dubbed him the "Admiral from Altoona," the implication being that Van Zandt, once commander in chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, is a professional patriot. That he is. His campaign has been almost exclusively devoted to calling Clark names in the scatter-fire fashion associated with the late Senator McCarthy and the current candidate for governor of California, Richard Nixon. Many hope and expect that next month he will be retired from politics.

New Hampshire

William S. Ellis

Concord

FOR THE FIRST time in thirty years, state Democratic leaders are confident that their slate of candidates for major office includes a winner, maybe two. Through an endless series of intra-party feuds following the death last November of Senator Styles Bridges, the Republicans themselves have chipped way at their own unity and strength until all that remains is a shattered and spite-filled legacy of the late Mahatma of state Republicanism.

Leading what is perhaps the strongest Democratic ticket ever drawn up in the state is gubernatorial candidate John W. King, popular Manchester attorney and minority leader in the state House of Representatives. Opposing him is bull-voiced John Pillsbury, former paid lobbyist for an electric utility. Democratic candidates for the two U.S. Senate vacancies — one for Bridges' unexpired four-year term and the other for a full six years — are Thomas J. McIntyre and Alfred Catalfo, Jr. In public, leaders of the Democratic challenge proclaim that all three of their candidates will be elected on November 6. Among themselves, however, they say they believe King has a slight edge over Pillsbury, while McIntyre has about a fifty-fifty chance of defeating Congressman Perkins Bass for the four-year term. Catalfo, they concede, will not win out over veteran GOP Senator Norris Cotton. Democratic nominees for the two Congressional seats are given little chance.

The most important figure in New Hampshire politics is not a candidate on either ticket. He is the present Republican Governor, Wesley Powell, a man who was so certain that he would one day be elected President that he kept a rocking chair in his office. Powell was defeated by Pillsbury in the primary. He now charges that he was the victim of "the dirtiest and most dishonest Republican gubernatorial primary contest conducted in the modern history of New Hampshire." Last week, not unexpectedly, he threw his support to King, the Democrat—a move that could count for as many as 40,000 votes, since he still has a loyal following in the state.

Further weakening the GOP are the efforts of Mrs. Doloris Bridges, widow of the late Senator, to have the courts disqualify Bass from the race. She was defeated by Bass in the primary, but now she charges that he exceeded the statutory limit of $25,000 for primary campaign expenditures. And then, of course, Mrs. Bridges is angry at Powell for not giving her the interim Senate appointment following the death of her husband.

There has always been a segment of the GOP here with a liberal tradition. Down through the years it has been responsible for electing such men as Charles W. Tobey to the U.S. Senate. Many members of this faction regard themselves as Democrats but, for the sake of convenience during the years when Bridges was dispensing favors, registered as Republicans. Now, with nothing to be gained from a continued association of that type, these voters are likely to switch to the party more closely aligned to their ideas.

If there were any doubts here about the new strength of the Democrats this year, they were dispelled on September 27 when the Portsmouth *Herald*, a paper with normally Republican leanings, came out in support of King for Governor and McIntyre for Senator. "If the Republican Party wants to preserve its political dominance of New Hampshire," said the *Herald*, "it had better start catching up with the times and living with reality."

Issues are not of great importance in this campaign. Personality is what counts, and even here, where Republicanism is still deeply stained with Old Guard gray, President Kennedy rates high in that department. And the President has indicated he may come here to give the Democratic slate a boost.

WILLIAM S. ELLIS is a former New England newspaper man.

Michigan

B. J. Widick

Detroit

GEORGE ROMNEY'S unorthodox campaign methods and maverick personality have given Michigan's gubernatorial campaign a fresh excitement and is leaving an imprint on this state's politics that will survive the outcome of November's race.

Many signs point to the conclusion that the big upset of the race for governor would be the re-election of the incumbent, Governor John B. Swainson.

Although Romney has the ardent

B. J. WIDICK is a frequent contributor on labor problems.

backing of the business and auto-industry community, he has projected an image of a fighting independent, a Johnny-Come-Lately in the Republican Party, who can break the deadlock in the state legislature and "move Michigan ahead." At least he has convinced enough voters of this image to make his chances of victory very good.

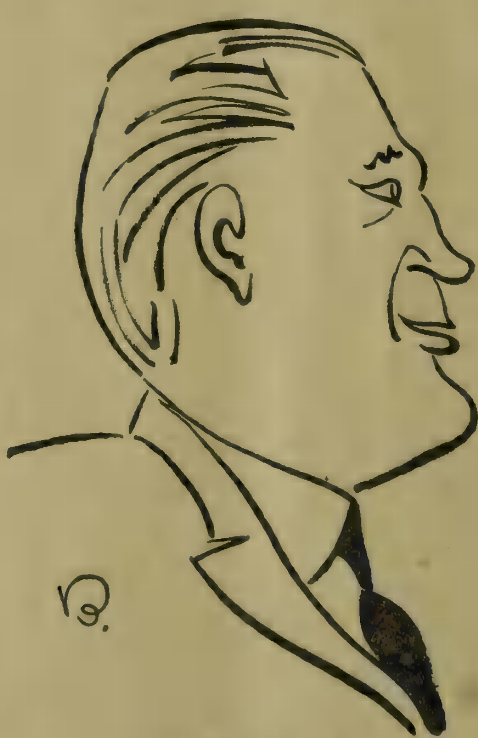
Six months ago, an authoritative poll reported that Governor John B. Swainson would get about 50 per cent of the vote, Romney 42 per cent (with the rest undecided). Now the same poll gives Romney a slight lead. Samuel Lubell reported on October 2 that one out of every five Democrats who had voted for Governor Swainson were switching to Romney. Lubell suggested a "sizable" to a "spectacular" triumph as possible for Romney.

The real bad news for the Democrats came recently from the publication of a confidential poll by Lou Harris. Harris informed the power elite of the Democratic Party that Romney was ahead 53 to 47 per cent, which means a victory for Romney of about 195,000 votes — an astonishing figure. No wonder that another visit from Kennedy, and the whole battery of effective Democratic party spokesmen, is planned for Michigan.

What has Romney done to generate such excitement? One small example occurred on October 12. The Detroit *News* carried this story: "Smarting under what he called 'international union dictation,' a UAW local president has broken ranks to campaign openly for Republican George Romney. The rebellion by Warren Creekmore, who heads the 500-plus-member Local 280 at Continental Motors here, was believed to be the first by a UAW local president." Creekmore explained his shift: "I was satisfied that his position would be good for labor." One of the Romney circulars Creekmore is distributing now quotes UAW President Walter P. Reuther as praising the American Motors Contract as "perhaps the most significant and the most historic collective bargaining agreement that has ever been written in the United States." (In *The Nation* of February 3, 1962, I pointed out that the UAW-AMC contract and the high praise Romney received at that time would be fully exploited by Romney.) Basic to Romney's strategy is an attempt to divide the labor rank and file from the union hierarchy. He has received so much mileage from his shrewd tactics that there has been a recent change in Democratic Party policy. Romney is now being invited to many union meetings to speak.

How do you run as a Republican without looking like one? Romney does this by having his own political machine and his own publicity; he is boss of his own campaign. His theme is that Big Business ran Michigan through the Republican Party, and now labor runs it through the Democratic Party. He denounces extremism. Romney is for a citizens' party. Even before the Economic club of Detroit, in a debate with Governor Swainson, Romney blandly used this theme while the rich Republicans applauded him. They know that "George's eccentricities" are vote getters.

Romney pounds away at another theme. "I know I can straighten out the financial mess in Michigan, if you give me a chance. I took over a company that was broke, and I made it succeed." It may be a *non sequitur* and corny, but it is effective politics. "Romney-for-Jobs" signs are everywhere. What's a better way to have a good business climate than to have a business man as governor? he asks.


George Romney

How do you handle the John Birch Society in the Republican Party? At the state Republican convention, Romney worked the delegates into a fever pitch with his evangelist tone and his blasts at Gus Scholle, the tough-minded AFL-CIO state council president and a favorite whipping boy of the Republicans. With the applause still going strong, Romney returned to the stage to denounce the Birchers to their faces, repudiating their philosophy. Robert Welch issued a blast at Romney for this speech, and thus the Democrats haven't been able to make an effective issue of the question.

The real weakness in Romney's campaign has been his inability to crack the solid Negro Democratic front up to this point. But he keeps trying, and the Democrats recently gave him an opening. In the first Swainson-Romney public debate on TV, the Governor said "You've never had it so good as under my administration." He quoted statistics to show that more business was coming to Michigan than leaving, and that unemployment was at the lowest in years. Romney responded with his own set of figures to show that over 300,000 have left the work force since a high in 1956; jobs were an issue, he insisted. Two hours later, Chet Huntley had a vivid half-hour show depicting the plight of the hard-core unemployed in Detroit—most of whom are Negroes.

Romney the Republican talks about jobs and Swainson the Democrat talks about a prosperous state — that's the topsy-turvy campaign in Michigan. How does one distinguish a Republican who talks like a Democrat from a Democrat who sounds at the moment like a Republican? Romney has indeed upset the *status quo* in Michigan politics.

The stakes here are high. People speculate about a Rockefeller-Romney ticket in 1964. They ask what happens to labor in politics if Walter Reuther's political machine can't deliver the votes the Democrats usually expect. Only the Negro community can't lose; it is being courted by both sides.

Texas

Willie Morris

Austin

THIS IS Texas' first general election since Reconstruction in which a Republican nominee for governor is a serious mathematical threat. The race between Democrat John Connally, the former Navy Secretary and Lyndon Johnson protégé, and Goldwater Republican Jack Cox has overshadowed the Congressional elections in a state where November voting for Congress has seldom had much significance. The Connally-Cox battle is one of imponderables. Two-party in national elections and tentatively moving in that direction on the state level, Texas has never voted heavily in non-Presidential years. The November turnout has traditionally been light — around 800,000. A small vote this time, in the old tradition of one-party politics, could make this a considerably closer election than many are predicting. Texas Democrats simply aren't accustomed to the idea of Texas Republicans, and the Republicans are anxious and well organized.

Connally, however, is the clear favorite. Since his close victory over New Frontiersman Don Yarborough in the party primaries last June, he has made a determined effort to patch up the warring factions in the state Democratic Party, a party which ranges from the farthest reaches of the American Right to Kennedy liberalism. The hard rightwing of the Democrats, whom Democratic liberals in Texas would hope to see switch their allegiance to the GOP to realign the Democratic Party leftward, seem satisfied, by and large, with Connally's campaign statements and his conservative platform. Again, for the first time in modern Texas politics, the two platforms have become part of the campaign dialogue, and on controversial issues like taxation, economy, oil and gas the Democratic and GOP documents are barely distinguishable. It was indicative of Connally's concern with discontent among party conservatives that in the state Democratic convention, which he closely controlled, there was no mention of the Kennedy Administration, and a resolution praising the goals of the New Frontier was not allowed to reach the floor.

Connally's tactics in appeasing the conservative wing have not, of course, helped him with the liberals, who gave Yarborough 49 per cent of the vote in the Democratic primaries. PASO, the political organization of Mexican-Americans, withdrew an earlier tentative endorsement of Connally because of his reluctance to uphold the national Administration and because he has not explained the details of a "voter registration law" which he advocates in place of the state poll tax. Organized labor, however, after threats of defection or a neutral position, has just re-endorsed Connally, albeit reluctantly.

Republican Cox will get some liberal votes and benefit further from a liberal boycott of both candidates in some areas, but support from the Left of the Democratic Party will fall far short of that given GOP Senator John Tower against Dixiecrat William Blakley in 1961. The state Republican convention, moreover, displayed its extreme conservatism by adopting *in toto* Tower's "eight points for conservatives," which included "complete and clear-cut victory over communism," States' rights, a labor antitrust law, a free farm market without controls, the selling of government businesses that compete with free enterprise, opposition to the trade bill, taxation of cooperatives the same as private corporations, and a mandatory balanced budget. Besides endorsing Goldwater for President in 1964, the Texas Republicans also favored "resignation from the UN" and have been publicly advocating something close to an immediate American invasion of Cuba.

Connally's election, in the national context, would help Kennedy in Texas in 1964. (After going for Eisenhower in both 1952 and 1956, the state supported Kennedy-Johnson by a tight margin of 43,000 votes in 1960.) It would place in the state house a moderately conservative ally of Vice President Johnson not inclined to vocal support of specific New Frontier issues but loyal, in a circumspect way, to the national party. The election of Cox would furnish Kennedy with another articulate and hard-hitting GOP foe on every imaginable issue.

There are no Senate races this year. In the Congressional elections, Texas' conservative-moderate dominated delegation will remain generally the same in terms of votes, no matter how the Republicans fare. All 22 incumbents in the House—21 Democrats and Republican Bruce Alger of Dallas—were renominated in the primaries this summer. The GOP, which ran a mere 5 candidates for Congress two years ago, have 17 this time. In addition to Alger, who is favored for re-election in Dallas, Republican candidates are considered major threats in three races, and GOP aspirants are waging vigorous fights in several other constituencies where general elections in the past have been little more than minor formalities.

All things considered, the Republicans may pick up a few new Congressional seats—and, if they do, they will vote very much like their Democratic predecessors.

WILLIE MORRIS is editor of The Texas Observer.

Kentucky

Jack Ayer

Louisville

KENTUCKY voters will perform an invaluable service next Election Day for the virtuosi who design scientifically planned political campaigns. The principal contest here is the U.S. Senate campaign between Senator Thruston B. Morton, Republican incumbent, and Lt. Gov. Wilson W. Wyatt, Democrat. The two men are staging, with almost laboratory perfection, what any experienced planners would have to call a model campaign.

The model begins with the candidates themselves. Both Wyatt and Morton have a sort of symbolic significance among members of their own parties nation-wide: Morton was Republican National Chairman through the Nixon campaign; Wyatt was first chairman of Americans for

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Democratic Action in the 1940s, shortly after World War II. Both men are from Louisville, which eliminates the city-versus-country conflict that mars so many Kentucky campaigns. Both have substantial and reasonably well-united party organizations behind them, with extra balance being provided by the fact that the Democrats' is more substantial and the Republicans' better united.

The test-tube character of the race is even more evident in strategy. In the case of Wyatt, this means that he is firmly attaching himself to the Kennedy coattails. He is hammering away at the record of "obstructionists" in the past session of Congress —a term defined to include his opponent. He has taken newspaper ads to pledge his support for medicare, and he has used space in an equal-rights pamphlet to stress his support for a Department of Urban Affairs under Robert Weaver. He has been frank to assert that a Democrat in Washington can get more boodle for the electorate than a Republican. On local issues, Wyatt again typifies Democratic Party strategy with his use of the "drift-versus-mastery," or "get-Kentucky-moving-forward-again," approach to campaigning.

Morton, for his part, is making extensive use of some of the sturdiest wheelhorses in the Republican campaign stable. He has been blasting Wyatt for his early and intimate association with the "radical" A.D.A. —a topic which gets added piquancy from the fact that probably not one Kentuckian in ten has ever met an A.D.A. member. Morton also has been criticizing the alleged appetite for power of the Kennedy regime. Interestingly, Morton said earlier in the summer that he did not expect either of these items to be at issue this fall. He says now that it was the press of public concern for these matters that led him to change his plans.

There are still a few non-test-tube, or situational, factors left in this campaign. For one, the Kentucky electorate is still its normal fractious, contradictory self. In general, this would appear to be a point for Wyatt, since Democrats have resoundingly out-registered and out-organized the GOP in every county. Also, the desperate poverty of the Appalachians has turned up some pockets of Democratic support in areas that are traditionally Republican. Favoring the GOP is the fact that rural voters in the Bluegrass and in West Central Kentucky have an instinctive conservatism that may oughtweigh their partisan loyalty to the Democrats. The Republicans last year captured Louisville City Hall for the first time in a generation, giving them a new vigor in the state's largest voting center. Also, Morton is apparently a supremely effective television personality.

Morton apparently will carry the larger cities. Whether Wyatt can undercut him in the country remains to be seen. The candidates are so well matched in objectively measurable attributes that a clear-cut victory for either will say much about the comparative effectiveness of major-party national strategy this year.

Midwest

Irving Dilliard

Chicago

IF THE REPUBLICANS are going to gain seats in the Senate to point their party more hopefully toward 1964, they will have to do it in some other part of the country than the Midwest. At the same time, if the Kennedy Democrats are to add to their present Senate strength so as to reduce the force of the Dixiecrat-Republican Old Guard combine, there is no riper place this year than the Upper Mississippi-Ohio Valley.

Omitting Michigan and Minnesota, which do not elect Senators in 1962, here are six Midwestern states and the names and parties of the Senators whose seats are at stake: *Ohio,* Frank J. Lausche (Dem.); *Indiana,* Homer E. Capehart (Rep.); *Illinois,* Everett McKinley Dirksen (Rep.); *Missouri,* Edward V. Long (Dem.); *Iowa,* Bourke B. Hickenlooper (Rep.); *Wisconsin,* Alexander Wiley (Rep.).

This list affords some fairly reliable, quick conclusions. First, the Republicans are not going to win the Ohio seat now held by the long-time, popular Governor, Frank J. Lausche. Second, almost no one really expects Senator Edward V. Long to lose his bid for a full term in Missouri. So, if the Republicans are not going to unseat either Lausche or Long, they must re-elect all their Midwest incumbents merely to hold their own in this region.

In Illinois, the GOP's Senate leader, Everett McKinley Dirksen, is being aggressively challenged by Representative Sidney R. Yates of the Ninth Illinois (Chicago) District. Both Dirksen and Yates are vigorous campaigners, but Yates is only fifty-three, Dirksen nearly sixty-seven. Yates, a seven-term veteran, began with the handicap of being a Chicagoan (Dirksen's home is the Illinois River city of Pekin near Peoria) in an election contest which finds the hold-over Senator, Democrat Paul Douglas, is also from Chicago. But Yates has a winning way on the courthouse squares of the downstate county seats and at the chicken-and-sausage suppers and fish fries that abound in rural Illinois. More than that, through Yates's downstate swings the voters of Illinois are becoming familiar with Dirksen's voting record for pretty much the first time. (The press has been largely pro-Dirksen and so has done little to underscore the arch-conservatism of his performance.) Yates is telling audiences all over the state about Dirksen's record on the Kefauver drug bill, medicare, rural electricity, social security, minimum wages, distressed-area redevelopment, retraining, aid to education, and so on.

The impression that many Republicans tried to cultivate during the spring and summer, namely, that the White House privately wanted Dirksen to win because he was a generally agreeable minority leader, is out the window. Almost immediately after Congress adjourned, President Kennedy made a mid-October foray through Illinois pumping for the Democratic ticket.

Six years ago, Eisenhower carried Illinois by more than 800,000; Dirksen, though winning, ran 500,000 votes behind Eisenhower. This year Dirksen will not have the General to roll up so many straight Republican ballots; he will be on his own.

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In 1950, he ousted Scott W. Lucas, then Democratic Senate Leader; he must wonder, now, if the tables are about to be turned. Hardly any contest in the country more clearly typifies the struggle between the new and the old, between the progressive and the reactionary, than the Dirksen-Yates race.

IN WISCONSIN, Senior Republican Senator Wiley at seventy-eight is not far from twice the age of his Democratic opponent, Governor Gaylord Nelson. It used to be that Wiley was under attack from the McCarthyites and other political antedeluvians in Wisconsin; this year he and his old Republican opponents are in mutual embrace as liberal Nelson tells the score on Wiley much as Yates is doing on Dirksen. The Governor, an appealing figure, is the first Democrat ever to be re-elected to the office of chief executive in Wisconsin. How much controversial state issues, such as a sales tax, will carry over into the Senate race is anyone's guess.

Two other high-ranking Republicans are defending their Senate seats: Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa and Homer E. Capehart of Indiana. Both are minority members of the important Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Since Hickenlooper, who seeks a fourth term, was last re-elected, Iowa has sent Republican Jack Miller to the Senate. But Indiana voted Democrat Vance Hartke to the Senate seat of William E. Jenner in 1958 after giving Capehart his third term in 1956.

Cigar-chomper Capehart may not be as popular among fellow Hoosiers as in other years. He is demanding that the United States invade Cuba, while his opponent, thirty-four-year-old Birch Evan Bayh, Jr., is pointing out to Indiana voters that this would mean a war involving many thousands of men and casualties. Capehart, like Jenner, has condemned the Democratic Party as a "war party" election after election, and it is strange now to hear him in this "blockade Cuba — invade Cuba" refrain. Young though he is, Bayh has had considerable political experience in the Indiana Legislature. He campaigns around the clock and has already covered more than 100,000 miles of Indiana territory. Under this kind of assault, Capehart is running more frightened than ever before.

Regardless of how the races for the House of Representatives go, one thing is certain: the Midwest will have fewer seats when Congress meets in January. Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota have each lost a seat to reapportionment. The attendant combining of districts makes it difficult to foresee some election results. The traditional midterm swing-back could affect some of these House races and maybe a governorship or two, but the Republicans will have to look elsewhere if they are going to cut down that 2-to-1 Democratic lead in the United States Senate.

New York

James Desmond

Albany

THE gerrymander of New York's Congressional districts that the Republican majority steamrollered through the Legislature at a special session last fall guarantees that President Kennedy will lose ground here. In cutting the state's districts from 43 to 41, as necessitated by the 1960 census, the Republicans managed to protect every one of their existing 21 "safe" seats while acquiring at least two more "safe" seats and very probably acquiring an additional two seats. That would shift the Congressional alignment from the present 22 Democrats and 21 Republicans to 25 Republicans and 16 Democrats.

The Republican map-makers were ruthless in drawing the new district lines. They erased two Democratic districts in Manhattan and one in Brooklyn—districts they could never hope to win — and took advantage of the retirement of John Taber, the veteran GOP budget-hatchet man, to reshape his district in order to get rid of Representative Samuel Stratton, a recent hopeful for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

This process preserved all the "safe" Republican seats. But the Legislature went beyond that. On Long Island, it created new districts in Nassau and Suffolk Counties to guarantee the GOP a pickup of two seats. And at the same time, it cut up the First Congressional District in Suffolk County, now represented by Democrat Otis E. Pike, so drastically that Pike has only the slimmest of chances for survival. In addition, the GOP eliminated the Twelfth District in Brooklyn (which it lost a couple of years ago), to come up with a new map that is almost guaranteed to freeze out Democrat Hugh L. Carey.

On the basis of the gerrymander alone, the Republican pickup of four seats would seem assured. But there is always the human element. And that could, just possibly, save a couple of seats for the Democrats.

This arises because Representative Paul A. Fino, the Bronx Republican who proposes to solve the country's ills with a national lottery, may have overreached himself by using his power as county leader to pressure the Legislative Reapportionment Committee into transferring Jewish-dominated election districts out of his bailiwick into the adjoining district of Representative Charles Buckley, the Bronx Democratic boss. In the transfer, Fino picked up a few districts of Italian-American voters. But in the curious shifts in politics, Democratic Congressman Alfred E. Santangelo, displaced from his East Harlem Eighteenth Congressional District when it was eliminated in redistricting, has moved across the East River into the Bronx and is now the Democratic nominee against Fino. Solidly connected in the Italian-American community, Santangelo could just possibly grab the new election districts, and the election, from Fino.

Upstate, the GOP may have outsmarted itself by submerging Sam Stratton's old Thirty-second District in the creation of the new Thirty-fifth. On paper, the new district should be safely Republican. But a bitter intra-party fight in the primary, which resulted in the nomination of State Senator Janet Hill Gordon as the GOP candidate for Con-

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gress, has left lasting scars. Up to now, her primary opponent, Assemblyman Robert Quigley, has refused to endorse Mrs. Gordon. Normally, this wouldn't be too important, given the character of the region. But Mrs. Gordon's opponent is the same Sam Stratton the Republicans sought to bury, and in anybody's league he is formidable. A maverick Democrat, little liked by the upstate bosses who spiked his gubernatorial ambitions, Stratton is a personable, effective campaigner.

ONE CURIOUS aspect of the Congressional elections is that the Conservative Party, recently put together for the prime purpose of opposing Governor Rockefeller and Senator Jacob K. Javits (although it has filed nominations for other state-wide offices) is nowhere rated as a factor. No Republican Congressional candidate so far has given them so much as a nod. But while Congressmen may not have to worry about them, Senator Javits could find them a real stumbling block.

Never popular with upstate Republicans, Javits got his first state-wide nomination for State Attorney General from a dispirited GOP convention in 1954 chiefly because it was figured that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., would swamp him as his Democratic opposite number. (A largely Catholic uprising against Roosevelt, totally unexpected at convention time, made him the only Democratic loser that year.) And after being nominated for Senator at a closed state committee meeting in 1956, Javits trailed nearly 1,200,000 votes behind President Eisenhower in the state and lost New York City by about 400,000 votes more than did Eisenhower.

This arithmetic has encouraged anti-Javits Republican elements in this election. Mindful that the Governor is insisting on his "team," and embraces Javits as a member of the team, GOP leaders are carefully avoiding any public display of anti-Javits sentiment. Yet in off-the-record talks in county after county they predict the Senator will get his throat cut.

How bad the throat-cutting will be is anybody's guess. Right now Rockefeller looks like a winner big enough to carry the entire ticket with him. But if any significant number of recalcitrants should decide to use the Conservative Party to punish Javits, he could be badly hurt. The odds, however, appear to favor him.

On this basis, it is clear that the New Frontier isn't going to make any positive gains in New York. The new Congressional line-up has to be figured at 25 Republicans and 16 Democrats, barring the aforesaid upsets. And it remains a question whether President Kennedy would be a net winner if throat-cutting should give him a James Donovan in the Senate instead of Javits, considering the latter's voting record.

Florida

Nathan Perlmutter

Miami

ALL INDICATIONS point to still another Harvard line man on the team the New Frontier will field in November. This one's roots go back to an unlikely place called Dudleyville in, of all places, Alabama; and Harvard Law School alumnus though he is, he's better known around Florida crackerbarrels than on the Boston Common. Former U.S. Senator Claude Pepper, FDR's quarterback for Lend Lease legislation and broken-field runner for a variety of New Deal proposals, is seeking the new Congressional seat from Dade County's (Miami) Third District.

Pepper's road back to Washington has been a long time unwinding. His seat in the upper House collapsed from under him in 1950, when his protégé, Senator George Smathers, bested him. The major issue then was Pepper's alleged tolerance of communism. The same issue, cross-bred with the race issue, crumbled Pepper's subsequent comeback attempt against Senator Spessard Holland. Now, in his bid for one of the new House seats created by the 1960 census, the "Red Pepper" innuendos are nowhere — well, almost nowhere — to be heard. The absence of these charges, due mainly to their by now tired and tiring nature, plus the fact that he is facing a Republican, suggests that the sixty-two-year-old veteran campaigner will shortly be U.S. Representative Claude Pepper.

Seligson

Claude Pepper

The crystal ball wasn't nearly so clear during the Democratic primaries. His major opponents included a popular state senator and an incumbent county commissioner. Indeed, the former was a member of the state legislature's redistricting committee which had artfully carved District Three so as to lop off a goodly chunk of Miami Beach — strong Pepper country. In addition, both Miami dailies threw their support to the state senator. But the doughty liberal ran out front, stayed there and, by amassing a clear majority of the votes, avoided a run-off.

His victory was a surprising upset — perhaps the biggest in many a moon over Miami. Those given to post-mortem analysis attributed it in part to Dade County's extraordinary population growth in recent years. The new Congressional district is home to half a million people. A goodly number of these come from other states — many from Northern, metropolitan areas. The name Claude Pepper was known to them back there where they came from. Pepper himself stressed his association with the Roosevelt years. On the morning after, it appeared that both the familiarity of the Senator's name and its evocation of New Deal memories had been underestimated.

But there was something else in

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the ingredients of his victory: medicare. In the absence of the Communist issue, this deeply felt, personal issue pre-empted the forum. Up and down, across and around the Congressional district, Claude Pepper vowed to support President Kennedy's medicare program. North Dade County, Eden to thousands of senior citizens, has a number of organizations dedicated to their interests. In the ranks behind senior citizens are junior citizens and among all their relations are sophomore citizens — and they all vote. As a result, Robert A. Peterson, the Republican candidate who prevailed in his own primary campaign over an avowed member of the John Birch Society and over an activist in the rightist National Indignation Convention, is promising "Medicare for Senior Citizens" — through, to be sure, "private enterprise."

WERE it not for the physical proximity of Cuba, the Pepper-Peterson race may well have had all of the drama of a foregone conclusion. Robert Peterson, however, a Miami Beach lawyer and former FBI agent, recently noted (as indeed, even non-cartographers are increasingly wont to do) that Cuba is but ninety miles from our shores. He promptly called for immediate recognition of a Cuban government in exile and for "a strict total embargo against Cuba." He warned that if the United States stands idly by, "South Florida might become the Pearl Harbor of the 1960s."

The issue held out promise of enlivening the campaign until Pepper, a former member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, vigorously retorted, "Me, too." A week following Peterson's proposals, Claude Pepper called for a naval and air blockade to halt the Soviet arms build-up in Cuba. Like Mr. Peterson, Senator Pepper declared foursquare for the Monroe Doctrine. That was that.

The other issues — "individual liberty" and "limited government" in Peterson's platform, and bringing "industries," "tourists" and "salaries" to Dade County, in Pepper's platform — are largely confined to campaign-headquarters throwaways and penny-saver envelope stuffers. They haven't caught fire.

The race issue, like the "Red Pepper" issue, has lost — in Miami, at least — its sting. The South's one-party system, which has churned up some loyal and some not-so-loyal opposition to the President and his programs, will in all likelihood make some amends come November by returning to Washington Claude Pepper, a somewhat scarred but still vigorous and reliable New Frontiersman.

Ohio

Thomas A. Flinn

Oberlin

NO ONE is confidently predicting the outcome of the gubernatorial race between incumbent Democrat Michael DiSalle and Republican challenger James Rhodes, although observers were saying a year ago that Mike didn't have a chance. They were remembering the 1959 legislative session and the 1960 election.

In 1959 the Democrats had a majority in both houses of the Ohio General Assembly for the first time in ten years, and on DiSalle's recommendation enacted a long social-welfare program and some additional state aid for education. But Ohio, at the time, was at the point many other states reached during the fifties: its budgetary surpluses built during or immediately after World War II were gone, having been used to pay for rising expenditures. DiSalle could either cut expenditures or increase taxes. Actually, he recommended to the legislature and got some increases in appropriations and a tax program spread over many items dear to consumers. Republicans opposed the tax increases.

In the last Presidential election, Mr. Nixon took Ohio, and Governor DiSalle said the day after election, "We have to find a scapegoat and it might as well be me." He was willing to admit that the defeat was a negative reaction to his tax program.

Seeming to add to DiSalle's unpopularity was his repeated recommendation that Ohio abolish capital punishment.

Last fall DiSalle announced that he would not seek re-election, but reconsidered after requests poured in. Meanwhile, Democratic Attorney General Mark McElroy had announced his own candidacy for governor; he campaigned with the strong support of the Cleveland organization and on a program of "more jobs, not more taxes." McElroy got 299,207 votes to DiSalle's 331,463; not a strong endorsement of the incumbent Governor.

YET THE result of the present campaign is uncertain. Further analysis of the 1960 election shows religion to have been so important a factor as to make doubtful DiSalle's responsibility for the outcome. Reports persist that Rhodes is not popular with rank-and-file Republicans, and early rumors had it that he had forced himself on a reluctant organization by starting with the advantage of being the incumbent state auditor.

DiSalle for his part has been doggedly repeating to anyone who will listen his argument that Ohio is a low-service state and that it must do more, particularly for education. Rhodes has replied with a "positive program" of his own, including a new industrial-development authority, a youth commission and "golden age" villages. He is critical of DiSalle's tax program of three years ago, but he has also avoided taking a flat "no new taxes" stand himself. His approach may soften the effect of DiSalle's argument, but there remains between Rhodes and DiSalle a basic conflict over the role of the state government.

The uncertainty which surrounds the gubernatorial campaign is missing in the Senatorial contest which pits Democratic incumbent Frank Lausche against Republican industrialist John Marshall Briley. The general prediction: Lausche in a landslide. About the only interesting aspect of the campaign is the ques-

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tion, "How does Lausche do it?" The answer has many parts, but an important one is that Lausche has two significant keys to Ohio politics. He has unusual appeal for the rising ethnic groups of industrial northern Ohio, and he maintains the support of traditional Democrats whose presence here is often overlooked.

The Congressional race getting most comment is the at-large race between Robert Taft, Jr., and Richard D. Kennedy (no relation to *the* Kennedys). Cause of the comment is Kennedy's cautious attitude toward integration: at the post-primary Democratic state convention, he tried to strike the entire civil-rights section of the party platform. No one seconded his motion. The race is now considered Taft's almost by default. Some of the twenty-three district contests for Congress will undoubtedly be close, but a net gain of more than one or two seats for either party would be a major surprise.

SUNSET YEARS in the CACTUS . . *by Stan Steiner*

> All I can hear is the din of land, land, land. It shakes the reason out of men.—*Letter of a pioneer in the 1850s.*

IN THE inscrutable deserts of the Chiricahua Apache is the Horizon Land Corporation's Shangri-La.

West of the Canyon of the Skeleton, where Geronimo surrendered, a region of rocky desolation and inhospitable ravines, and east of the Cochise stronghold in the gaunt Dragoon Mountains, deformed by erosion, the hideout of refugees from Tombstone's lawmakers, lie the arid stretches of Sulphur Spring Valley. It is the site of one of the Southwest's mail-order real-estate booms — the "lush land" of Arizona Sun Sites, a subsidiary of Horizon Land.

The "lush land," so familiar to readers of the copywriter's dream advertised in full-page adjectives, is a beautiful desert. Beautiful: but is it habitable?

"Here," says the brochure of Horizon Land, "we are offering a healthful year-round climate, blessed with constant sunny days; with pure, unpolluted air; with land that is fertile; with an abundance of water, and most important with a way of life that offers tranquillity. . . ." Then it adds modestly, "Where else can you find land, good land, on which to build a home, grow practically anything the rest of the country grows?" Is it, perhaps, a bit warm for Shangri-La? Nonsense, the brochure says with assurance: "Sunshine is the ESSENCE OF LIFE . . . without sunshine there would be no light."

By "an abundance of water," hopefully the reference is not to the eroded, dry bed of Willcox Dry Lake some fifteen miles up the lonely paved road. Hopefully, it does not refer, either, to the San Pedro River, beyond the Dragoon Mountains — an almost dry gulch much of the year, accessible only via a dirt road and a thirty-mile jeep ride.

By "tranquillity," it is doubtful that there is reference to the fact that in this desert area, eighty miles long and sixty miles wide, the nearest town to the Horizon Land subdivision is Pearce, a ghost town; or that the valley is so sparsely populated that its three "cities," spread over seventy miles, have fewer than 250 inhabitants, or that "the bustling city of Willcox," the brochure's self-styled "Cattle Capital of the Nation," has a population of 2,441.

By the blessing of "constant sunny days" no reference, hopefully, is meant to the temperatures of 140 degrees on the open desert — heat so intense it melts the rubber on car windshields, sunshine so scorching the AAA cautions tourists in the region not to stroll afoot or leave their cars lest they be sunstruck.

What is meant by "good" land is anyone's guess. Local ranchers, when shown the brochure, do not reply in quotable form.

Visiting these "Sunsites" of the "booming Southwest," — which few prospective buyers have done — one gazes at a bowling-alley valley of desert, hung up in a haze of heat and untainted by such blemishes as trees. Yucca, that spiny sentinel of the desert, abounds; there are saguaro cacti; but even the hardy mesquite seems to shun the terrain. For wildlife, one has to seek out the stubborn desert rat and anti-social rattlesnake; the more amiable creatures have gone off in search of gentler climes. But there *are* signs of life. On the desert, there is a crisscross pattern of "roads," 300 miles of them, built by the M. M. Sundt Construction Co. by the simple method of driving bulldozers over the valley. The "roads" have the appearance of a huge checkerboard — without checkers for the players. There is not a house to be seen.

"This is your life," the brochure says, "in Arizona."

Under the circumstances, one can understand with what pride Horizon Land announced that in four months some 10,000 "Sunsites" had found buyers.

Land, it seems, still "shakes the reason out of men." Given the romantic dreams obtainable for $10 down and $10 a month, the generous ethics of newspaper advertising departments and the facilities afforded by the U.S. Post Office, the sales of desert wasteland, by mail order, have burst into a boom that would have made old Doc Holliday, of Tombstone, envious.

"IT IS a shame to sell this land to people who can never use it," an official of the Arizona State Land Department told Phoenix's *Arizona Republic*. Still, in Arizona alone, real-estate men estimate that 100,000 home-sites have been sold.

STAN STEINER is a poet and novelist with a special interest in the Southwest. He is the author of The Last Horse *(Macmillan), a children's book on the Navajo.*

Up in the uninhabited edges of Mohave County, in the northern corner of the state bordering on California's Mohave Desert, some 60,000 lots have been unloaded. Lake Mohave Ranchos, about twenty miles distant from the lake of its namesake, has sold 14,000 lots. Golden Valley, a subdivided paradise for geologists and fossil collectors, has sold out its entire subdivision of 16,000 lots. Paradise Acres, Golden Horseshoe Ranchos and Sacramento Ranchos are selling like hot — desert — cakes; while Mead-O-Rama and Mead View Estates, whose promoters carol the cool praises of "nearby" Lake Mead — it is actually visible from a "nearby" hill — are reported to be doing a brisk trade.

"Horizon City" in Texas, another Horizon Land promotion, located in the alkali deserts twenty miles from El Paso, is similarly successful. Dennis Wagner, the president of the local Real Estate Board, has expressed his cautious "doubt [of] the possibility of any large-scale building in the near future" on this forlorn land, and the Better Business Bureau is reported "skeptical"; but neither "doubt" nor "skepticism" has dissuaded lot purchasers. New Mexico's "Belen Community," thirty miles from Albuquerque, and Colorado's rangeland "cities"—visionary as the Seven Cities of Cibula — are registering sales equally unhindered by realities. Nor do California's Mohave Desert subdivisions lack visionaries with open pocketbooks.

The buyers, who seek an unobtainable dream as much as obtainable land, often do not journey out to see what they have bought. "Forty per cent of our purchasers buy home-sites by mail, sight unseen," says one land promoter.

One Negro couple from New York did make the trek. Leaving behind their belongings, sold to pay off the balance of $200 on their lot, they traveled West with nothing but what they could carry, and set about to find their Shangri-La in Mohave County, Arizona.

The tale is told by Robert L. Peart, chairman of the Mohave County Board of Supervisors, to whom the couple came to help them find their property. Searching the maps, the county official finally located the lot in question and sadly informed the pilgrims: "I doubt if you could get to that lot with a Caterpillar tractor, that area is so rough." Having exhausted their savings, the unhappy couple decided to settle down, an inch away by map, from their unreachable dream.

LIKE most who do make the pilgrimage to their prospective half-acre ranches, the Negro couple were elderly and retired urbanites. Neither their age nor their experience prepared them for life outside the glossy confines of the land promoters' brochure. Housing is scarce and jobs are few in the real-estate boom areas. Land bought and sold by subdividers is the cheapest possible, usually wasteland or unwanted desert range, too poor to support cattle. Such land is usually far from industries or cities. In the Mohave subdivision there are but two towns, Chloride and White Hills — both ghost towns.

"A lot of these folks come here with Social Security retirement," says Supervisor Peart, "and they expect to get free medical and hospital care and help from the county." His complaint is heard in county offices throughout the boom areas. Social-welfare rolls have been grudgingly increased in a political atmosphere not noted for its partiality to the "welfare state" philosophy. Even if the purchasers do not go West to claim their properties, there is still burdensome paper work to be done. Says Peart: "The work load has tripled for the assessor, the treasurer and county recorder."

Since taxes on this wasteland are a pittance hardly affected by the $10 deposit usually demanded, the county is hard put to meet the situation. In Mohave County the situation has become so grievous that it has been designated a "depressed area" by the federal government.

THESE Social Security pioneers to the virgin land of the Southwest, who subsist on $180 a month, are at times worse off if they find their lots than if they do not.

Often miles from any paved road, on "roads" that are the barest bulldozed scars that turn into impassable gullies with the first cloudburst, far from neighbors, the locations turn the simplest and most rudimentary acts of ordinary living into formidable achievements.

Water, for example.

In the lowlands of the desert, the drilling of an artesian well of 200 to 300 feet will, with luck, bring in a good flow of water. Cost: a reasonable $1,000. But on the northern plateau, where Mohave County sits, a reliable well can cost anywhere from $1,500 to $17,000. Even then, an electric pump is likely to prove a problem when there is no electricity. Such was the difficulty faced by Mr. and Mrs. Grandstaff, who left their home near Cleveland, Ohio, for a home-site in the Lake Mohave Ranchos. Grandstaff, sixty-eight, pensioned, learned that the "plenty of water" promised was there all right — at Lake Mead, thirty miles away. The nearest drilled well was some four and a half miles from his lot. Living in a trailer, the elderly pensioner has to haul water in fifty-gallon barrels these four and a half miles.

The "water" that the land-promotion brochures invariably allude to so generously is a dry joke to Southwesterners. Yearly, the Western Resources Conference is plagued by reports of water shortages. "The water-shy Southwest," as the *Denver Post* calls the region, fights a continuous battle for water — county vs. county, town vs. town. Williams, one of the oldest towns in northern Arizona, is in so short supply that water has to be brought in by railroad car.

County officials thus view with dubious eye the come-ons of the land promotions. Nevertheless, they are reluctant to reveal unpleasant truths that might burst the boom. Remaining unspoken is the fear that the boom will burst anyway with the uncomfortable results and messy scandals that recently shook up real-estate circles in Colorado.

LAST winter the Better Business Bureau of Denver sharply criticized four land promoters whose operations in the remote San Luis Valley of Colorado they deemed "questionable." "Excessive profiteering" was charged.

San Luis Valley, a quiet, mountain-encircled region along the New Mexico border, has fertile farm acreage as well as wasteland reaches so barren that they are useless even as rangeland. It was this wasteland, said the Denver investigators, that the mail-order land companies were selling to unsuspecting buyers. ". . . Developers attempted to sell plots to unwary out-of-state citizens, collecting small payments," reported the *Valley Courier* of Alamosa. It went on to report that the Better Business Bureau "warned that often the developer did not own the land being offered, but merely took an option on some Valley wasteland."

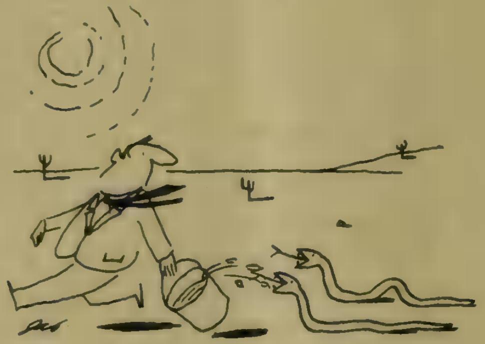
Investigations turned up transactions in which profits exceeded 5,000 per cent per lot. One of the promoters, the Rio Grande Estates, was charged with buying wasteland in the Costilla region, an arid and windswept mountain terrain that was assessed at 80c per acre, and reselling the land at $390 per lot. Spokesmen for the Denver Better Business Bureau estimated that promoters had been realizing a profit as high as $2,500 an acre on some of these wasteland sales. Companies taken to task by the Better Business Bureau investigators included the Rio Grande Estates, Aspen Acres, Cool Valley Estates and Alpine Village.

Profits in this type of land promotion do not usually reach these astronomical figures, but profits of 500 to 1,000 per cent are not uncommon.

In its current annual report, one of the most enterprising companies in the field, the American Realty and Petroleum Company (whose full-page advertisements for their Rio Rancho Estates near Albuquerque, New Mexico, have become well known to readers of the Sunday papers), lists the purchase price of its "Sunshine Paradise" at approximately $175 per acre. These acres are resold for $1,475. The company states that its lot sales, to date, have had a face value of $11,374,788; "cost of lots sold," the report adds, was $2,253,774.

"Never again will you see prices as low," says American Realty in its brochure. Horizon Land's brochure says: "We all know someone who 'knows someone' who just sold some land and made a huge profit on the deal." Presumably no irony was intended in either case.

The Colorado Real Estate Board, investigating complaints against the Bonded Land Development Co. of Denver lodged by the California Division of Real Estate, uncovered an old and honored dodge. Bonded Land was a promotion scheme that operated through the selling of "chances" on Colorado real estate—at "a small carrying charge" — to gullible Californians. It actually owned none of the land it was bestowing. The unlucky lot owners of nonexistent lots were, however, out-of-state and so were out of luck as well, the Colorado Real Estate Board decided.



Shoestring promotions, based on small investments and large profit-taking, tend toward operations that crowd the borderline of legality. Consider the aforementioned Rio Rancho Estates ("Purple canyons and scenic desert. . . . And on every hand . . . lakes, rivers and rushing streams") where "more than 35,000 acres" — sometimes referred to as 55,000 acres — are offered for sale by American Realty. In reality, the acreage turns out to be a bit less. Of the 35,000 — or 55,000 — acres, "the company received title to 6,291 acres," according to the company's annual report. An additional 4,000 acres are "due October 1, 1962." The remainder, and vast majority, of the property is held under option and not by actual title. What happened here was that American Realty made a down payment of only $753,000 on the $9,800,000 price for the total tract; it is taking title to land only as rapidly as it is making payments. Here the trick, presumably, is to keep lot sales scrupulously within the limits of land to which title is held.

Not all boom promotions in the Southwest have been built on shaky financial foundations. But there have been enough to make a deep impression on the federal Department of Justice. Recently, in a message to the National Conference on Interstate Land Sales, held in San Francisco, Nicholas Katzenbach, U.S. Deputy Attorney General, noted:

> We, in the federal government, view with deep concern the inroads made by swindlers in the real estate development industry.
>
> We believe that it not only threatens the consumer's pocketbook and morale but also does great harm to the large body of legitimate subdividers who must contend with this unfair competition and operate in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust.

Katzenbach added that while the mail-fraud statute furnishes some protection, the real-estate industry must be encouraged to discipline itself and, most important, "measures are needed to create public awareness [of the problem] through disclosure requirements and educational programs."

Concern is spreading to the ordinary citizens of the Southwest, too. A Phoenix resident wrote recently to the *Arizona Republic*:

> Now, here, on the one hand, we are supposed to tell the people back East how we enjoy feeling like a hamburger in a broiler every summer and promote Phoenix every day of the year. . . . I believe we are approaching the problem from the wrong viewpoint. Forget about the soft sell, forget about coolers and air-conditioned offices. Play up the appeal to the rugged individualist. . . . We could have ads in all the Eastern papers: "Come out in a man's world and learn what it feels like to be a lighted cigarette."

SPAIN REVISITED . . *by Alexander Werth*

I HAD NOT been in Spain for twenty-five years. The last time I was there was at the end of 1937. In shelled, bombed, hungry Madrid, Ernest Hemingway was living at the Florida, the most heavily shelled hotel in the city (he liked it for that reason), with members of the International Brigade dropping in to have a chat with him and to get a stiff whisky out of his inexhaustible supply. The Front ran through the devastated University City on the outskirts of Madrid. Civilians were hungry, but morale among the Republican troops was still high, though the evil effects of "non-intervention" were already beginning to be keenly felt; and militarily (as the long and murderous battle of Teruel was to show soon afterwards), all the advantages were on the side of the heavily armed Fascists. Dissension among the Republicans was growing. When I showed a pass, signed by Prieto, the Minister of War, to a Communist sentry, he spat on it. And yet, despite all, the Republicans held out for another fourteen months. To the Spanish people, the Republic was not an empty word; its triumph would have meant a wholly new way of life for Spain. Franco's victory meant the establishment of a brutish, totalitarian regime, only too keen to include itself in Hitler's Order.

Now, especially in the last five or six years, we are told that the Franco regime isn't at all what it used to be. I have met English and American liberals who, after a visit to Spain, were quite starry-eyed about it. They asserted that the regime had become "positively liberal." The inimitable Malcolm Muggeridge, that anti-thirties man of the thirties, has been assuring us (in the *New Statesman*, of all places) that those who thought that "the outcome of the Spanish Civil War mattered enormously" were just ridiculous. Which is to assume that the continued existence of the Franco regime is all to the good, both for Spain and for the world.

Spain, in the last few years, has become the tourist's paradise. From Britain, France, Germany and America thousands have been spending their holidays in Spain, especially on the Costa Brava, living in luxury on a third or a quarter of what they would have to spend in France. Tossa has become an international Saint-Tropez, a scene (it seems) of such riotous living that even the Christian Spanish Government, for all the immense advantages it derives from tourism, had to issue on June 23 this quaintly worded order (in English) on "Protecting the Morality at Beaches, Swimming Pools and Places of Recreation":

> The big fluency of people at the seaside . . . claim for the revision of regulations about morality and good customs.
>
> 1) People over 14 are forbidden to use bathing suits along streets of any city. The use of shorts on the city centres is prohibited.
>
> 2) As a rule no lustful manifestations of immorality or lustful situations will be allowed, nor any action or extralimination which could lessen the public honesty or affect the traditional good customs of our country. . . .
>
> 3) Violations of the above regulations or the indulgence of directors, managers, parents or tutors will be punished by City Governors, Mayors, Chiefs of Police or the Direction General of Security according to the faculties to them granted by the Act of Police Spectacles of 2-9-41.

I saw this notice displayed in every hotel in Spain, even in the most respectable backwaters.

TO TELL the truth, I did not share the qualms about going to Spain which an English liberal expressed in the *New Statesman* the other day. He did not, he wrote, like to "spend a holiday in a country where one's luxury depends on a depressed standard of living for domestics, who have no right to campaign for a higher living wage . . . and where the people are afraid to talk openly to you for fear of political reprisals."

For one thing, neither of these two statements is strictly correct. The tourist trade has been of benefit not only to the regime and to hotel owners, but to many thousands of seasonal workers, many of whom (especially in Andalusia) live on a near-starvation level, and who make a little extra by working in tourist hotels as waitresses or dishwashers. The phenomenon of the seasonal worker is, indeed, very common in Spain; in Catalonia, I was able to observe thousands and thousands of wretched Andalusians—men, women and children—traveling by train in almost Goyaesque conditions to help in the grape harvest in France. To them, France was heaven. If, in Andalusia, a man earned (with luck) 300 pesetas (about $5) a week, in France at the height of the harvest he could earn nearly as much in a day. And year after year, these people were taking their families with them, always in the hope of being allowed to stay in France.

It must be said that, in northern Spain, such abject poverty does not hit you in the eye, unless you go to the trouble of exploring the *chabolismo* (the Spanish equivalent of the North African *bidonvilles* or tin-can towns) on the outskirts of the larger cities, where people still live in almost cave-man conditions. No doubt, a certain amount of modern housing is being built everywhere—not only the megalomaniac skyscrapers of Madrid and the vast office buildings of Barcelona or Saragossa, but also modest apartment houses on the outskirts of smaller cities like Burgos or Soria, where they make a strange contrast with the ancient houses that look like part of the yellow and ochre soil. Since 1957, some 50,000 apartments a year have been built—not many.

BUT FOR most Spaniards, life is a hard struggle. Apart from the phenomenon of seasonal labor, there is the equally common phenomenon of "moonlighting"—holding down two or more jobs in order to make ends meet. Although Spanish postmen are dressed up almost like generals, I talked to one who had a large family and who, in order to feed it, had to work at night as a watchman in a bank—allowing himself only three or four hours' sleep.

The great slogan of the Franco regime today is the "Europeanization of the Spanish economy," but this

Mississippi Mud . . *by Sidna Brower*

Because of the dearth of information generally about the attitude of Ole Miss students towards James Meredith and the events which preceded and followed his admission to the campus, we invited Miss Sidna Brower, editor of The Mississippian, *the campus daily, to report on the subject for our readers. Miss Brower's editorials on the campus rioting, printed in* The Mississippian, *attracted nation-wide attention.*—Ed.

"STUDENTS started out yesterday by shouting slogans of their pride in Mississippi and ended up with nothing to be proud of," read the first paragraph in the lead story of *The Mississippian*'s "riot issue."

The curiosity of hundreds of Ole Miss students changed to shock, and the bright gleam of Governor Ross Barnett's new popularity on the campus began to dim, as students witnessed violent demonstrations sweeping the university grounds.

Not only students, but almost the entire State of Mississippi, had expected a miracle from a demigod — Governor Barnett. After all, he had sworn in his campaign speeches that there would not be integration as long as he was Governor. For a short while, it seemed as if he could keep his pledge. The new hero of the "great sovereign State of Mississippi" wrote proclamations, hired the state's leading legal minds and listened to the advice of the national president of the White Citizens Councils. After he had successfully defied federal court orders for the first time, the state's citizens put almost complete trust in his drive to keep James Meredith out of the university. Students who had formerly booed him at football games began to "Roll with Ross."

But while the students cheered Barnett, they never dreamed that their university would appear as a torn battlefield at dawn on October 1, 1962. True, they didn't want Ole Miss to become the first Mississippi college to be integrated. They were prepared to hurl nasty remarks, but never would there be an actual fight, much less bloodshed on their campus. There was still the sincere belief that the Governor was right. After all, he was standing up for an old Southern tradition, even if few Southerners can state exactly what that tradition is.

Some Southerners have expressed their firm belief in "white supremacy." These people fear their "superiority" would be overthrown if the Negro were allowed in all-white colleges. There was, and still is, the fear among some of the lower classes that the Negro, if educated, would be on an equal economic basis with them; thus "the poor white trash" would have no scapegoat. Even some members of the upper classes fear economic equality: if Negroes became educated, they would cease to be a source of cheap labor. Naturally, among many Mississippians and other Southerners is the constant fear that integrated schools will lead ultimately to intermarriages. Thus the white race would no longer be "superior." Yet many of those who most fear for the "degeneration" of the white race are the products of the degeneration of their own fine old families.

AS THE period of uncertainty lengthened, tensions mounted. The less radical segregationists said, "I just don't care; I wish something would happen one way or the other." A few students transferred to other schools to escape the problem—not of integration, but of the continued campus unrest. Radicals became even more extreme, more determined to fight; some were actually willing to kill "that damn Nigger."

Very few students wanted Meredith to enter Ole Miss and a few more didn't really care; the vast majority, however, wanted their university to remain segregated. "The federal government is forcing Meredith down our throats and if we let one in, they will send more Negroes down here," was the honest opinion of a great number of students. Now that Meredith is in, they are saying, "They pushed him down our throats and if we don't show some disapproval, there will be several more Negroes trying to get in." Thus they jeer at Meredith, "Nigger, go home," "I'll kill you," "Go to hell, black bastard."

The so-called moderates on the campus were disgusted with the federal government for having imposed integration by force. Although they personally do not resent integration, they felt such extreme measures should not have been taken. They feel the whole affair has actually slowed down desegregation.

Almost all the students seem to think that Meredith was selected as the guinea pig for integration in Mississippi. Hardly any twenty-nine-year-old married veteran would be easily accepted on a campus where most students are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one — much less a Negro. Students felt that since Meredith lacked only one semester at Jackson State and, as a result of his transfer, will have to attend classes for another year, he was not sincerely interested in his education but merely in desegregating Ole Miss.

Many students and Mississippians still firmly believe that Ross Barnett was right in every action; they read only Mississippi papers and thus read and hear only what they want. But some students are searching their consciences and asking questions; for them, Barnett's aura of heroism has faded. They are in doubt where to place the blame for the Sunday riots. They do not want integration, but they feel violence is not the answer. They believe the Governor incited the riots in part, but do not entirely blame the state officials. (University officials are completely out of the picture, since they were caught between state and federal governments.) Now the students look to the administration for advice—and until recently, at least, were receiving little.

Naturally, Mississippians tend to blame the federal courts, the government and the Justice Department. They believe that the Justice Department, after forcing the issue of integration upon the state, is attempting to make the students accept Meredith as "one of them." Although most students refused to accept Meredith, they have accepted the fact that the university has been desegregated, and are attempting to settle down to normalcy. But in others the flame of hatred still burns; they continue to believe that "the South shall rise again" and that the "great State of Mississippi" will once more be sovereign.

development has been very lopsided. The emphasis, up till now, has been on industry; if, between 1929 and 1960, industrial production has increased by some 160 per cent, agriculture has been practically stagnant and, as recently as 1958, its output was still 13 per cent lower than in 1929. The "two capitalisms"—the old, predominantly Catalan and Basque capitalism and the "new" capitalism, a product of the regime itself, benefiting from American aid, American and German investments, etc.—still largely stick to the old principle (as one Spaniard rather morosely put it) that "you only lend to the rich" — i.e., to industry, but not to agriculture, where no quick returns are to be expected. Driving in a ramshackle bus from Saragossa to the French border, I saw only two tractors; altogether, the statistics show only 35,000 tractors for the whole country. The share of the Spanish budget devoted to sorely needed agricultural improvements is still below 1 per cent of the total. A quarter of the budget goes to the Army; 40 per cent to maintain the administration, civil service and police; 20 per cent to the economic departments (mostly industry, but not to the railways, which are in terrible shape), and 9 per cent to education.

The whole system, for all the fine words the regime uses to describe it, is essentially based on a super-exploitation of the working class. Real wages today are barely more than half of what they were in 1936, the last normal year of the Republic. Still, Mr. Muggeridge insists that the outcome of the Civil War was quite unimportant! Only a year or two ago, Sanz Orrio, Franco's Minister of Labor, declared that "Present conditions do not lend themselves to any big claims on the part of the workers." Since then, there have been the great strikes of last April and May involving at least 150,000 workers, despite the fact that strikes are "illegal."

The living standard of "organized" labor, and especially of the unorganized, remains extremely low; not only is the proportion of the family budget—55 per cent—spent on food about the highest in Europe, but the kind of food eaten is of small nutritive value: bread, oil, vegetables, melons, but few eggs and very little meat or fish. *Afan*, the trade-union journal (government-sponsored, of course) recently assured workers that "the digestion of a big meal quickly led to fatigue, and had an adverse effect on productivity."

Serious Spanish studies have estimated that 83 per cent of the Spanish population was receiving only 30 per cent of the national income, while it contributed 60 per cent of the state revenue. The 83 per cent includes small industrialists suffering from the power of the big joint-stock companies; small shopkeepers suffering from supermarkets; small landowners paying heavy taxes, and countless small officials—all the way from the teacher to the gendarme or postman. But big capitalism is flourishing and remains, together with the Army and the Church (on the latter, however, it would be rash to generalize), the real backbone of the regime. It would be tedious to enumerate all the highly profitable posts held in the big companies, corporations and banks by Franco's brother Nicholas, or by his son-in-law, the Marquess of Villaverde, or by the hundreds of ministers, ex-ministers and generals representing the Franco hierarchy. Many bishops, who became curiously outspoken during the recent strikes, have commented, from time to time, on this "scandalous nepotism."

Yet, is there a serious opposition to the regime?

IT IS probably true to say that there is no Opposition, but only a number of disunited oppositions. Anyone thinking in terms of overthrowing the regime is merely daydreaming. But there is a strong belief in some kind of "evolution," and now that Franco is seventy, the belief grows stronger every day. Even today there are signs that something has changed. The April-May strikes may not have brought the workers any real benefits, but they demonstrated a few significant facts. With Spain anxious (for the most mercenary reasons, it is true) to become "part of Europe," Franco, despite his first inclination, hesitated to launch an all-out armed attack on the "illegal" strikers. Secondly, parallel with the official "syndicalist" organizations, there functions, as the strikes showed, a virtually open "clandestine" labor movement of predominantly Socialist inspiration. Much deeper below the surface are also some Communist influences, though how important these are it is very hard to say.

More significant, perhaps, are the liberal and Socialist trends to be found among the lower clergy, above all in the Basque provinces, the working-class areas of Barcelona and among the various Catholic youth movements. And yet the greater part of the Church hierarchy is solidly behind the Franco regime, and many of its "liberal" gestures have aptly been described as part of a "false opposition," often reflecting not much more than a rivalry between the Church and the Falangists (from whom the Church took over the education of youth in 1947) or between Catholic Action and *Opus Dei*.

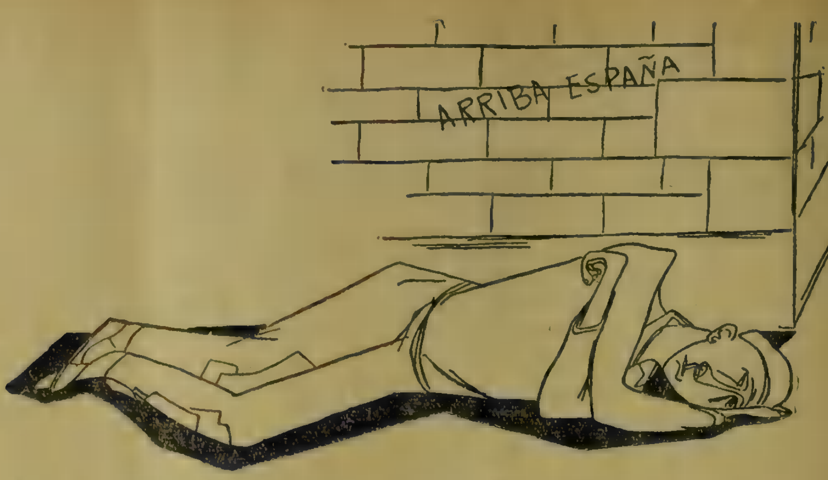
THEN there is the question of the different Spanish generations. The survivors of the active Republicans (there are not so very many left, for nearly half a million lost their lives between 1936 and 1943, while nearly as many fled to France) are mostly bitter and discouraged men. I had a long talk one day with a man of fifty who looked at a picture of Franco and his ministers on the front page of the newspaper I was reading.

"They've been with us for twenty-five years now, and look at us! I had four years of it," he said, putting his wrists together in a handcuff gesture. "Four years in jail. Yes, I was in the Republican Army. We were let down by everybody—by France, by Britain, by our own lack of unity. Anyway, these wolves had Hitler on their side. And so they won, and all our dreams went up in smoke. You could have done something to Hitler's ally in 1945; now it's too late. He's getting American money. He's become respectable in the eyes of the world. We can't start another civil war. People of my generation are too scared of war, and the younger people are mostly wholly unpolitical. Football, cinema, girls—that's all they're interested in. They grumble, but they won't do anything. Perhaps one can hardly blame them."

This *apolitismo* is, of course, common to all Europe today. You have it in France. You have it in Britain. But in Spain it has some rather special features, and is partly created by the regime itself. Since neither Franco nor the regime seems capable of arousing any real support among the ordinary people, the regime prefers that citizens not bother about politics at all. In small provincial Spanish towns, many of which I visited, I found that life was dull and sometimes downright sordid for ordinary people. So the youth tended to be escapist. Between 7 and 9 P.M. the whole town flocks (as it always did) into the main street, to meet friends and to show off new clothes (for even a poor Spaniard, especially in Castile, Aragon or Catalonia, will never be seen wearing shabby clothes); and then they disperse to cafés, dance halls or cinemas. Occasionally in cafés or bars one hears some quite candid political conversations, but mostly the talk is about football. Cinemas show mostly adventure films of the trashiest kind, at least 70 per cent of them American, and most of the others Spanish of the *Song of Andalusia* variety. No more distinguished is the quality of the radio, on which serial novelettes of a sentimental and vaguely erotic kind are the chief attraction. Very few books are read in Spain, apart from the highly popular "TBOs"—the equivalent of our comics—and cheap paperback thrillers.

MOST significant is the position of the press. Daily papers are chiefly bought (if they are bought at all) for their numerous sports pages; but there is an obvious distrust and dislike of newspapers. Spanish domestic affairs are dealt with in only the most superficial way, while foreign affairs are highly colored, with a strong cold-war undercurrent. An enormous amount of space is nowadays devoted to Cuba, "Russia's bridgehead in America."

But even some occasional touches of nonconformism do not save the Spanish press from its sad fate. *ABC* of Madrid and *Vanguardia* of Barcelona have a sale of 100,000 each; but the total sale of the daily press in Spain is about 600,000 copies—i.e., one newspaper per fifty Spaniards! And a recent inquiry showed that even these papers were usually bought for their sports pages.



This virtual sabotage of the press points to a curious combination of *apolitismo* and distrust of the official spokesmen of the regime (all editors are appointed by the government). This, and much else, illustrates what is perhaps the most fundamental impression one gets after a searching look at Spain: and that is that it is a Fascist state, but not a Fascist country.

ORDINARY people have been stultified by the regime in all kinds of ways, and most of the "oppositions" are dispersed, vague, timid and politically inexperienced. But what is certain is that, among the popular masses, the regime is neither loved nor respected; and even if it is no longer the terrorist regime it once was, it still has its thousands of political prisoners, its secret police, its torture chambers and special tribunal.

This is no piece of imagination. Whereas, during the strikes, Franco and his colleagues were frightened into making promises to the strikers and even a few concessions, once the strikers were back to work the Caudillo started showing his claws again. In the press, the Asturian miners began to be treated as anti-social and criminal elements, even as Communists. Many workers were fired without compensation of any kind. According to reliable information, sixty strikers — mostly men over fifty — were fired from the General Electrica of Bilbao; many were sent (in fact, deported) to other parts of Spain; still others were jailed.

Ramon Ormazabal was arrested at Bilbao, accused of being a "Communist ringleader"; a painter, Maria Dapena, and her husband, Jose Villate, were jailed for having given him shelter. Particularly numerous were the arrests among the Basque intellectuals: the painter Agustin Ibarrola and his brother; the poet Vidal de Nicolas; an art critic, Antonio Pericas; a lawyer, Enrique Mugica. For six weeks these people were put through the third degree and then transferred to a jail in Madrid, where they now await trial by a military tribunal. The left-wing French Catholic review *Esprit* has since given some harrowing details of this example of "democracy" at work in the Spain of the Caudillo.

EVERY Spaniard I met thought there would be a change—sometime. Such a feeling is particularly prevalent among the university elite. But as one young student put it to me: "American influence and help in our country have cut both ways. Let us assume that they have really 'liberalized' our regime. But, as Franco says, this is a regime of Freedom and Order. That's to say, Freedom says something it shouldn't say, and Order socks it then between the eyes. It's a little less bad than it was—but not much. As against this, the United States has consolidated and perpetuated the regime—perhaps even *beyond* Franco. That's our chief worry. And," he added, "there's another thing. We like foreigners. We'd like to meet lots of foreigners, and even take risks in talking to them. Instead, all that your countries send us are those silly tourists. They look at cathedrals and eat and eat, and don't even look round to see what a sad and tormented country this is."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Canada's Literature of Revolt

Louis Dudek

LIKE the United States about a hundred years ago, Canada today is very much concerned about becoming a nation with a literature, arts, a distinctive character. Perhaps it's too late for rising nationalities, in a world moving toward larger global organizations and even toward world perspectives in literature and the arts, but small ambitious nationalities are bound to ignore that kind of discouragement. And Canada is not even small.

One of the highly developed countries, industrially, and also culturally, with a score of fine universities, with notable scholars and scientists to show, with growing but neglected literatures in both French and English languages, Canada yet feels impatient with what it has done so far and is doing now; it feels capable of much greater things.

Canada still believes in most of the positive virtues. A country trying to get on its feet is not likely to doubt the pleasures of walking. We believe in "culture," in self-improvement, in *les arts*. A young American a few years ago (I forget whether it was Olson or Creeley; of that group, anyhow) said to us that "to be thirty years behind the United States is to be lucky right now." Even our cultural lag, our conservatism, may have its advantages. But there is also the drama of a revolt against the old world, against the stolid provincial virtues (the Sabbath Day law in Toronto, Bermuda shorts banned in the midwest, no uncut films in Quebec), a revolt that has been going on for the past forty years. It gives our literature a dynamic setting for some of the discords of modern life and ideas, and the best Canadian books are rich in conflict and ferment.

But for the moment, it's just as hard to make England or America see the vigor and growth of Canada in its literature as it was to make England accept "American Literature" in the last century. Matthew Arnold, ridiculing the idea of an American literature, tossed off the jibe: "Are we to have a primer of Canadian Literature, too?" Had he looked into the matter he would have found several anthologies already in existence. Ignorance of the Canadian scene is one of the main props for such continuing prejudice.

The lack of recognition outside Canada only enforces the main crippling reflex that has long kept this country from standing up for itself. Without a Declaration of Independence, without a Revolution to cause the spirit to cast off colonial loyalties, Canada has lacked the self-confidence that America so quickly achieved in Tom Paine and Franklin and Whitman. Say it was a bit overdone, but it was salutary. Self-doubt before the awesome superiority of England, and later before the vigor of America, has made Canadians a self-depreciating lot, displeased with their own land and people, unsure of their own powers. Often the best Canadian is an Anglophile who feels as T. S. Eliot might if he had been condemned to live out his life in St. Louis. I wrote last summer, in the course of a long poem:

> Voltaire has it: "The Canadian
> savage persists."
> And a Beat poet: "Quebec, what a
> horrible city!"
> "Went to the University of
> Montreal," wrote Masters,
> "learned nothing and returned home."
>
> We take a beating, not only from
> ourselves.

For this reason most of our literature of revolt, in these last forty years, has been concerned with violent self-rejection and self-correction, with "Satire, Invective" and every kind of "Disrespectful" attack on the Canadian environment. The quoted words come from the subtitle of a recent anthology, *The Blasted Pine*, satiric poetry collected by F. R. Scott and A. J. M. Smith. This catharsis of abuse pointed at Canadian life has both the function of creating a larger independence in the writer (who thereby thrusts himself away from the native limitations) and of finding a local expression for some of the most iconoclastic, undermining and ruthless features of modernism in literature.

The first stage of such a sapping and liberating revolt in Canada is the novel or poem depicting the deadly suffocating effect of life in this country, especially in a specific regional or urban setting. The fine novel by Sinclair Ross, *As For Me and My House* (available in a Toronto paperback), depicts clerical life in Canada's midwest as unredeemed anguish, quiet desperation. So too, a poet like James Reaney, with his brilliant simulated madness, presupposes a constricting, intolerable environment in the Ontario towns; his irrationality and zany humor make excessive compensation for the prosaic and unimaginative fact. (*A Suit of Nettles* is the best of his books in print.) But the most devastating catalogue of anti-Canadianism appears in the masterfully written travel book, *Canada Made Me*, by Norman Levine, a Canadian poet and novelist living in England. These are samples out of a large literature dealing with Canada as a kind of S.P.C.A. gas chamber. Strains of the same repressed exasperation appear in almost all our local-setting novels and books of poetry.

A FEELING of suffocation, however, is not yet a feeling of rebellion. Edwin Arlington Robinson and A. E. Housman suffered this static condition of despair and exasperation just prior to the flow of activist poetry in America and England earlier in this century. But what raises them at once as poets, and what the Canadians here often lack, is the universality of theme that their statement implies. The Canadian keeps his eyes closer to the ground; at worst he is merely regional or provincial. And as that shrewd writer Nabokov points out, "Local colors are not fast colors."

Let us repeat that Canadians, by and large, are a bit old-fashioned. Even their best novels smack of the 1920s and 30s, of Hemingway, Farrell and Dos Passos. Exploratory novels like *Les Chambres de Bois* of Anne Hébert or Sheila Watson's *Double Hook* are few and find no public; folkish plays like Gelinas' *Bousile et les Justes* or the farce *My Fur Lady* abound and go far. To venture beyond good and evil, yet in tension with a scrupulous discrimination—as in Proust or Gide—this we have not yet tried. The tiresome "break with Victorianism" is still going on here; and the gap between the intellectual and the popular is probably greater even than it is in the United States.

Looking back, *Maria Chapdelaine*,

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written by a Frenchman, Louis Hémon, who lived a year and a half in Canada, sentimentalized and created an idyll of French "habitant" life. It is typical of our literature before the change, before the modern swing to realism and negation. In English, Bliss Carman who for Ezra Pound summarized the climate of American poetry around 1900, represents a corresponding conformity, actually Emersonian transcendentalism and Josiah Royce imported into Canada. Only Archibald Lampman among our *fin-de-siècle* poets had the pessimistic overtones that still make him interesting to modern ears.

TODAY, most Canadians are flagellants still. But the second and more interesting phase of our self-purification (i.e., liberation) occurs when the writer takes action and allows his rage or explicit rejection to appear in his work. Canada had its angry young men in this sense, and its proto-Beats, before 1950. We trace our active rebellion to Robert Service, whose flight from the drawing room to the north was at least an adolescent running away from home. ("It's hell!—but I've been there before; / And it's better than this by a damsite— / So me for the Yukon once more.") In the 1930s we had the drypoint etchings of F. R. Scott and the satiric euphorious poems of A. M. Klein to point toward a strong modern realism. This came in the early forties in Montreal, with a handful of wild little magazines that for the first time tore the roof off loyalism and puritanism and aimed their guns at local complacency and conformity.

Raymond Souster of Toronto does it best in poetry, with a direct simple line of singing invective:

> Even a worm will turn, gentlemen,
> Nobody can slum it better than a worm, but even a worm
> Even such a humble creature will presently grow tired
> Of rot, of decay, no matter how extensive, exclusive, fashionable, or powerful,
> Even a worm will demand more than blindness, a more proud locomotion than crawling . . .

This was written sometime around 1944 when the local poetry renaissance was at its height. In the same vein, Irving Layton's early poetry lashed out at the Canadian social landscape. His blatant verdict, "A dull people," has stuck like a burr. Among the prose writers today Mordecai Richler's novels add considerable hilarity to the same impetus, with a desire to free himself, not only from Canada, but from the particular streets of Montreal where his youth suffered insult.

Jewish writers have played an important role in this literature of local revolt. From A. M. Klein to Adele Wiseman they have reported sympathetically on Jewish life; but in Richler, Levine and Layton a powerful self-rejection adds to the Canadian complex of self-criticism. They help to carry through a literary growth which the predominant Anglo-Calvinist and French-Catholic cultures would find it difficult to maintain on their own. Other nationalities in the Canadian melting pot act in the same way: Gnarowski (Russian origin) is editor of the magazine *Yes;* Vizinczey (Hungarian) edited *Exchange;* Dudek (Polish origin) edits *Delta;* Acorn (some German background) edits *Moment.* In this respect, the Canadian pattern has only recently come to resemble the American. Less than ten years ago a Toronto critic could still write that "cultural devotion to the mother country has been central. Certainly no challenge has come . . . from non-Anglo-Saxon sources."

In the 1940s the literary revolt here against complacencies in religion and morality, against the old poetic conformities, took a leftist political turn. Around 1947 radicalism suffered the familiar reaction. But the literary swing away from politics simply veered away from a simplification; it did not abandon the practical support of effective liberal policies or welfare-directed social reforms. What the literary leftists did abandon was the idea that the source of all evils can be simply finger-pointed, or that any change can make all things unassailably well. This kind of stultification continues in Soviet puritanism, and may still be a source of inspiration for Communist writers, but it is no longer a current formula here, if it ever was in its pure form.

The wider critical impetus in Canada, if it is to rise to universality, must become an aspect of the general "Blick ins Chaos"—Céline, Benn, Kafka, Moravia, Camus—translated onto native grounds. The deep-rooted negations of modern literature, which are the extreme implications of analytic rationalism brought face to face with its own works, a crisis combining religious, or if you like humanistic, impoverishment with terrifying material power—these larger negations must find expression, or the literature is sunk in superficiality and in family quarrels. Insofar as Canadian novels and poems do reflect this human crisis in particular terms, our literature merits attention abroad. And insofar as it has been limited by introverted self-criticism, it remains of local interest only.

In general I would say that some of our most highly considered poets and novelists suffer from the latter kind of provincialism. A fine poet and wit like F. R. Scott, now in his sixties and still writing and translating, has always limited his scope by his practical concern with local irritations. His best-known poem, "The Canadian Authors Meet" opens with—

> Expansive puppets percolate self-unction
> Beneath a portrait of the Prince of Wales.
> Miss Crotchet's muse has somehow failed to function,
> Yet she's a poetess. Beaming, she sails
>
> From group to chattering group, with such a dear
> Victorian saintliness, as is her fashion,
> Greeting the other unknowns with a cheer—
> Virgins of sixty who still write of passion.

And this writing is highly representative; F. R. Scott has been a great leader and initiator in our poetry for the past thirty-five years.

A deeper sounding into the dark reaches of modern thought appears in the current poets, James Reaney, Margaret Avison, Eli Mandel, Al Purdy, Jay Macpherson. And in Irving Layton this theme becomes glaringly explicit, even blatant, without much sensitivity for inherent tensions; perhaps a predictable Canadian variation. In the others, it is like Gide in prose, like Eliot in poetry, who carry on a painful quarrel with themselves and work toward a tentative resolution. In Reaney's *A Suit of Nettles* a nihilism perhaps as ruthless as any struggles with a will to order and moral intelligence. A similar awareness in Jay Macpherson uses a religious symbolism to contain the immanent chaos. The trouble with these writers is that their universality lacks particular reference. In short, either the Canadian writer fails to make his own experience the language of art, or he has the art without the reality of experience.

Yet realism, as in America, is inevitably at the core of the Canadian tradition. From the Chartist emigrant Alexander McLachlan through Lampman (a Fabian Socialist) and Service, through E. J. Pratt, our epic realist, to Scott and Layton and the Beat young poets of

Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal, social realism is our continuing strength. Of course, realism carried to its conclusion leads to some form of transcendentalism; and in Canada its marriage with "spirit" should be all the more promising, with the close proximity of a genuine Catholic French-Canadian literature. But unfortunately we have so far lived in "Two Solitudes," as two languages and two literatures, and the possibilities of marriage have only recently been broached.

In French Canadian writing, a revolt similar to the one I have described is actually taking place on a wide front. It amounts to an awakening of the French consciousness on Canadian soil and a discovery of its total dissatisfaction with the "habitant" status of yore and with the present subordination to English or "Americanizing" influences.

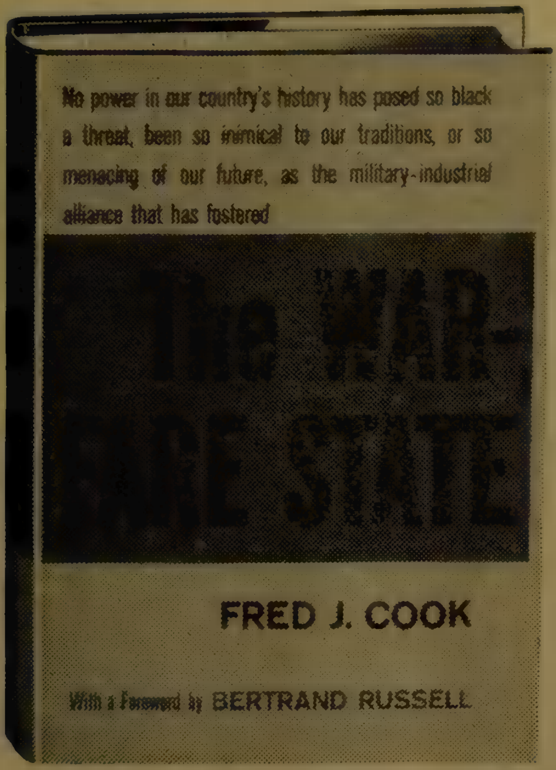
The result is a young Separatist movement of some vigor which could become a serious bid to establish a separatist French-speaking state in Quebec. So far, this movement has been useful, in stirring up English Canada to take notice of the French language and French writing in Canada; and it has stirred the French themselves into a multitude of practical activities.

At the moment, a powerful Social Credit Party is threatening to take power in the Province. Social Credit here is simply a way of casting a plague on both the traditional parties (Liberal and Conservative) and of putting up a counter-block to the New Democratic Party. It appeals to people with many irritations on their small minds and powerful conservative instincts, since it offers to put things right with a monetary gimmick, while avoiding any structural change in the economic order.

More to the point, new French publishing firms in Montreal, such as Les Editions de L'Homme and Les Editions du Jour, distinct from the old Church-inspired houses such as Fides, have brought out scores of popular books making a frontal attack upon the defects of their own culture. They have castigated their educational system, the influence of religion in primary education, the lack of non-sectarian schools in Quebec, the speech habits of the people (the so-called "Joual"—corruption of *cheval*—being the new name for sub-standard French), and the conservatism of their own people as an obstruction to the true cultural upsurge which seems to be in progress.

Their novelists, like the English, have moved from a sentimentalized picture of Canadian life (Gérin-Lajoie to Hémon) and have taken up realistic, objective criticism (*Trente arpents* of Ringuet) in which the air of desperation and suffocation dominates. In general, anguish and hysteria are abundant in both the prose and poetry. Finally, the dynamic element emerges clearly in a prolific novelist like Yves Thériault; and this is accompanied by works of dreamlike imagination, in Marie-Claire Blais and Anne Hébert, where reality is translated into a timeless language.

It's a pat formula with us to attribute "descriptive materialism" to English Canadian writing, and "spirituality," derived from Catholicism, to French Canada. What the critic Guy Sylvestre describes as "une terrible solitude spirituelle" in the poetry of Saint-Denys Garneau or Anne Hébert, and an exploration of "the darkness" in current novels ("Ils ont exploré surtout la nuit"), is really the personal search of writers who have broken away from Catholic moorings. The search, as in the English Canadian poets, moves


No power in our country's history has posed so black a threat, been so inimical to our traditions, or so menacing of our future, as the military-industrial alliance that has fostered
The WAR-FARE STATE
FRED J. COOK
With a Foreword by BERTRAND RUSSELL

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In this alarming, absorbing book, Fred J. Cook issues an urgent warning to the American people. His target is the military-industrial alliance that dominates our government today.

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MACMILLAN

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toward some form of symbolic or naturalistic transcendence, tentative yet persistent; it is also extremely individual and authentic.

Among the young in the colleges, one-act plays in the manner of Ionesco are now of course the order of the day. Way-out non-conformist magazines are also thriving: *Tish* in Vancouver, *Evidence* and *Moment* in Toronto, *Cataract* in Montreal. In French, a counterpart of this appears in the fierce iconoclastic stories of Marcel Godin in *La Cruauté des faibles,* and in the satires of the popular publishers, *Frère Untel, Le Notaire Poupart* and the "Joual" Dictionary. All this is good evidence of the chaos in which we thrive. But the Canadian view of chaos, as the thing becomes more terribly our own, is some form of earnest ray of insight toward a further order and a life of reason.

The best novelists for this thesis are also the best-known: Morley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan. In Callaghan's case a compassionate saving humanity, an echo perhaps of faded Irish Catholicism, or a foresight of an existential hope, corrects the hard realism of his stories and novels. Edmund Wilson has compared him with Chekhov and Turgenev; I do not see why not. Callaghan reaches in the right direction.

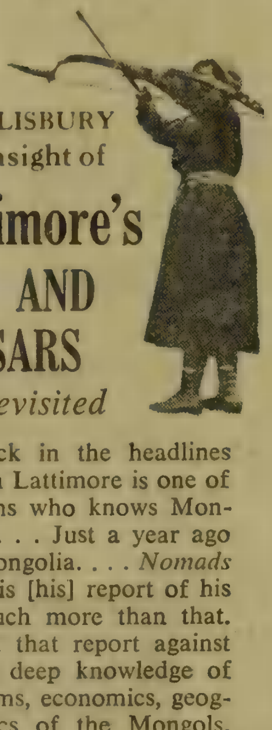
Hugh MacLennan has often registered his inability to bow before the overwhelming evidence of literary nihilism. He puts it down to his Nova Scotian conservatism and Scots Calvinist background. Actually his novels and essays fall back on a wise reasonableness that reminds us of the eighteenth century, an age that cured itself of puritanism and found solace in "common sense."

Neither of these novelists is extravagantly experimental. The Canadian sense of order, of compromise, appears even in the form and style, though MacLennan writes with cool Addisonian grace while Callaghan rushes forward with impulsive passion. The current novels of both, MacLennan's *The Watch That Ends the Night* and Callaghan's *A Passion in Rome,* are bathed in the same holy light.

Once the "revolt" against a specific Canadian life has taken place, the writer is only beginning to face the real problems of the situation. He has put behind him the "Waste Land" of Canadian living; but in the process, in the poetry of Reaney, or Mandel, the Canadian thing has become a sample of the general condition of human loss. He must then turn in search of a positive polarity, which is the maturing stage of the literary process. Revolt is universalized in human limitations, in the vacuity of life, in ignorance. The darkness is not particular with us—it would be an easy matter if it were, as Celia notes in *The Cocktail Party*—and we begin to discover that "the dark is not so dark" ("le noir n'est pas si noir": Valéry). It is at this stage of complexity that our best writers are now working.

These are conditions of self-discovery, and of rich seminal meaning, that can make for a literary abundance. In fact, something of the sort is already happening. The present crop of writers is widespread and wonderfully varied. As the dimensions of our experience are enlarged, we are for the first time able to translate our reality, even the Canadian waste, into living art.

An American critic has recently said (reviewing Colin McDougall's novel *The Execution*) that "the most important writing in the Western Hemisphere is now coming out of Canada." Frankly, we haven't looked at ourselves in that light. But there may be something in the claim.



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A Biography of the Agencies

THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATIVE AGENCIES: The Need for Better Definition of Standards. By Henry J. Friendly. Harvard University Press. 180 pp. $4.25.

Louis L. Jaffe

THE administrative agency is not a panacea; it is a governmental device and, as such, subject to certain characteristic infirmities. Americans, though they have now passed beyond the great morning of their world, are still a congenitally and creditably optimistic people. They are given to enthusiasm; they have great faith in nostrums, gadgets and newly discovered solutions. In the reforming eras first in the eighties, then under Wilson, and again under F.D.R., we discovered the administrative agency — the Commerce, Trade, Securities and Communication Commissions, the Labor Relations and Civil Aeronautics Boards. It seemed to be the key to continuous reform; to a regulation of our capitalist economy which would be bold and at the same time technically sound. These agencies *have* in fact done very commendable work, some of it — I instance the Labor Board — splendid. In the first enthusiasm, charged with a mandate which, however vaguely expressed, was deeply felt, they were sometimes able to implement their mission with virtuosity. The somewhat novel form of the administrative agency, its freedom from inherited procedures, its freedom from direct Presidential control, made it possible to carry through at high speed a hard-hitting program.

But most of the agencies have slowed down and in the opinion of many have gone over to the enemy. The slowdown, as I see it, was inevitable, and some of the organizational features which were strengths when the mandates were fresh became weaknesses in slack periods. Inevitably, an agency becomes committed to positions which it has itself evolved. This is often seen as capitulation to industry. It may be so interpreted, but it is also one more example of the symbiosis of government and industry under mutually evolved rules which characterizes

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all areas of our government. At this point in its evolution, the agency — free from direct Presidential control — is resistant to the immediate infusion of new and disturbing ideas which an active President can impart.

JUDGE FRIENDLY, before his elevation to the bench, practiced for more than two decades before the Civil Aeronautics Board and other agencies. His is one of the most powerful legal minds in America. His chief criticism of the agencies, which he documents in rich and precise detail, is their failure to formulate policy. In an opening chapter he expounds with splendid authority the values of "better definition" of policy, of the standards to be applied as cases arise for disposition. Better definition increases the likelihood of equal treatment; provides a basis for prediction and thus encourages investment; sets a target for public criticism; educates the administrative staff, and insulates the agency from pressure. Despite these advantages, too many agencies in Friendly's opinion proceed from case to case in unpredictable, wavering fashion; in one case emphasizing, let us say, the virtues of competition and then not much later deploring its deficiencies. Such vacillation is particularly disturbing to a lawyer and to his clients, insofar at least as they are interested in plan and predictability. It also encourages in the agency sloppy thinking, failure to look ahead, expediency and even corruption. In the past, however, the agencies were encouraged to maintain a posture of maximum deployment, a posture which one can admire as long as he trusts the general direction of an agency. But in the long run the losses may exceed the gains. When an agency loses the energizing sense of mission, flexibility may become flabbiness, flatulence and fatuity. On balance we must agree with Judge Friendly that the agencies should do more to formulate policies and guides.

But this does not cover the whole ground of the regulatory problem as it appears today. It is often the case that Congress refuses to establish a standard of administration, or quite explicitly insists on an unstable, ill-defined compromise, e.g., railroad rate regulation. When that happens it is at least doubtful that an agency has either the legal or the political mandate to fashion certainty out of Congressional compromise or confusion. Nor by and large do these agencies have the political or technical forces to do so. The agencies — particularly the so-called "independent agencies" — are quite deliberately disconnected by Congress from the dynamo of Executive power. They are extremely vulnerable to the discrete Congressional pressures through which private pressure filters. Board memberships are not sufficiently prestigious or interesting to attract, other than sporadically, the very best men. The multi-membership board compels compromise. For these reasons we cannot look to the agencies for daring leadership. We must with Judge Friendly encourage them to improve their performance as from time to time they do. But the primary initiative for regulation can come only from Congress and the Executive.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

EDWARD ALBEE'S *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Billy Rose Theatre) is packed with talent. It is not only the best play in town now: it may well prove the best of the season. Its significance extends beyond the moment. In its faults as well as in its merits it deserves our close attention.

It has four characters: two couples. There is hardly a plot, little so called "action," but it moves or rather whirls on its own special axis. At first it seems to be a play about marital relations; as it proceeds one realizes that it aims to encompass much more. The author wants to "tell all," to say everything.

The middle-aged wife, Martha, torments her somewhat younger husband because he has failed to live up to her expectations. Her father, whom she worships, is president of a small college. Her husband might have become the head of the history department and ultimately perhaps her father's heir. But husband George is a nonconformist. He has gone no further than associate professor, which makes him a flop. She demeans him in every possible way. George hits back, and the play is structured on this mutually sadistic basis. The first cause of their conflict is the man's "business" (or career) failure.

Because they are both attracted to what may be vibrant in each of them, theirs is a love-hate dance of death which they enact in typical American fashion by fun and games swamped in a sauce of strong drink. They bubble and fester with poisonous quips.

The first time we meet them they are about to entertain a new biology instructor who, at twenty-eight, has just been introduced to the academic rat race. The new instructor is a rather ordinary fellow with a forever effaced wife. We learn that he married her for her money and because of what turned out to be "hysterical pregnancy." The truth is she is afraid of bearing a child though she wants one. Her husband treats her with conventional regard (a sort of reflexive tenderness) while he contemplates widespread adultery for gratification and advancement in college circles. George scorns his young colleague for being "functional" in his behavior, his ambition, his attitudes.

So it goes: we are in the midst of inanity, jokes and insidious mayhem. Martha rationalizes her cruelty to George on the ground that he masochistically enjoys her beatings.

Everyone is fundamentally impotent, despite persistent "sexualizing." The younger wife is constantly throwing up through gutless fear. Her lightheadedness is a flight from reality. The older couple has invented a son because of an unaccountable sterility. They quarrel over the nature of the imaginary son because each of them pictures him as a foil against the other. There is

P.M.S. Blackett

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also a hint that as a boy George at different times accidentally killed both his father and mother. Is this so? Illusion is real; "reality" may only be symbolic—either a wish or a specter of anxiety. It does not matter: these people, the author implies, represent our environment; indeed they may even represent Western civilization!

The inferno is made very funny. The audience at any rate laughs long and loud—partly because the writing is sharp with surprise, partly because an element of recognition is involved: in laughter it hides from itself while obliquely acknowledging its resemblance to the couples on the stage. When the play turns earnestly savage or pathetic the audience feels either shattered or embarrassed. Shattered because it can no longer evade the play's expression of the audience's afflictions, sins and guilts; embarrassed because there is something in the play—particularly toward the end—that is unbelievable, soft without cause. At its best, the play is comedy.

Albee is prodigiously shrewd and skillful. His dialogue is superbly virile and pliant; it also *sounds*. It is not "realistic" dialogue but a highly literate and full-bodied distillation of common American speech. Still better, Albee knows how to keep his audience almost continuously interested (despite the play's inordinate length). He can also ring changes on his theme, so that the play rarely seems static. Albee is a master craftsman.

STRANGELY enough, though there is no question of his sincerity, it is Albee's skill which at this point most troubles me. It is as if his already practiced hand had learned too soon to make an artful package of venom. For the overriding passion of the play is venomous. There is no reason why anger should not be dramatized. I do not object to Albee's being "morbid," for as the conspicuously healthy William James once said, "morbid-mindedness ranges over a wider scale of experience than healthy-mindedness." What I do object to in his play is that its disease has become something of a brilliant formula, as slick and automatic as a happy entertainment for the trade. The right to pessimism has to be earned within the artistic terms one sets up; the pessimism and rage of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* are immature. Immaturity coupled with a commanding deftness is dangerous.

What justifies this criticism? The characters have no life (or texture) apart from the immediate virulence of their confined action or speech. George is intended to represent the humanist principle in the play. But what does he concretely want? What traits, aside from his cursing the life he leads, does he have? Almost none. Martha and George, we are told, love each other after all. How? That she can't bear being loved is a psychological aside in the play, but how is her love for anything, except for her "father fixation," and some sexual dependence on George, actually embodied? What interests—even petty—do they have or share? Vividly as each personage is drawn, they all nevertheless remain flat—caricatures rather than people. Each stroke of dazzling color is superimposed on another, but no further substance accumulates. We do not actually identify with anyone except editorially. Even the non-naturalistic figures of Beckett's plays have more extension and therefore more stature and meaning. The characters in Albee's *The Zoo Story* and *Bessie Smith* are more particularized.

If we see Albee, as I do, as an emerging artist, young in the sense of a seriously prolonged career, the play marks an auspicious beginning and, despite its success, not an end. In our depleted theatre it has real importance because Albee desperately wishes to cry out—manifest—his life. The end of his play—which seeks to introduce "hope" by suggesting that if his people should rid themselves of illusion (more exactly, falsity) they might achieve ripeness—is unconvincing in view of what has preceded it. Still, this ending is a gesture, one that indicates Albee's will to break through the agonizing narrowness of the play's compass.

Albee knows all he needs to know about play-making; he has still to learn something other than rejection and more than tearfulness. His play should be seen by everyone interested in our world at home, for as Albee's George says, "I can admire things I don't admire."

THE PRODUCTION—under Alan Schneider's painstaking direction—is excellent, as is the cast. Uta Hagen, with her robust and sensuously potent *élan*, her fierce will to expression and histrionic facility, gives as Martha her most vital performance since her appearance as Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. She is an actress who should always be before us. George Grizzard is perfect in conveying the normal amusements and jitters of the mediocre man. Melinda Dillon as his debilitated spouse is appallingly as well as hilariously effective, and though I have some difficulty in accepting Arthur Hill, in the role of Martha's husband, as a tortured and malicious personality he does very well with a taxing part.

A final note: though I believe the play to be a minor work within the prospect of Albee's further development, it must for some time occupy a major position in our scene. It will therefore be done many times in different productions in many places, including Europe. Though I do not know how it is to be effected, I feel that a less naturalistic production might be envisaged. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* verges on a certain expressionism, and a production with a touch of that sort of poetry, something not so furiously insistent on the "honesty" of the materials, might give the play some of the qualities I feel it now lacks; it might alleviate the impression of, in the author's pithy phrase, "an ugly talent."

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

FROM TIME TO TIME I have discussed in this column the nearly total disengagement of public concert life from serious contemporary intellectual and artistic concerns. This is evident not only in the outright neglect of significant new music, but in the general absence of reasonable standards for the intelligent performance and programing of music from any period. In fact, the only basis, apart from pure entertainment or commercialism, on which the present American musical establishment (and the European case is different only superficially) has been able to justify and direct its activity has been to assume the value of the activity for its own sake—to equate the mere presence of "serious" music on concert programs with a real seriousness of purpose and accomplishment.

This tendency was brought to the most explicit and ambitious crystallization it has yet had by the inauguration of Philharmonic Hall. To begin with, the hall itself is, practically speaking, a replica of traditional halls (Carnegie, for example), with exterior and decorative "modern" touches, but without any particular accommodation to the special needs of contemporary music performance. Since Carnegie Hall (which was far more "contemporary" at its inauguration, in that it provided ideal acoustic and spatial conditions for the advanced music of that time) still remains, Philharmonic will evidently be assured of attracting the big box-office events of coming seasons by its superior glamour. Primarily this means its "newness," for the acoustics are considerably less good and the rent much higher.

THIS conventionality of structure, design and, presumably, function, is also reflected in the statements of underlying aims and purposes made by the directors of Lincoln Center. Predictably, most of these statements have stressed the sheer magnitude of the project, and the vastness of the activity it is supposed to encompass. Behind these generalizations, I have been unable to discover a single specific enumeration of intentions or responsibilities, or any other indication of the presence of guiding principles. The closest one can get to anything of the kind is by ferreting out the implications of a statement like that of John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, which emphasizes the "seven years filled with thousands of hours of planning and action," and the "enormously complex task of bringing Lincoln Center to the point of fruition [which] has been the self-imposed responsibility of devoted men and women from all segments of our society." His reliance on numbers and "authority" is also revealed in the assertion that "Lincoln Center exists because leaders in the arts, education, business, labor, the professions, philanthropy and government believe that the arts are a true measure of civilization."

It may be understandable that a businessman, even when acting as a spokesman for a project of this kind, should suggest that Lincoln Center's main purpose is not to further the development of a vigorous artistic community, or to engender the growth of higher standards for both performers and audiences, but rather to offer principally that "art" which satisfies the respectable elements of our society. The same basic attitude, however, is reflected in the "Appreciation" by William Schuman, in which the real challenges of the contemporary artistic situation are evaded in favor of a fictitious "challenge of a great audience, [which] holds the performer's highest reward." Mr. Schuman (who is a composer and must know better) goes on to say that "Lincoln Center asks of an audience that it seek more than entertainment," but only after he has already made clear that neither Lincoln Center nor the audience need feel any urgent responsibilities, beyond their "natural" inclinations, in this direction.

Rites

And the Collectors make the rounds
Continually. What a perpetual payment
Of old fingernails, hair, skin parings:
The detritus of life, not to be grudged.
But what else they take from me
Minute by minute — heart's ease,
Zeal of success. . . .
Should I be judged,
Can I demand payment for this life
That they take from me continually?

Harvey Shapiro

Perhaps it is unfair to judge Philharmonic Hall and Lincoln Center on the basis of statements made under the pressures of fund-raising and amid an atmosphere more suitable to a benevolent association. But an even more impressive demonstration of the quality of thought that has gone into the planning of the Center, and of the present condition of American performance institutions in general, was provided by the programs and performances of the opening-week "festival." Preparation for the week's programs seems to have been devoted mostly to the devising of two main "gimmicks": the participation of several of the country's most prestigious organizations, and the inclusion on each program of at least one "contemporary" work (and/or an American one). Beyond this, the programs that resulted have revealed no consistency or standard. In any other country (except, of course, the Soviet Union) it would be unthinkable to dedicate a modern musical monument in a modern cultural capital without including, during a week-long festival, a single work by Schönberg, Webern or Berg, or any but a single chamber work by Bartók, or, of Stravinsky, only *Le Sacre* again (now nearing its fiftieth birthday) and a student-orchestra performance of the little Divertimento from the *Baiser de la Fée*—while devoting an evening to an insignificant opera by an unoriginal imitator of Debussy and Stravinsky (DeFalla's *Atlantida)*, and including elsewhere long but unimportant works by Vaughan Williams and Rachmaninoff.

The disappointments of the "American" programing—which, since this was specifically an American celebration, can properly be considered as a separate category—were equally predictable. Except for the commissioned work by Aaron Copland, and the String Quartet No. 2 by Elliott Carter, performed on the Juilliard Quartet concert, the works presented were mostly of the kind with which our orchestras are accustomed to make American music seem laughably backward in the rest of the world. The existence of some really remarkable American orchestral music, such as the Carter Variations, the Wolpe Symphony or the Sessions Divertimento, none of which has ever been performed in New York, would seem to have offered an unparalleled opportunity for Lincoln Center to lend its great prestige to the cause of presenting, for once, American composition in all its aspects. This could include the all too familiar facile, if need be, but also the complex, difficult and serious.

The one real surprise of the festival was that the timidity of the contemporary-music programing was actually surpassed by that which governed the selection of older works. Bernstein's

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inaugural program was obviously not intended as a serious concert (except for the première of the Copland *Connotations for Orchestra*), but rather as a demonstration of the hall's capacities with regard to constantly maintained maximum volume; aside from that, I still find the list a little hard to believe. The Boston Symphony (under a new conductor, to be sure) played the *Eroica* Symphony and *Till Eulenspiegel*, the Philadelphia Orchestra performed Ravel's two *Daphnis and Chloe* Suites, and the Cleveland Orchestra did the Schubert C Major Symphony and Brahms's Violin Concerto. Only the second Philharmonic program showed any initiative; but even here, the one novel aspect was the transplanting of three chamber-orchestra standbys into the framework of a "big" orchestra concert.

THE DIRECT juxtaposition of chamber and orchestral concerts within the same series revealed how much higher the musical, technical and ensemble standards of chamber groups has come to be than those of large ensembles. The most striking evidence of this superiority was in the performances of Beethoven works by the Philharmonic and the Juilliard Quartet. Leonard Bernstein conducted the Gloria movement from the Missa Solemnis (on opening night), and the Overture "Consecration of the House" (at the first subscription concert), while the Juilliard played the E minor Quartet, op. 59, No. 2 on their concert. In some respects, particularly in the prevailing choice of unusually fast tempos, the performances appeared superficially similar. But the correctness of tempo cannot be determined either by traditional practice, or by actual "fastness" or "slowness"; it can be judged only by its relevance to the formal proportions of the whole work. Thus the tendency of many contemporary performers to play older works faster than has been the tradition may arise from the familiarity and absorption into later music of traditional formal assumptions and vocabulary, which can thus be perceived more quickly now than when they were first composed.

Again, since instrumental techniques are always developing, a passage may be, in essential respects, perceptually identical to the originally specified tempo when played considerably faster by today's superior performers. This is not to say that slow, careful tempos cannot still produce first-rate performances—witness Klemperer's readings of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Brahms. The point is that where traditional music is concerned absolute tempo is as much a fiction as absolute pitch (but in contemporary music both seem to have become increasingly narrower in their allowable margin of deviation, and perhaps admit of none at all in electronic music). Deviations from both are objectionable only when they are extreme enough to alter the salient characteristics of a piece: in the realm of pitch, when registral or timbral characteristics begin to be affected (as, for example, if the open string of a violin is tuned so low that it no longer can "speak" properly), and in the realm of tempo, where instruments are carried beyond their physical abilities to articulate, where durations are so compressed that they cannot be discriminated as individual events, or so elongated that they cannot be perceived in a rhythmic relation.

On such terms, the Juilliard performance of the E minor quartet was one of the most brilliant and precise I have heard. I was particularly impressed by the subtlety of their weighting of each detail according to its relation to the hierarchy of elements, and of their delineation of the intervallic and harmonic relationships, first stated within and between the two opening phrases, whose formal possibilities the quartet explores.

By contrast, the Bernstein performances seemed indeed much too fast, since the performers were individually and collectively unable to articulate at the required speed. I have previously noted the many deficiencies in the Philharmonic's instrumental and ensemble technique, but the lapses in intonation and attack seem to have increased to the point of absurdity. The principal failure of the tempo conception (in the "Consecration" performance) was the absence of any clear relationship of the sectional tempos to the over-all formal characteristics of the work. In the long introduction to the main fugal Allegro, the phrases were over-differentiated and fragmented so that the very concentrated connective thread was continually lost amid erratic and irrelevantly emphasized details. As a result, the fugue itself, played at a tempo that left the entire orchestra progressively behind, seemed almost a separate piece, in the absence of any aural projection of its developments and resolutions of the introductory material.

This disparity in the care and thought expended on performance between string quartets and orchestras explains, at least in part, why twentieth-century composers (with the one exception of Stravinsky) have written more widely and significantly for string quartet than for orchestra. Cause and effect are here reciprocal, and the difference in vitality and discipline thus becomes more and more marked as time goes on. And insofar as Philharmonic Hall is concerned, the prevailing deadness of the orchestral attitudes exhibited there served to emphasize such issues, and they became embarrassingly prominent in the absence of any counterbalance of real idea.

NO contemporary comment on Lincoln Center could surpass the aptness of Mendelssohn's description of those builders of musical monuments who "speculate with great names in order to give themselves great names, [and] do a deal of trumpeting in the newspapers, and treat us to ever so much bad music with real trumpets. If they wish to honor Handel in Halle, Mozart in Salzburg, and Beethoven in Bonn by founding good orchestras and performing their works properly, I am their man. But I do not care for their stones and blocks as long as their orchestras are only stumbling-blocks, nor for their conservatories in which there is nothing worth conserving."

A second article on Lincoln Center will be devoted to the commissioning program and the new works thus far performed.

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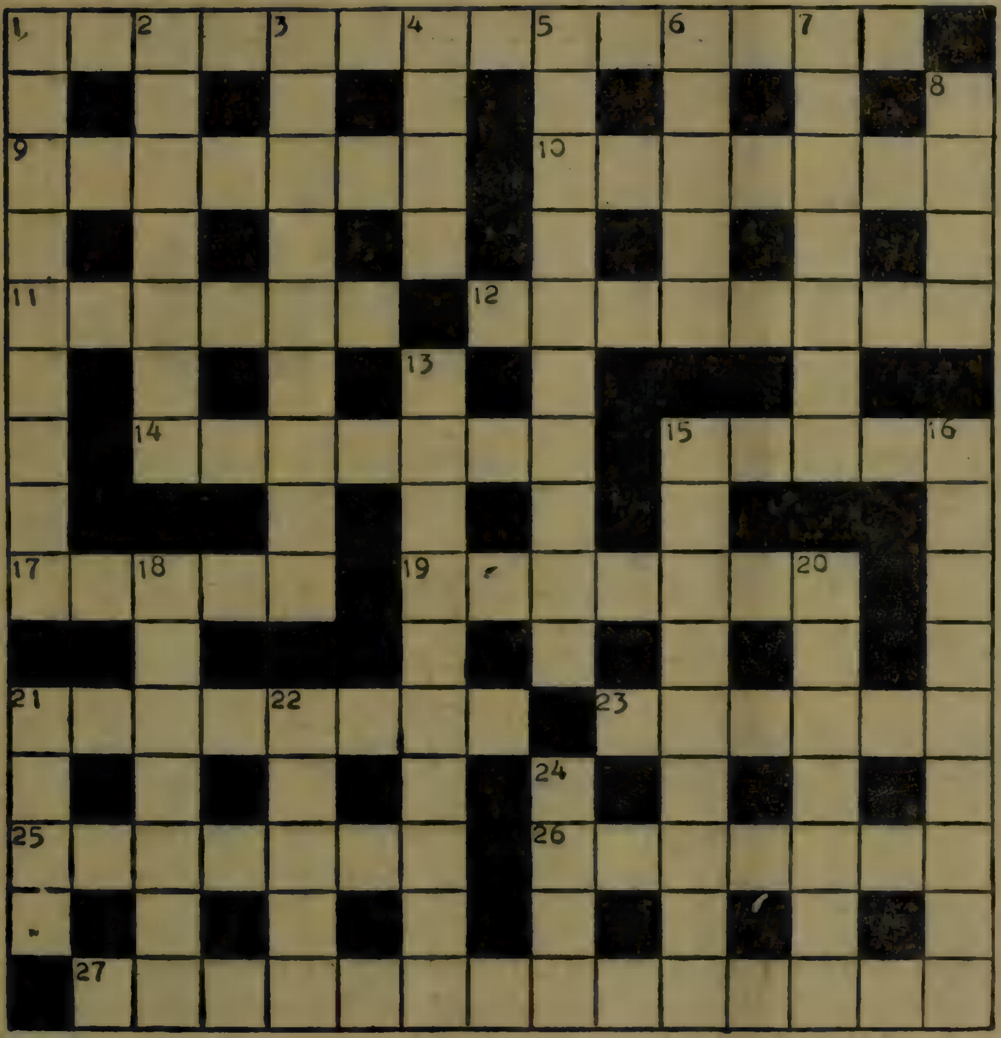
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 At dinner, might involve toast—or sesame? (They might properly be addressed to Richard.) (7, 7)

9 A line to form in high spirits? (7)

10 The foundation of bill-paying? (7)

11 Was Mrs. Siddons' muse? (6)

12 Jammed in tight when the devil performed. (8)

14 Has a poor intern a less obvious way to get on with it? (7)

15 When it comes to clear soup mixture, this proves it can be beat. (5)

19 Suitable dress material for those who arrive in state? (7)

21 How can such damaged material be more expensive? (6, 2)

25 Set about to murder someone? Pan, possibly. (7)

26 Permanently sunken state. (7)

27, 17 and 23 There seems to be some question about the language used by women who are perhaps angry with the service. (4, 3, 3, 4, 5, 6)

DOWN:

1 Revolt that might secure at least one more base. (9)

2 Issue of a manatee in its wild state?

3 Admits to secret knowledge, perhaps. (9)

4 This, Buster, might be a G-man! (4)

5 Just like a woman—that's the main trouble in a worn-out environment! (10)

6 Hail and farewell! (5)

7 Just the sort of trinket to be made by a needle-woman. (7)

13 Get the Okeh? One who throws the football just about has to! (4, 6)

15 Miss Doolittle is confused in following the lead of so much that is French, which is to hold out only half-promises. (9)

16 One is probably more than upright, though the description seems a little big. (4, 5)

18 Gloss over. (7)

20 One kind of saw sloppy work round one place! (7)

21 and 8 The bulk of something brought to maturity—by application of rubber? (8)

22 Part of the clatter implies a certain amount of success. (5)

24 Don't eat so quickly! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 981

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Continued story; 9 Opiates; 10 Chateau; 11 She; 12, 13 and 23 Not by a long shot; 15 Specials; 16 Gusset; 18 Noting; 20 Backdoor; 24 Borneo; 25 and 27 down Eftsoon; 28 Hot dogs; 29 Coroner; 30 Loran; 31 Press card. DOWN: 1 Chops; 2 Naïvete; 3 Intentions; 4 Unsettle; 5 Decays; 6 Scar; 7 Onerous; 8 Youngster; 14 Buckboards; 15 Seneschal; 17 Barnacle; 19 Trotter; 21 Oceania; 22 Toss-up; 26 Tired.

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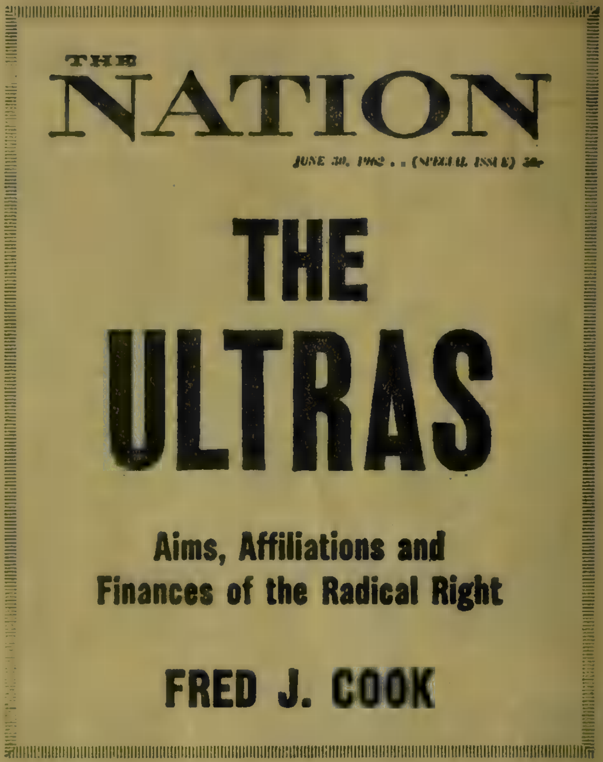

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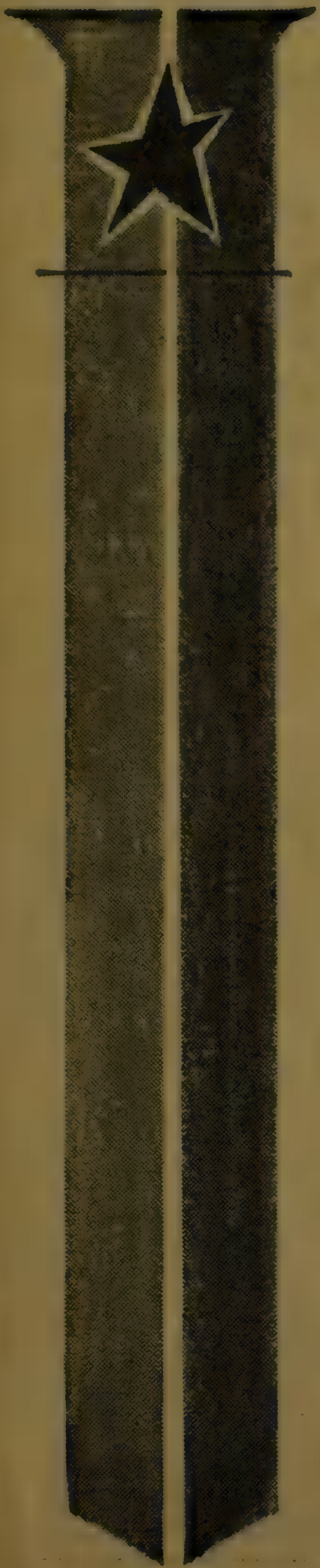

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Cuba

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"Your horrifying threat of military action on shipping on the high seas and possible massive retaliation by nuclear attack to any resistance places all the American people as well as many people in other countries in grave danger of death through nuclear war. . . . As loyal, responsible and informed American citizens we vigorously protest this act, which labels our nation as recklessly militaristic, and we strongly urge that you immediately withdraw your belligerent orders and threats and devote the energy and powers of your high office and of the United States to a vigorous and faithworthy effort, through the United Nations, to achieve the solution of pressing world problems, the cessation of nuclear weapons tests, and a rapid approach to the goal of general and complete disarmament through international law and in accordance with the principles of morality and justice."

Linus Pauling
Ava Helen Pauling

Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A sober note is struck in *The New York Times* of Oct. 24 in a letter from Prof. Jonathan Harris of the Political Science Department of Columbia University, countering the national hysteria engendered by the President. He proposes that we attempt to strike a "deal" with the Soviets, whereby we offer to dismantle our IRBM missile sites in Turkey with which the Russians have been living as neighbors for 15 years and restrict the cruising range of our Polaris submarines, in return for their counterpart action in Cuba.

While this is the first reasonable proposal I have been able to detect out of the welter of self-justifying propaganda purveyed as news, I think we might pursue this line of thought a step further. How far does the President think we can carry policies of brinkmanship without igniting the world? . . . We are entitled to know: where do we go from here? How does the President's policy guarantee peace, guarantee our survival, guarantee us against possible Russian retaliatory measures designed to wield counter-pressures? What way out does he leave the Russians, assuming they also want to avoid all-out war? How does the President propose to restore to the American people a frame of mind that will find some negotiation acceptable, bearing in mind that discussions always imply give and take?

New York City Sylvia E. Crane

Negro Apathy?

Dear Sirs: Thank you for Loren Miller's "Farewell to Liberals: A Negro View" [Oct. 20 issue]. I am compelled, however, to take exception to an increasing number of statements along this line, which report and, I am afraid, stimulate a breakdown in the cooperation between Negro and white leadership in the struggle for civil rights.

I am particularly disturbed by his sweeping indictment of the churches. As the pastor of a parish with predominantly Negro membership and leadership, and as one actively concerned for the racial aspects of human relations, I suggest that Mr. Miller has overestimated the strength of "Freedom Now" thought in the Northern Negro community. Disturbingly to the contrary, the problem is one of deplorable apathy to constructive action. The cultural escapism of the Muslims has, I believe, been sensationalized far out of proportion to its numerical and political significance.

There is a tragic complacency in the Negro communities of Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, and in the years ahead, the most forceful cooperation between white and Negro leadership will be required to effect a wholesome dissatisfaction and desire for constructive action in these communities.

The Rev. Richard J. Neuhaus
Lutheran Church of
St. John the Evangelist

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Short Day's Journey

Dear Sirs: In his perceptive review of the movie *Long Day's Journey into Night,* (Oct. 13), Robert Hatch referred to the splendid Broadway production several seasons ago and stated: "I do not know when or where it will be staged again." It may interest Mr. Hatch and your readers to learn that a new production of O'Neill's tragic masterpiece opened last month at the Cleveland Play House. . . . As Harold Clurman, Tyrone Guthrie and countless other theatre spokesmen have indicated, it well may be that the future of American theatre lies not in the hit-or-flop system of Broadway, but in the continued growth of professional theatre companies away from New York—or, as Mr. Guthrie terms it, in the provinces.

Cleveland, O. Ruth J. Fischer

New Critics and Tories

Dear Sirs: Vivian Mercier ["The Critic vs. the Scholar," *The Nation,* September 22] gives the impression that with the "fruitful marriage" of the critic (the "New Critic") and the scholar (by which he seems to mean the textual analyst), the problems of literary study will be solved. It would be nice if the solution could come that easily. . . . But there is another dimension to the problem. It is significant that the New Criticism coincided with rejection of the

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The Nation, Nov. 3, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 14

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

JAN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 14

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

After Quarantine

THERE ARE two basic aspects to the President's action announcing a "quarantine" or limited blockade of Cuba. One has to do with the wisdom of the decision itself, the other with the method and manner—the phrasing, staging and timing—of the decision.

As to the decision itself, any commentator or for that matter, any citizen, is at a distinct disadvantage since—at least at this juncture—only the President and his advisers can see "the big picture"; only they possess the full available information, only they can see the ramifications and interrelationships of the power equation. But this consideration does not mean that comment should be withheld; it merely means that it has to be offered with reservations and with a stated willingness to modify conclusions which later prove to have been based on faulty or inadequate information. Comment must also be made in full recognition and appreciation of the President's awesome responsibilities and in a spirit that does not attribute to him any motive other than a determination to do his full duty under the Constitution. So much is obvious.

As to the decision, a chief test of its wisdom relates to the aim or purpose of American policy toward Cuba. What is it, precisely, that we seek to accomplish by the present impressive display of power? Nowadays, when the power at the disposal of the United States is of such frightful magnitude, it is extremely important that the aims to be achieved by the application of this power—even in preliminary and restricted forms—should be discreet, limited and attainable. Today the magnitude of power is a factor limiting its application. As the President himself pointed out in Seattle on November 16, 1961, "There cannot be an American solution to every world problem." Even our power to destroy the world, or a large part of it, cannot accomplish all that we might want to see accomplished everywhere in the world.

What, then, do we seek to achieve by the quarantine of Cuba? Has it been imposed for the limited purpose of securing through negotiation the removal of missile sites of a character that might reasonably constitute a serious threat to the security of this country? Or has it been imposed for larger, undisclosed or perhaps not yet clearly defined purposes? The President, in his statement to the nation, sought to restrict the quarantine to the attainment of a limited purpose. Even thus limited, the purpose is broad enough to include, and perhaps even implies, the much more serious step of invasion or pinpoint bombings. Moreover, it is difficult to accept without challenge the proposition that it was to secure the removal of the "sites"—whatever their character may be—that the President acted as he did. It is a matter of common knowledge that sites of some kind were under construction in Cuba for some time and that the construction of additional, more significant sites was to be anticipated (see: *Aviation Week and Space Technology*, October 1; *Aviation Week*, October 3). Even the so-called "hard" intelligence which the President received on Tuesday morning, October 16, could hardly have come as a complete surprise to him. Assuming that the character of the sites has been properly determined—and waiving the question of what in today's mad world constitutes an "offensive" weapon and what constitutes a "defensive" one—the intelligence which the President received was, as *The Wall Street Journal* points out, no doubt "a major military fact." Yet in the gigantic armament picture, as the *Journal* also notes, "this is considered really no more than a detail: the Soviet already has missiles on its own soil which could do the job." Nor would the quarantine as such undo what had already been done. To be sure, installation of the missile sites constituted grave provocation; but mutual provocation and harassment are the stuff on which the cold war feeds. By stressing the importance of the sites, the President has set the stage either for an invasion, if the sites cannot be removed by other means, or for pin-point bombings.

IN BRIEFINGS held in Washington during the week beginning October 8, government spokesmen ruled out blockade or invasion, since either would be an act of war and might well play into Russian hands by encouraging a squeeze on Berlin. Sevellon Brown, of *The Providence Journal*, reports that, at the briefings, it was stated that while the military build-up in Cuba, as of that date, "would add several hours to the time necessary for a successful U. S. invasion," it was still regarded as strictly defensive in character. As to nuclear warheads, it was stated that if the Russians would not give them to the Chinese, it was hardly likely that they would give them to the Cubans. Measures which were suggested at this briefing session were limited to strict surveillance of all Communist-Castro operations; careful quarantine, in cooperation with the OAS, of the island as a source of subversion; encouragement of existing tensions by way of making Soviet aid as expensive and as ineffective as possible.

Against this background, it is difficult to understand how the acquisition of "hard" intelligence on Tuesday, October 16, would, in and of itself, have produced the sudden, drastic and dramatically built-up action that followed. The springs of the President's action must, therefore, have been in large part related to matters that have not been disclosed. Perhaps Mr. Kennedy was concerned about the impact that the new intelligence might have on American opinion; perhaps he felt that a show of swift, dramatic action in a theatre in which American power was concentrated might discourage aggressive Soviet action elsewhere. Whatever the reasons, his action seems out of relation to the provocation or the occasion—and noticeably so in the way in which, through skillful planning, strict security and artful public relations the stage was set, the interest built up and the decision announced.

Did the President, for whatever reasons, want to make the most dramatic possible demonstration that he—and through him, we, the American people—was prepared to go to any lengths to resist "blackmail" or attempted intimidation? Did he want to demonstrate that we were not too "soft" to fight? (It was once possible to use ordinary diplomatic channels to convey a determination of this character; today such determination, apparently, must be orchestrated on the world stage with deafening din.) Did he feel, as Mr. Stevenson does, "that the only way to reinforce those on the other side who are for moderation and peaceful competition is to make it absolutely clear that aggression will be met with resistance, and force with force"? Perhaps. But this, and other possible reasons which might be suggested, are not those which the President cited to justify his action. His justification, we submit, was not convincing.

IT WAS not convincing because, in important respects, it was overstated and did not reflect a fair assessment of the facts. It is possible, to be sure, to detect differences in the circumstances which prompted us to ring the USSR with missile bases—the purpose of which we regard, of course, as purely "defensive," but which in all fairness the Russians can hardly be expected to regard in the same light—but the distinctions are not great. The fact that "our" missiles were installed "openly" and theirs "clandestinely" is hardly as significant as the President implied. The Russians are well aware of our skill in aerial surveillance; yet no attempt, apparently, was made to camouflage the Cuban installations. Moreover, it is important to note, one could read the President's statement without any awareness that the Cubans might have had good reason for the "rapid" way in which the sites were being readied and military assistance rushed in. A very powerful section of Congressional opinion, Democratic and Republican, has been bellowing for an invasion or blockade, and the Cubans have ears. Then there have been the numerous "raids," acts of sabotage, bombings, constant surveillance, etc.—not to mention the Bay of Pigs. Against this background, the President's stated case, we repeat, was not convincing.

BUT THERE are other aspects of the decision that also need close attention. Is our real objective—our "operational" policy—to bring down the Castro regime on no graver provocation than it has offered to date? Is the "quarantine" merely designed to test Soviet intentions as a preliminary step to an actual invasion? Even if our policy still excludes invasion, is the present policy likely to lead to invasion? If the President's dangerous gambit "works" in the sense that the Soviets do not put it to the ultimate test, will this fact stimulate those elements in this country—certainly not a majority now, but still a very significant section of opinion—who are spoiling for a fight? "Appeasement" can apply to domestic politics as well as foreign policy. If, as Mr. Stevenson says, the only way to reinforce those "on the other side who are for moderation and peaceful competition is to make it absolutely clear that aggression will be met with resistance," etc., then it is also true that the only way to encourage those at home who are for peace and moderation is not to appease the warmongers, the invasion-mongers, the hooters, howlers and screamers. As the President spoke to the nation, he was jeered as an appeaser by a genteel mob of "conservatives" who had assembled in Madison Square Garden to scream "Why Blockade? Invade!" As we said in these columns last week, a foreign policy can be formed through a series of acts or decisions taken on a more or less *ad hoc* basis; the ultimate goal and purpose of a policy so formed may be implicit in the chain of decisions and this purpose may not be that which those who took the decisions originally intended.

On the record, then, we do not think that the President justified his decision. But the record, we concede, may conceal as much as it discloses. We can only hope that the President will clearly and precisely define his objectives and adhere to them, and that he will not permit these objectives to be "broadened" by forces in this country that have unquestionably been encouraged, even momentarily "appeased," by his decision. There are dangers implicit in the notion of shifting to the "offensive" in policy matters, not least of which is the danger that each success stimulates still more hazardous risks and undertakings. The President should act, with the utmost diligence, to secure objectives consistent with his stated purpose—for example, the possible "demilitarization" of Cuba under guarantees of its territorial integrity. He should also initiate actions aimed at removing missile installations elsewhere that are as threatening and as intimidating to others as those in Cuba are to us. What he does in the wake of his dramatic action will provide the test of the real thrust and purpose of American policy toward Cuba. If this policy is really aimed at knocking over the Castro regime, if the quarantine is a prelude to invasion, then—in the absence of graver provocation than Cuba has offered to date—it would be both a disaster and a crime. The Bay of Pigs was a fiasco because the operation failed; an invasion would be a disaster because it would "succeed."

But there is still another perspective from which to judge the decision taken by the President and its possible consequences. If, as Mr. Lippmann points out, we are in the process of adjusting to the new realities that have arisen in the 1950s—the principal one of which is that the balance of power has shifted in the world (and not necessarily to our long-term disadvantage)—then it well may be that the old framework within which the cold war was confined must now be stretched to take into consideration these new realities. It goes without saying that *both* sides in the cold war must adjust to these new realities. In this perspective, the President's decision, despite the inadequate justification which he has offered for it, may set in motion a process of readjustment which will reduce tensions. Foremost among the hard realities—one which has now been breathtakingly demonstrated—is the fact that thermonuclear war is not, as the world has been saying, unthinkable; quite the contrary, it is perfectly thinkable. Let no one mistake the fact.

Operation Morningstar

With the eyes of the world riveted on Cuba and Berlin, the spotlight has shifted from South Vietnam at a moment when the state of affairs in that unhappy land should be engaging a measure of our attention. A year ago, General Maxwell Taylor conducted a survey-in-depth in South Vietnam, reported his findings to the President, and the flow of supplies and materiel was stepped up. Later, the Secretary of Defense paid a visit to South Vietnam and, in an exclusive interview in the *Los Angeles Times* (July 22), said that while the war would drag on for some time, it should be over by 1968 or sooner. Throughout the summer months, reports of "cautious optimism" were released from time to time.

More recently, Washington and Saigon were noticeably "bullish" about a grandiose military action labeled "Operation Morningstar." The operation, of course, turned out to be a dismal failure. In eight days of "fighting," 6,000 government troops, aided by hundreds of American military advisers, with American-furnished helicopters, managed to kill forty Red guerrillas and to capture only two. An American military adviser is quoted in the *National Observer* as saying that "the thing was doomed to failure from the start. You can't fight the Vietcong with corps and divisions." The reason for the South Vietnamese reluctance to engage in guerrilla warfare has been frankly acknowledged by General Tran Van Don of the South Vietnamese First Corps. On October 4, the AP quoted the General as saying that in order to practice guerrilla warfare successfully, it is necessary to have the confidence of the peasants; the General made it quite clear that Diem's forces do not enjoy this confidence. And there are other reasons. Napoleon is supposed to have said that "an army marches on its stomach"; in South Vietnam, the Army will only march on a full stomach. A dispatch to *The New York Times* (October 13) notes that the South Vietnamese soldier is addicted to three-hour lunches with siestas—a harmless enough custom, but militarily somewhat enervating. The fact is that the South Vietnam Army does not want to move against the guerrillas unless it can move with overwhelming superiority.

The American press has noticed the failure of Operation Morningstar, but the editorial comment has been bland and irrelevant. A familiar complaint, for example, is based on the increase in American casualties; so far this year, forty-five American advisers have been killed. Another complaint is directed at the vexatious censorship; a mysterious air strip near Saigon, from which American fighter planes take off on combat missions, is shrouded in deep secrecy. Criticism of this type is thoroughly justified, but it is wide of the mark. For by now it should be perfectly clear that American forces in South Vietnam are engaged, not in protecting "freedom," but in the essentially ugly business of suppressing a massive peasant insurrection against the Diem regime.

O. E. Clubb, Jr., in a perceptive recent study, "The United States and the Sino-Soviet Bloc in Southeast Asia," makes it quite clear that, as an Occidental power, the United States "can influence, but not determine, Southeast Asia's destiny." This is one of today's unpleasant realities. In the meantime, of course, this country's position in South Vietnam is dangerously exposed.

Should Moscow Censor Us?

Warren Rogers, Jr., Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, reviewed *Fail-Safe* for that paper's Sunday (Oct. 21) book section. Rogers then took the unusual course of appending to his review an editorial deploring the publication of that book and of *Seven Days in May.* (See page 291 for *The Nation's* review of both novels.)

Mr. Rogers' thesis is that the books are not in the "public interest." This charge one would normally scorn as the mouthing of a political censor; but the case is rather special, for both books were explicitly motivated by a desire to serve the public interest. If they do the reverse, it could well be argued that publication was unwise.

But Mr. Rogers' reasons for coming to this decision are, to put it as politely as possible, baffling. The theme of *Seven Days in May* is a hypothetical military *coup d'état* in the United States; the theme of *Fail-Safe* is a hypothetical, accidental U.S. air attack upon Moscow. We should not discuss such possibilities publicly, says the *Herald Tribune's* Washington expert, because it is part of Russian propaganda that the United States is increasingly dominated by its military and that nuclear war might come by accident. He does not deny the truth of the first proposition; as to the second, he produces only an Air Force assertion that the catastrophe is "not a calculable possibility." Other forecasters, less personally concerned, have managed to give more precise odds.

The Russians also criticize our treatment of Negroes, have spoken in disparagement of our public education and may one day have something rude to say of the congestion on our highways and the stridency of our broadcast commercials. Are we to cease discussion among ourselves of any weakness the Kremlin may have discovered in our society or conduct? The absurdity of this position can be seen when one realizes that, in that case, the Russians could paralyze any move for improvement in America by publishing to the world a list of our weaknesses. Because — as Mr. Rogers, a newspaper man, should know — no country improves itself by nervously shoveling its problems under the carpet. If, for example, the military ever seizes power in this country, it will not be because of what the Russians have said, but because of what we have not had the wisdom to say.

THE MEANING of YOUR VOTE . .

by Blanche D. Blank

THE BACKDROP for next week's elections is an outgoing Congress consisting of 64 Democrats and 36 Republicans in the Senate (with only 19 of the former and 15 of the latter up for re-election), and 261 Democrats, 174 Republicans and two vacancies in the House. (House replacements will number only 435 because of the reduction in seats following the 1960 reapportionment.) On the state side, there are 12 incumbent Democratic governors and 13 Republicans up for re-election, plus six races in which neither competitor is an incumbent and three non-contested Democratic slates.

Although a landslide victory for either party does not appear likely, none the less any sizable sweep would have a certain psychological importance in foreshadowing the 1964 Presidential race. In terms of the special arithmetic of Presidential politics, however, only the *gubernatorial* contests (and just certain ones at that) are really critical. In a nutshell, should Republicans make inroads here (or even should strong Republican incumbents like Rockefeller be returned with a heavy hand), the increased prestige and patronage possibilities open to these men could swing Electoral College votes two years hence (Kennedy's 1960 Electoral College margin was a precarious 35 votes). This means a careful eye must be kept on certain close races. These are (naming the Democratic candidate first): Brown-Nixon in California (with 40 electoral votes), Dilworth-Scranton in Pennsylvania (32), Swainson-Romney in Michigan (21) and DiSalle-Rhodes in Ohio (26). Even Texas' 25 votes are slightly unsettled by the Connally-Cox contest. Among the states with less substantial Electoral College significance, the Republicans might take Colorado, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The Democrats, on the other hand, are offering real threats to only three Republican incumbents: in Minnesota (Rolvaag-Andersen), New Mexico (Mechem-Campbell) and in Hawaii (Burns-Quinn). There is, of course, special significance in these elections to those candidates whose victory might spell a strong boost to the Republican Presidential nomination itself.

THE gubernatorial races, moreover, fulfill our criteria for significance by offering the voters a reasonable percentage of viable *contests.* Only Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina will go to the Democrats by default, and about one-third of the other elections are at least somewhat marginal. This more competitive quality in the state-house races is due in part to the fact that they cannot be affected by the reapportionment or redistricting that afflicts legislative contests. There is also more meaningfulness in these races because we are living in a world of continuous crises that force us increasingly to rely on the speedier, better-serviced, more coherent and more visible *executive* branches in our government. In short, the calculus of genuine competitiveness, executive domination and Presidential politics all combine to bring to these elections a

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significance not found in the legislative campaigns.

There are, of course, islands of importance among the Congressional contests (consider the fact that there were some 16 very close roll-call votes on critical issues in the 87th Congress), but not too many. Approximately two dozen races are, at least, excitingly marginal: a 2-3 per cent voting switch could swing the election. The White House, however, appears to be concentrating on about 16 House campaigns that add to "marginality" the advantage of incumbency. This is a recognition that third- or fourth-term Representatives are more important to legislative prospects than newcomers. According to Alan Rosenthal's study of the 1962 campaigns, the following elections, prior to the Cuba emergency, were among those receiving direct Presidential aid: Udall (Ariz.), Corman (Calif.), Harding (Idaho), Mack and Shipley (Ill.), Roush and Denton (Ind.), Breeding (Kan.), Olsen (Mont.), Moeller and Cook (Ohio), Rhodes (Pa.), Hansen (Wash.), Bailey (W. Va.) and Kastenmeier (Wis.). In making these particular selections the President was also influenced by the "cost factor" (i.e., how much it might have hurt these men to support various parts of his program).

In addition to this group, the White House is keeping a special eye on the 28 districts where Democrats won in 1958 but lost in 1960, the at-large race of Neil Staebler (former Democratic Chairman of Michigan) and the two California Birchite Republicans (Rousselot and Hiestand). On the Senate side, the Democratic Study Group (a collection of Administration supporters on Capitol Hill) feels that only four races are particularly vital: the retention of John Carroll (Colorado) and Frank Church (Idaho), who both contributed critical votes on important issues; and the addition to Senate ranks of David King in Utah and George McGovern in South Dakota.

TAKEN as a whole, therefore, the Congressional races may represent a lot of movement, but probably little change. Since Kennedy did not enjoy Presidential coattail benefits in 1960 (he ran *behind* the ticket in many districts), he is unlikely to suffer the setbacks that usually accompany a mid-term election. Furthermore, the reapportionment and subsequent redistricting that caused 16 states to lose 21 seats, while nine states gained 19, appears likely to result in a draw between the net Democratic and Republican gains and losses. But the major reason for predicting that the 88th Congress is almost certain to mirror its predecessor in program, if not in personnel, has to do with the *institutional limitations* that traditionally circumscribe the significance of legislative elections.

1) The Legislative Process. The primary limit to the significance of our Congressional elections is the actual manner in which Congress conducts itself. Note first that Congress (and most other legislative bodies) are increasingly becoming mere veto groups during this age of *executive* power. The major protagonist on the Washington scene is the President. Most issues and bills are generated by the Administration and among the heaviest pressure groups operating on Capitol Hill are the administrative agencies themselves. Even when we give Congress its "report card," we do so in terms of whether or not it has fulfilled the *President's* program (an implicit assumption that it has no program of its own). The most crucial national issue in the current Congressional campaigns—Cuba—is a matter largely shaped by what the President has said and done, and what he will say and do in the future. This style, then, of response rather than initiative, acts as a severe limitation on what *any* Congress can do.

The *committee system* is another major obstacle to having any substantive change result from the next elections. One Congressional expert, Floyd Riddick, states that: "Officially, the House and Senate legislate, but in reality they do little more than approve or disapprove what the committees respectively report to them." The power of committees can be demonstrated in countless episodes and statistics. In the 87th Congress, for example, the real culprit in the failure to enact a medicare bill is the House Ways and Means Committee, which bottled the House bill by a reported 15 to 10 votes, and to which any Senate bill (had one been passed) would have had to be referred.

Moreover, *committee chairmen,* chosen by a seniority system that rewards longevity, continuity and conservatism, play an inordinately powerful role. Of the 20 House chairmen, 12 are from the South and five from Northern "machine" areas; the few somewhat marginal incumbents head the less important committees. Of the 16 Senate chairmen (10 of whom are also Solid South), only five are now running and not one of them is realistically beatable. These are the men who select the professional staffs for their committees, appoint subcommittees (or fail to do so), determine when and where to call meetings, decide whether meetings should be public or closed, determine the order in which to consider pending bills and arrange to bring bills to the floor. In other words, they can stack the cards.

THE OTHER important leadership posts in the House reflect a similar resistance to change. Speaker McCormack is from a solid urban Democratic district; Carl Albert, the Majority Leader, is from an almost one-party border state; and Hale Boggs, the chief Party Whip, is a Southerner. The responsive, issue-centered Administration enthusiasts do not, in general, occupy the power posts. On their own admission, they have the least voice in leadership decisions and even the least regular access to the White House. Moreover, when the chips are down, the President seems more anxious to court his more reluctant dragons in Congress precisely because of their pivotal place in the power structure. Thus Kennedy recently threw his weight behind Charles Buckley in a Bronx primary instead of bidding for his Kennedy-oriented, "reform" opponent, because of the importance of Buckley's chairmanship of the Public Works Committee. In sum, each Congressman may have one vote and be equal to his peers; but, as the old joke goes, some are more equal than others.

The *Rules Committee* of the House deserves special mention. Under standard operating procedures, no bill comes to the floor without first being given a "rule" (fixing the timing of the bill and limiting, or failing to limit, debate). In recent years, this committee has grown increasingly vigorous in exercising its own discretion as to whether or not to report a bill. Needless to say, these prerogatives spell extraordinary power over the substance and likelihood of all legislation. Even such devices as "Calendar Wednesday," by which committee chairmen are supposed to be able to report any bill *without* an accompanying rule, turns out to be largely ineffective, since the alphabetic call of committees can be quickly turned into a jumble of dilatory procedures and nonsense bills invented by any small clique that so desires. As of last month, there were 22 bills awaiting Rules clearance and three of them (youth employment, mass transportation and medical-school construction) were high-priority measures in Kennedy's program. Last year, this committee was also the burial ground for the Administration's general aid-to-education bill and its Urban Affairs Department measure. It is important to note, furthermore, that this is the record *following* a supposedly liberalizing increase, from 12 to 15, in the committee's membership.

ANOTHER limit to possible election significance is the jealous guardianship by each branch of Congress of its own prerogatives. Thus the House Democratic leadership threw back at the Senate a much-needed agricultural-aid bill last week, simply because the Senate had had the audacity to *originate* it, and it is the House that traditionally initiates such appropriation measures. The Senate filibuster practices and the bicameral homage paid to logrolling (in which the vital, home-grown interest of each man is generally respected by his peers in return for the same consideration), also limit the arena for change. The pressures of constituency, tradition and regulations produce an atmosphere of compromise and restraint rather than one of initiative and adventure.

2) Lack of Real Competition. A patently obvious drawback to Congressional election significance is the absence of genuine competition in most of the contests. It is estimated that any incumbent, per se, has a 10-to-1 edge over any challenger; and when this is added to the persistence of one-partyism in both Northern and Southern districts, the number of *true contests* is reduced to a mere 85 or 90 in the House and about 10 in the Senate. (Over 20 per cent of the seats in Congress are actually uncontested.) A more subtle leveler to the competitive edge is the high cost of campaigning, with its resultant obligation of both candidates to what are often the same sources of money. Competitiveness between the parties is also reduced by the lack of machinery through which a legislative minority can present a unified and coherent opposition voice. Furthermore, as our foreign critics are fond of pointing out, there is at bottom relatively little difference between the two parties. Whatever basic cleavages do exist, moreover, are periodically homogenized by the need of each party to win the Presidential vote in a system that demands not only *numbers* of votes, but *distribution* of votes. In this way, the harsher dissensions that might flavor sectional or class parties are leavened, and the voter does not generally face sharp disparities of viewpoint even where he is lucky enough to face more than one candidate.

3) Lack of Issue Crystallization. The election game is likely to end with less than dramatic results, in part because of the striking and persistent policy vagueness and confusion that afflicts most Congressional campaigns. This cloudiness may be due to a known lack of issue-orientation that most pollsters find typical of American voters. The average voter is, in fact, a stable *party*-oriented man, and the relatively slim margin of switchers and floaters who really determine elections are known to be even less issue-conscious than the "norm." This voter deficiency is exacerbated, moreover, by the conscious failure of most candidates to educate their constituencies to real issues. The lack of relationship between issues and elections has been demonstrated, for example, by a reported compilation of polls from 1935 to 1946 indicating that public opinion on such matters as birth control, divorce, taxes, labor relations, socialized medicine, government ownership and race relations did not particularly govern the course of public policy.

Ambiguity is also introduced into the election-issue transmission belt by the multiplicity of issues and motives that accompany most elections. A record vote for a particular Congressman *may* reflect sentiment in favor of some policy—but which? Or is the vote merely gratitude for past favors, such as delivering pork-barrel tidbits to the community? Or is it simply a reaction to personal magnetism? There is even a genuine difficulty attached to actually *knowing* where any legislator stands on an issue. Vive voce votes evaporate and roll-call records can be seriously miscalculated. Jennings Randolph, for example (D., W. Va.), voted last July to table the Senate medicare amendment to the Administration welfare bill that the House had previously passed. Should this be interpreted as meaning that Randolph is anti-medicare? Not at all! He merely felt that the amendment would doom the total welfare bill, which included such priority necessities to his state as aid to dependent children of the unemployed. Legislators are rarely faced with simple pro-and-con decisions. Instead, they are forced into desperate compromises by the competing and sometimes contradictory demands of a complex society that has multiple needs.

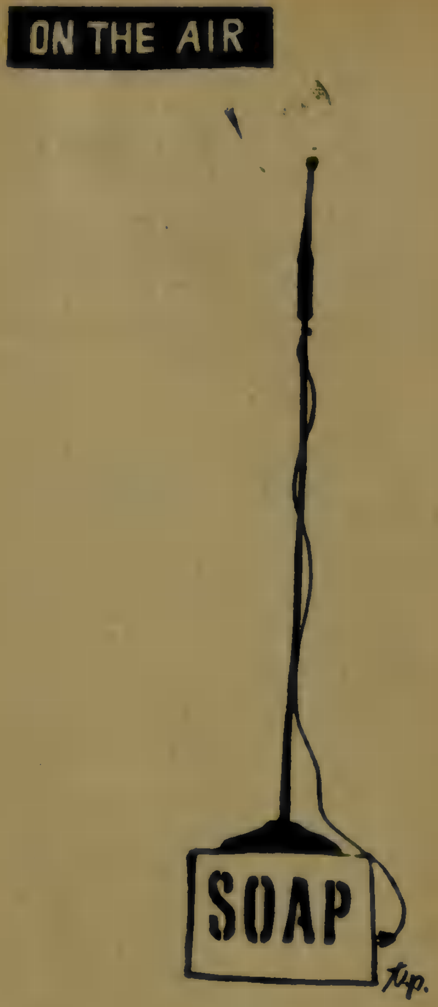
4) Lack of Party Cohesiveness. Although partisan considerations are the most important and stable determinants in voting behavior, partisanism is *not* a very decisive factor in making American elections significant. Not only do our parties fail to develop real competitiveness and clear conceptions of policy, as noted in the foregoing, but they also fail to act consistently and cohesively. This phenomenon makes the voters' choice even more ambiguous and risky. How this limits election significance can best be illustrated by President Kennedy's pronounced dilemma in his current campaign efforts. He calls for the election of more Democrats to put through his program, but does so in the face of the embarrassing fact that he has just recovered from a series of defeats with a nicely Democratic Congress behind him (approximately a 5-3 edge in the Senate and 3-1 in the House). Since he cannot ask for the replacement of *any* Democrat (no matter how anti-Administration), what he really seeks is the election of more "Kennedy" Democrats—a breed most likely to flourish in the same climate as the liberal Republicans whose help gave him the support that carried some of his crucial programs (like foreign trade) to success. It is the "Gung-Ho" Republicans, like the Southern Democrats, who are generally unshakable.

THE COMPLEX truth is that there are very few thoroughgoing Democrats or Republicans. A statistical study done by Professor V. O. Key, in 1953 and 1954 of 145 House roll calls revealed that a majority of Republicans opposed a majority of Democrats on only 64 issues, most of which dealt with administrative matters such as the organization of the government or with the procedural rules of the legislature itself. On *substantive* issues, the degree of dispute was much narrower. As of July, 1962, the 87th Congress appeared to be moving in a similar manner. There was an increase over 1961 in the number of nonpartisan and relatively noncontroversial votes in the Congress. In fact, about 42 per cent of the votes could be placed in this noncritical category.

The rough calculus that provides us with a measure of a legislator's support for the President's program reveals an uneven and slight gap between the parties in Congress. But whatever pattern of party solidarity one tries to wring out of this reluctant scattergram, it is not likely to prove convincing to a voter who happens to know, for example, that one of Kennedy's severest setbacks was dealt to him by Representative Otto Passman (D., La.), who emasculated the President's foreign-economic-aid bill; nor to those who witnessed the big hassle over farm funds, in the final week of the 87th, between Democrats Richard Russell and Jamie Whitten; nor the final blows that fell in that Congress when Democratic Representative Cannon hurled violent abuse at the Democratic Speaker, John McCormack. "I have sat under ten Speakers and have never seen such bias and inept leadership," charged Cannon. And to round out this scene, one must also note that the closing resolution praising Speaker McCormack for his "wonderful job" was offered by Representative Charles Halleck, the Republican Floor Leader.

THE ELECTION equation is indeed obscure. The voter is partisan, but the legislature is not. Underlying these strange phenomena is the fundamental truth that similarity of constituency is more the basis for Congressional solidarity than party considerations or national issues. Thus, a metropolitan-based, ethnically sensitive Republican has more in common with Democrats from similar areas than he has with fellow Republicans who hail from solidly white-Protestant, rural districts. In this very election, we see Kennedy and Eisenhower trying to impress the voter with different views on vital foreign and domestic policies, while the newspaper polls assure us that the voters themselves—except for the Cuban crisis—are far more impressed with strictly local problems and personalities that are bred by their own back yards.

In sum, party dispersion in our legislative halls is so pronounced that a distinguished committee of the American Political Science Association in a unanimous report in 1950 (and nothing essential has changed this pattern in the ensuing decade) concluded that: "the alternatives between the parties are diffused so badly that it is often difficult to determine what the election has decided even in the broadest terms."



5) Lack of Governmental Cohesiveness. Finally, the U.S. Constitution strikes another institutional blow against election significance in terms of meaningful changes. Federalism, first of all, produces a hopeless jumble in both ballot and brain. The myriad local, state and national officers who face the voter in a single election merely exacerbate the struggle between national and state policies. Education, to take just one example, straddles both orbits of our doubly sovereign system. But which candidate at which level can interpret and singly fulfill any particular mandate? Even where a voter splits his ticket and designates different parties at different levels, no clear policy translation is possible. The separation of powers and checks and balances that restrain not only our national government, but all of our states as well, also vitiates the probability of policy change resulting from any single set of elections. To begin with, power is dispersed: the

Congress may vote a program, but the President may veto it or the Supreme Court set it aside. Since all of our public officials are not selected at the same time, nor in the same manner, nor from the same constituencies, the electoral messages they may distill from their respective victories may be quite varied—and no one set of officers can deliver the program *alone*. When President Truman remarked that "the buck stops here," he was, by implication, assuming commitments that even he could not truly balance with power. And that is the fate of most election promises. Even when clear, they cannot be delivered.

Where, then, does all this leave us? Just where we've always been: sitting back watching the election game with a hopefulness not entirely likely to be fulfilled, but with a dedication to the importance of the game itself and a singular concern for the unquestionably existent segments of significance.

CASTRO and CUBA'S COMMUNISTS . .

Maurice Zeitlin

This is the second of two articles on Cuba by a Princeton University sociologist who recently returned from the latest of several visits he has made to that country. The first article, "Labor in Cuba," appeared in our October 20 issue. Mr. Zeitlin is co-author, with Robert Scheer, of The Eagle and the Pearl, *a study of Cuban-American relations to be published next spring by Dell.*—Ed.

FIDEL CASTRO'S speech on March 26, 1962, delivered before a nation-wide television audience, was one of the most important political events of the Cuban revolution. It may have signaled the demise of the independent organizational existence of the *Partido Socialista Popular* (Communist Party). The speech began as a vague denunciation of "sectarianism"; but it developed into a direct attack on the party and on a veteran member of its Politburo and National Committee, Aníbal Escalante. Castro charged that Escalante, in collusion with other Communists, had attempted to usurp the authority of the Revolutionary Government:

> The nuclei were deciding and governing at all levels; and the problems of the Ministries, instead of being resolved within the Ministries, were going to the office of ORI [Integrated Revolutionary Organizations] to such an extreme that if a cat gave birth to four kittens, it was necessary to go to the office of ORI to see what was to be decided about that.
>
> That is, there was no theme, there was no question, there was indeed no detail that did not have to be discussed in the office of the ORI. . . .
>
> Was it a real power? No. It was not a real power. It was a formal power. It was a fictitious power. There was no real power in the hands of that *compañero*!

These developments, Castro continued, "were accompanied by subtle campaigns against a series of exceedingly valiant *compañeros* of the Revolution, that originated in the same sectarian politics." Castro asked:

> How did this affect the masses? Well, simply, it dampened the spirit of the masses . . . it dampened the fervor of the masses.
>
> How did this affect the political organization of the Revolution? Quite simple, *compañeros*: we were not creating an apparatus . . . we were creating a yoke, a strait jacket. . . . The masses were not being integrated. They spoke of Integrated Revolutionary Organizations, but what were the organizations? There was one organization formed . . . in the *Partido Socialista Popular*. . . .
>
> So then, how were the nuclei formed? I'll tell you how: in every province they made the general secretary of the PSP the general secretary of the ORI; in all the municipalities they made the secretary general of the PSP the secretary general of the ORI; in all the nuclei . . . they made the PSP member the general secretary of the nucleus. Is that integration?
>
> People began to ask themselves: "But is this communism, is this Marxism, is this socialism? — this arbitrariness, this abuse, this privilege, all of this? . . ." If this is communism, then they will say what the Indian Hatuey said. When they were burning the Indian Hatuey alive, a priest approached to ask if he wanted to go to heaven. And he said: "No. I don't want to go to heaven if this is heaven." Do you understand?

This speech did not mean, nor have the Revolutionary Government's actions since the speech indicated, that the Fidelistas and the Communists have split. As Castro explained:

> What must our attitude toward the old Communists be? It must be an attitude of respect, of recognition of their merits, of recognition of their militancy. What must their attitude be? Modesty. From this moment on, *compañeros*, every difference between old and new, between the Sierra and the plains, between the one who threw bombs and the one who didn't, the one who studied Marxism and the one who did not study Marxism before, must cease definitively. From this moment on we must be one and united.

Despite this declaration of unity, however, Castro could not refrain, in his instructions concerning the "reorganization and purification" of ORI and of all levels of the country's administration, from detailing further the extent to which the Communists had attempted to concentrate power in their hands. Speaking in mid-April before the Provincial Committee of the ORI of Matanzas, Castro said:

> If in whatever factory . . . there were twelve old militants then six were taken, one for the G-2, another as a diplomatic courier, another for the foreign service, another to administer one thing, another for a trip; and there remained six more, and of the six who remained, one they made administrator, the other chief of personnel, the other shop foreman, the other chief of something else — and not one remained. And when it came to forming the revolutionary nucleus, they had recourse to

> sectarian procedures again, converting into members of the nucleus the administrator, chief of personnel and the shop foreman, plus their secretaries and intimate friends. . . . The masses? Outside! . . . When there was no old Communist, they chose the brother of an old Communist, the cousin of an old Communist, as if we were living in the Middle Ages, in the epoch of counts and marquis, and not in the epoch of the proletarian revolution.

IN THE WAKE of these speeches, the entire political-economic administration of the country was subjected to a rigorous purging by committees appointed directly by Castro, Ernesto "Ché" Guevera, Minister of Industry, and Raul Castro, Minister of the Armed Forces. Throughout the island, the activities of the local revolutionary nuclei were suspended until a national delegate could oversee their reform and reorganization; general secretaries of provincial and municipal ORI units, factory administrators and chiefs of personnel were replaced or demoted and militia units were reformed.

This process has continued up to now and was going on this summer during the three months that I was traveling throughout Cuba. There was scarcely a factory, town, ministerial department or militia unit that I encountered which had not experienced some sort of reorganization and change of personnel.

It is clear that, until Castro's speech, the Communist organization, despite Communist claims to the contrary, remained more or less intact. Organizational loyalties, lines of communication, directives emanating from officials of the party and the characteristic discipline of party members remained as before. According to Castro himself, the party — led by Aníbal Escalante, who had acted as its general secretary during the clandestine years of the Batista regime — issued its own directives and acted independently of the government. Aníbal Escalante, utilizing his position in the ORI secretariat, saw to it that people who were not members of the *Partido Socialista Popular* were by-passed — that they were neither consulted nor appointed to positions in ORI, the embryo of the projected United Party of the Socialist Revolution.

The PSP was the only one of the three major organizations integrated in the ORI (PSP, Movement of the 26th of July, Revolutionary Directorate) that constituted a real political apparatus. The PSP directed itself toward the preservation of its apparatus, the concentration of key positions in its control and the acquisition of benefits for its members, rather than toward cooperation with the *fidelistas* and the construction of a new United Party. That process has apparently been halted since Castro's speech, the subsequent reorganization of the ORI and Aníbal Escalante's exile from Cuba.

THE reorganization has not meant, to be sure, that old Communists have necessarily been replaced from the cadres of the Movement of the 26th of July or of the Revolutionary Directorate. This has not been merely an act of political expediency by the *fidelistas*, although politics may have played some role.

The PSP's attitude toward the armed struggle of the *fidelistas* against Batista was hostile in the initial stages, and continued to be equivocal throughout the guerrilla war. One reason for this equivocal stand was that the PSP leadership was itself divided — and the division continued into the period of the consolidation of the revolution. An internal party struggle was quietly waged over what the PSP should do about the revolutionary government, and about the extent to which it should now give up its own identity and independence. Thus, in the post-March reorganization, Communists were not replaced merely because of their former PSP membership; the more important criterion was their current loyalties as indicated by their actions of the recent past.

Thus, for example, while all six of ORI's provincial general secretaries had been old Communists, only four were replaced (three by non-Communists). The reorganization elsewhere apparently followed a similar pattern. There are, then, former members of the PSP still in important positions throughout the government and in the national secretariat of ORI; but the PSP itself has been dissolved and the original leaders of the Revolution — the men who led the armed struggle for power — are firmly in control.

Most important, despite their self-proclaimed adherence to Marxism-Leninism, the ideology of the Cuban revolutionary leaders continues to resemble more what a reporter for the London *Observer* called "the old-fashioned revolutionary socialism of Keir Hardie" than that amalgam of Russian temperament, Soviet experience and Marxist theory which has come to be identified as Marxism-Leninism.

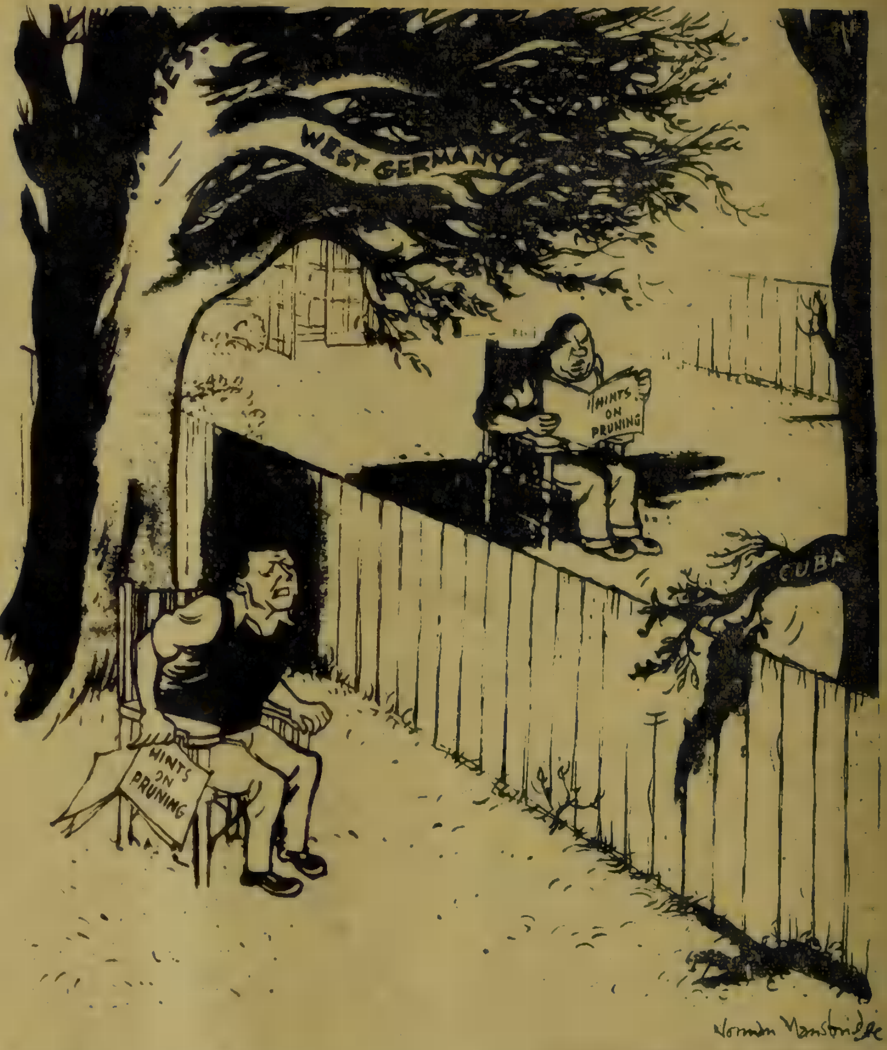
IT IS worth citing at length excerpts from the speech by Castro in which he initiated his attacks on "sectarianism," since in that speech he describes his view of history and of what the attitude of a Marxist should be. On March 13, the students of the University of Havana met to commemorate the death of José Echevarria, founder of the Revolutionary Directorate, who had died on that date in 1957. A student speaker, a leader of the *Jovenes Rebeldes*, read Echevarria's "political testament" but omitted from it the phrase:

> We are confident that the purity of our intentions will bring us God's blessing so that we may bring the rule of justice to our nation.

Castro became incensed when he noticed this omission. In essence, he denounced the rewriting of history and asserted his belief in freedom of expression:

> Are we going to mutilate what [Echevarria] believed? . . . What kind of faith is that in one's own ideas? What conception is that of history? . . . Could such cowardice be called a dialectical conception of history? Could such a manner of thinking be called Marxism? . . . If we followed that mode of thought, we would have to destroy the concept of the revolutionary from Spartacus to Martí. As a result of that myopic, sectarian, stupid and warped conception, which denies history and denies Marxism, we would be forced to deny all values, all history. We would be forced to deny our very

A British View



Punch: Ben Roth Agency

> roots! . . . For all that treasury of human progress, of human effort, of human sacrifice, should be gathered up and added to our nation's beautiful history and to the beautiful history of a mankind which is progressing. . . .
>
> We say that in the struggle for national liberation, in the struggle against imperialism . . . in the fight against *latifundismo* and exploitation, the fact that one may be a believer, whether his religion is Christian or whatever, while the other is a Marxist — has faith in Marxist philosophy — is no obstacle; and we come here with this display of cowardice to suppress a phrase. . . .
>
> Into what is the Revolution changed by this? Into a tyranny! And that is not revolution! . . . And what must the Revolution be? The Revolution must be a school of courageous men, the Revolution must be a school in which there is liberty of thought! . . .

CONSISTENT with Castro's attitude, bookstores throughout Cuba continue to sell whatever there remains of books by Western scholars, as well as polemically anti-Socialist and anti-Communist books: books, for instance, in Spanish, such as *Religion en alcance de todos, La iglesia catolica frente al comunismo,* and Lerner and Cassel's *Teoria general de Keynes.*

The Biblioteca Nacional, Cuba's central public library, continues to receive regularly such U.S. publications as *Time, Life, U.S. News, Look* and the *New Leader,* as well as such journals as *The New Republic* and *The Nation.* British newspapers such as the London *Observer* and the *Manchester Guardian* are also available. The full spectrum of political opinion, then, can be read in the foreign press by anyone with the knowledge and the inclination to do so.

The libraries of the University of Havana, the Central University of Las Villas and the Biblioteca Nacional have general scholarly collections comparable to those in our own college libraries. Among the many polemically anti-Communist books (in Spanish) in the Biblioteca Nacional, for example, here are some catalogued under "Communism" (with their call numbers, so that any interested AP or UPI reporter can check):

335.43: Ponce de Leon, *Los Monstruos que Acechen.* 337.47: S. J. Walsh, *Imperio Total.*

At the University of Havana library:

335. E: Max Eastman, *Reflexiones sobre el fracaso del socialismo.*
335.4 K: Arthur Koestler, *El mito sovietico ante la realidad.*
943.7 S: Dana Adams Schmidt, *Anatomia de un estado satelite.*

There are also such varied works as Trotsky's *Terrorismo y comunismo,* Hans Kelsen's *Teoria comunista del derecho y el estado,* M. Ketchum's *What Is Communism,* Arthur Schlesinger's *The Vital Center,* Blas Roca and Earl Browder's *La conferencia del cancilleres de la Habana* and Raul Roa's *En pie.* (The last two, because of their revisionism and anti-Soviet polemics, are particularly embarrassing to two prominent Cuban politicians.)

It is possible to hear American broadcasts clearly on ordinary radio in many parts of Cuba, and the government has not attempted to prevent this in any way. American movies, glorifying the American way of life, Hollywood-style, continue to play at almost every Cuban movie theater and on afternoon TV.

DESPITE the fact that the majority of Cubans in all walks of life are supporters of Fidel Castro (as one becomes convinced after touring the country), it is quite easy to find opponents of the regime—especially in Havana, where perhaps 50 per cent of the people are discontented. Taxi drivers and bus boys, department store clerks and grocers will, with the slightest encouragement, engage in a vituperative denunciation of the government. One can travel, as my wife and I did, from one end of the country to the other, knocking on doors at random, talking to people in their homes, in public squares and parks, in factories and schools, on the university campus or in buses and theatre lobbies, without being interfered with—talking and questioning, and even giving the U.S. Government's viewpoint on international affairs.

In one factory, a group of workers cornered the American sociologist who had been interviewing them to ask some questions of their own. Since it was quitting time, the crowd soon grew to over fifty workers who raised questions about everything from the inevitable American "Negro problem" to Soviet nuclear testing. And they received a brief lecture on our federal system of government in explanation of the President's difficulties in enforcing the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, and an opinion that the Soviet resumption of nuclear testing had led to increased tensions and helped to confirm the view that the Soviet Union is an aggressive power. An exciting interchange continued for more than a half hour until the bus arrived to transport the workers home.

The fact is, then, that Cubans can and do inquire and speak freely about whatever they wish—at this moment. On the other hand, the newly reorganized curriculum of the University of Havana requires that every student must take one year of a course entitled "Dialectical Materialism," whether he be studying medicine or physics. The textbooks in most courses are direct translations of Soviet texts. The great majority of books sold on newsstands and in bookstores are from the Soviet bloc countries, China and Yugoslavia. More important, the Cuban newspapers, radio and TV are, essentially, instruments of the government, and there are no noticeable differences among the opinions expressed by the various editorial writers and news commentators (many of whom lift their "opinions" bodily from Tass). A one-sided view of international issues is constantly given in the mass media which glorifies the Soviet Union and denigrates the United States. Cuban newsreels are masterful propaganda documents which emphasize the seamier side of American life and distort the workings of our democratic political system.

Organized dissent is prohibited, if one can judge by the government's response to a recent demonstration of a group of housewives in Cárdenas who went marching through the streets banging pots to protest food shortages. The next day the government put on an impressive military display which included helmeted soldiers (a sight one rarely sees in Cuba) and tanks.

THERE are no formal safeguards of freedom of speech and association or of personal, civil and political rights, of the kind traditional to Western political democracies. Such freedoms as do exist depend only on what Fidel has called "the revolution's generosity to its opponents." There are certainly no institutional mechanisms or judicial procedures designed to protect the individual and guarantee his freedom from unreasonable search and seizure or arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. The members of the government, the Cabinet ministers, are responsible not to the general citizenry—who did not elect them and who had no direct voice in their selection—but only to themselves and the handful of revolutionary leaders—Fidel, Raul, "Ché,"—who appointed them.

These leaders *are,* in fact, the government. They are the decision-makers; and there are no established channels by which the masses can directly influence them or recall them. (One must not forget, on the other hand, that the people are armed; wherever one goes, one sees ordinary citizens, including long-fingernailed women in high heels, with rifles or sub-machine guns slung over their shoulders. If this is not an institutional mode of insuring the responsibility of government figures, it is, nevertheless, a certain source of countervailing power.)

It is quite obvious from the above that the potentialities for totalitarian rule are strong in today's Cuba. They have been held in check until this moment by Fidel and his fellow revolutionary leaders whose personal beliefs are anti-totalitarian. Unless strong and immediate steps are taken, however, to establish legal guarantees of civil liberties, the present uneasy equilibrium of democratic and anti-democratic tendencies may be upset. Such steps are not likely to be taken, though, by the revolutionary leaders in the state of impending siege in which Cuba finds herself today. The chances that the libertarian features of the Castro regime will survive, are likely to become increasingly slimmer the louder are the demands in our Congress—and the closer to fruition they become—for the blockade, invasion and overthrow of the Revolutionary Government.

BATTLE for a BORDER . .

by K. M. Pannikar

Srinagar, Kashmir

THE PRESENT explosive situation on the Sino-Indian borders arises primarily from China's denial that the boundaries between Tibet and India have been clearly demarcated. India's point of view is that traditionally, and by accepted natural features, these have been well understood and defined for a very long time, and while she is prepared to examine adjustments based on evidence in regard to any particular area, she must reject the claim (which the Tibetans themselves had never put forward) that the whole boundary from the Pamirs to the Burma borders—a length of over 2,500 miles—should be subjected to re-examination. Though the dispute, therefore, covers technically the whole length of the Sino-Indian frontier, the present pressures are confined to two areas: Askichin in Ladakh on the northwest and the Mac-

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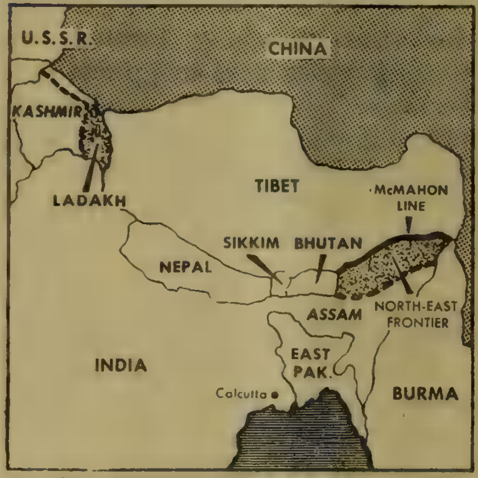
Mahon line to the north of Assam between Bhutan and Burma. In regard to both of these areas, there is a background which it is necessary to understand for a clear appreciation of the problem.

Ladakh is a high Himalayan plateau between the Kashmir Valley and Tibet, which has alternated between the two in its political affiliations. For example, it was a Ladakhi chief, Rinchana, who, after having usurped the throne of Kashmir in 1320, became converted to Islam and started the movement of Islamization of the state. In the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, however, Ladakh seems to have accepted the authority of Lhasa, but Zorawar Singh, a general of Gulab Singh of Jammu, conquered it for his master. When, in 1846, as a part of the settlement of the war with the Sikhs, the state of Jammu and Kashmir was created as Maharaja Gulab Singh's dominion, Ladakh became a part of his principality. Until 1947 it continued to be a province of the princely state, but when the Maharaja acceded to India, it became a part of the Indian Union along with the state itself.

It is well to emphasize that neither Kashmir under its Maharajas nor Tibet under the Dalai Lamas was known for its administrative efficiency. The Maharaja's government in Ladakh was confined to towns and to populated areas in the lower heights (13,000 feet) and contented itself by the affirmation of its authority over the higher unpopulated snow-covered areas (average height 16-18,000 feet), though occasional tours of inspection were undertaken by the Maharaja's officers. The Lhasa administration showed no concern over this area and for over a hundred years the situation had continued in this manner without causing the least trouble to either party.

WITH the Chinese take-over of Tibet, the position underwent a radical change. The Government of India, while fully aware of the Chinese claims with regard to the MacMahon line on the Northeast Frontier, had no reason to think and could certainly not foresee that any dispute would arise in respect of the barren and unoccupied Askichin area of Ladakh, which had been under Kashmir by a treaty signed by the emperor himself. The Chinese, however, were interested in building a road from Sinkiang to Lhasa, both for reasons of defense and for opening up of the country. The caravan road from Sinkiang to Lhasa passes through Indian territory in Askichin and was traditionally used without much let or hindrance by traders going from Kashgar to Lhasa. There was no Indian post in this area and the Chinese quietly constructed a motor road over the caravan route without anyone on the Indian side being aware of it. When, after the completion of the road, India came to know of it, she protested vigorously and claimed the area to be within her territory.



Following the visit of Chou En-lai to India in connection with this controversy in 1959, a committee of officials from both sides was appointed to study the record and report on the conflicting claims of territorial sovereignty. Though the evidence produced by the Indian side and published in the report proved conclusively that the sovereignty had been continuously exercised by India over that territory, no discussions on the basis of the report have yet taken place. In the meantime, the Chinese authorities have pushed forward their posts further into Indian territory. The Indian Government also has not been idle. They had to start from scratch. The area is over 18,000 feet high. They had no road of any kind, nor any base near enough for immediate action. But India showed determination, moved its posts forward, established bases, built mountain roads and equipped its armies for an active defense. The position is so confused in this region that there are Indian posts behind Chinese lines and vice versa, and though at one place the Chinese tried to encircle the Indians and came quite close to them, they decided in the end to withdraw and leave the post under Indian control.

THE position on the eastern side along the MacMahon line is altogether different. This covers the area to the north of Assam between Bhutan and Burma and was defined as long ago as 1914 at a conference held in Simla, between the Indian Government, China and Tibet. An agreement was reached among the three parties defining not only the boundary between India and Tibet, but also between outer Tibet—that is, the territory under the Lhasa regime—and inner Tibet, which was under direct Chinese administration. The Simla Agreement was initialed by all the three parties, but China later on refused to ratify it on the technical ground that the Tibetans should not be allowed to sign as a separate group but must be included in the Chinese delegation, as representatives of a vassal government.

It is necessary, however, to emphasize that no objection was taken to the demarcation of the boundaries between India and Tibet. It may further be emphasized that successive Chinese governments before the present Peking regime had assured the British Government in India that their objection to the Simla Agreement was not in relation to the Indo-Tibetan boundary, but in regard to the boundary between China (inner Tibet) and Tibet as laid down in the same agreement and that so far as the Indo-Tibet boundary was concerned, they accepted it as final. In any case, during this period (1914-47), Tibet, whether a sovereign state or not, had independent relations with India and for thirty-eight years had accepted the MacMahon line as the definitive boundary. Also, in 1947 at the time of India's independence, the Tibetan Regency Council, which was then in charge of the Lhasa administration, after some hesitation, confirmed the previous agreements and accepted the MacMahon line.

In 1954, India and China entered into a treaty which regulated their relations in this area and no question was raised about the validity of the MacMahon line. Nor did the Peking government at that time show any inclination to question it. When the attention of Chinese authorities was drawn to maps in circulation in China and published in their official publications which marked the Tibetan boundary further to the south of the MacMahon line, the reply of the Chinese Government invariably was that they were old maps prepared in the time of the "reactionary Kuomintang regime" and that no importance was to be attached to them.

After the question of the Askichin road involving the occupation of territory which India claimed to be hers came under protest, Peking began to claim that the entire boundary, including the MacMahon line, was undemarcated and required to be negotiated and defined. As if to give point to this position, they occupied a place called Longju inside the MacMahon line but claimed by the Chinese to be outside it.

IT IS necessary to mention that by this time (1959), the relations between India and China had undergone a change as a result of events in Tibet. That year, the Khampa rebellion in Tibet had taken a serious turn and public opinion in India was greatly agitated about the steps that the Chinese were taking to put down the uprising. Public sympathy was entirely on the side of the Tibetans. Though the Indian Government itself maintained a strictly correct attitude, the Tibetan rebellion moved the Indian public in a manner which no other international event had done in the past. The only comparison possible to the state of Indian feeling on this issue is the reaction in the Western countries at the time of the Hungarian revolt. This was naturally interpreted by the Chinese as an attitude of hostility towards them. The flight of the Dalai Lama to India and the enthusiasm with which the public welcomed him further convinced the Chinese that Indian policy had become unfriendly to them.

The border issue along the Northeast Frontier (the MacMahon line) consequently assumed a new importance for both parties. The Chinese strengthened their communications, erected new posts, established advanced bases, brought up reinforcements, in fact created a formidable military force on their side. The Indian Government, realizing the changed posture of the Chinese, was equally active in strengthening its defenses. They were already in effective occupation of the whole area up to the MacMahon line, with an efficient civil administration and regular military establishments. The Chinese, however, have probably much greater forces concentrated in Tibet. Following the Khampa rebellion, the whole country has been placed under military occupation and a very considerable army, with every kind of modern equipment, is said to have been brought into Tibet. Also the road communications have been greatly improved so that the Chinese can bring to bear considerable pressure on any point along the whole frontier.

THE FACT that both sides are building up their strength and that clashes have occurred need not lead us to the conclusion that India and China are on the brink of war. The fact is that both sides are well aware that a major conflict between them could not remain localized and would, in any case, lead to the breakdown of the great development plans on which both are engaged. What then is the purpose behind these clashes, protests and other forms of pressure? Clearly all that India wants is to uphold the traditional boundaries in Ladakh and the MacMahon line in the northeast. The Chinese desire, as they have indicated more than once, to settle the boundaries on the basis of effective occupation: that is, they are prepared to accept the validity of the MacMahon line as the boundary of effective occupation if the area which they have occupied in Ladakh is accepted as falling within their boundary.

The Chinese claim that there is no aggression in Askichin and other areas in Ladakh, as they lie entirely within the Tibetan boundary as shown in their maps and, in any case, were not under Indian occupation. In the Northeast Frontier, the incidents have been in a village two miles south of the MacMahon line on the Indian side—but, according to the Chinese, to the north of it. While the matter is serious enough, it is well to emphasize that it is not an attack on the MacMahon line. Both parties are in agreement that the matter should be settled by negotiations. Some steps have been taken in this respect. Whether an immediate solution is found or not, it does not appear that the present situation, which both China and India may have to live with for a considerable time, will lead to a major armed conflict, though it will certainly strain the relations between the two neighbors.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

interest in society that had characterized the thirties, and with a usually rather angry rejection of the entire tradition of liberalism in the United States. It was accompanied by a renewed interest in supernatural religion, by political Toryism and doctrines of the elite . . . and by extravagances of Freudian and Jungian criticism without any of the social correctives the psychologists themselves have learned to apply.

The "fruitful marriage" between the New Critic and the textual scholar will not necessarily improve this state of affairs; nor will the problems of literary study in this country be solved as painlessly as Professor Mercier seems to expect.

GAYLORD C. LEROY
Philadelphia, Pa. Temple University

Dear Sirs: Professor LeRoy is obviously too intelligent to claim that a New Critic *must* be a political Tory, a believer in supernatural religion, an anti-democrat and a segregationist, but some people are certainly prejudiced enough to make such claims. It was partly in reaction against this type of associationist "thinking," to which Marxist critics were especially prone, that the New Critics strove to affirm the autonomous development of literature. Just because I happen to go to church and to share some of the views of the New Critics, I hope I'm not expected to give up writing for *The Nation* or sharing its views on integration, democracy and the welfare state.

VIVIAN MERCIER
Great Neck, L.I.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Aspiring Dolphin

THE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE. Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. Harcourt, Brace & World. 958 pp. $15.

Ronald Bryden

WHY SHOULD the Wilde case still seem so important? It has grown into one of those myths, like the *Titanic,* which resurrects itself, year after year, in shoddy "studies" and Sunday supplement features. Even now, if you go to Père Lachaise to visit the great French dead in their small stone city, its Lilliputian streets and palaces climbing above Paris like a miniature citadel where glory has been stored against siege, the old men sweeping leaves refuse to credit that you come to honor Delacroix, Balzac, Colette. *"Le tombeau d'Oscar Wilde, monsieur? Tout droit, par là!"*—and they point firmly through the wet trees where Epstein's monster looms with spread wings, lion haunches and long, epicene, Egyptian-Irish face. Only last year the Paris papers reported that someone had mutilated it, obscenely. In literature, Wilde may be the minor master of a secondary period, the author of one classic farce, two well-written essays, some clever epigrams and dubious verse. In life, in his death, he still has power, apparently, to arouse passions, fascination and fear.

Rupert Hart-Davis' edition of his letters seems as much, as disproportionate, a monument as Epstein's. It runs to 950 pages, contains 1098 items, less than 200 of which have been published before, and at least twice that number, I'd estimate, of notes. Every name, every reference, has been tracked with superb patience: transient Oxford nicknames have been pinned onto forgotten Edwardian bankers, judges of Indian high courts; shadowy youths who flit across the last letters from Paris are identified. Two of the major sources for Wilde's last years, Frank Harris and Lord Alfred Douglas himself, were congenital liars, and other of his friends had cause to cover their tracks. Mr. Hart-Davis uncovers them calmly but ruthlessly, correcting dates, straightening out chronology, restoring suppressed passages, generally demonstrating who lied, who paltered, who stood by Wilde or betrayed him. Worth it or not, the result is a magnificent piece of scholarship. For the first time, we have the materials for a true biography, can jettison at last the mounds of inaccurate anecdote and prurient rubbish which have accumulated round Wilde's name.

What new image emerges from their wreckage? The first thing to be said is that no trace remains, if Auden left any, of the effigy of St. Oscar, Martyr. The notion of Wilde as a pioneer of the dark, free self, a rebel against a Philistine society which crushed him, rests on the truncated versions of *De Profundis,* with its vague, Romantic gestures toward artistic "self-realization" regardless of convention. Mr. Hart-Davis prints the whole letter for the first time. It becomes in this form, thank heaven, much more readable. The purple lagoons of self-pity remain, but take their place in a lucid, weary, on the whole restrained explanation to Alfred Douglas precisely how he had destroyed Wilde's life, and what he had destroyed. He had taken from Wilde his "distinguished name, high social position . . . the brilliant successes of my first nights and the brilliant banquets that followed them . . . that beautiful unreal world of Art where once I was King." This was the life Wilde thought destiny had intended him for, the true life for which his nature suited him. "Two things were absolutely necessary for him," wrote Robert Ross, his closest friend, "contact with comely things, as Pater says, and social position." Wilde did not choose exile, he had it thrust upon him. "I simply loathe my life at present," he wrote Ross pathetically, toward the end, from Italy.

Wilde never rebelled against the society which rejected him. He sought to succeed in it, by the dandy's technique he epigrammatised: nothing succeeds like excess. Dandiacally, he mocked its taste; but the velvet suits Gilbert satirized in *Patience* were the confident joke of a young man who knows that within his milieu—the square mile or so of Mayfair and St. James's—he will meet almost no one who is not an acquaintance. After his American tour he discarded costume, married and settled down like any fashionable young husband in a fashionable Chelsea street, a few doors away from Whistler, Sargent and a well-known judge, Mr. Justice Wills, who was to sentence him in 1895. Wilde loved society, swam in it as his element, rose to the top of it like an aspiring dolphin.

WHAT IS difficult to understand now is that he rose to the top of an almost wholly masculine society. In Victorian London no decent woman dined in public—the brilliant after-theatre suppers at the Café Royal were exclusively masculine affairs. Serious conversation took place only in smoking rooms, to which no woman ever penetrated—as no decent women had been to a university, there was little place for one in serious conversation. It was a society of all-male offices, all-male professions, governed by an all-male parliament, and its masculine institutions represented an economic fact. The wealth of Victorian England rested on enforcement of protracted masculine celibacy. The Empire was ruled by subalterns and civil servants who could scarcely hope to marry before forty; only India had developed a small community of white wives, and they belonged chiefly to the senior grades. The riches sent flowing back to London were counted by thousands of unmarried clerks, whose salaries would not support a family until well after thirty. At the universities which molded the proconsuls, celibacy had been compulsory for all dons until the 1870s. It was an age of bachelors, when a man could drift into single old age without suspicion of being more than a crusty "woman-hater"—they filled the clubs and smoking rooms and chophouses in which a celibate society consoled itself by evolving a whole separate masculine culture.

This was the culture to the top of which Wilde rose. It had its own tone, its slang, its sentimentalities, all of them exemplified in Wilde's early correspondence with his Oxford and artistic London friends. "My dear Boy"; My dearest Jimmy"; "Harry, why did you let me catch my train? I would have liked to have gone to the National Gallery with you, and looked at Valasquez's pale evil King. . . ." The last opens a letter to one of the many undergraduates who came to him with their poetry, their artistic ambitions, beglamoured by the poet who had made himself monarch of that adult masculine world with its wit,

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RONALD BRYDEN, born in Trinidad, W.I., and educated in Canada and at Cambridge, has recently resigned as an editor of The Spectator *to join the staff of a new British magazine.*

its urbane style, its subliminated friendships. They thronged round Wilde, admiring, flattering him; and he, gregarious, uneasy, found in their admiration the emotional confidence he needed. In 1891 his help was sought for a handsome, titled Oxford youth who was being blackmailed. It was not a long step from the harmlessly effusive notes to various Harrys to the fatal letter which was read out at his trial: "My Own Boy, your slim gilt soul walks between passion and poetry. . . ."

The case shook Victorian society to its foundations because it exposed the latent homosexuality upon which so much of its fabric rested. It stripped away the innocence which was its safeguard. Not every exiled subaltern on the Indian frontier, as a result of it, turned to his batman with new eyes, not every schoolmaster fell upon his charges; but that was how it felt to the English at the turn of the century. The Wilde affair gave them a self-consciousness which no amount of coeducation, women's suffrage, their admission to smoking, clubs and universities, has been able to remove. Like the *Titanic*, it became one of the great images of collapse, of a whole society cracking down the façade to reveal hidden, ignoble motives within. "I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age," wrote Wilde in *De Profundis*. In an unintended sense, he spoke the truth. The twentieth century was to knock wider, more fundamental cracks—the Dreyfus affair, the Russo-Japanese War, the revolution of 1905—in the world he belonged to before bringing it crumbling down in 1914. But his was the earliest, uncomprehended omen; it keeps the horror and fascination of prophecy.

Making Tomorrow Convincing

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY. By Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, II. Harper & Row. 341 pp. $4.95.

FAIL-SAFE. By Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. McGraw-Hill. 286 pp. $4.95.

Robert Hatch

THAT convenient arbiter, the historian of the future, may well style our epoch the Age of Communication. No one is farther away than your telephone, newspapers are printed simultaneously at opposite sides of a continent and on opposite shores of an ocean, the word and picture channels of the air are never silent or dark, and now we bounce our urgent images off satellites to give them global range. Without doubt, we get the dope—instantly and in an abundance that beggars comprehension.

Indeed, that is the present rub. As communication intensifies, comprehension fades. We are so saturated by information, interpretation, prognostication that our minds dazzle, as do the eyes from excess of light. Every idea, however striking, portentous, or horrifying, is so immediately pervasive that it becomes a commonplace before its audience has had the chance to be amazed, to tremble.

Thus arises the absurd situation that a world population exposed to information in quantities beyond the dreams of even its fathers seems nevertheless largely unmoved by the deadly perils in which it lives. The louder one screams "megaton" or "pesticide" or "population explosion," the less effectively, it seems, these baleful words are heard.

Because of this impasse, spokesmen for our lives and sanity from time to time turn their backs on the instigators of more decibels and hopefully urge our creative minds to enlist in the battle for enlightenment. Where technology has failed, perhaps art, which speaks to each man personally through his own experiences, will succeed. But art is a mulish instrument for the transmittal of urgent instruction. It is not that artists do not care; indeed, they seem as a group to care appreciably more than other people. It is rather that their instruments are not shaped for the job. A novelist who as a man is acutely alarmed by the build-up for annihilation, may nevertheless find that as an artist he cannot transmit that alarm. At least not in a good novel, and a poor novel is no help to anyone. For the most part, artists mirror their world; they do not preach to it, neither do they prophesy.

Into this stalemate there has recently entered a new type of craftsman—the prophetic entertainer. He is a writer who makes no pretense to literary art; in matters of character, narrative devices, style and psychology, he models his work on formulas developed by the large fiction magazines, by television family drama, by the commercial movies. He is out for the very largest market (and he is reaching it), but the fuel that drives his vehicle is not love or success or adventure—it is doomsday.

George Orwell and Nevil Shute were

Books that dig beneath the surface

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early practitioners of the exemplary diversion and *1984* and *On the Beach* were the first books of the kind to reach beyond the reading public and capture the attention of the populace. But both men projected their minatory visions too far—their doomed peoples and dying worlds were clearly not our friends or our neighborhoods. The kinship of these books was to science fiction, a literature which is certainly dominated by panoramas of cataclysm (and, just perhaps, bliss unimaginable) somewhere and some time "out there."

THE true application of the method is to be seen in *Seven Days in May* and *Fail-Safe*, both of which are at present leading the domestic fiction market and both of which, it seems inevitable, will soon be on film for world distribution. These novels are built firmly on the foundations of suspense, sustained and sweeping action, the verisimilitude of technical detail, and simplistic but strongly projected character. These ingredients of success could be predicted; more important is the fact that neither book allows a gap of time or place between the reader and the fiction. *Seven Days in May* and *Fail-Safe* are as immediate, in the inevitable phrase, as tomorrow's newspaper.

Knebel and Bailey are both in the Washington Bureau of the Cowles Publications; they write as men intimately acquainted with the public streets and private channels of the capital. Their tale is of a narrowly averted plot by the military leadership to unseat the President and seize the country. The authors carry a small step forward the tendency of the military to arrogate to itself the area of policy which by law and tradition is reserved in this country to civilian hands, but which it becomes increasingly difficult to separate from the dominant economic and moral power which the armed services already wield.

The authors shape their narrative, not only to carry the reader on an unbroken chase after excitement, but to neutralize his skepticism. Does it seem unlikely that the Pentagon could, for its private purposes, set up in the Western desert a large airborne unit, secret even from the President? Knebel and Bailey show how, in the hands of virtuosi, channels can be used to conceal as well as to convey intelligence. They show, further, that the secrecy to which we have become habituated since Pearl Harbor not only bars the citizen from information that may poignantly concern him, but even atrophies his curiosity as to what these forbidden documents and areas may contain. Man is becoming the uncurious animal—an anomaly among vertebrates. Would not the President, having smelled out a plot against his office, go instantly to the people with a ringing denunciation of the traitors? But suppose the President were himself in low public repute; suppose a project on which he had staked his prestige were ominously hanging fire? He might not dare a public duel with one of our myth-englamoured generals, particularly if his evidence were more circumstantial than documentary.

Does it appear fantastic, finally, that a television newscaster and a United States Senator might conspire to destroy the Constitution? Unhappily, the authors do not have to exert much cunning to make that supposition persuasive. I would give *Seven Days in May* a very high mark for probability. Its authors resort to no *outré* gadgetry, they envision no circumstance so bizarre as to lend distance and comfort. Beneath the blood-stirring excitement of their melodrama lies the clammy suspicion that just such a plot might be hatched, almost any day now, across the Potomac from the Washington Monument.

Discovering Hate

(From the Italian of Vittorio Sereni)

Here was the fault, the inveterate
blunder: believing that all you need procure
is love. Ah the crowds of "gay deceivers"
the parties with music in snob neighborhoods . . .
Does a different concert answer
the night from an upper terrace and the
reflowering street straggle into the outskirts?
But let it come some late date, let an hour
come of real heat and the holy war
break out between me and all you
false faces, and your sly games of love
disfigured: in my evenhanded way
with love, not owing not
wasted, friends, I'll burn right through you.

Sonia Raiziss

EUGENE BURDICK, with William Lederer, is the author of *The Ugly American*, which is probably the most frequently cited fiction of this decade, even though most people misunderstand the irony of the title. In the matter of plausibility, Burdick and his new partner, Harvey Wheeler, do as well as the Washington team. Theirs, in a way, is an easier task. Their topic is an accidental nuclear strike by American planes on Moscow and, though as far as we know there has never been an attempt to take the White House by force, we are aware that accidents have more than once set our striking machinery in action.

I am not sure, though, that their sense of immediacy stands up as well, at least in detail. They permit themselves a good deal of electronic license, for one thing, and that takes them to the edge of science fiction. For another, they employ real people as characters—Kennedy and Khrushchev and a wicked man so like Herman Kahn that they scrupulously mention Mr. Kahn as being active somewhere offstage. Excellent though they are at vivid action, Burdick and Wheeler are not very good portraitists. The two Ks do not talk as convincingly even as the moderately talented night-club entertainers who mimic them, and the authors' determination to get inside those massively disciplined exteriors forces them into free-style psychoanalyzing and produces a long-distance phone call so bizarre that I decided the speakers were lunatics suffering from megalomaniac false identity. But on the central point—that an attack could be launched under such circumstances that it could not be recalled when the alarm proved false—the authors are convincing, and frightening, enough. By using rockets instead of planes they might have been still more persuasive, but that would have deprived them of a large part of the human element on which they build tension.

So these two books may point a way to communication in a noise-engulfed world. They weave probabilities with human interest into a design that the reader can feel as intimately as the rug under his feet. The picture of one President fighting covertly but desperately to save this country from a military junta, of another President pleading his honesty with a passion that stems from knowing that only his credibility can save the world from destruction—these are much "warmer" and lasting impressions than such concepts as the military-industrial complex, escalation, countervailing force and the like. The two writing teams have great commercial skill and will win substantial commercial rewards. But I believe that they had in mind more than commercial goals and, for the sake of us all, I hope they are attaining them.

BUT the subject is not closed with that pious wish. The literature to which *Seven Days in May* and *Fail-Safe* belong achieves its popularity at the cost of falsifying—or, to be kinder, simplifying—human experience. And in the area of world crisis this may be a high price to pay for information, let alone entertainment. True to type, both books deal, not in flesh and blood, but in super cardboard. And, true to type, they glorify man (including the reader). You come from them feeling refreshed, keen-minded, about ten feet high. It is the well-known Walter Mitty effect and it lies at the base of all mass entertainment.

The crises described may well come to be part of history, but the solutions offered belong to the worlds of Eric Ambler and Clark Kent. Coincidence and accident are used impartially to set up and dissipate disaster, and the men who walk the edge of catastrophe have feet that falter, for the sake of the excitement, but never slip. It is more than coincidence that the aide who sits at Kennedy's elbow during the hours of agony, a linguist of such genius that he can render not only what Khrushchev says, but also what he thinks, feels, dreams and fears, is a pool translator named Buck. And in the Knebel-Bailey thriller the last-second arrival of a tiny but conclusive bit of evidence will cause the least impressionable reader to cheer—and leave him safely in the grandstand.

The effect of reading these books is certainly to make the perils more credible. At the same time, if we are not wary, it is to make us believe that Someone Up There is watching over us and that our leaders, no matter how late the hour, can be depended on to extricate us and themselves from the maelstrom. There is no evidence that God has ever spared man the fruits of his folly and none that a people can dare to delegate judgment to its leaders. Perhaps these are additional reasons why journeymen can lend themselves to such topics and artists cannot. What an artist might write could hardly be broadcast as entertainment.

These books are good medicine, but very careful note should be taken of the ingredients.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

American History

Pattern and Meaning in History (originally *Meaning in History*) by Wilhelm Dilthey (Harper & Row, 95c) is a group of six chapters constructed by H. P. Richman from Dilthey's *Collected Works*. In these and a searching introduction are presented his final, generally historicist, views on sequence, consequence and meaning in history. *Introduction to the Philosophy of History: An Essay on the Limits of Historical Objectivity* by Raymond Aron (Beacon, $2.25) is particularly interesting for its doubts that the causes of human action can be fully discovered or specifically identified. These arduous studies are very pointed in connection with the partial appearance in paper covers of three notable series and numerous separate titles in American history. All imperiously call to mind the interpretive function of historians.

Albert Bushnell Hart's original American Nation Series, especially Frederick Jackson Turner's *Rise of the New West: 1819-1829* (Collier, 95c), which was model and starting point for two generations, is still welcome, though the New American Nation Series, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris, and the Chicago History of American Civilization, edited by Daniel J. Boorstin, have greater current relevance. John Higham in the introduction to *The Reconstruction of American History* (Harper & Row, $1.65) notes how such analyses and successive reinterpretations have given American historical writing point for each period, and the ten essays of his symposium not only analyze the changing views and emphases of this century but make clear the need for caution.

Reconstruction, Political and Economic 1865-1877 by William A. Dunning (Harper & Row, $1.95), the standard conservative account after fifty-five years, and *Reconstruction After the Civil War* by John Hope Franklin (Chicago, $1.75), perhaps too clearly a work of 1961, illustrate the importance of the changes and the value of having both treatments. Dunning is particularly strong on politics and business, Franklin on problems and conflicts touching the freedmen. These are complementary works, as indeed the three series should be considered throughout.

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Civilization follows a chronological development in a third of its titles. In others on institutional and other topical subjects it "aims to make each aspect of our culture a window to all our history." These, its distinctive feature, are valuable and almost uniformly absorbing: *American Indians* by William T. Hagan ($1.75), *American Railroads* by John F. Stover ($1.95), *American Philanthropy* by Robert H. Brenner ($1.75). *The Mexican War* by Otis A. Singletary ($1.75) and *The Confederacy* by Charles P. Roland ($1.75) are on events too prominent in their periods to fit more than awkwardly into the topical category to which they are assigned.

The Cultural Life of the American Colonies: 1607-1763 by Louis B. Wright (Harper & Row, $1.85) is a model of cultural history on the somewhat more conventional plan of the New American Nation Series. It is brief but closely packed and attractively written, with the extensive notations of sources and new bibliography typical of the series. All the colonies, the arts and crafts and varied cultural projects are treated.

Other recent releases include:

The English People on the Eve of Colonization: 1603-1630 by Wallace Notestein and *The Coming of the Revolution: 1763-1775* by Lawrence Henry Gipson (Harper & Row, $1.85 ea.) in the New American Nation Series.

The American Spirit by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard (Collier, $1.50). A searching essay in intellectual history, especially interesting for its treatment of individualism and urbanized civilization; the separately viable fourth volume of *The Rise of American Civilization.*

The Russian Expedition to America by Sven Waxell (Collier, 95c). The record of Bering's explorations in the Kamchatka-Aleutian area, 1733-1745, by his chief lieutenant; only one poor map.

Forth to the Wilderness by Dale Van Every (Mentor, 75c). A lively, sound account of the Appalachian frontier, 1754-1774, applying Turner's views and methods to the earlier period.

Patrick Henry by Moses Coit Tyler (Cornell, $2.25). The great, sometimes forensic rehabilitation of Henry, now seventy-five years old, defending him from earlier views that he was barely literate, recklessly bellicose and roughly self-seeking.

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Life and Times of Frederick Douglas, introduction by Rayford W. Logan (Collier, $1.50). The complete autobiography of 1892, vivid and stirring, covering Douglas' slavery in Maryland, his escape to New York and his distinguished career as an uncompromising reformer and promoter of Negro rights.

Roosevelt and Modern America by John A. Woods and *Washington and the American Revolution* by Esmond Wright (Collier, 95c each.). Rapid surveys, especially good on Washington.

The Angry Black South, Glenford E. Mitchell and William H. Peace, III, editors (Corinth, $1.25). Largely first-hand accounts by six young Negro participants of the nonviolent movement against racial discrimination; an informative original.

American Race Relations Today, Earl Raab, editor (Anchor, 95c). Sobering professional examinations of problems "beyond segregation," especially in cities where integration has been undertaken.

Also: *Doctors on Horseback: Pioneers of American Medicine* by James Thomas Flexner (Collier, $1.50). *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces,* talks with Harlan B. Phillips (Anchor, $1.45). *Main Travelled Roads* by Hamlin Garland (Signet, 60c). *A Gallery of Women* and *Twelve Men,* Theodore Dreiser collections, introduced by William C. Lengel (Premier, 75c ea.). *American Ballads,* Charles O'Brien Kennedy, editor (Crest, 50c).

Dante

La Vita Nuova by Dante Alighieri, translated by Mark Musa (Indiana, $1.65). A sensitive, unfettered verse translation of the thirty-one poems to Beatrice with the Italian, and the prose links; with a new introduction.

Longfellow's *Inferno* (Collier, 95c). Most of the valuable notes and comments and the best nineteenth-century American translation slightly modified; useful new material by Bernard Stambler.

The Comedy of Dante Alighieri: Paradise, translated by Dorothy L. Sayers and Barbara Reynolds (Penguin, $1.25). Worthy though less masterly completion of Dorothy Sayers' translation, which goes through Canto XX; with excellent notes and commentary as in the uniform *Hell* and *Purgatory.*

The Ladder of Vision: A Study of Dante's Comedy by Irma Brandeis (Anchor, 95c). Argues that by means of symbolic imagery the *Comedy* achieves true poetic unity and despite Croce relates its didactic matter and lyric power.

Miscellaneous

The People and the Constitution by Cecil S. Emden (Oxford, $1.85). The British people's influence on the selection of issues and establishment of policy, especially since 1832.

The Metaphysical Poets by Helen C. White (Collier, $1.50). Basic in understanding Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan and Traherne.

The Fable of the Bees by Bernard Mandeville (Capricorn, $1.65). The acid verse-fable with much of the prose commentary usually omitted, on the artifices by which irrational man is made useful in society; meaty introduction by Irwin Primer.

ART

Hilton Kramer

IT IS more or less taken as an article of faith today that the School of Paris is in decline. A great deal of the new French art that reaches us, whether it bears exalted or humble names, confirms us in the conviction that the great days of Paris are over. Yet it would be a mistake to assume, as the art public in New York seems increasingly eager to do, that this decline affects Parisian artists with a uniform disability. The tendency now is to look at French art as a mirror of New York tastes and assumptions, to seek out only those qualities which reflect favorably on our own values, and thus to miss (if not explicitly to *dis*miss) whatever the School of Paris may still have to offer in the way of artistic conception and execution. An attitude that had its legitimate beginnings in an effort to define the possibilities of a native American style has now developed into a dogma that threatens to deprive us of an important area of aesthetic experience.

Precisely how important that area may be has been demonstrated once again in the exhibition of new sculpture by Etienne Hajdu, at Knoedler's during October. (The show will be seen at the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, during December, and at the Arts Club of Chicago in February.) Hajdu is now, at fifty-five, an artist in full command of first-class powers, and an artist quintessentially Parisian in every aspect of his work. His exhibition is large — thirty-nine sculptures in addition to drawings — and is characterized by that subtle interplay of elegance and manliness, precise workmanship and intellectual clarity, which is the special dialectic of French art. It shows us how forceful the Parisian virtues remain in the hands of an artist who can summon all his strengths to serve the purposes of a rigorous vision.

Hajdu works in two sculptural genres. The first consists of free-standing sculpture, usually small enough to rest on a table, comprising a flat, slablike mass — most frequently marble — cut into a very precise silhouette whose surface is carved with great delicacy and polished to a high finish. The themes are usually female heads and birds. The effect of these pieces is at once stark, pure and humorous. The workmanship is magnificent — Hajdu is one of the last of the great stonecutters — but its importance lies less in its technical virtuosity than in its ability to place itself so completely, and with such apparent ease, at the disposal of the sculptor's image. This image is of a transcendent repose, earthly enough to be witty and elegant but essentially metaphysical in its loyalties — an image fixed forever in the memory, purified of its accidents, and rendered into an archetype by the almost ineffable finesse of the sculptor's method. While fundamentally "abstract," Hajdu's art is never concerned to conceal its existential sources. Its formal exactitude guarantees that only as much of experience as the artist has fully mastered will be admitted to the final image. Perhaps this, too, identifies its essentially Parisian character.

THE SECOND and more ambitious mode in which Hajdu works is a hammered-metal relief that hangs on the wall like a large painting. Whereas his free-standing sculpture evokes memories of Arp and Brancusi, whose examples have served Hajdu well, the reliefs are an entirely original conception. The lyrical, undulating rhythms of these vast metal sheets (mostly copper or aluminum) are like nothing else in modern sculpture. Their elegant forms, the product of thousands of exact, delicate hammer blows to the underside of the metal, comprise a virtual alphabet of emotive symbols. At times their sweep is of an almost epic grandeur, as if some antique battle scene had been transmuted into its expressive essence and reconstituted into a pure drama of the sensibility. There is in these works that profound synthesis of the sensual and the cerebral which has long been one of the glories of the French mind. In their presence one scarcely thinks of other sculpture; it is to memories of Poussin and Racine that one casts back for meaningful precedents.

If Hajdu has succeeded — as I believe he has—in broaching heroic themes in these great reliefs, it is because he has done so in a way that satisfies a purely modern concept of the heroic; which is to say, by understating his subject and eschewing high-flown rhetoric. Unlike Lipchitz and Moore (in other respects, his superiors), who have endeavored to create heroic styles out of a revival of Rodinesque gestures, Hajdu remains modest, economic, utterly terse in his formal language. The drama, at once sculptural and metaphysical, is all the more powerful for being devoid of flourishes and conventional heroics.

Hajdu's modesty — his precision and understatement — allows him to indulge his taste for finely worked surfaces and beautiful effects without sacrificing anything to prettiness. His elegance is absolutely impersonal, a sign of his detachment. His goal has been a kind of nobility and robustness having nothing to do with the revelation of personality, and he has placed his art at the farthest possible remove from the expressionist *angst*, the "psychology" and false emotions of so much recent art. We cannot go to it as a mirror in which to read our own neuroses — and perhaps that alone will be enough to condemn it in the eyes of many New Yorkers.

LETTER from CHICAGO

Jean Martin

CHICAGO, long accustomed to being on the tail end of things theatrical, especially where English drama is concerned, was surprised to find, with the import of London's satirical night-club troupe, The Establishment, that for once the tail was leading the pack. In an even-steven swap of players, Chicago's Second City improvisational coffeehouse troupe is playing for two months in the English group's London quarters. The Establishment is London's latest intellectual rage, but Chicago audiences (as snobbish as the next one in the admiration of an English accent) found in this case that, like the Emperor's new clothes, the myth was lovely, but the substance wasn't there.

The Establishment operates at 19 Greek Street, Soho, as a private club of ten thousand members, and in that way gets around bothersome British censorship. It was begun by Peter Cook, Michael Frayne, and all that crowd who managed to parlay some Cambridge undergrad capers (via the Edinburgh-Festival-before-last) into a West End hit revue (*Beyond the Fringe*), a little mag of satire, a weekly column in *The Observer*, and this club with the excellent name. (Dean Swift would doubtless be astonished to hear there's money in satire these days, but then he probably would be told his stuff wasn't funny enough.) None of the *Beyond the Fringe* cast appears at The Establishment, which has its own group of bright, angry young things, not one of whom appears to be more than twenty-odd years old.

THE differences between the year-old Establishment and Chicago's group with its eight years of mixed experience, besides the obvious one of professionalism gained through practice, are small but telling. In the first place, Second City works out its skits by improvising before audiences, gradually setting up a skeleton concept which they transfer in loose form to their permanent program; The Establishment players improvise among themselves, then present

---

JEAN MARTIN is a Chicago critic whose reviews appear frequently in the Sun-Times.

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the finished result, tight, pat and explicit, before the audience. The difference is like that between live TV and tape: almost imperceptively The Establishment method has taken the edge off the suspense, even the mild suspense of hoping for something accidental. The second difference between the two groups is that The Establishment skits spring from literary origins, from *words* (the club advertises for "writer-actors"); its thinking is abstract in concept, the satire directed at ideas. Second City proceeds out of *character* (the dense General, the Southern Senator, Barry Goldwater, Oedipus, et al.) which makes for gentler, more humanistic, more particularized comedy — if vaguer satire. The third difference is that The Establishment, whose home stage is about the size of a night-club table, does mostly sit-down skits, and enlarges its scope by such theatrical gimmicks as slides and movies, while Second City creates time, place and space out of the audience imagination. But the fourth, oddest and least expected difference between the two is that The Establishment is, for want of a better word, dirty — and Second City is not. This version of The Establishment is reportedly cleaned up some, but it still struck Chicago audiences as rather pointlessly off-color.

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO. OF NEVADA will hold a stockholders meeting at **10 State Street, Reno, Nevada on November 3, 1962.** All stockholders are requested to be present or send their proxy to **A. H. Moore, President of the Corporation, 635 W. 46 Street, Los Angeles, Calif. or to Albert Kapotsy, Sr., Gen. Manager, Leesville, La.**

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THE Establishment actors were in themselves attractive young intellectuals, looking like beatniks back from Rhodes Scholarships. There was John Fortune (an Anthony Perkins type, perennially in need of a haircut), Jeremy Geidt (owl-eyed, puckish, persimmon-mouthed), John Bird (vaguely jolly, vaguely unpleasant) and sleepy-eyed Eleanor Bron (who behaves as though she is a raving beauty and almost convinces you she is). There was also a nondescript girl singer who sang nondescript songs and who might as well have been left at home. Among them they did eleven skits, all short, not very sharp, not "teddibly" clever, and while basically more vicious than their Chicago counterparts, not enough so to stir the blood. The theatrical pace was slow, and the style was the oddly British one of no-style.

Some of the skits made and remade the same point: viz., an Englishman's class shows as soon as he opens his mouth. There was a scene in a magistrate's court in which two men produced identical alibis, one delivered in a lower-class accent, the other with upper-crust cultured tones, and were respectively pronounced guilty and acquitted. The same point was remade, somewhat more sharply, in a scene about three crucified men, the two on the lower crosses complaining in cockney accents that the one elevated above them was getting preferential treatment. There was also a pretty good take-off on the Queen's speech-making talents as she referred to her notes. . . . "Everywhah in our reahlm . . . in the north (glance at notes) . . . in the south (glance at notes) . . . in the east (glance at notes) . . . and so we say to you. . . ." A not very clever scene showed a landlady refusing a Jamaican student lodgings: "It's not that I'm afraid of what the neighbors would say. It's just that I'm prejudiced," she explains. Then there was the inevitable take-off on the Kennedy news conference. . . . "We must never negotiate through fear, nor must we fear to negotiate, not fear to fear to negotiate, nor negotiate to fear to fear to negotiate. . . ." That one, further along in the week, managed to stir up some Midwestern boos. In a commentary on "Export or Die," the British Manufacturers Association, after voting by a narrow margin to export, decides that what must be done is for management to go "down there" (gesturing vaguely) to the shop to talk to the worker (gesture of distaste) to get him to improve on the quality of the goods so they can be shipped out of Britain where they belong. To underscore this allusion to British workmanship, they showed a film clip of a large electric sign now functioning, or rather *mal*functioning, in Picadilly: it says, "Export Goes Up . . . (a dim neon thumb goes up, sometimes) or Britain Goes Do." The last number was a song, "Sitting around in the Sun," which had movie clips of the royal family seated in their gilded coach or in their box at Ascot, alternating with glimpses of the atom bomb, rioting in Africa, etc.

All in all, the troupers themselves were charmers, but they lacked what the British traditionally lack: really sharp style, contemporary taste and a commercial pace. Their Chicago counterparts, while doggedly provincial, unpolished and even a shade homey, remained top dogs in the tiny kingdom of satire.

ALONG with the tiny London Establishment, Chicago imported in the same week evidence of the ultimate in French establishments — the Treasures of Versailles show at the Art Institute. It made a fine eye-catcher for the reopened Institute — which, completely redone, gives Chicagoans the weird feeling that they are in somebody else's museum. The Treasures, the largest collection of Versailles bric-a-brac and paintings ever allowed outside France, was installed in the new Morton Wing, which with its glass wall and helical staircase manages to turn a corner of the old Institute into a watered-down Museum of Modern Art. As art, the Treasures are mainly social history, including Van Cleef and Arpel's loan of Josephine's tacky old diamond tiara. Looking like rhinestones that badly needed cleaning, it was nervously watched over by an uneasy Institute guard, replete with self-conscious pistol.

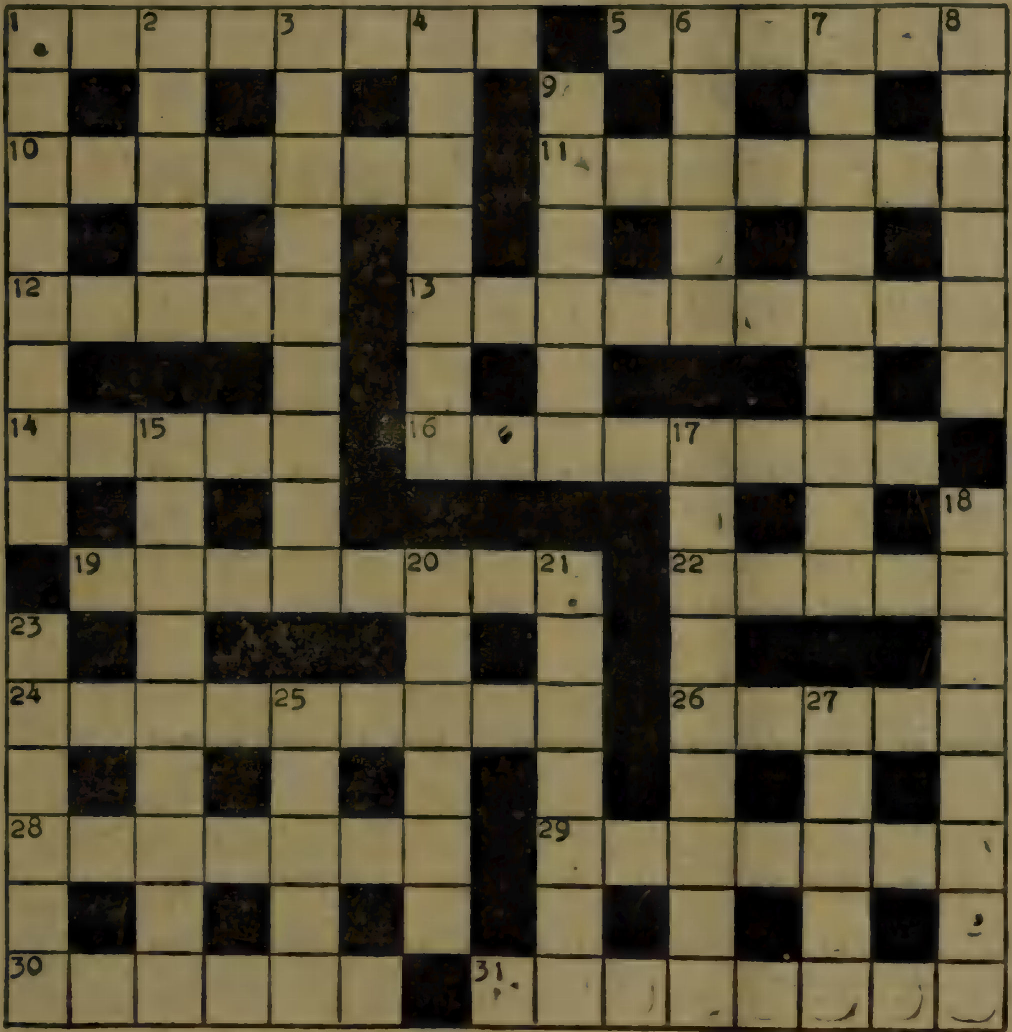
ABC of Culture

So the "angel" of death whistles Mozart
(As we knew he would),
Bicycling amid the smoke of Auschwitz,
The Jews of Auschwitz,
In the great museum of Western Art.

Harvey Shapiro

Crossword Puzzle No. 983

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 5, 30 and 31 Into little bits of sweetness, with a resigned expression? (5, 3, 3, 3, 6, 8)
10 Loud speakers, proverbially. (7)
11 Is it played on top of a chamois?
12 A bit quiet with a color! (5)
13 Calls to account, as Mrs. Browning might have said. (9)
14 A cloudy figure for Hamlet? (5)
16 Thirteen cards appear indistinct—possibly because you're weaving with it. (8)
19 Dye scent enclosed in a sac. (8)
22 Would such a diver make an appearance in fomenting rebellion? (5)
24 Are those following a cause proven adequate? (9)
26 Stretches paces to get where hangings might take place. (5)
28 Willing people are this. (7)
29 One has undoubtedly served. (7)
30 and 31 See 1 across

DOWN:

1 Can't arts get business done this way? (8)
2 One has to, later, to get it. (5)
3 Play on words, after a fashion. (9)
4 How to settle his hash? (7)
6 The flower of 11 with a bright star. (5)
7 One might find them, too, so palatable. (9)
8 He at least sounds serious! (6)
9 Hold back and enclose, as water does. (6)
15 The letters of its name must be changed by declaration. (9)
17 How to register a regular movement, by the sound of it, in mathematics. (9)
18 Half-vegetable, half-animal, all human, despite what some may think! (8)
20 Acted like a generous tipper? (6)
21 How they bring things home to you is assailed, whenever it is brought up. (7)
23 What makes the C.I.C. so excited! (6)
25 A sort of 10, poles apart, might be from South America. (5)
27 Made from Shakespeare's father's bones? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 982

ACROSS: 1 Opening remarks; 9 Elation; 10 Footing; 11 Tragic; 12 Impacted; 14 Entrain; 15 Throb; 19 Satinet; 21 Marked up; 25 Skillet; 26 Arizona; 27, 17 and 23 What are the wild waves saying? DOWN: 1 Overthrow; 2 Emanate; 3 Initiates; 4 Gang; 5 Effeminate; 6 Aloha; 7 Knitter; 13 Pass muster; 15 Tantalize; 16 Baby grand; 18 Varnish; 20 Tripoli; 21 and 8 Massaged; 22 Eclat; 24 Fast.

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To President Kennedy and the American People

We appeal to President Kennedy and to the American people to halt the military blockade against Cuba and to undertake negotiations in the United Nations with the Cuban and Soviet Governments. In 1954 the United States was unalterably opposed to the blockade against Israel. If we now impose a blockade against Cuba, we will violate: the charter of the U.N., established international law, and our own highest ideals for enduring peace. In addition, we will lose friends all over the world.

Let us be logical and ethically consistent in our international policies! As James Reston has said in *The New York Times*: "The United States has many more missile bases in Turkey on the Southern frontier of the Soviet Union than the Russians have in Cuba. If we blockade Cuba, what is to prevent the Russians from blockading the Black Sea and halting our arms en route to Turkey? And, in such an event, would we recognize their blockade or shoot our way through?"

It is necessary to have peaceful negotiations about the Cuban crisis, not war. It is infinitely better to sit around the table with the Cuban and Soviet Delegations and come to a peaceful solution than to bring on World War III and the nuclear extermination of the American people and all other peoples.

Stop the Blockade of Cuba, Stop the War Plans Against Cuba, Stop the Drive towards a World War of Nuclear Annihilation!

Roland H. Bainton
Professor of Church History
Yale Divinity School*

Jerome Davis
Former Professor,
Yale Divinity School

Rev. Edwin R. Edmonds
Dixwell Congregational Church
New Haven, Conn.

Prof. Thomas I. Emerson
New Haven, Conn.

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Cracked Record on the Campus

THE COLONEL'S KOREAN 'TURNCOATS'

John Greenway

LETTERS

But Is It Art?

Dear Sirs: In his review of the dramatization of C. P. Snow's *The Affair* [Oct. 13], Harold Clurman writes: "Angus Wilson has said that Snow's novels are not art but sociology. Agreed." Mr. Wilson's quip has about as much critical point as if he had said of *Moby Dick*, the bulk of which is taken up with the natural history of whales and the origin, history, economy and procedures of the whaling fishery, that it is not art but cetology.

In his series of novels collectively entitled "Strangers and Brothers" and the novel *The Search*, Snow has undertaken to explore and record several aspects of English society in the course of its transformation during the years of this century. He has done this not as a sociologist but in the tradition of Balzac, Zola and others. . . . I am surprised that Mr. Wilson . . . should have tried to dispose of Snow's novels like some lay don Leavis. And what surprises me even more is that Mr. Clurman, usually so discerning, should so readily have given his imprimatur to Mr. Wilson's snappy sally.

David L. Weissman
New York City

Assassins All

Dear Sirs: At the end of the Second World War, intellectuals everywhere proclaimed a sense of what they referred to as "universal guilt"—*Nous sommes tous des assassins*, one acknowledged, with a gratifying sense of having done something magnanimous. . . . Since then, there has been apparent a growing desire of the intellectual to back out from this confrontation of himself as one of those who contribute to our present woes, and to console himself by pointing a finger of scorn at governments and at his neighbors.

Intellectuals have erroneously seen guilt as attached almost exclusively to the enemy nation. They wish now—justifiably—to avoid repeating this error. But if, in his anxiety to avoid facing and shouldering his own sense of guilt, the intellectual is moved to transfer that guilt to his *own* government, his *own* people, rather than those of the enemy, he will be no closer to wisdom.

We have no program to offer the intellectual in these times. He must say what seems to him necessary to be said. He must, of course, criticize, be alert to detect incipient error, incipient signs of irresponsibility. We suggest, however, that his first *responsibility*, as an intellectual, is to acknowledge his own complicity, to place himself squarely within the human community. In that posture, and only in that posture, will he be listened to with respect, and perhaps heard.

Barbara Gibbs Golffing
Francis Golffing
Peterborough, N.H.

The Right Note

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Benjamin Boretz's Lincoln Center column in your October 27 issue.

New York City Nat Hentoff

Understanding Disarmament

Dear Sirs: To help the average citizen understand the proposals for a test ban and disarmament, the Disarmament Committee of the Washington Women Strike for Peace has assembled a booklet entitled "The Story of Disarmament." The eighty-page booklet may be purchased for $1 per copy at: Women Strike for Peace, 1822 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., Publications Department.

Dagmar Wilson
Washington, D.C.

Still, Its a Help

Dear Sirs: In an editorial in your Sept. 15 issue titled "It's Delightful, It's Delectable, It's Deductible," you say: "A entertains B, presents the bill to his own corporation, which pays and deducts from its income tax. Then B entertains A. Uncle Sam pays it all."

Uncle Sam pays 52 per cent of the bill, not all. Entertainment may be charged to expense, subject to review by the internal revenue agents. Expense reduces profits. The corporation profit tax is 52 per cent. The corporation must pay 48 per cent of the entertainment bill.

Cleveland, O. William Feather

Conscience Fund

Dear Sirs: Last year I was one of the Arizona public school teachers who taught without pay because we did not sign the so-called "loyalty oath" required of all public employees under the Arizona Communist Control Act of 1961. One of the teachers, Barbara Elfbrandt, initiated legal action challenging the constitutionality of the oath requirement and that suit is now in the courts.

I am no longer in Arizona, but my thoughts and hopes are with my three colleagues in Tucson who have begun a second year of payless teaching duties. The Conscience Fund, established to keep the teachers who are challenging the oath requirement on the job, is depleted. . . . I urge you to respond with a generous contribution sent to Richard Gorby, Treasurer, Emergency Committee, 2648 North Fair Oaks, Tucson, Arizona.

Clyde R. Appleton
Raleigh, N.C.

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The Nation, Nov. 10, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 15

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Sigh of Relief

When Khruschchev agreed to move his missiles back to where they came from, the American people, the Russian people, the Cuban people and indeed all the peoples of the world, breathed easier. The feeling was human and genuine and, within limits, it is a good sign, because it demonstrates once again how strong and universal is the longing for peace. Apparently the only ones who were disappointed are the Cuban counterrevolutionists, who fear that the President's assurance that there would be no invasion dooms their hopes for an early return to their homeland.

It does not, necessarily. In the first place, the negotiations for a settlement of the Cuban question have scarcely begun. It is plain enough that neither the Kennedy Administration nor the Kremlin wants a nuclear war, but we knew that already. We also knew that neither the Russian nor the American people want one. But the all-important details remain to be spelled out, and the possibility remains that the crisis may flare up again, like a fire from its embers. The chances are a settlement will be consummated, but it will be pro tem and how long it will last is anyone's guess.

If this is true of the confrontation in Cuba, it applies with much greater force to the world-wide conflict between the capitalist and Communist camps and the various potential battlefields where diplomats maneuver and men stand at arms. The most obvious locale for a crisis is, of course, Berlin. Kennedy stood firm in Cuba and he won. But in Cuba the military cards were all in his hands. In Berlin they are mostly in Khrushchev's hands. And if Khrushchev wants to remain the head man in the Kremlin, he badly needs a victory or, at least, a face-saving compromise in that theatre of the cold war, where he has committed himself far more irrevocably than he did in Cuba.

Another cause for misgivings, rather than relief, is that the bulk of the American public, and the American press which has conditioned them, apparently do not yet know, in their bones and glands, that the nuclear bomb has been invented. They fear it, hence the sigh of relief when the immediate prospect of its use was averted; but they rallied behind the President with the same mass tropism as in 1899. The fact that this is an utterly different world has simply not been digested.

The lessons which most of the newspapers gleaned from the Cuban episode are fallacious. Judging by editorial content, they have learned nothing that will be useful in the crises that lie directly ahead. *The New York Times* published a sampling of nation-wide editorial comment on October 30. It fell into well-defined patterns. The less prevalent was one of redoubled truculence and a conviction that readiness to brave nuclear war was the right course. Another group of newspapers, including some of the most liberal and intelligent, were hopeful that a general settlement might emerge from the momentary *détente.* But this is impossible as long as the United States insists on preserving the *status quo* all over the world, holding and increasing its nuclear lead, intervening economically and militarily wherever revolution threatens, and blaming the Soviet Union for the inevitable explosions resulting from widespread injustice and repression. That way peace does not lie.

Much depends on what Kennedy and Khrushchev and their advisers have learned from the peril which has been momentarily escaped. On our side, the screams of the war hawks are louder than ever. If Kennedy actually forgoes armed action against Cuba, he will be accused of being soft on Castroism; indeed the accusation is already being made. Senator Goldwater condemned the pledge, without knowing its terms and future interpretation, and urged the President to get rid of advisers who "have consistently urged a soft policy toward communism." Senator Capehart warned that the United States must not deed Cuba over to communism. Edward V. Rickenbacker, more virulent than ever, has announced the formation of a national organization to protest the terms of the forthcoming Cuban settlement. Like the other right-wingers, he is against every compromise, every step away from the edge of the precipice.

The President himself, in his rancor toward Castro, has strengthened the cause of those who seek the overthrow of the Cuban revolution at any cost. Unless he is as able and willing to confront them as he confronted Khrushchev, in a year or less he might be carried along by them. It is no time for sighing, but a time for renewed vigilance by those who love life and their country.

The Ever-Rising Curve

It is an ill wind that doesn't put money in someone's pocket, and the aftermath of the Cuban crisis is almost certain to be a joyful New Year for the armament industries and the Pentagon. In *The Wall Street Journal*, James N. Wallace quotes a Pentagon official who suggested that a boost of $4 billion in the armament budget was possible. The mechanics are simple. If the country encounters a setback, obviously more money must be poured into the military maw, lest there be a succession of setbacks. After a victory, the same necessity prevails, since the situation might have gone the other way had it not been for the earlier appropriations, which therefore must be increased to make victory certain in the future.

Even before the Cuban crisis, the Air Force was raising its annual cry of "More money!" It asked $23.5 billion for fiscal 1964, $3.5 billion more than it is spending this fiscal year. The Air Force, that is, would have liked to receive almost the entire raise projected for July, 1963-July, 1964. Its planners made it clear that they had not abandoned the RS-70 reconnaissance bomber, looked on askance by the Defense Department. They now want permission to build eight prototypes instead of the three previously demanded. Of course, the Air Force also wants a bigger role in space, although what it proposes to do there remains as nebulous as ever.

This aspiration of the Air Force may be satisfied, though surely not to repletion: the Air Force can never get enough of weapons, any more than a Don Juan can get enough of women. In the annual sharing with the other services, however, the upcoming fiscal year promises to be less of a bonanza for the Air Force than for the competing services. The Cuban crisis has strengthened the hand of the Navy, which played a major role with its blockade. The Navy feels itself badly in need of renovation, and on no picayune scale. The average age of all ships in the active fleet is fifteen years and the Navy would like to build seventy new ships a year, as against the thirty-seven budgeted for fiscal 1963. If this request is not heeded, according to a recent Congressional subcommittee report, the Navy is headed toward a "block obsolescence" which can have the most disastrous consequences to this country.

Although it played no active role in the Cuban crisis, the Army has likewise been strengthened in its demands for a raise. Had the Administration been forced to invade Cuba, presumably the resulting war would have been fought largely or entirely with conventional arms; it would have been a second brushfire war on top of the one in South Vietnam. The sixteen existing Army divisions are held to be inadequate, and General Maxwell Taylor, the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, is in favor of at least one completely air-mobile assault division. The Army is contesting with the Air Force for mobility: the proposed Seventeenth Division would have no less than 300 aircraft of its own. Mobility, whether on the ground or in the air, runs into money.

However, the tear ducts need not be drained to exhaustion by the sorrows of the Air Force. Its reconnaissance, after all, saved the day. Reconnaissance, as *The Wall Street Journal* says, "is apt to be a good sales pitch to Congress." The Air Force had to borrow Navy interceptors during the Cuban crisis; this must never happen again. Rest easy: the Air Force will get more money, though not as much more as it had hoped. But so, too, will the Army and the Navy; it is now their turn to ride an escalator which never stops running.

Don't Keep Your Mouth Shut!

The performance of the embryonic peace movement in the Cuban crisis was as good as could be expected. It was the first time that it really found itself under the gun. Although there was plenty of forewarning, the crisis itself flared up suddenly and there was little time to react. It was harder to go into the streets and demonstrate for peace when Khrushchev had planted rockets on Cuban soil than when it was only a question of nuclear testing. It meant overcoming one's own feeling of isolation, since it was perfectly clear that most of the people were rallying blindly around the President and anyone who counseled moderation risked being stigmatized as a pacifist, or even a traitor. Yet there were some thousands who did just that, including sizable contingents in the universities.

It is important to keep certain primer facts in mind. This is a big country and its public-opinion machinery operates on a commensurate scale. There are pressures and counter-pressures. The mass media tend to distort mass opinion in the direction of what they regard as their own interest, but they cannot suppress dissident views entirely and some do not wish to. When the friends of peace lose heart, the distortion is doubled. No one knows, then, that there *is* a minority opinion, and that all history shows that what starts as a minority often becomes a majority. And that right is not necessarily on the side of the biggest numbers, any more than on the side of the biggest battalions. Conscience must speak to power.

There is another practical reason for all to voice their fears, their hopes, their misgivings, their reasoning. Despite the expertise of the experts and the complexity of the problems, no one, right up to the President himself, knows all the answers. Except for extremists, who in the United States are not usually in a position of power, no one is utterly sure of himself or entirely inaccessible to sensible arguments. In the Cuban crisis, the President and his small circle of advisers must have had misgivings of their own as they staked their own lives and the lives of millions. Whoever makes an appeal, if only by going to a meeting or carrying a sign, may influence the outcome by increasing the room for maneuver of those who make the decisions.

The peace movement has its work cut out for it. For the sake of all of us, we may hope that it will grow. But whether it represents a minority of 10 per cent or 1 per cent, those presently in it are the only ones who can make it grow. They must use the old means, and devise new ones, to meet future emergencies.

'Sledge-hammer Logic'

The Atlantic Research Corporation of Alexandria, Va., has been the recipient of $30 million worth of defense contracts a year. "Were it not for Atlantic," one admirer has been quoted as saying, "we might have to get our space fuel from the Russians." Last month the corporation's involvement in financial high jinks, not defense, made news. The SEC suspended trading in the corporation's stock, stating:

> While the report of Atlantic Research to its shareholders showed a net income of $1,473,192 for the year 1961, which figure also is carried in securities manuals, financial statements on file with the commission reflect a loss of $1,066,015 on a consolidated basis for Atlantic Research and its subsidiaries.

In an article with the title "Sledge-hammer Tactics," *Barron's*, a financial weekly, charged that the SEC was guilty of what amounts to subversion of our national defense effort:

> To the extent that it impairs the company's usefulness, present and future, the SEC may have struck a blow not for the public interest but against the national security. . . . Since Atlantic Research turns out missiles and rockets, the danger is clear and present.

This is nonsense, of course. Although Atlantic's activity on Wall Street is temporarily curtailed, the Department of Defense will continue to buy from Atlantic because it must. The real question lies elsewhere: Should a defense contractor who is neither forthright nor consistent in his report to shareholders be allowed to retain vital scientific talent and production facilities that have been largely created and supported by taxes levied in the name of national security? Privates are court-martialed for less. If this country must rely on the likes of the Atlantic Research Corporation for space fuel, we do face a clear and present danger. And it isn't from the SEC.

Negroes Are People

There are a few Negro star actors — you can count them on the fingers of one hand — but that means very little to the ordinary Negro actor or to the Negroes who are star material and who cannot make a living in the movies or TV, or on the stage. Nor does the presence of an occasional successful Negro in these industries disprove the deep-seated racism of the proud American democracy. It means little more today than in the twenties, when a first-rate Negro actor, Charles Gilpin, played the title role of O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*. In any other play, he would have been cast as a bellboy—a comical one, more likely than not.

Rep. Adam Clayton Powell (D., N.Y.) is not *The Nation's* favorite Congressman, but on October 29 the House Labor Committee which he heads brought out, at a hearing, some facts of which every American should be ashamed. One of the witnesses was Sidney Poitier, who described himself as the only male Negro among 13,000 members of the Screen Actors Guild who is able to make a living exclusively from motion pictures. This twenty years after Wendell Willkie (then of Twentieth Century Fox) and Walter White of the NAACP held conferences with executives of the motion-picture industry in an effort to obtain for the Negro his rightful place as a screen actor. Darryl Zanuck, at the time, summed up the situation with admirable clarity: what the emissaries were asking was that Negroes should be used in motion pictures in accordance with their roles in life: "some are heroic, some are not; some are serious minded, others are comedians; some are industrious, some are lazy; some hold highly responsible positions, some of course are in menial occupations. In other words, they are just like all other human beings." But nothing came of all this palaver.

"I have made seventeen pictures," said Mr. Poitier last week, "but it is no joy for me that I am used as the example to prove they really don't discriminate." He thought that other, more gifted Negroes (Mr. Poitier is a modest sort of man) had been forced to leave the industry for lack of work. Ossie Davis and Hilda Simms testified to the same effect. Even the "Negro play" *Purlie Victorious*, which ran for eight months on Broadway, provided more jobs for whites than for Negroes (there were five Negroes and four whites in the cast, but no Negro house manager, ushers or wardrobe workers). Miss Simms, who cannot be identified as colored either in stills or in motion pictures, told about a television play in which she appeared as the wife of Mr. Poitier. NBC received some 200 letters of protest; the writers assumed she was white. NBC was concerned and asked Miss Simms to make affidavit that she was black. Miss Simms refused and has not been hired by NBC since.

Today, as twenty years ago, what the Negro wants is basically quite simple. It is not that a Negro should be cast in the role of Rhett Butler in *Gone with the Wind* or as an adjutant to General Robert E. Lee or as a classmate of the late William Faulkner at Ole Miss a generation ago. It is simply that, in addition to parts which call for Negroes, Negro actors and actresses should also have their share of what might be called the every-day roles. After all, Negroes are part of the American scene: they are school teachers, taxi drivers, cooks, clerks and bell boys; they are also beauticians, morticians and obstetricians. Negroes are part of crowds; they travel on subways and buses and airlines. Today, also, they serve in the armed forces, attend schools, churches and work in factories in most parts of the country on a nonsegregated basis. What the Negro objects to, in essence, is not so much "tokenism" as "totemism" in the original anthropological sense — namely, the tendency to accept one Negro as an emblem of the group.

TEST OF STATESMANSHIP

THOSE OVERSEAS BASES . .

by Fred Warner Neal

November 2

THE CUBAN crisis is likely to be some kind of turning point — for either good or ill — in the cold war. Given imagination and wisdom on our part, it could become an opportunity for building the peace.

This is being written with the repercussions from the Cuban crisis still far from clear, but it does seem that three major results are apparent:

1. The era of American unilateral diplomacy in the Caribbean has been demonstrated to have come to an end. United States influence in the area is still predominant, but we have had to recognize—despite our forceful position in imposing the "quarantine" — that affairs in the Caribbean concern not only the United States but other powers as well, to say nothing of the United Nations.

2. The whole question of foreign bases as a factor in the American-Soviet cold-war confrontation has been dramatically raised for the first time. Particularly is this important for the United States, which has had a tendency to ignore this as a cold-war issue.

3. From here on, cold-war tensions are likely either to be ameliorated or exacerbated, depending on the actual settlement and how both the United States and the Soviet Union react to it.

The upshot of the Cuban crisis, as of last weekend, appeared to be a clear-cut U.S. victory. And it was; we were about to achieve what we wanted to achieve, i.e., withdrawal of Soviet missile bases in Cuba. But it was also a Soviet victory, despite what appears as a serious loss of face for Moscow. The proclaimed Soviet policy of offering protection to revolutionary regimes, while at the same time insisting that thermonuclear war could be avoided, is an important facet of Soviet foreign policy in both ideological and power terms. In one way, it goes to the heart of the Soviet-Chinese dispute. Moscow can now make a good case that its policy has been vindicated. It has been able to extract a formal pledge from the United States — with the UN virtually employed as underwriter—that we will not invade Cuba.

The danger lies in the likelihood that unless this rather ambiguous ending to the Cuban crisis is followed by diplomatic effort on both sides to reduce other cold-war tensions, both sides may become more, rather than less, recalcitrant. The American public reaction is certain to be that we have shown that we can make the Russians back down and that we should follow this success with a harder line elsewhere. Such reaction may be all the stronger once the impact of the Cuban settlement on our position in the Caribbean is realized. On the other hand, the Soviet Union, having suffered a loss of face, at least on the surface, is now virtually impelled to show that it is not backing down on its positions elsewhere.

THIS could result in a dangerous sharpening of the tensions—Berlin is one obvious focal point—unless some agreement is quickly arrived at to forestall it. The responsibility for initiative here would seem to be on the United States. As the "victors" in the Cuban confrontation, our logical gambit is to follow Machiavelli's advice in such cases and be magnanimous. We should do so not only in order to minimize the likelihood of a hardening of Soviet policy, but also because one of the factors previously inhibiting our ability to compromise

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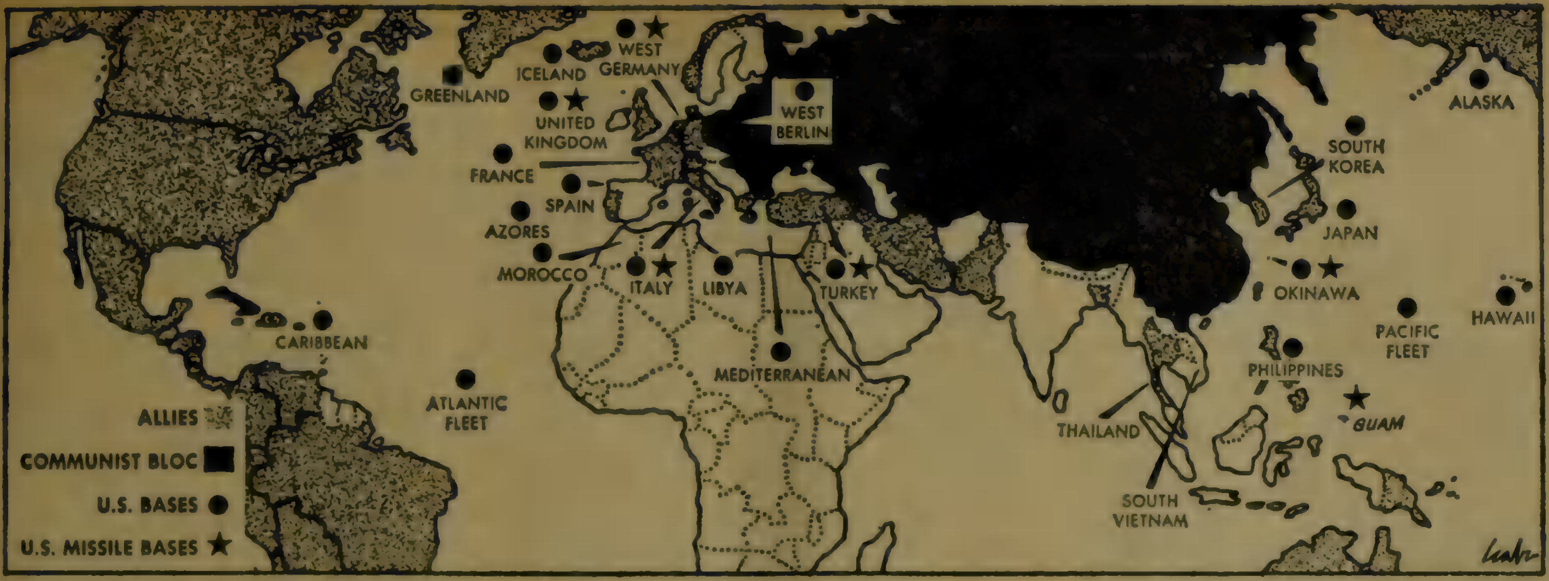

has been removed. The willingness of the Administration to risk war over Cuba should exorcise the specter that either the Soviet Union or our allies might regard realistic American compromises as a sign of weakness.

IT IS a principle of international politics that each state has a set of vital interests—core interests—that it identifies with its very existence. These interests are not always easy to see or define, but it is clear that in the case of powerful states they include at least those areas on their immediate periphery. Traditionally, a challenge to such core interests has brought the threat of war.

The Soviet Union, in moving to establish missile bases in Cuba—for whatever purpose—challenged a very sensitive American core interest. And our response to it was the traditional response of a nation state in such cases. It was a combination of the Soviet move and the American response that so seriously threatened the peace.

It is quite true that in the age of thermonuclear bombs and ICBMs, the very existence of these weapons constitutes a mutual threat, no matter where they are situated. But the psychological impact of the geopolitical aspects — the core-interest idea—remains not only important, but dominant. No clearer illustration can be imagined than our reaction to the developments in Cuba. We were, in fact, not threatened militarily by missiles in Cuba any more than we had been all along by missiles in the Soviet Union—despite all the fuss made about the difference in warning time. But our reaction to the one threat was vastly different from our reaction to the other, and the reason was that the Soviet missile bases in Cuba constituted a direct challenge to an area that has been our most vital concern, that is, a clear American core interest.

Our reaction to this Soviet challenge was both natural and justified, whatever one may think of the manner in which it was carried out. But for a number of years the USSR has lived under an even more severe challenge posed by our bases around the Soviet periphery. These bases were established when the Soviet Union was in a position of relative military inferiority to the United States. The Russians have not liked them. They have inveighed against them. But thus far they have not threatened force to make us remove them. Meanwhile, we have spurned pleas for negotiation of the matter.

We like to think, of course, that our bases are different from Moscow's, and so they may be. The important point is that it is entirely natural that Moscow would not—could not—think so. Almost every point made so eloquently by Ambassador Stevenson to the Security Council to prove that our bases were good and Soviet bases were bad could be utilized by the Russians to prove the exact opposite. Our bases are defensive, to defend Turkey, Pakistan, Iran and Norway. Cannot the USSR say its bases were to defend Cuba? We were invited by the host countries. Were not the Russians invited by Castro? The Soviet bases introduced nuclear weapons into a new area; they upset the *status quo*. Did we not create foreign bases in countries where there had been none before? Our bases were in response to threatening bases inside Soviet territory. Could we expect the Cubans and their Soviet allies to ignore installations in Florida?

THE FACT is—regardless of how we may see our bases—that to establish bases on the border of another state must inevitably be considered a provocative act. Up until now, however, the United States has been kept from appreciating the impact of our bases around the Soviet Union primarily by our tendency to see contemporary international politics primarily in strictly black and white terms — a direct conflict between American good and democracy on the one side and Soviet evil and dictatorship on the other. The Soviet Union, on its part, has tended to see the world in much the same terms, only, of course, reversed. One has only to note the initial speeches of Ambassadors Stevenson and Zorin to the Security Council last week. In both, a lack of candor vied with a lack of perspective.

One can only hope now that the impact of the Cuban crisis may jar loose some of the rigidity in American thinking that has made it difficult, if not impossible, for us to accept the idea that the Soviet Union could quite honestly and sincerely consider our bases as a threat.

The tensions resulting from these bases have been an important block to easing the cold war and reaching agreement on disarmament — the real objective of intelligent foreign policy. The irony is that these bases provide little real military protection to anybody — and certainly not to the United States, since the Russians could easily knock them out at any time (just as we could knock out the bases in Cuba). In addition, our bases are enormously costly and rapidly becoming outmoded. Furthermore, the presence of these bases tends to increase, rather than diminish, the tendency of both sides to be "trigger happy"; and it is precisely for a reduction of "trigger-happy" tensions that our new "science" of arms control is plugging.

The Russians have, under virtual threat, agreed to withdraw their bases from Cuba. For us now to negotiate with them the whole question of foreign bases on each other's periphery would be the highest statesmanship and definitely in the American interest. There is some indication that Moscow would consider withdrawal of our bases in Turkey alone as a *quid pro quo* for Cuba. It is only in Turkey—as far as one knows—that we have missile bases. But we do have installations capable of offensive action—SAC bases, for instance—in Pakistan, Iran and Norway, all on the Soviet periphery. And as long as they are there, they constitute a challenge to Soviet core interests that can only produce tensions without furnishing the protection for which they were intended.

It could well be that we would not have to withdraw American bases in these countries *in toto*—not, for example, American troops — but only installations capable of offensive action. In return, we would have not only greater assurance of complete Soviet withdrawal from Cuba, but also Soviet agreement not to establish similar installations anywhere in this hemisphere. Any such arrangement, of course, would have to be under United Nations inspection.

As part of the agreement, there would have to be acceptance of the territorial *status quo,* at least in the areas involved. This could and should promote a settlement of the Berlin dilemma. We have already accepted the territorial *status quo* as far as Cuba is concerned. Having demonstrated our firmness and will in the Cuban crisis, we are now in a much better position to recognize—in one form or another—the facts of East Germany and the Oder-Neisse line. The Russians would, of course, have to agree to respect the independent status of West Berlin.

For the time being, at least, American military positions in Western Europe (including West Germany) and Soviet military positions in Eastern Europe (including East Germany) should be excluded from any such *détente.* These are core interests on both sides. It is conceivable that agreement on mutual disengagement in Europe could come later—as indeed common sense dictates that it should—but this is a different and less pressing matter.

IT IS NOT impossible that at least an implicit agreement to negotiate on the matter of bases is already a part of the resolution of the Cuban crisis. At this writing, nobody can predict with certainty what the aftermath will be in terms of the reactions of either side. On our part, if we do anything at all, clearly it will have to wait until after the elections. There can be no doubt that the Administration will be under enormous pressure to respond to its success in the Cuban affair with further pressure on the Soviet Union, rather than with compromises; to "stand firmer" than ever, rather than offering accommodation. If the Administration gives in to this pressure, we will lose a chance that may not come again.

American statesmanship faces a severe test. If we pass it, we can rightly anticipate that our leadership will be gratefully received by the whole world. If we do not, the future —which has long been grim and uncertain—will be dark indeed.

The Colonel's Korean 'Turncoats' . . *by John Greenway*

HAS COLONEL MAYER got to you on the subject of your degeneracy yet? He will; you won't escape him. By his own estimate he has been speaking twice a week for the last several years to impressionable audiences (while ostensibly on duty as an instructor in the Brooke Army Medical Field Service School, Fort Sam Houston, Texas), but if you have somehow missed the force of his glittering eye, you cannot long hope to elude the 600,000 copies of his address — 500,000 printed and 100,000 tape recorded — circling the nation with him in separate orbits, all alleging that the traitorous conduct of our soldiers in the Korean War points up the rottenness of American character, which can be arrested only by cutting away the cancer of soft democracy and toughening up the nation with some good old-fashioned Army — or rather Marine — discipline.

What is most distressing is that you will probably like what he has to say, even though one of the foremost civilian authorities on the subject calls it "garbage." Lieutenant Colonel William Erwin Mayer is an exceptionally convincing man behind the lectern, almost young enough to be President, handsome in a Nordic way, dazzlingly bespangled with medals. But even on tape recordings of his lecture he is charming, persuasive and apparently guileless. Rarely is he effectively challenged by skeptical listeners. Ordinarily his audiences are ready-made for him by the local Birchers, but during one of his recent passes over the Western United States, he spoke at the University of Colorado (singled out by

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Barry Goldwater as the only college among 250 of his acquaintance "where the Socialists or whatever you care to call them seem to have the ability to do what they want without censure") and his reception was no different. Fifteen hundred presumably well-informed Americans gave him a thunderous standing ovation for an address in which half-truths, equivocations and false inferences were compounded slickly into a vicious attack upon our national character. When a girl student rose after the talk to point out what she thought was an obvious distortion, this American audience led by this American Army officer crushed her back into her seat with derisive laughter.

But this is part of being an American, and in a way it is our strength. No other great nation is so enthusiastically self-condemnatory, yet when the other peoples of the world take us at our own estimation, we are dismayed that, like Willy Loman, we are not well liked. Our most significant thinkers have been nay-sayers to their culture, few of them recognizing that their democratic heritage gave them not only the cause to censure it, but the permission to do so. The few notable yea-sayers, from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Norman Vincent Peale, have commended our civilization so foolishly that the cynical reader suspects they were really writing satires. None of them has had much influence among the commonality, except perhaps Peale, but he scurried back into celestial regions after his unfortunate terrestrial adventure during the last Presidential campaign.

THIS Colonel Mayer is another matter entirely. He works in muckier terrain. His indictment of our society is accepted uncritically by nearly every layman who is exposed to it—and the exposure is nearly incredible. Not only have more than 600,000 separate copies of his diatribe been sold, but these are endlessly circulated, and their sensational charges are further disseminated by irresponsible mass-circulation magazines. How deeply these noisome tendrils dig into the body politic can be seen in the widely distributed speech of Tennessee Congressman B. Carroll Reece, "Russia Is Not America's Greatest Danger," which quotes as the "best summary" of the Korean POW scandal some remarks allegedly originating with one Reverend Robert W. Youngs of Scarsdale, New York, but which actually are quotations from Mayer's imaginary interview with an imaginary POW. And Harding College of Searcy, Arkansas, will even provide you with a do-it-yourself "flannelboard speech kit" — for $29.50 — so that you, too, can deliver Colonel Mayer's address if you are not influential enough to secure the Colonel himself.

If the uncritical reception to Mayer's attack on ourselves, our society and our soldiers is distressing to the few informed observers, the attack itself is nothing less than infuriating. It would not be extreme to say that *every* conclusion Mayer draws from his Korean observations is either wrong or faulty — but it is the nature of polemics that the charge is ten times stronger than the refutation. Not a single reputable psychologist who has worked with this material agrees with Mayer's interpretations, but this has not in the least deterred him. The closest he has come to being silenced was the temporary muzzling fastened on him last year by the Department of Defense — but he was quickly unleashed (with a promotion) on agreeing to preface each of his addresses with the statement that they expressed his own opinions only. Mayer dutifully makes this apologia, but with such archness that the audience always responds with a knowing roar of approval. And then he trots out the same old battered allegations. In summary, this is what he charges:

> The misconduct of the American soldiers in the Korean conflict was so serious that one must conclude that "the men who fought in Korea were a strikingly different group of human beings from those who fought in World War II." For one thing, they inexcusably died in captivity at a rate of 40 per cent — higher than any previously captured American soldiers. These deaths occurred mostly in the Communist indoctrination camps, where the men were not subjected to any physical abuse, and for the simple reason that they failed to keep faith with one another and to accept a natural line of military authority, substituting for the discipline and obedience which would have saved them, a new and strange reaction called "give-up-itis." Those who did not die made not a single successful attempt to escape, and most acquiesced or collaborated with the enemy. Such well-disciplined groups as the Turks and the U.S. Marines shamed the soldiers by their resistance. Since these Army POWs were "better than average Americans," the inference to be drawn from their misconduct is that the entire nation is suffering a rapid moral decay, attributable to the change of ideology that since the second World War has been inculcated into innocent minds by radical politicians and teachers.

AS Albert D. Biderman, whose extensive refutation of Mayer and his journalistic accomplices, *March to Calumny: The Story of American POWs in the Korean War*, will be published late this year, put it, Mayer's creation is a millipede which grows back legs as fast as one can hack them off. Certainly in view of the negligible effect refutations of these charges have had in the last eight years, it is disheartening even to state them again, and one does so only out of a sense of duty.

The death rate among the POWs was indeed the highest in American military history, but if we exclude the thousand soldiers who were summarily executed by the North Koreans shortly after their capture, the figure drops to 22 per cent, as compared to 33 per cent in the Revolutionary War. In the Confederate prison at Andersonville, 14,000 out of 50,000 prisoners died (28 per cent). And in one of history's most rigidly disciplined armies, the Wehrmacht of the Third Reich, the POWs taken at Stalingrad died at a 94 per cent rate. The American deaths did not occur in the permanent camps, as Mayer alleges, but on the way to the camps, where men, sick with dysentery, malnutrition, frostbite and pneumonia, already badly clothed by the improvident Army, were forced to march without overshoes or coats hundreds of miles in temperatures far below zero under guards eager to kill stragglers or resisters.

The incidence of dysentery was

nearly 100 per cent, and while this disease is funny to persons who have not had it, it is one of the most debilitating and will-shattering of sicknesses. Deaths among North Korean dysentery victims at the 64th U. S. Field Hospital, where treatment was incomparably better than that received by the Americans, was *9 per cent per day* for four months.

In point of fact, there were almost no deaths at all in the permanent camps; 99.6 per cent of all American POW deaths occurred before the camps were established. Nor is "give-up-itis" a unique Korean phenomenon, but something that has been reported from every war from which any information beyond the names of the generals is available. In the Civil War, it was called "around the bends"; in the Pacific Theatre of World War II, "bamboo disease."

BEFORE the camps were established, there were 650 escapes. Afterward, the weather was unbearably cold, yet Mayer wanted these sick, easily identified Caucasoids to tunnel through the frozen ground like the POWs in German camps during World War II, to—where? The camps were all on the Yalu River—that is, some 350 miles inside enemy territory, where there was no chance at all for shelter or succor and every chance for capture by the cutthroat North Koreans (against whom, in fact, the Chinese Communists were protecting the Americans). Moreover, Communist propaganda claimed that the UN forces had been entirely driven off the peninsula, so that as far as the Americans knew, there were no friendly lines on the continent. When the weather warmed, truce negotiations had begun at Panmunjom, the indoctrination ceased, and only an insane man would leave the camps for almost certain death when he might be legally freed at any time. Nevertheless, Mayer to the contrary, there were escape attempts!

Mayer's heroic Marines collaborated seriously with the enemy at a rate two and a half times that of the "soft" Army prisoners—who, incidentally, were far from being "better than average Americans"; the young men who were not able to dodge the draft for this unfortunate war had an AGCT median score (IQ) of 89 and a median education of eight and a half years.

Yet these poorly educated prisoners, badly prepared by their officers for "brainwashing" and worse, stoutly resisted indoctrination. Of more than 4,000 surviving prisoners, only eleven were convicted of misconduct—and not for treason. Of the widely publicized twenty-one American defectors, probably only three or four chose to remain with the Communists for political reasons. Ask Mayer when he speaks to your group how many Communist POWs decided to remain with the decadent Americans; admire the way he talks around the question—and know all the while that the number of Communist defectors, out of 22,000 prisoners, was *15,000.*

AS A psychiatrist, Mayer's record is not unduly impressive, despite the opinion of that eminent authority in neuropsychiatry, J. Strom Thurmond, that he is the "most knowledgeable [American] in the field of brainwashing." With the exception of the period November, 1958, to July, 1960, his career as psychiatrist has been in the military. He has had two teaching appointments in civilian schools: he taught psychiatry at the University of California Medical School from May, 1948, to July, 1950, and taught elementary psychology at San Antonio College from February, 1955, to August, 1957.

The military is a strange place for a scientist whose province is the human mind. The study of individual human behavior absolutely requires a situation of objectivity and complete freedom from authoritarian dogma, and there is no institution other than religion more conservative, rigid and dogmatic than the military. At the Air Force Academy today they are marching cadets up and down in formations that were suicidal in the eighteenth century and giving them swords to hang by their sides, though it must be apparent to the commandant that in modern air combat a pilot could not get an effective swipe at any enemy with a saber.

AS A MATTER of fact, this whole Korean POW fiasco can be directly traced to the Army's inflexibility in interpreting psychological data. At the end of World War II, an avalanche of evidence from all the warring nations led to the inescapable prediction that the next war would find prisoners subjected to psychological coercion of almost magical effectiveness, and the Army prepared to deal with the difficult and embarrassing problem of deterging the brains of enormous numbers of brainwashed soldiers. When the first exchange of presumably sick and wounded Korean War prisoners was made in "Operation Little Switch" early in 1953, quick interviews disclosed that many of the 149 returned Americans had indeed been infected with a slight case of communism. What was not immediately noticed was the incongruously good physical condition of the collaborators, and before the Army realized that it was the victim of a Communist ploy, it had committed itself so inextricably with blunders like the Valley Forge incident that it became a matter of smearing the Army or smearing the POWs. This is where Mayer came in—and so the Korean conflict became the first war in American history where atrocities upon prisoners were blamed on the prisoners themselves and not on the enemy.

Of course, the better solution to the dilemma — and the one that eventually will have to be made — was to acknowledge that with present-day psychological methods anyone can be broken, anyone can be made to confess to anything, from admission of failure to keep the latrine clean to dropping germ bombs. If this fact could be firmly implanted in the minds not only of Americans but of our enemies as well, then physical torture and psychological brainwashing would not be worth any nation's effort. But the Army still has not learned this; it is still confused. Its attitude toward Mayer is like that of the conscientious Puritan at the Salem witch-hanging who deplored Cotton Mather's methods but had to admit that, after all, he was firmly against the Devil.

ONE outstanding psychologist who knew Mayer in Korea said that the young officer, unduly impressed by the first collaborative prisoners he saw, soon became an easy captive of pressure groups who needed a fine-looking, eloquent military man to front for them. The first of his captors were, of course, the embarrassed Intelligence investigators. The second, which saddled him firmly upon the tiger from which he can never dismount, was the old-line, hard-core Army cadre which bitterly resented and resisted General Doolittle's efforts to make the Army a fighting force of democratic citizens who had to be treated with the respect owed to dignified, intelligent people. Now Mayer rides on in all directions, encouraged by whatever group needs him for a night's work.

His most widely distributed speech on Communist infiltration is lavish with praise for his host and publisher, Dr. George Stuart Benson, a former Fundamentalist missionary to China and now president of Harding College, who believes neither in integration nor evolution. Harding College was a small, unaccredited, Bible school of two buildings and two hundred students which carried its battle against the twentieth century only as far as assaulting Darwinism until Alfred P. Sloan, late president of General Motors, primed its pump with a $300,000 contribution. Now it has an endowment of more than $6,000,000 (nearly all from industrial donors), an annual budget of $200,000, officers like Brigadier General William P. Campbell, orators like Mayer, and far more important things to attack than Darwinism.

The strangest of the disseminators of Mayer's oratory is the Bell Telephone System, whose gigantic size and command of communications media make it a significant force in mass communications. A spot check of Bell System offices around the nation reveals that although there seems to be no formal directive from above in the matter, the happy cooperativeness of Bell public-relations officials extends in many places to making Mayer's tape recording available to borrowers. Joining Bell and Harding College are myriad other sponsors; notice who sponsors Mayer when he descends upon *your* city.

THE THIRSTY AUTOMOBILE . . *by Ralph Lee Smith*

IN 1957, following heavy criticism by safety officials of the emphasis placed on speed and power in automobile advertising, members of the Automobile Manufacturers Association unanimously resolved to ban the use of these themes. In June of this year, the Ford Motor Company notified the association that it would no longer abide by the agreement. "As time went on," Ford wrote the association, "some passenger-car divisions, including our own, interpreted the resolution somewhat freely. This erosion of the principle involved continued and the net result was an increasing emphasis by passenger-car divisions on speed, horsepower and racing." By now, said Ford, the resolution has "neither purpose nor effect."

Immediately after Ford's letter, Chrysler issued a statement also repudiating the agreement. Representative Kenneth A. Roberts (D., Ala.), chairman of a House Commerce subcommittee on health and safety, called Ford's and Chrysler's move "a horrible decision," but the firms were not deterred.

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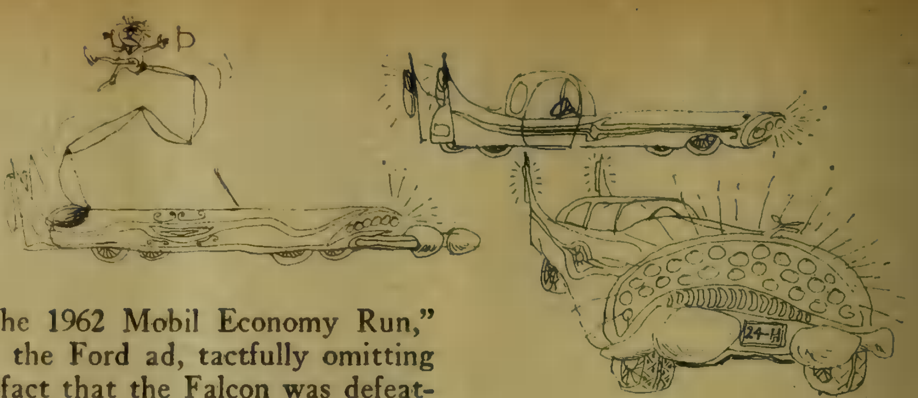
A few days later the industry announced that the 1963 models would no longer emphasize economy, the theme that had produced the original compacts and had played an important role in advertising for several years. Cars would become longer, "chromier" and more powerful, and advertising emphasis would be shifted accordingly. Even compacts would become bigger and brassier. "It costs only $1.25 an inch to stretch out the rear overhang," a top auto executive explained in describing the extra length of the new cars. This should come as interesting information to urban car users and city traffic officials who have to deal with the problems that the $1.25-per-inch overhang creates.

Detroit firmly believes that people want bigger cars. "The illusions that stylists create adding four inches . . . gives us a yard-long advantage in sales," says the same plain-talking executive. It is not clear whether or not the industry's belief in the nation's hunger for mechanical dinosaurs is based on the same kind of intensive market research that prompted Ford to launch the ill-fated Edsel. In any case, the family that wants the convenience and economy of a good, modestly sized car is about to be sacrificed to the auto makers' certainty about the sales appeal of Detroit-created "illusions."

Actually, performance claims for cars have long made it hard for the car buyer to know what he is really getting. For example, in April, 1961, in a Federal Trade Commission stipulation, Ford agreed to stop claiming that its Falcon pickup trucks delivered as much as 38.3 miles per gallon or averaged 30.5 miles per gallon in "certified tests." According to the stipulation, the Falcon pickup did not deliver 38.3 miles per gallon under normal driving conditions, but only on a flat country road at a constant speed of 30 miles per hour with no starts or stops. Nor did it average 30.5 miles per gallon under actual traffic conditions, as advertised, but in "simulated traffic conditions" with a predetermined schedule of starts and stops. "Purchasers of Falcon automobiles," the stipulation says, "do not generally attain the claimed mileage under ordinary driving conditions."

One long-suffering car buyer in New Orleans finally gave battle and won a victory to gladden the hearts of many of his colleagues throughout the country. Reading a newspaper ad that described American Motors' Rambler as a 32-mile-per-gallon performer, he went out and bought one. The car did not deliver 32 miles per gallon. Instead of sitting back and fuming helplessly, this buyer got a lawyer and went to court, suing American Motors for breach of an implied warranty. The company's defense was that the 32-mile-per-gallon claim, as advertised, pertained only to the performance of one Rambler on one occasion. The judge dismissed the argument, pointing out that the ad was obviously intended to present a blanket claim. The buyer won his case and got a full refund, plus $500 for the annoyance he encountered and $500 in attorney's fees. If a few more dissatisfied customers hailed auto companies into court on gas-mileage and performance claims, honesty might suddenly reign in this area.

AUTO companies often use the results of "test runs" to convince buyers of the superiority of their product. Among these is the Mobilgas Economy Run. Actually, this "competition" is set up in such a way that nearly every contestant earns the chance to make some kind of claim in behalf of one or another of his entries. Cars are divided into eight classes, with entries competing only in their own class. In the 1962 run, the winners were a Rambler, a Corvair, a Tempest, a Valiant, a standard-size Plymouth, a V-8 Chevrolet, a medium-priced Pontiac and a high-priced Chrysler. "FLASH!" said American Motors, "Rambler Wins Class A!" "A Ford Falcon yesterday scored 30.5 miles per gallon in the 1962 Mobil Economy Run," said the Ford ad, tactfully omitting the fact that the Falcon was defeated in the run by the Rambler. Another loser, Buick, ran ads with immense headlines, "V-8 BUICK SPECIAL RACKS UP 23.68 M. P. G., Gives Class D 6's a Scare in Mobil Economy Run."



Actually, the results usually have little genuine meaning to car buyers, since the differences in performance tend to be negligible. In 1960, Chrysler Corporation agreed in a stipulation with the Federal Trade Commission to stop claiming that its Valiant had obtained "substantially greater" gas mileage than "the other two new compacts" in the Mobilgas Economy Run. Actually, said the FTC, the difference between the Valiant and its nearest competitor was only .27 of a mile per gallon.

THE MOTORIST encounters more problems in trying to decide what fuel to use. The confusion in this field works to the advantage of many large oil companies, who use a bewildering variety of vague adjectives to describe their different grades of gas, but who withhold from the motorist the actual octane rating of each grade.

Twenty-six years ago, in the first issue of *Consumer Reports*, Consumers Union stated: "The average automobile owner wastes two or three cents every time he buys a gallon of gasoline because the gasoline industry forces him to pay for a high anti-knock quality which his engine does not need." In its August, 1962, issue *Consumer Reports* says: "The big difference between then and now is the depressing fact that the problem of matching gasoline to car has become more burdensome. Instead of two or three cents a gallon, the waste today can be four to six cents a gallon or even more."

Octane ratings for various passenger-car fuels run from about 89 to about 102. Without revealing the rating, gasoline manufacturers describe their various grades by such terms as super-premium, premium, sub-premium, economy premium, medium regular, high-quality regular, plain regular and economy regular. Through ads such as that for Esso, the consumer is strongly urged to buy the higher-priced premium fuels: "Every car now on the road . . . will be able to deliver [its] absolute maximum in power and efficiency through continued use of . . . *New Esso Extra*." The fact is that more than four-fifths of cars now on the road probably require an octane rating of no more than 94; and about half of them, no more than 90. "A rational demand for gasoline," says Consumers Union, "would be reflected in sales of about 20 per cent of the total for high-octane fuel and 80 per cent for the lower range. But the sale of premiums for private passenger-car use comes closer to 40 per cent of total retail sales of gasoline, and in some areas the amount of premium bought is reported to be 50 per cent or even more."

WHEN it comes to auto accessories, things aren't much better for the car owner. In the tire industry, for example, a leading problem has been the use of brand names that conceal the true quality of the product offered. "Super deluxe" and similar terms have been used freely by the industry to describe second- and third-line tires. In 1959, the Federal Trade Commission proceeded against Lee Tire and Rubber Corporation in a complaint charging that the firm had changed its "advance super deluxe" from a first-line to a second-line tire, and its "regular deluxe" from a second-line to a third-line tire, without revealing this fact in its ads.

In a consent order issued in 1960, the firm agreed not to reduce the quality of its products without changing the brand name, unless the change was clearly disclosed in its ads. The FTC's complaint also charged that Lee's ads implied that the "advance super deluxe" tire was of the same quality as the firm's premium item, the "ultra deluxe." This was prohibited by the order.

In the meantime the commission's staff study of the industry indicated that fictitious pricing of tires by manufacturers and misleading claims regarding guarantee adjustments were widespread. In August, 1960, FTC sent a letter to industry members on this subject, bringing about some improvement. In March, 1961, it sent out a second letter, noting the improvement but seeking information from the firms on the abuses that had not yet been eliminated. Complaints regarding improper advertising of guarantees, said the commission, had actually increased since the writing of the first letter.

While trying to protect customers from these abuses, FTC has been investigating another aspect of the rubber industry's treatment of car owners. On January 11, 1962, it announced that it had entered into a consent order with the Rubber Tire Manufacturers Association, the Tire and Rim Association and fourteen tire manufacturers, who together account for "substantially all of the industry's domestic production." The firms — Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber and Goodrich (the so-called "Big Four"), plus General, Armstrong, Cooper, Dunlop, Gates, Lee, Mansfield, McCreary, Mohawk and Seiberling—were all accused of price fixing. The FTC found that the Big Four had conspired among themselves to quote identical or substantially matched prices to all customers regardless of location, and they had conspired with the "minor" firms to set prices that would differ from those of the Big Four by agreed-upon amounts.

The firms, it was found, had also agreed upon identical, or substantially uniform, customer classifications, list prices, discounts, bonuses, alowances and all other factors affecting the price paid by the consumer. They had exchanged confidential information concerning price quotations and selling terms and had used the two trade associations to expedite the conspiracy. Thus, in many cases while misleading the consumer through advertising, the firms were simultaneously controlling the price that car owners had to pay.

In the auto-battery field, things have also been bleak. In 1959, no fewer than twenty-nine major oil, tire and mail-order firms signed stipulations with FTC agreeing to discontinue misrepresenting battery guarantees to car owners. Looking into the wilderness of abuse, FTC found that the firms, in their ads, were misleading buyers into thinking that their batteries were guaranteed unconditionally, when actually the fine print revealed that the coverage had important limitations. The principal limitation was the fact that the value of the guarantee was reduced each month after the battery had been sold (a fact which the firms omitted from their ads). FTC cited such typical advertising claims as: "50-Month Guarantee"; "Fully Guaranteed"; "Guarantee Honored Wherever You Go"; "Backed by Life-Long Warranty"; "Full Three-Year Guarantee"; "Guaranteed in Writing for Four Full Years." Goodyear, General Motors, Gulf, Firestone, Goodrich, Dunlop, Electric Auto-Lite, Esso Standard Oil, Electric Storage Battery Company, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and U.S. Rubber were among the firms against which FTC took action in its cleanup.

Despite such government steps, however, the auto industry's abandonment of its "speed and horsepower" resolution and decision to increase model lengths, and the continuance by many oil companies of secrecy about the actual octane ratings of their fuels, indicate that the car buyer is still a man who badly needs friends.

SEARCH FOR A NEW IDENTITY

THE LOST ENGLISHMAN . . *by W. J. Weatherby*

BEING an Englishman can be hard work in the United States because so many Americans have a rigid view of what you should be. If you don't brandish an Old School tie like a flag and talk about the Old Country in a prissy accent, you can have a tough time even establishing your identity. And you can't blame anybody because there are any number of professional Englishmen in the United States whose behavior seems to justify this view. In many cases, they earn their living by justifying it. But they are as foreign to me as they are to most Americans—and far less attractive. They are the kind of Englishmen I leave home to escape, the kind who gave Britain a phony identity for generations and who still delay the search for a true one.

Most Americans, nursing all these upper-class illusions about Britain, seldom realize to what extent the Englishman of my class and generation is now struggling to find himself—his real identity.

That is why, however sick-making it can be in the North to have a phony identity thrust upon you, an identity you hate, it is nothing to the shock you feel in the Deep South, where you seem to be looking into a glass darkly at a reflection of your own predicament. I write "you," employing the old trick of involving the reader, but I really mean that in the white Southerner's lost identity is reflected my own. His system, his values, his whole society

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are cracking up and he stares into an abyss wondering what he can salvage. It has been much the same in my thirty years in Britain: the society I grew up in has vanished and what we took for granted is no longer acceptable.

In place of the segregation that upheld the white Southerner and which he is now losing, substitute a rigid class system with a colonial background. Most Englishmen suffered under this system and they have profited from its defeat, but it had one advantage for both the privileged and the underprivileged—they never had any doubts about who they were. As a boy, I was rock-certain of my identity—I was a member of the working class in England and an Englishman abroad. And by "Englishman" abroad, I meant a proud carrier of the white man's burden, a son of the Empire, as I had been brainwashed to believe at school.

The fact is, it still amazes me to what extent the oppressed classes in England, who profited nothing from the Empire, learned to have pride in it, whereas they really had much more in common with the exploited natives. (You can even draw a nice comparison between the work of the churches in the slums and the missionaries' work in the colonies.) When an African tries to brand me as a colonialist, I react violently not out of guilt so much as out of loyalty to one's ancestors and their suffering. But the African is right to the extent that our brainwashing did lead us, the poorest of us, to feel an Empire superiority and thus gain a profitable identity.

BUT that is all over now. By overturning the system, the working class won a chance to share the opportunities; and the colonies, as symbols, were shattered. But with their loss, we have lost the identities they gave us. We are face to face with ourselves now and we don't know who we are. To understand it, imagine the Negro fully emancipated in the South: he too would have a tough time discovering who he is under the phony racial identity the white man has made him live with for so long. But that is a long time off. Now we can only envy the Negro in his sureness and see ourselves in the white Southerner.

Just as the white Southerner riots over integration to save himself from facing up to his loss of identity—that phony identity slavery gave him—so, too, much of British politics today represents a refusal to face what we are. Or what we have become. And this is not only in the remnants of the upper classes whose mainspring — a superiority complex based on birth—has been lost for good. The 1945-51 Labour government, which represented a bloodless revolution unappreciated in the United States, petered out into trivial political maneuverings and eventually the Labour Party refused to face even its own identity. The Depression had shaped the British Socialist as much as the Empire had shaped the Briton in general, and when the post-Depression ills were cured, the Socialist no more knew who he was than the ordinary Briton did when he no longer ruled the waves. So the Labour Party withdrew into the wilderness to contemplate its navel. In its place came a series of Conservative governments pretending that Britain was merely undergoing a superficial period of adjustment, and they cleverly operated as if the old phony identity still meant something. No need to worry about who you are, it's only a face-lift to make you even more powerful—this was the sum of the election campaigns which brought them power.

MANY Britons — like many segregationists—were only too willing to swallow that and duck the anguish of trying to discover a true national identity, particularly as the cold war made any form of self-doubts seem undesirable and there was so little help from where it might have been expected—the Labour Party. Weakened by its internal strife and the bad name the Communist betrayal gave the whole of the Left, the Labour Party had not enough prestige to question the Conservatives' phony security successfully and lapsed more and more into schizophrenia. It became in effect much too true a reflection of the country ever to win its support.

This was an extraordinary transformation because the Socialist movement in Britain had always been solidly rooted and sure of itself. Its ideas and political thinking generally had sprung naturally from its experience—its experience of social injustice, backed by a strong religious nonconformist conscience. But in the last twenty years not only have the immediate economic and social problems it arose to solve been either solved or shelved, but its character has changed. The new generation of Socialists has neither the experience nor the old religious feeling: its impetus is largely intellectual, and as George Orwell long ago pointed out, that just isn't enough. And with this transformation has grown up a public disillusionment with politics. The two in fact are probably linked.

More and more in Britain—and I hear it increasingly in the United States—people say they vote now for the man rather than the party. They look for character rather than creed because they have become disillusioned by the political maneuverings with which the politicians try to cling to power. Britain has not even had an Adlai Stevenson, who gave so many Americans back their faith in politics. Instead, the Labour Party has displayed a petty struggle of personalities, while the Conservative government has been increasingly taken over by smooth Organization Men—the kind of Englishmen Americans recognize at once. If we look for our identity among any of these, we look in vain—or hope we do.

THIS disillusionment with politics is particularly dangerous at a time when television is making personality more than ever important in national electioneering. If people are no longer willing to examine policy but look merely to the person—appearance rather than reality—they risk being hoodwinked by someone who is a master of projecting an image of public virtue. This disillusionment, in fact, is another example of our attempt to avoid self-recognition, to avoid reality; and yet, in spite of all, most people, I think, still look to politics to come up with the answer. This explains the success of the Liberal Party in spite of its vague policy and often unsatisfactory candidates: many people turned to it as the only possible alternative to the Conservative and Labour parties.

At one time, it was hoped that the group known as the New Left would transform the Labour Party, but it has proved to be an ineffectual influence. *The Spectator*, which these days is more Right than Left and therefore had no love for it, recently published an article entitled "The Late New Left," and not many on the Left bothered to argue with that verdict. But it was rather like publishing the obituary of The Angry Young Man: you were lamenting something that hardly existed. The New Left at best was a catch phrase for some of the younger, more articulate Socialists who never amounted to a new movement and hardly touched the country at all, as most of their ideas sprang from no generally shared experience but merely from the egghead vacuum in which so many young British Socialists now live.

Arnold Wesker, the left-wing dramatist, who has complained that the arts are an upper class preoccupation in Britain, has seemed a symbolic figure in his attempts to take the arts to the country, for socialism quite as much as the arts seems to have lost touch with people's experience. Too many Socialists now are looking round simply for a gimmick to beat the Conservatives at their own game and they fail to appreciate the general disgust with political gimmicks, the longing for the old idealism, the old security. They have tried old-age pensions as an issue, the brainwashing of the mass media (or at least commercial television), and they are now brooding over the meaning of the Common Market. But they have yet to find an all-embracing issue such as there was in the Depression. That is why so many of the younger Socialists immersed themselves with every appearance of escapism in the campaign for nuclear disarmament.

IT WAS a new, all-embracing cause with much of the religious fervor of the old socialism, and its loose aims were comfortingly far from home and did not raise any awkward questions. There had clearly come a time when it was easier to be carried off to jail as a unilateralist than to discover what it means to be an Englishman. The campaign of course has never won the support of the people it needed—the ordinary voters—and it has disillusioned many of its supporters by internal bickering that seemed to be straight out of the Labour Party's book. And, in a sense, the campaign couldn't mean much to the Briton because the old phony identity cast him as a jingo and he could not consider a pacifist policy objectively until he discovered his new identity.

THE Suez disaster was really the last gasp of the old jingoism; and the New Left, which arose in protest against Suez, might have been expected to perform the inquest and tell us what we are sans Empire, sans class, sans illusion. But the New Left never got near to the answers. It began among students, expanded and launched the *New Left Review*. The Marxist element grew, the usual doctrinal feuds began, and that really was that. It was really no more than yet another splinter group within the Socialist camp; and like the others, was more notable for what it was against than for any positive contribution towards adapting socialism to the fickle British economy. And we—the old followers seeking new guidance—we listened to their talk about class and capitalism and nuclear disarmament, and so little seemed to be of help to us now. It seemed to be aimed at the people we once used to be or thought we were. How could we know where we should go if we did not know who we were? Like the intellectuals Orwell derided, they were putting the cart before the horse.

Finding the politicians out of date, some people looked to the writers for help. Surely they owed it to us to produce an English Thomas Wolfe to show our self-quest reflected in his. But the younger contemporary writers were preoccupied with the surface changes—the class breakdown, the wane of religious influence, the rat race—or with an impotent anger. Like the rest of us, they seemed to be saying ideals are dead, let's look after ourselves—whoever we are.

This failure to find much help in defining the new Britain explained much of the postwar emigration. It wasn't austerity living after all those grim years of war that drove people away as much as a feeling of drifting in the dark. Many of them went abroad in search of a purpose, an identity, somewhere else. For me, this meant the United States. My generation had already been so influenced by it—through films, books and finally by Americans themselves during the Second World War—that it seemed the natural place to go to find oneself, just as many Americans retraced their ancestors' steps to Europe to discover what it means to be an American.

I HAVE lived in the North and the South as the only Englishman in the community, sometimes the only white man, and in this isolation have been driven to see myself as I could never be driven in Britain. It has not been a pleasant experience discarding the last shreds of that phony identity, the protective resentments of the old working-class boy that could comfort me at home for any failure, just as the Negro's bitterness can comfort him. And coming up naked but buoyant in the American society, I have been able to recognize the phony identity so many Americans are trying to give themselves; and if you ask my reason for loving the United States, it is simply that it is struggling so violently to reject this phony identity —struggling far more violently than we did. But in a sense you have us to thank for it, because so many people who are doing the fighting came from Europe—or their ancestors did—to escape their phony identity there and find a true one in this country.

And so in the United States I feel my European-ness more than I have ever done at home, and perhaps that is my true discovery: that no Englishman can now be an island, but is part of the main. For myself, I wish that main could be the United States, but I suspect it is Europe and that the politicians are betraying us yet again by refusing to hold an election, a self-examination, over our entry into the Common Market. We don't want to have another phony identity thrust on us.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The World of Henry James

HENRY JAMES. Vol. II: *The Conquest of London. 1870-1881.* 465 pp. Vol. III: *The Middle Years, 1882-1895.* 408 pp. By Leon Edel. J. B. Lippincott Co. $8.50 ea., $16 set.

Newton Arvin

WITH THE appearance of the second and third volumes of Leon Edel's life of James, and with a fourth volume promised, it becomes clear that Henry James is here being made the subject of a biography on a more "monumental" scale than has been attempted for any other American writer, even Mark Twain — on a scale which suggests some life of Washington or Robert E. Lee rather than of Emerson or Hawthorne. There is an irony in this, as Mr. Edel recognizes, since James himself was skeptical about the value to criticism of biographical revelations. Even so, in his critical essays he was sometimes frankly a portrait painter as well as an analyst; and the author of a two-volume life of William Wetmore Story, a poet as well as a sculptor, can hardly protest, from beyond the veil, against the lavishness and the massiveness with which he himself is treated by Mr. Edel. One can only wish that some other American writers might be served so richly and with such sympathetic insight; if James deserves such handling, so do others.

The first volume of this work, which appeared almost ten years ago (*Henry James: The Untried Years*), brought the account of James's early life down to the point, in 1870, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he was about to return to the United States from his first adult sojourn in Europe, and when he had still not answered in his own mind the question whether his lines ought to be cast abroad or in his native land. The present two volumes continue the narrative through the short period of James's uncertainty, in Cambridge and New York, the second expedition to Europe, the final decision to commit himself to expatriation (at least of a kind), the long and productive years in London, and at last the period of James's incursion into the world of the theatre and his frustration as a writer of plays. At the end of Mr. Edel's third volume, which carries the story down to the year 1895, James, in his early fifties, has already become the "Master" of legend and anecdote, surrounded by young admirers but, in his own eyes, relegated by the "reading public" to the humiliating perfect tense. The fourth volume will presumably tell the tale of James's last twenty years.

IN THE purely biographical sense, nothing could well exceed the care and the patience with which Mr. Edel has accumulated, over many years, the immense materials for his portrait, or, on the whole, the taste, the imaginativeness, the narrative sense with which he has disposed them. This work is not for a moment to be classified along with those flat-footed — and usually slow-paced — literary biographies which put the royalty statement and the railway timetable on the same level with the genuinely revealing and illuminative. Mr. Edel has read hundreds of letters by James and his correspondents; he has talked with surviving relatives and friends; he has nosed out such documents as the unpublished "Journal of a Residence in London" by one William Jones Hoppin, First Secretary of the American Legation in London during the seventies and eighties, who saw a good deal of James and made a record of some of their encounters. Yet, heavy as this burden of documentation is, Mr. Edel never, or very seldom, bends under it. His own literary skills — his feeling for story, his sense of type, and the like—are almost always adequate to the task of composition and the sustaining of interest. He has, moreover, a conception of his sitter that is both sensitive and well-defined, and is by no means merely the inherited one.

He has, as a good biographer should have, some of the talents of an archaeologist and a paleontologist, and in one case he has excavated, and pieced together out of shattered and scattered fragments, the evidence of a long, close and vital intimacy in James's life that has not hitherto been suspected — his friendship with the slightly older American woman novelist, Constance Fenimore Woolson. The story of this relationship, which Mr. Edel has assembled convincingly out of hints and surmises, is itself an intensely characteristic James novella, and indeed it literally became one, for James almost certainly came to feel that he had been as selfish and as uncomprehending, with Constance Woolson, as his imagined John Marcher had been with his female friend in "The Beast in the Jungle." The idea of this story, startlingly enough, is to be found in one of Constance Woolson's own literary notebooks, which it is almost certain that James examined after her tragic suicide in Venice. One can hardly doubt that this friendship was "a virtuous attachment," but it clearly played a cardinal role, at the time, in James's emotional life.

IN GENERAL, does a biographical work so vast as this justify itself, not only by its intrinsic interest, but by the enhanced and deepened understanding it may make possible of a writer's independent *oeuvre*? The question stirs up the whole vexed subject of the biographical method in its relation to literary criticism, and can hardly be dealt with here, except by the remark that you never can tell, and that *any* knowledge, however "extrinsic," may unexpectedly prove to be enlightening in any one of many direct and indirect ways, usually the latter. Mr. Edel, as is well known, is convinced that biographical knowledge has a constant and direct value to the literary critic, and his principal concern with James's fiction, in these volumes, is to discover the traces in it of James's own experiences and even his own personality. Theoretically this is a valid enough procedure in a work that is primarily biographical, but I think that Mr. Edel is sometimes betrayed, by his eagerness to come upon such parallels, into the discovery of connections that are very doubtful indeed.

Surely the relationship, for example, between Rowland Mallett and Roderick Hudson, in James's first novel, is not really much clarified by seeing in it a reflection of James's relationship with his brother William; and surely the predicament of poor Catherine Sloper, in *Washington Square*, is obscured rather than illuminated by suggesting that it parallels James's own predicament as

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the misunderstood younger brother of the same William. One rebels against the view that, in *The Princess Casamassima*, James identifies himself with the orphaned Hyacinth Robinson partly because he himself, at the age of over forty, had recently lost both his aged parents, or that the sinister anarchist Hoffendahl is a father-figure comparable to the benevolent elder Henry James. These are fanciful and not at all helpful associations of fact and fiction. On the other hand, Mr. Edel frequently suggests connections that are perfectly plausible, such as that between Elena Lowe and the fictional Christina Light or that between Rose Muniment, in *The Princess*, and James's invalid sister Alice.

The deeper interest of this biography, however, does not lie in these direct and explicit relationships between life and art, but in the refined and enriched awareness it makes possible of the whole many-sided context—personal, familial, social, historical — out of which the imaginative world of James's fiction slowly and fully emerged. In his feeling for that context, except perhaps for its New England aspects, Mr. Edel is almost always perspicacious. He has a great story to tell, and it is a measure of his success that he rarely falls short of its exacting demands.

The Evolution of Tass

THE TWO FACES OF TASS. By Theodore E. Kruglak. University of Minnesota Press. 263 pp. $5.

Mark Gayn

WITH ITS vast resources, its global clientele and its huge staff, Tass ranks among the giants in the business of news gathering and distribution. Its credit line will be found in newspapers in Tokyo and Addis Ababa, in Havana, Djakarta and Rangoon. In Africa it may have more bureaus than the Associated Press. Its technical equipment is often more sophisticated than that used by some of the Western agencies.

Yet Tass — the Telegraphic Agency of the Soviet Union — remains largely a mystery. Unlike their counterparts in the West, Tass men do not rush to their typewriters to chronicle their own acts of derring-do. Soviet professional magazines do not delve into the inner workings of Tass; Hollywood-on-the-Moskva releases no films on its operations; inquiries from the outside yield only meager replies. Not surprisingly, therefore, the West is ignorant of Tass — and profoundly suspicious. Is it a genuine news agency, such as Reuters or the United Press (whose men helped Tass, in its infant days, to organize its operations)? Is it (as former Senator Benton put it) "the official liar of the Soviet government"? Or is it (as the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee suggests) an arm of Soviet espionage?

In seeking the answers, Mr. Kruglak has shown considerable enterprise. His sources range from conversations with Americans who once worked for Tass to the daily news file of its bureau in New York and to a textbook written by a former Tass head. The resulting report is informative, fair, even-toned — and thoroughly inconclusive.

THE FAULT is not Mr. Kruglak's. It lies largely in the nature of the Soviet system and its definition of what is news. In the West, the agencies pride themselves (if often without justification) on their independence. Tass does not even bother to pretend. It is an official appendix of the Soviet Government, attached directly to the Cabinet. It has deep roots in Soviet hierarchy; its correspondents often carry diplomatic passports; its officials may be shifted to the diplomatic service — or to Intelligence. Thus, the lines that separate the journalist, the diplomat and the spy are often blurred.

An equally basic difference lies in the treatment of news. In my student days at a school of journalism, I was supplied with a full set of definitions and fetishes. News was "what would interest the tailor across the street." News had to be complete and "objective." Some of these definitions soon proved to be absurd, but others endured. Tass has now advanced to the point where it demands of its correspondents the standard Who, When, Where and How — and promptly — and tells them to leave the editorial Why for later. But its definition of news is not ours. In a lecture to tomorrow's journalists, the head of Tass gave this explanation of what constitutes news:

> Information is agitation by facts. . . . The object of information must be selected facts and events which serve to make it easier for the Soviet people to realize the tasks which stand before them in the creation of communism.

In a letter to Mr. Kruglak, the same man went a step further. "We proceed," he said, "from the assumption that the purpose of world news must be to help strengthen peace among nations, consolidate universal security, develop friendly contacts between states . . . [and] ensure the sovereignty and national independence of the peoples."

By its own definition, thus, the prime function of Tass is not to inform but to influence. Inevitably, its product is less news than propaganda. In the fashioning of this product, Tass editors may resort to distortion, selective or incomplete reporting and reliance on tainted sources. These devices are not unfamiliar to our own agencies (as witness our coverage of Cuba or China). But in the West there is at least access to alternate news sources; there is no such corrective for the *general reader* in most of the territory served by Tass. I emphasize the words "general reader" because Tass also turns out a detailed and reasonably objective file for a select circle of Soviet policy-makers and high officials. This file is as thorough as *The New York Times*, and, as Mr. Kruglak shows, often heavily relies on the *Times* for its content. If this special file proves anything, it is that Tass *could* provide the Russian public with a reasonably true picture of the world if it were ever told to do so by the governors of the land.

BUT if this were all that was said about Tass, the image would be one-dimensional. Fortunately, Mr. Kruglak (who was once vice president of Long Island University and now heads an American school in Switzerland) provides the missing dimensions.

He notes, for instance, the emergence of a corps of newspaper men trained in schools of journalism. (Premier Khrushchev's daughter and her famous husband, Alexei Adzhubei, who edits *Izvestia*, are both products of the Moscow school.) These are competent, sophisticated, and, now and then, world-wise. As they begin to reach the top levels of Soviet newspaperdom, it too—like so many other institutions in the land — is likely to be greatly modified. Complete objectivity cannot be expected, but at least the "agitation-by-facts" formula may be revised to provide less agitation and more facts.

If Tass was frequently used in the

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past as a cover for Soviet espionage, Mr. Kruglak suggests there is little evidence of its being so used at present. The Russian correspondent in North America may still search primarily for facts to fit the dogma, but in many ways it is already hard to tell him apart from his American colleague. And, whatever their ideological differences, Tass and the Western news agencies have been able to work hand-in-hand. Such "co-existence," Mr. Kruglak suggests, could well play an important role in narrowing the gap that divides East and West.

A definitive work about Tass can be written only by a Russian who served in it. But until that moment comes, Mr. Kruglak's book will remain useful. Unhappily, it is marred by typographical errors, including even the Russian name of Tass itself. This reviewer would also have desired a closer analysis of the Tass material that appears in the Moscow and provincial newspapers. But these are minor reservations. What strikes the reader more is the fascinating picture of Tass's history and operations, and the author's own tones of fairness and moderation. The book should prove interesting not only to students of journalism and practicing newspaper men but also to the general reader curious about Soviet ways.

The Tide Comes In

BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN. By Charles Reznikoff. New Directions-San Francisco Review. 114 pp. $1.50 paper.

THE MATERIALS. By George Oppen. New Directions-San Francisco Review. 53 pp. $1.25 paper.

Hayden Carruth

TO EARN a little money badly needed, I had been reviewing lately as industriously as I could, sometimes three or four books a week, until I was sick and tired of them, oppressed by them, angry to think that such a paper-borne flood of vanity and abstraction could swamp me like a foundered scow and seem to carry away the world with it. When I picked up Charles Reznikoff's book, I did so with reluctance. But fortunately I opened in the middle, began reading the poems at random, and didn't run onto C. P. Snow's introduction until later.

I was captivated, enthralled, swept away — what *is* the word? Delighted, awed, roused. Really, I said, this is absurd, this is what happens to adolescents and young men in college, not to me; I have been writing, editing and reviewing books for almost twenty years. Nevertheless, there it is: I cannot exaggerate the degree of my enthusiasm for this book.

Who is Charles Reznikoff? I had never read his poems, though I had heard his name. He was a member of the Objectivist group thirty years ago, but had published little since 1940. He is older than I; the earliest copyright date in his book is 1918, three years before I was born. He speaks to me of a New York I know chiefly from my father and grandfather, a city of horse-drawn trucks, sea smells, the early subways and elevated trains, tenements still lit by gaslight, unremoved snow and ice in winter, men wearing eye shades, suspenders, sleeve garters, and shiny collars. This New York is so deeply known in these poems that you could not take it out without the whole collapsing. Hence it is difficult to find excerpts:

> The snow fills up the footprints
> in the streets, the ruts of wagon and of motor trucks.
> Except for the whir of the car
> brushing the tracks clear of snow,
> the streets are hushed . . .
>
> About an excavation
> a flock of bright red lanterns
> has settled . . .
>
> After I had worked all day at what I earn my living,
> I was tired. Now my own work has lost another day,
> I thought, but began slowly,
> and slowly my strength came back to me.
> Surely, the tide comes in twice a day.

This quality of being brought from another time is not in the pictures alone, but in the voice. From the best years of Pound and Williams; but original, a strong voice with no intonation but its own. It comes across the years straight from the great days, with the freshness one gets when one opens the Imagist anthology, for instance, after reading a batch of current little magazines. Who would have thought that anyone of our century could write about the passage of time in terms of clockwork without sounding infamously trite? Listen:

> Now the plague of watches and of clocks nicks away
> the day —
> ten thousand thousand steps
> tread upon the dawn . . .
>
> The clocks
> drip
> in every room —
> our lives are leaking from the places,
> and the day's brightness dwindles into stars . . .
>
> The clock strikes:
> these are the steps of our departure . . .
>
> My hair was caught in the wheels of a clock
> and torn from my head: see, I am bald!

No one else writes like this; this is the strength of very nearly total originality. There must be thousands of young poets operating in the Pound-Williams tradition today, and you never catch them when their voice isn't breathless with the knowledge that they have written something so godawful beautiful it has to be recited in a hush. How did femininity get into a style which began with such strength? Is it a necessary correlative of imitation? (I don't mean the best, of course, but you can count them on three fingers.)

Reznikoff's voice comes to me from a still farther distance than old New York, however, for he is as deep in his Jewishness as I in my Yankeeism; yet he informs me of Jewishness with a kind of resonant clarity that no other Jewish writer has approached. In these poems are indescribable gentleness, loneliness, patience, hope, faith and underneath all the slow pounding of history.

> I will write songs against you,
> enemies of my people; I will pelt you
> with the winged seeds of the dandelion;
> I will marshal against you
> the fireflies of the dusk . . .
>
> I will go into the ghetto: the sunlight
> for only an hour or two at noon
> on the pavements here is enough for me;

HAYDEN CARRUTH is a poet whose most recent collections are The Crow and the Heart *(Macmillan) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

the smell of the fields in this street
for only a day or two in spring
is enough for me.
This peace is enough for me;
let the heathen rage . . .

Despite this and despite this,
despite this and despite this, too;
for we are a stubborn people . . .

The seasons change.
That is change enough.
Chance planted me beside a stream
of water;
content, I serve the land,
whoever lives here and whoever
passes. . . .

The lines I have quoted are put together from many different poems; but I hope they convey a little of the genuineness of Reznikoff's feeling, the maturity of his writing. Longer passages have a profounder force, and only the book itself can give you the full sense of what he has done; even so we shall soon need a volume of his complete work. One note of caution, however: when you buy this book, tear out the three pages of introduction written by C. P. Snow; they have no place in a work like this.

ACTUALLY I read Oppen's book before Reznikoff's, so the comparison can't be blamed for my feeling that Oppen's poems are the weaker by far. They try to have more meaning than they themselves say; but the meanings are surfaced, swimming like bits of tinsel in a pool. Not Oppen's fault in the least, I imagine, since he is obviously a skillful writer; I doubt that meaning, as distinct from knowledge, is *in* him or *in* his condition of life: at least that is what you would judge from these collected poems.

Although he too was an Objectivist and his writing goes back thirty years, he has the breathlessness I associate with younger writers, the air of having incised his poems on the Kohinoor diamond. Nevertheless, I recommend his book, especially to those who love engines and tools for their own sake, i.e., not as cultural devices. Oppen has a fine mechanic's sense. For anyone who has ever adjusted the tappets of his own car, or replaced a blown head gasket, there is a poem on the stopping and dying — the asphyxiation — of a gasoline engine that is worth the price of the book, though you will have to ignore the sermon which appears, inevitably, in the last three lines.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

PENNSYLVANIA STATION continues to be the preservation issue this fall in New York. It is the intent of a syndicate headed by Irving Felt to knock the splendid old pile down and in its place erect several office buildings, perhaps a hotel, and a new Madison Square Garden. The architectural renderings published of the new Garden had it resembling a gigantic planet toy. There are also bowling alleys somewhere in the scheme—perhaps the same alleys not permitted to be jammed into Grand Central Station's high-ceiling space a year or so back.

This commercial cannibalism on Seventh Avenue prompted, in August, a sidewalk demonstration of protest, including some influential people. Petitions circulated. Mr. Felt snarled: "Fifty years from now, when it's time for our Center to be torn down, there will be a new group of architects who will protest."

But many people seemingly think the vandalism is inevitable. The redoubtable Newbold Morris is squarely behind a scheme to preserve eighteen of the Doric columns around Penn Station by carting them to Battery Park, and putting them up—without a building—in one of those picturesque gestures called *follies* in nineteenth-century England. This dead decorativeness was the kind of thing that signaled the decline of the British Empire.

For it is almost always great spaces, almost never decoration, that provokes great sentiment in civic architecture. Big men build big rooms and the public eventually fills them with emotion. It would be idiocy to let Penn Station go. It is a public object, in the realest sense. Little pieces of thousands of lives can be recalled there—a function of civic architecture at its most effective, standing as a set of milestones in time. The promoters are treading on the public toes in their assumption that they can destroy this place for a few men's personal gain—even in commercial old New York. The public resentment that has begun should be continued, for it can work. If, unlike the railroad men who built it, the present owners of Penn Station don't care what happens to it (and seemingly they do not; they have systematically been desecrating the space indoors for some years), perhaps the time has come for a wing of the government to buy it from the railroad, with some of that rail subsidy money.

FOR A personal example of what Penn Station means to thousands, it is to me like an old friend and mentor. I was raised in a Long Island commuting town (this hardly makes me unique) and

Robert Storm Petersen

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Penn Station was my first base in Manhattan. From it I learned to venture further alone—through the arcade over to Macy's, for example. Later, in high school years, if you missed the 1:42 A.M. to Port Washington, having milked the cover charge at the Astor Roof, there was no train until dawn. But there were plenty of benches, hard ones, to sprawl on upstairs and talk and talk. And there was the mop brigade to watch.

Trains from college always terminated in Penn Station; and most wartime trains seemed to leave from that evocative old train room, its soot-laden glass roof hovering ninety-one feet up, darked down in the dimout. What a romantic room, even for peacetime partings! What a lot of bowling alleys will fit there.

CERTAINLY I'm sentimental about the astonishing old building that McKim Mead & White designed for President Alexander Cassatt of the Pennsylvania line a half century ago. Thousands of people are, and should be. That is the point: there *should* be a lot of memories among the soot in any well-designed railroad station. It should be part of the intent. It is not by error that the immense room above the Pennsylvania trains is one of the loftiest spaces in New York, able to deepen any mood one has when he passes through. No matter the press of people in it, it is too high to be really oppressive—and this quality is the result of design technique. The empty space above permits you to be alone in a crowd, not just a victim of the crowd. It is like living beside an ocean.

This space did not come easily. The Pennsylvania complex, begun in 1903 and finished in 1910, also involved building two tunnels under the two rivers around Manhattan, an audacious scheme even for a railroad baron like Cassatt. It has been estimated that it would cost almost $600 million today to duplicate the Penn Station complex. (The original cost was $112 million.) It is true that the ingenious real-estate men do not actually include the removal of the railroad in their calculations for improving the terminal. The train platforms would still be buried below the streets. Cattle-yard techniques, improved with escalators, would be used to route the people from the trains to the streets or subways (or offices, upstairs).

Travel is thus degraded, made pageantless, without the ceremonial content the traveler is entitled to. Some day we perhaps will begin journeys in large pneumatic tubes. Arriving travelers will have no chance to sort themselves out after leaving trains or planes, to regain their identities before pushing on. People won't meet trains. It will save a lot of time for bowling. Buildings by which to mark lives? Supermarkets may have to do.

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MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

THE presence of Aaron Copland among the composers who have been commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for its inaugural season at Lincoln Center, is in many respects, an anomaly. While most of the others have been content, over the past decade at least, to repeat their fixed sets of mannerisms, Copland has consistently remained aware of new developments and has attempted to assimilate certain of their features into his own manner. Thus, in the Piano Quartet (1950), Piano Fantasy (1957) and Nonet for Solo Strings (1960), resemblances to twelve-tone configurations and procedures become increasingly apparent in the linear materials, although the harmonic context has remained unmistakably tonal. In *Connotations for Orchestra,* composed for the Philharmonic series and first performed at Philharmonic Hall on opening night, the twelve-tone material provides the derivational basis for every aspect of the work, harmonic as well as melodic; because this material is "chromatic," the sonorous qualities of the new piece are much less specific in their tonal orientation than those of the earlier period.

The twelve-tone aspect of *Connotations* consists mainly of a more or less rigorous derivation of all its passages from the three four-note brass chords with which it opens. Since these chords are made up of the total content of the chromatic scale, they may be said to imply a certain ordering on the collection of twelve available pitch elements, as three four-note segments of a twelve-tone set. Beyond this, however, the formal procedures have no relation to the twelve-tone system as such; that is, Copland makes no consistent attempt to use the particular properties of formal coherence and hierarchization inherent within the constraints of the system, in which a particular ordering of the chromatic scale functions as a referential basis for a network of permutational relationships in a way very roughly analogous to the functioning of harmonic relations in a tonal work with reference to a "tonic." This, by definition, is the only sense in which a work may be considered really "twelve-tone"; but the distinction is far from arbitrary, since there is a radical difference, from every syntactical, formal and "aesthetic" point of view, between a sonic structure whose principles of coherence, the exact significations of all its elements, depend entirely on such an organizational assumption, and one in which similar principles are invoked as freely associative elements that contribute, along with other elements, to the coherence and clarity of a given context. In a sense, Copland has taken advantage of the characteristics of his informal method to generate hierarchic levels among sections, according to their relative freedom of derivation from the "basic set"; the alternation of such sections creates an "inside" scheme like that of a Bach fugue, alternating strict "exposition" with frankly developmental "episodes."

WHATEVER the degree of twelve-tone involvement in *Connotations,* its qualities are much closer, in all essential respects, to Copland's own earlier music than to the music of Schönberg or Webern. In fact, the attitude toward composition that he has maintained throughout his creative life is exactly opposite to the concentration on internal correspondence and on the functionality of every element as an articulative unit in a total structure, that one finds in Schönberg and Webern. Copland's music has exhibited a primary concern with the presentation of individual events, the establishment of a sharply characteristic profile purely for its gestural qualities rather than for any large formal tensions or hypotheses it might suggest. The problem in this kind of music is one of continuity; once stated, such an essentially static gesture tends to generate immobility, and all the compositional tension is in the effort to maintain the effect of immediate intensity over as long a span as possible. Again, since the necessity for absolute clarity of profile necessitates the restriction of the component elements to a minimum number and complexity (usually a few fundamental triads and a narrow melodic range, reiterated literally or transposed piecemeal to other tonal levels: in this sense, Copland has always been a "serial" composer), a composition based on a single gesture can rarely be sustained for a long span (witness, for example, the individual movements of *Statements*).

Therefore, when composing works of large proportions, Copland's method has been to oppose contrasting gestures in successive passages, creating through their alternation and successive intensification a semblance of traditional continuity that overlies the internal inertia. The relevance of these techniques to the theatre is apparent, and Copland's ingenuity in inventing and combining vivid melodic-harmonic-rhythmic shapes resulted, during the period from 1925-1945, in his single-handed development of a remarkable genre of theatre and ballet music (whose surface resemblances to Stravinsky are as misleading as are those of *Connotations* to Schönberg). The outstanding instances—particularly *Billy the Kid* and *Appalachian Spring*—are masterpieces of their kind.

FOR non-theatrical works, Copland seems to take their designation as "abstract" quite literally, and to embody in them a gesture of "abstraction" itself. Each work of this kind, beginning notably with the Piano Variations of 1930, seems to have been arrested in a preliminary compositional stage, and left in the form of a schematic plan rather than of a completed entity. Embellishment and inflection are completely suppressed, so that each successive attack appears to "stand for" an entire structural region with uniform expository assertiveness.

In these respects, *Connotations* lies directly in the line of the major piano works: the Variations, Sonata and Fantasy. Even its materials bear an unmistakable sonic resemblance to the earlier compositions; the three opening chords (actually the same chord registered differently) are like those at the opening of the Sonata, differing only in that instead of the diatonic triad with "dissonant" note appropriate to the "neo-classic" gesture of the sonata, the "chromaticism" of the later work is manifested in the chordal construct of a diminished triad with an added fifth. Strong reminiscences of the theme of the Variations occur in the very first noticeable horizontal event in the strings; and later the telescoping theme of the slow movement of the Third Symphony appears briefly. In orchestration, too, there is evident correspondence to the "transcribed piano style" of the *Statements* and the *Orchestral Variations*.

Like the most successful earlier works, *Connotations* takes the form of a set of variations. But here, the effective sense of directionality of the earlier Variations is absent, and one is often painfully aware of the formal contrivance; predictably, each successive "climax" surpasses the preceding in timbral weight, volume and resonance, but the absence of any significant contextual intensification makes the gesture appear empty.

Where the narrow range of pitch material in the earlier works made possible a well-defined basis for the perception of change and articulation, the wider latitude of the "twelve-tone" material of *Connotations* generates a consistency of sound that masks the subtle changes from "strict" to "free" sections, and emphasizes the purely external relations among the variations. I am aware throughout the piece of the absence of a real relationship between horizontal and vertical elements beyond the literal, and occasionally over-literal, "horizontalization" of the underlying harmonies. Also, the rhythm, rather square for the most part, seems not to associate significantly with the pitch structure, even in the way it does in Mozart or Beethoven. This is particularly exposed in the variation that begins with percussion solo; here, too, as in the orchestration of the Piano Variations, it seems to me that Copland mistakenly equates the resonant percussive clangor of the piano with the "dead" sound of orchestral percussive instruments. Perhaps it is relevant that the most successful sections of the piece are the two solo piano interludes, which are like a concentrated summary of the essential material of the work, and bring back vividly, if only momentarily, the intense quality of the Piano Variations.

Unquestionably, the attempt at an "*avant-garde*" gesture was courageous of Copland—just how courageous was eloquently attested to by the confused near-silence which greeted *Connotations* at its première. That the considerable resourcefulness and care with which the work was invested is not clearly projected in the aural image may be the most salient possible evidence of the particular strength of the twelve-tone *system* as the means for significant control and articulation of the twelve-tone *material* (compare, for example, Schönberg's Op. 33A, which is also generated from a succession of chords). But whatever one's evaluation of this new work, it leaves no doubt that Mr. Copland is still a composer with whom one will have to come to terms whenever a new work of his appears.

"America is invading the world!"

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

ALAN SILLITOE has made himself the spokesman for one aspect of British working-class life. Unlike Wesker, he endows his people with no political orientation and, unlike Osborne or Braine, he plagues them with no aspirations to success. They are a very tough proletariat, competent in their world of manual jobs, tea and fornication; uninterested in national issues, contemptuous of the welfare state, dishonest, truculent and individualistic. They would make ferociously effective soldiers with a master sergeant snapping at their heels and would go over the hill at the first chance.

Sillitoe first celebrated this contemporary Englishman in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, which was a novel before it became a film; he follows now with *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, which is a film made from a short story. He and Tony Richardson, the director, have been extremely fortunate in their lead, a new young actor named Tom Courtenay. He is a lantern-jawed, ill-articulated youth who comes himself from the slums and who conveys the sardonic wit and thin-skinned pugnacity of that environment. Courtenay, for all the slovenly bearing and inarticulate mumbling of his role, is incandescent. I remember no one who slouched through his scenes with such electrifying contempt since the early Marlon Brando.

But the picture seems to me less successful than its predecessor. A short story has to be padded considerably to fill the approximate two hours of a feature movie, and the effect in this case has been not so much to elaborate the story line as to diffuse it. Colin Smith, the Borstal boy with a gift for distance running, refuses to win the big race for too many reasons. Is he thumbing his nose at the acceptable values implied in the discipline and courage of competition; is he getting even with the priggishly hypocritical governor of the school (rather overplayed by Michael Redgrave)? Is he simply afraid of the teacher's-pet label that is about to be pinned to his chest along with a medal? Smith is somewhat in Hamlet's position with respect to his mother and stepfather. Is that why he reverts to a naughty little boy at the moment of maturity? One might answer that all these motives play a part in Smith's self-destructive gesture, but the film, unlike the story, does not treat them as a generalized complex of exacerbations and frustrations leading to the well-known adolescent state of being "fed to the ears." Instead, it gives each thread just enough detail to make it seem possibly, but not conclusively, the effective cause. The result is to blur what was originally a brilliant, lucid sketch.

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The great strength of the film is in its projection of personality, the notable figures — in addition to Courtenay as Smith — being Avis Bunnage as his avid, billingsgate mother, Topsy Jane as his accepting girl friend, and a group of boys who, representing a visiting track team from a nearby public school, make shockingly explicit the gulf between England's official virtue and the attitudes and expectations of one section of its contemporary working class.

SATYAJIT RAY'S *Devi* (*The Goddess*) did not last long in its initial New York run, but it will be showing elsewhere and it is worth looking up. I suspect that the reason for the relative failure of the picture is that, unlike Ray's *The World of Apu*, it shows a segment of the Indian people in an unappetizing light. Americans have a romantic devotion to India, an affection and respect compounded of Kipling, Gandhi and the mysterious wisdom of the East; if the film were set in France or Germany, its rigors might not be so estranging.

Ray has placed his film back in the last century (the only evidence that there are Englishmen in the land is the sound of a regimental band playing off camera), and I do not know whether or not he intends it to have a current critical force. It is, in any case, what I can only call a mean story. A wealthy Indian gentleman, who is devoting his years of retirement to a fanatic adoration of the mother goddess, is served in his sybaritic needs by a lovely and devoted daughter-in-law. It troubles the old man that he may be deprived of this charming handmaiden as soon as his son completes his studies and returns to take up family life. An attribute of the deity here worshiped is that she manifests herself in human form, and one night the father learns in a vision that his young relative has been so elected.

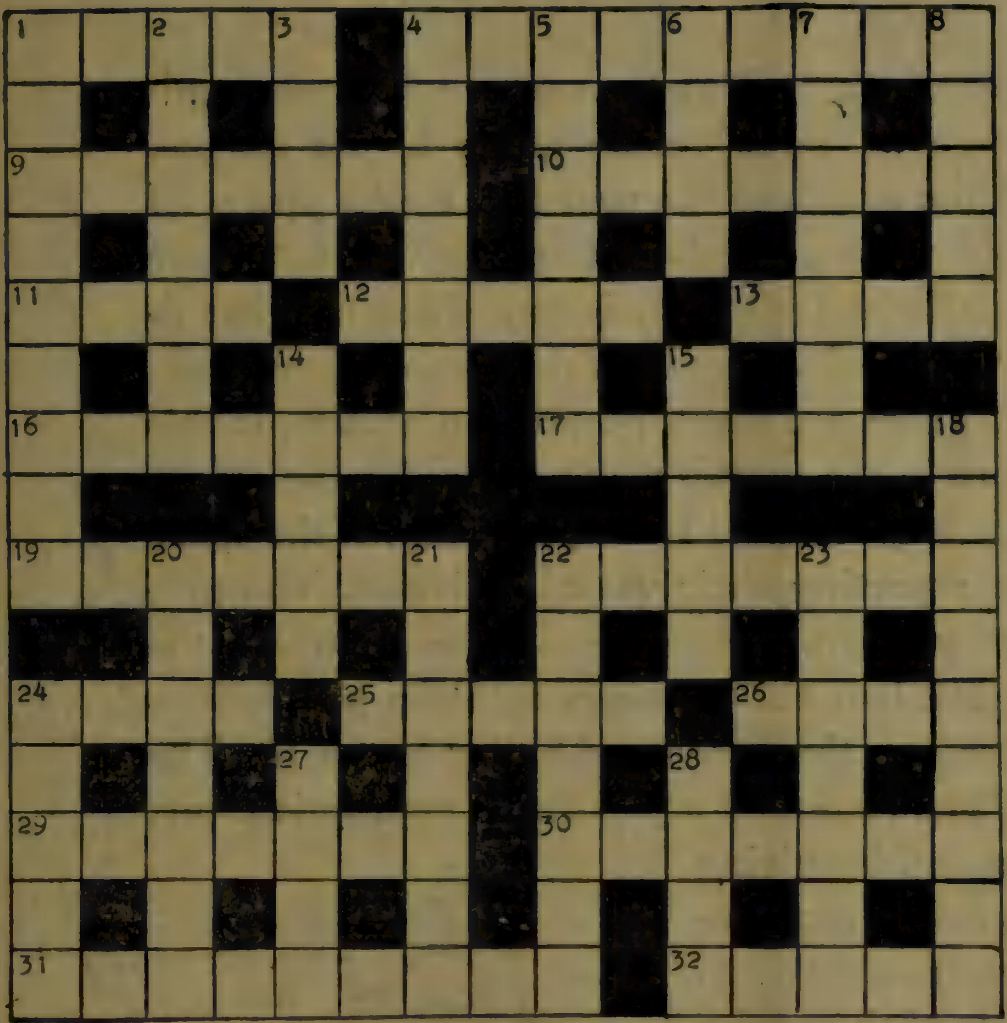
The girl is elevated to a throne, bedecked in trappings of raw splendor, subjected to the ministrations of unrelenting priests, prayed to by the populace and by them beseeched to heal the sick. Completely separated from reality, suffering the acute pain of enforced immobility, frightened by the noise and smell and color of hysterical piety, the girl is benumbed. Then one day a child recovers from a swoon while lying at her feet, and her sanctity becomes irrevocable.

It is obvious to any viewer that the old man's vision is suspiciously appropriate to his half-expressed fears and almost totally suppressed desires. The point is, however, that the coincidence is equally apparent to several people in the picture, including the husband. But such is the authority of a father, and such the impotence engendered by the interplay of old religion and "modern," Occidental knowledge and mores, that no one can save the heroine from being worshiped and petitioned into madness. It is grotesque and convincing — an obscenity amid surroundings of elegance.

The familiar name of the goddess is "Ma," and her devotees pronounce it with a sheeplike quaver that is the most revolting religious utterance I have ever heard. The picture shows a rich and beautiful culture rotting from within. It is a noisome subject, but the film is a work of enormous power, brilliantly staged and photographed.

Crossword Puzzle No. 984

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 12 and 15 down Reputedly capable of giving work to 24 across and 30, according to those with given names. (6, 3, 6)
4 How to make an All-American selection? (It's one way to shoulder the job.) (9)
9 This way, do you need to be concerned with the amount of paper?
10 This instrument adds nothing to an automobile in a break-down. (7)
11 and 13 An appeal certain to give satisfaction, at least! (8)
16 Get madder than anyone at wanton violence! (7)
17 What those who settled at the pole did? (7)
19 A minor disorder of cattle caused by motion? (7)
22 Precast in bands. (7)
24 and 30 These might fix the radius for you. (4-7)
25 These will never 26, as those who start with 1 across, 12 and 15 say.
29 A back-firer obtains things of value, it seems. (7)
31 Is one beneath fighting, but close to it? (9)
32 Used to be an afterthought for Aristophanes' subject matter. (5)

DOWN:

1 Not the record of bets taken on the fight, where one takes a pasting.
2 Was a knight errant supposed to be so successful? (A quick killing might lead to it.) (7)
3 The brow and the broken 24 across might do so. (4)
4 Get ready to repaper? (7)
5 Some question was raised as to its being used to store Irish denim. (7)
7 Not quite a reputed saying of Mr. Baba—though you might find a part of it. (7)
8 Jack suggests that you might look for him in church. (5)
14 Puffs worn by many. (5)
18 Is such a form of asset said to be present in barley and potatoes? (9)
20 Is there an absence of horse-flesh on one's figure, perhaps? (7)
21 Such things may be ordered. (7)
22 It's not quite enough just to think French, according to this poet. (7)
23 Doesn't loosen a nut set in its manufacture. (7)
24 The faux pas of one who prepares chicken, perhaps. (5)
27 Puts water on the dish, on getting up. (4)
28 and 6 His passages are not always appreciated, if you question certain lines. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 983

ACROSS: 1, 5, 30 and 31 That's the way the cookie crumbles; 10 Actions; 11 Alphorn; 12 Shred; 13 Impeaches; 14 Camel; 16 Handloom; 19 Encysted; 22 Grebe; 24 Effectual; 26 Racks; 28 Testate; 29 Veteran. DOWN: 1 Transact; 2 Alter; 3 Swordplay; 4 Hashish; 6 Alpha; 7 Toothsome; 8 Ernest; 9 Dampen; 15 Manifesto; 17 Logarithm; 18 Peasants; 20 Touted; 21 Deliver; 23 Hectic; 25 Coati; 27 Coral.

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Peace on Earth?

We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past few weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day after day, week after week, all through the year. There are many people and groups, in this country and elsewhere in the world, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space **The Nation** gives to reporting their varied activities. The programs of the peace movement, the problems of disarmament, the quest for the nuclear-test ban, the probings into the possibilities of negotiation — these are the bread-and-butter issues for **The Nation.** That is why **The Nation** is a peculiarly appropriate gift for the Christmas season. By giving a subscription to **The Nation,** you are contributing, however modestly, to the end that the efforts of those who work steadfastly for peace shall not go unnoticed.

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THE NATION

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Pivot to the Future

Charles D. Bolton

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

1884-1962

Archibald MacLeish

Ole Miss:

THE SILENT FACULTY

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LETTERS

Offensive to Whom?

Dear Sirs: The Cuban crisis is based on the assumption that not all weapons are offensive — hence bad. Some, like antiaircraft guns and flame-throwers, are properly defensive — hence good. Others, like intermediate and long-range missiles, are offensive. . . . But, if intermediate and long-range missiles are in themselves offensive, hence bad, by what right does the United States maintain such missiles both here and abroad, publicly committed as it is to the policy of never waging an offensive war, but only a defensive one (if, and only if, such is forced upon it by the aggressive action of others)?

If, on the other hand, intermediate and long-range missiles are *really* defensive — as we say *ours* are — then by what right do we deny to the Republic of Cuba the possibility of being as prepared as we ourselves are to retaliate in the event of an act or acts of aggression against it?

In the final analysis, of course, weapons — in themselves — are neutral. The adjectives "offensive" and "defensive" should therefore be reserved for qualifying the intentions of those who make use of weapons. . . . ANDREW BOWMAN

Berkeley, Calif. U. of California

The Big Risk

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial, "After Quarantine," in the November 3 issue, it is true that desirable things may stem from the Cuban crisis (but what a harebrained method of realizing desirable objectives!). But all of the good, in my opinion, will be outweighed by the one bad thing sure to result: the notion that Russia bowed solely to a show of force will gain currency and belief and the concept of armed might as the final arbiter will be considerably strengthened. This can only mean intensification of the arms race, more "adventures," greater risks and less willingness to negotiate. One rash act will provoke another — thence to "escalation." And that will be that.

Schenectady, N.Y. THOMAS BRODERICK

[*See Charles D. Bolton's article on page 320 of this issue.*—ED.]

Bad Acoustics, Dull Design

Dear Sirs: It is most probably not the fault of Bold, Beranek and Newman if the acoustics of Lincoln Center's new Philharmonic Hall are not all that they should be [see music column by Benjamin Boretz, *The Nation*, Oct. 27]. When the acoustics consultant is called in to rectify basic errors in architectural plan and section, the result will be mediocre acoustics and bad interior decoration. The building's exterior appears to be quite conservative and rather dull, more than anything reminiscent of the streamlined classicism of the thirties, c.f., our Post-Office-Modern and the architecture of the Fascist regimes in Italy and Germany. How reassuring the forms of the past to those who misunderstand and distrust the present!

Why did not the Lincoln Center Commission hold a great international competition to select an architect for such an important project, as is done so often in Europe and South America? Is it that the established, brand-name architects fear for their chances in such a competition? . . . R. M. TITUS

Boston, Mass.

Angel for the Communists?

Dear Sirs: Jack Levine's revealing article about the FBI in the Communist Party ["Hoover and the Red Scare," *The Nation*, Oct. 20] raises the following question: Are some of the officers of the party who are fighting registration with the Subversive Activities Control Board FBI Communists, perhaps? If they are prosecuted by the Department of Justice and are fined in the courts, will the FBI pay their fines?

Oberlin, O. E. U. CONDON

Wrong Target

Dear Sirs: Hilton Kramer began as a literary critic and he has remained one. What he criticizes in his piece on the Mark Tobey exhibition [*The Nation*, Oct. 6] is only the literature that has flourished around the artist.

But even as a literary critic Mr. Kramer commits a number of blunders. . . . He says that Tobey's art will not support aesthetic and philosophic burdens that have been assigned to it. Assigned by whom? By Mr. Kramer. For it is Kramer's idea that Tobey is "illustrating" the tenets of his religion. He taxes Tobey for his titles, for his renown in Europe (a childish resentment, surely), for his absence from New York, for his philosophic convictions and for the things he *doesn't* do in his paintings (he doesn't, for example, use large formats which would make a strong physical impact on the spectator, Kramer says). All these things are patently extraneous. . . .

Why should [Mr. Kramer] make a false statement which his layman reader is helpless to detect, such as that the press has joined Mr. Seitz in heaping praises on Tobey? The fact is that with one small published exception, the entire art press to date has conspired to treat Tobey as a "minor" artist whose reputation in Europe is ludicrous. Once labeled minor, of course, the question of what Tobey is doing becomes unimportant. No critic is willing, it seems, to take the time these contemplative paintings require to enter into Tobey's universe and try to experience it. But then, Mr. Kramer has never cared to enter paintings. He likes literature and makes it well. DORE ASHTON

New York City

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The Nation, Nov. 17, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 16

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 16

THE NATION

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: 1884-1962

by Archibald MacLeish

I SUPPOSE Mrs. Roosevelt was known—known, that is, to be recognized and remembered—by more human beings than any woman in history.

For one thing, she went everywhere and went always as herself, a woman concerned with a woman's things—which means with human things. Even when her husband was President she was never a public figure, a symbol, a representative of one kind or another. Wherever she was, she was there in her own right, her own person.

And then again, wherever she was she was distinct, distinguishable—her height, her fine carriage, her face: a plain face which could be beautiful as merely handsome faces never are. She was a great lady and therefore a woman first and a lady afterward, her exquisite manners a means always of reaching others, not of putting them off, holding them at a distance.

There have been famous women known the world over for their profiles on coins or their images in light. The world knew Eleanor Roosevelt by heart.

Why was she famous? For herself. What she did was useful and generous and good, but what she was will be remembered longer. In a starved and hungry time haunted by intellectual abstractions and scientific divinations, she remained a woman. Others might identify themselves by their dogmas, as we all are expected to do in this century—Communist or anti-Communist or Nationalist or Pacifist or whatever. Others might think in terms of their slot in the census, as white or black or Jew or gentile, or judge themselves by their status in the statistics. Mrs. Roosevelt identified herself by herself and judged herself as herself and did her own thinking. She belonged to herself in the old American way of belonging to one's self and thus belonged to everyone as a human being always does who reminds the rest what human beings ought to be.

It was not what she said in her columns or in her speeches or anywhere else. It was her response to her time. Where the rest of us increasingly respond in formulas dictated by the place we live or the paper we read or the income we earn, so that a man's opinions can be predicted the moment you know he comes from the North Shore of Chicago, Mrs. Roosevelt always responded in her human person. No problem was big enough to become abstract to her—not even the problem of a world full of underfed children or exploited women. And no conviction, no matter how firmly she held it, ever made her doctrinaire. She felt what she thought. And she made others feel it. Not by eloquence, for she was not eloquent. Not by mere persistence: she was far too busy to waste time. By candor. By the unanswerable honesty of her own commitment.

And by the reality, the humanity, of her world. To most of us, the world—what we continue to call "the world"—has become an abstraction of one kind or another: an economic mechanism such as the Marxists still believe they have discovered; the Absurdity which contemporary literary fashion plays with; the hard-headed Reality which only Republicans can ever know; the ultimate Equation which science will someday write. To Mrs. Roosevelt the world was never an abstraction. It was human.

THIS, I THINK, was the key to her hold upon the imagination of her time. Because the world was human to her, people, in her presence, took themselves upon her terms. They talked like human beings—were even unashamed to feel like human beings. With her there on the platform, or in a chair by the window, or merely passing on the street, things took on their old human proportion again and the slogans somehow withered and went away—even those enormous outdoor slogans of American suburbia, and those prestige-building, inside slogans of American intellectualia and the sky-high slogans of the various cults and creeds. Things got simpler where she was. Good became good again, and nonsense nonsense, and evil evil, and a man could love again and even pity.

It was for this reason, of course, that the doctrinaires of all the doctrines railed against her or patronized her with their silence. She left them nowhere at all to stand. And it was for this reason too, I suppose, that she never answered them. It was not that she ignored them. She knew what they said and some of it—the worst of it—

must have hurt her. But what she meant and what they meant were so far apart that there were no words left in which to meet them. Doctrine is what life leaves behind like a skim of ice above a run of water: her thought was for the water.

Or not perhaps her thought: her being. For it was her being that counted. What renewed the feel of things where she passed was not what she thought or said but what she was. It was Eleanor Roosevelt, a great lady in a great tradition, who was also a woman and who saw the world as women see it and who gave it life. That, perhaps, is the word one needs: that she gave our time her life. All of it. Not just the end of it, the death, but all of it—the whole, full life.

EDITORIALS

This Side of Elation

The results of last week's election support the conclusion, based on still incomplete returns, that the electorate demonstrated exceptional shrewdness in the marking of ballots. Despite the lack of significant national issues and a wealth of pre-election comment about the prevailing apathy — and the apathy was real enough — voters flocked to the polls in what was, all things considered, a remarkable turnout. Given real issues, coherent party programs and a more sharply focused campaign, one can only speculate with wonder on what the turnout might have been. Although Cuba was not an issue, it was obviously responsible for the atmosphere of urgency and excitement that brought voters to the polls in such numbers.

With badly split parties, it is not surprising that voters exhibited a strong tendency to pick and choose with a cavalier disregard of party labels. After four years of David Lawrence in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, voters not unreasonably decided to entrust the management of state affairs to a Republican, William M. Scranton, but they wisely sent Senator Joseph S. Clark back to Washington. In Michigan, they elected George Romney, but showed virtually no interest in other Republican nominees. In California, they re-elected Senator Kuchel while showing a marked preference for Democrats generally. And so it went.

On two counts the results are more promising than a first impression might suggest. In terms of quality, the 88th Congress will be more of an improvement on the 87th than a comparison of Democratic and Republican totals would indicate. For example, replacing Walter H. Judd with Donald W. Fraser, in Minnesota, is not simply to replace a Republican with a Democrat; the qualitative difference is far more significant than the partisan fact. Claude Pepper is not merely a Democrat; he is a Democrat with extraordinary political experience, rare debating skills and brilliant insight into the legislative process. Similarly, in California, the election of the veteran liberal state legislator, Augustus Hawkins, is not only long-deferred recognition of a fine record of public service and the equally long-deferred addition of a Negro to the delegation, but it will bring to the new Congress a man of exceptional legislative experience. The substitutions of Gaylord Nelson for Alexander Wiley and of Birch E. Bayh, Jr. for Homer Capehart, represent a net gain in quality of representation apart from partisan considerations. As another example of discriminating action on the part of voters, one might point to the results in the 1st Congressional District in California, where the late Clem Miller was re-elected — the finest possible tribute to that fine Representative. Many similar examples could be cited.

And in another sense also the results are more hopeful than a first impression suggests. In today's odd, vacuum-like politics, President Kennedy represents the "Left" of the spectrum in an operational, if not in an ideological, sense. Since the election, by general agreement, was a personal triumph for him, it is also, by today's odd political calculus, a defeat for the Right and a victory for the Left (the Center being considerably to the Right of the President). That the results were a setback for the Right is a fact which its spokesmen reluctantly concede. The defeat of the only avowed members of the John Birch Society in Congress — Rep. John H. Rousselot and Rep. Edgar W. Hiestand — is a fact which will not be overlooked by ambitious politicians of both parties. The outstanding exception would appear to be the defeat of Senator John Carroll in Colorado, but this campaign was not the clear-cut test of "Left vs. Right," liberalism vs. conservatism, that it was said to be. Senator-elect Peter H. Dominick is, indeed, of the Right, but he won in large measure because of factors unrelated to any "Left-Right" tensions.

On balance, then, if the results do not give rise to elation, they do yield a sense of genuine satisfaction.

Mr. Nixon and the Press

In his dramatic tirade against the press, Richard M. Nixon demonstrated a degree of inconsistency and ingratitude that can fairly be characterized as shocking. The press, he snarled, has always kicked him around.

It has been unfair to him. Even the *Los Angeles Times*, which has supported him in all his campaigns—in season and out, through thick and thin—was not excepted, and drew a seering rebuke. Yet if ever a politician had occasion to be grateful to the press, if ever there was a politician whose entire public career has been fostered and furthered by the press, however unwittingly—that man is Richard M. Nixon. An unknown young man in Congress, he was catapulted into national limelight by the well-known incapacity of the press to resist the news bait of "charges" and "denunciations." Now, with a truly amazing lack of perception, Nixon complains that "since the Alger Hiss case," the press has been his enemy. This particular snarl suggests the ancient tag line, "Man bites dog." For it was the manner in which the American press made a sensation of the Alger Hiss case that launched Nixon's national political career. Even earlier, it was the built-in disposition of the press to handle "charges" in a manner that keeps the calumniated forever in pursuit of the calumniator that resulted in his early triumphs over Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas. Individual reporters and columnists have no doubt disliked Nixon, but publishers, by and large, have always been in his camp; in his latest and final campaign the press, with rare exceptions, was on his side.

But to underscore the lack of insight demonstrated in the extraordinary flare-up at the Beverly Hilton, the former Vice President—for years a heartbeat from the Presidency—said: "Thank God for radio and television." But it was television that, in a famous Presidential campaign debate, revealed to the American people more sharply than the press had ever succeeded in doing, and in a matter of minutes, the real Nixon: not the black-jowled villain of the Herblock cartoons, or the haloed hero of the far Right, but an empty, faceless, insecure, weak, almost abject opportunist striving mightily, with no sense of values and a most uncertain sense of self-identity, to claw his way to the top by fair means or foul. In brief, Mr. Nixon is an American tragedy in the classic pattern, but it took television to reveal the truth.

And in Nixon's final seventeen-minute press conference it was television, not the press, that managed to catch once again the true character of the man. His words seem lifeless on the printed page, but the image on the television screen conveyed the unmistakable lineaments of the man's true character. To this day he does not understand, he will never understand, that it was the circumstance that Governor Brown's "image" happened to be the man himself—that this most unpretentious of American politicians is in fact quite incapable of projecting a false image—that was his own undoing. For Nixon's character, not the press, is what defeated him, just as surely as it was Governor Brown's characte1 that brought him victory.

Now, If Ever

On November 5, the UN General Assembly, acting through its 110-member Political Committee, called on the four nuclear powers — the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France — to end all nuclear-weapons testing by January 1.

The earlier maneuvering in the long debate produced not one resolution, but two. The first was proposed by a group of thirty-seven non-nuclear nations from all over the globe. It summarily condemned all nuclear-weapons tests, asked that they cease no later than the end of the year, and urged the governments of the United States, the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom to "negotiate in a spirit of mutual understanding and concession in order to reach agreement urgently, bearing in mind the vital interests of mankind." If the Big Three were unable to agree on the prohibition of all tests by the end of the year, they were asked to cease testing in the atmosphere, under water and in outer space, and to enter on an interim arrangement suspending underground tests pending "adequate assurances" for discrimination between "underground explosions and seismic events." This resolution was adopted with 75 nations in favor and no negative votes, although 25 nations, including the four nuclear powers and some of their allies, abstained.

A second resolution, proposed by the United States and Great Britain, was adopted 50 to 12, with 42 abstentions. It laid more stress on the need for international controls. The negative votes were cast by the Soviet bloc, which was among the abstainers on the first resolution. The French abstained on both votes and made it clear that they were opposed at this time to any negotiations on nuclear-test cessation. They were not exhorted in the first resolution because France has not been a party to the talks in Geneva on disarmament and a nuclear-test ban.

The fact that there were two resolutions is important: after years of discussion, the nuclear powers are still wrangling. But more important is the fact that no country dared to go on record in opposition to the first and basic resolution. The non-nuclear powers have finally dragooned the nuclear club (except France and the immovable de Gaulle) into acceding in principle to the world-wide opposition to the poisoning of the earth's atmosphere.

The crucial question, of course, is whether the two great nuclear powers will obey the UN's mandate. If they do, the pressure on France to fall in line will be great. The conditions for a test ban will never be more favorable. The need is obvious: next spring the fallout of Strontium-90 will reach an all-time peak. The practically unanimous sentiment of the nations which get the fallout, without exploding bombs themselves, has been formally expressed. Both the Soviet Union and the United States have been given something of a turn by the artificial radiation belts they have created, which may result in increased danger to the astronauts they propose to send to the moon. They have just drawn back from the brink of nuclear war over Cuba, and both need a *détente.* Both have tested to satiety: the data from their respective test series must be running out of their ears. The yield-to-weight ratio of their future bomb production will be even greater than it was, which must give them much joy. Finally, the technology of test detection has improved greatly in the past year. Among other devices, one announced by the California Institute of Technology — seismograph coupled with a digital computer — is said to cover the entire seismic spectrum and to be equivalent to a combination of many conventional seismographs of the kind now in use.

Our negotiator, Arthur Dean, is pessimistic, as usual. Edward Teller will no doubt come up with further obstructive theories or fancies. On the whole, however, the forces favoring test suspension are stronger than they have been previously. The failure or success of the action still to be taken will be the best possible indication of whether mankind is headed for irrevocable disaster, or a new beginning.

The Poisoned Future

A friend tells us that on the second night of the Cuba showdown his teen-age daughter phoned him from boarding school to say that "the kids up here have decided there's no use studying, since we'll all be dead in a couple of days." He answered that this was a contest of nerves, a diplomatic gamble and not a declaration of war, that he didn't know what the outcome would be except that he knew Khrushchev would not open a nuclear war to hold his bases in Cuba, and that if she failed French he would not take the blockade as an excuse. Then he hung up and fled the room to escape the eyes of his wife. But what else could he have said?

This sort of things happens all over the country every day, and it was going on long before the President decided that the Caribbean missile bases were to be removed at the risk of annihilation. The problem has become so heartbreaking (what do you say to a child who begins a sentence: "If I grow up . . ."?) that the Child Study Association has issued a well-meaning and pathetic booklet, *Children and the Threat of Nuclear War.* The pamphlet bases its advice on the point that children — even rather large children — place the most touching faith in the wisdom, honor and power of their parents. We are to "reassure" them by showing that we have "thought" about the problem and that we are "confident" of our ability to protect them. We are to allay their fears by correcting their misunderstandings (the snow will not hurt them—at least not this winter). But this faith is as fragile as it is absolute, and the trouble is that, on the essential points, children already understand with the perfect egotism and unprotected vividness of the young. They know that war hangs by a thread, that if it comes they will die and that daddy doesn't have the foggiest notion of what to do about it. Each individually sees himself as the target at which those intercontinental rockets are aimed. They've all seen on television what happens when a gun is pointed at someone; and this gun is pointed at them. Children are rarely self-deluded — the attribute is one of maturity — and no show of specious confidence will convince them that their parents have a secret for survival unknown to the world at large. Radioactivity has not yet poisoned the children's milk; it has gone a long way toward poisoning their minds. The young do not particularly want to grow up; and emotionally, at least, they never will if they believe no future awaits them. The nuclear "damage" we talk about with such evasive glibness is happening right now to the generation trotting at our heels. Cuba may be a victory for the adults of the Western world; the children will not survive many such victories.

CUBA: Pivot to the Future . .

Charles D. Bolton

WE MAY be sure every effort will be made to misinterpret the meaning of the Cuban crisis in the coming weeks as the debris falls into place. But it is crucial that those seeking some alternative to the arms race understand the significance of what has recently happened. No one should suppose that the crisis pivoted primarily on Cuba or that the Russians were merely creating a bargaining position by giving missiles to Castro. The Russian move was in many respects stupid and in all respects extraordinarily reckless. It is not unusual for the Russians to do rather stupid things, but they have not had a history of doing reckless things entailing a serious risk of a nuclear war. Yet this is what they apparently did in Cuba. The American response, in turn, also involved a very serious risk of nuclear war had there been the slightest miscalculation by either side. It is plain that considerations of the utmost seriousness for the whole cold war were involved.

Some commentators suggest the

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Russians aimed at creating a bargaining position in which they might trade Cuba for Berlin, or at least for American bases in such countries as Turkey. This argument does not make sense in spite of Khrushchev's belated offer to swap Cuban bases for Turkish bases. The risks involved for Russia were far too great for this kind of stake. The large number of missiles sent to Cuba also belies the "swap" thesis. The real risk of nuclear war lay in an American invasion or bombing of Cuba. Had either occurred and assuming that the Russian missiles were operative, the fatal decision would have been thrown into the hands of Soviet technicians and military officers in Cuba. In the case of a U.S. bombing attempt, the Russians would have had only a fraction of a minute to decide whether to fire their rockets or not. Since their own death at that point would have been imminent, it is hard to believe that someone would not have pulled the trigger, and this in turn would have set off a general conflagration. American reluctance to invade or bomb suggests strongly that we feared precisely such a Soviet reaction.

Much deeper considerations than "swapping" must be given for the recklessness of the Soviet action. I suggest that the moves which took place must be understood in the context of (1) American counterforce policy and (2) unstable political deadlocks elsewhere in the world, primarily Berlin.

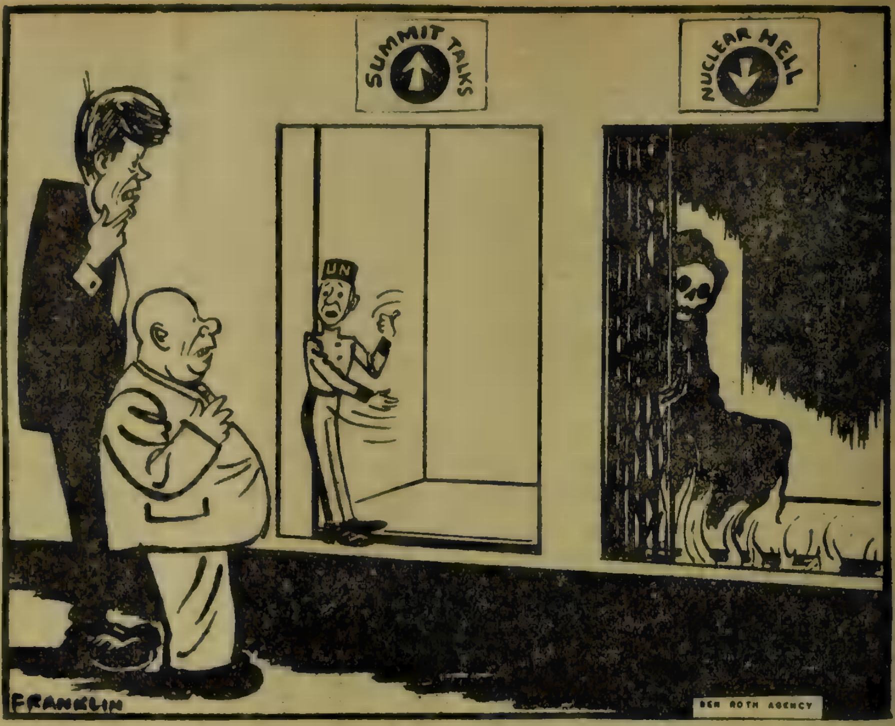
WHATEVER may be said for the American version of the cold war as presented by Ambassador Stevenson in the UN, one critical factor was unmentioned: the effects of the American adoption of counterforce strategy in the last twelve months. (General Maxwell D. Taylor, despite earlier opposition to the counterforce strategy, endorsed it when he was sworn in last month as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.) It is a factor that Americans can leave unstated with impunity because the Russians cannot complain about it without admitting their own weakness. In spite of John Foster Dulles' bluster about massive retaliation, President Eisenhower unfailingly held before the American people the image that international war is obsolete and the initiation of nuclear war unthinkable for sane people. In line with that image, the Eisenhower administration clung to a deterrent nuclear policy. But for some time now, the Kennedy Administration has accepted the doctrine of counterforce strategy — that is, maintenance of a superiority in nuclear weapons and their delivery systems sufficient to destroy the enemy's nuclear striking power, with enough force left over to hold the enemy's cities hostage against a threat of retaliation by any of his delivery systems — such as submarines — that may have escaped destruction. Because several nuclear weapons must be directed at each nuclear emplacement of the opponent, counterforce strategy calls for an overwhelming superiority.

Counterforce is by its very nature a first-strike strategy: there is no point in building up a gigantic capacity to hurl a massive "no-cities" strike at an enemy's empty missile sites in retaliation for a strike at cities. This is so even granting that some missile launchers could be used for a second missile. If counterforce does not reduce the capacity of the enemy to inflict an unacceptable blow upon one's society, it has no advantages over a minimum deterrent strategy, which is far less costly and far less provocative. The "public" argument of proponents of counterforce that the strategy is really a defensive one because it coerces an inferior enemy into making his first strike against one's bases rather than against cities is wholly unconvincing. No rational opponent would initiate a game he was bound to lose by playing according to the rules. Only the possessor of the counterforce capacity could rationally make the first strike.

THE problem of assessing the motivations for adoption of counterforce, however, is more difficult. Counterforce *can* be conceived of as a form of retaliation for a conventional-weapons aggression — a form which would minimize the destruction of cities and human life. And, indeed, this is the rationale offered by Secretary of Defense McNamara in his Michigan University commencement speech announcing the "no-cities" doctrine. Whereas a deterrent force used in retaliation for a conventional-force aggression must be employed against the enemy's cities, and in turn inevitably invites destruction of one's own cities, a counterforce retaliation could greatly reduce casualties if the perfect rational control involved in counterforce could be maintained. Thus the American build-up of a first-strike capability does not mean that the United States intends to carry out an unprovoked first strike. But unquestionably it does carry that implication to a suspicious opponent. At a minimum, it leaves the opponent constantly subject to nuclear blackmail.

It is not clear how the American decision to adopt a counterforce strategy arose. Was it from a calculated intent to gain the initiative in international affairs? Or did it represent an inevitable response to the revelation, by our intelligence, that the missile gap was in fact a gap in reverse and that by quickly exploiting our industrial superiority, we could achieve the predominance required for a counterforce position? The publicly known facts can be interpreted either way. Imputing motives is a ticklish business, especially when the decisions are not those of one man but of a vast number of persons in interlocking and competing agencies. But that the visible strategic relations of the two great powers have changed radically in the last twelve months in the direction of an extreme disadvantage to the Soviet Union is undeniable.

BEFORE turning to the significance of counterforce for the Cuban crisis, let us look at the facts on the "delicate balance" which Ambassador Stevenson seemed so distraught about the Soviet's disturbing. Secretary McNamara has stated on several occasions that the United States could absorb a first strike and have left a retaliatory force greater than any first strike the Russians could direct at us — and then have enough left still to handle any third nuclear power. Deputy Secretary of Defense Gilpatric has stated that the total number of our nuclear-delivery vehicles, tactical as well as strategic, is in the tens of thousands; and of course, we have more than one warhead for each vehicle. Mr. Gilpatric also indicated that the United States plans to have twice the striking power by 1965 that we will have at the end of 1962. Major General T. P. Gerrity, Air Force Deputy Chief of Staff, has stated that our force of ICBMs is being tripled in 1962 and may be tripled again next year. In a recent book, physicist Ralph Lapp says that the United States has stockpiled enough nuclear explosives to overkill the Soviet Union at least twenty-five times. Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Staff 1955-61, recently stated in a speech in Fresno, California, that "if the United States dropped all her nuclear weapons on Russia and not one exploded, Russia would still be destroyed — by the metal alone." Yet Secretary of State Rusk has indicated that the U.S. stockpile of nuclear weapons may be doubled by 1966. Even in the case of manpower, Secretary McNamara said in his Michigan speech that NATO has more men under arms than Russia and her satellites.



"Going Up?"

ON THE other hand, evidence now seems very strong that in recent years Russia had adopted, for reasons we can only speculate on, a policy of minimum deterrence. Since 1956, the Soviet Union has announced reductions in its forces totaling 2.7 million men, and before the Berlin crisis arose had scheduled a further reduction in 1961 of 700,000 men to a force of 2.4 million. Much more important, American U-2 and satellite intelligence has revealed that Russia was not coming close to building either missiles or bombers at the rate her economy made possible. After hearing testimony from Secretary McNamara, Senator Stuart Symington said that the estimate of the USSR's intercontinental-missile strength had been reduced 96.5 per cent since the CIA estimates of the 1958-59 period. In short, our intelligence reported that Russia had built only one missile for each thirty which we had estimated they could if they used their economic capacity to its maximum. Other reports indicate that from 1956-61 the Soviets had built only one-fifth as many heavy bombers as we had expected. Gerard Piel, editor of *Scientific American*, has estimated that the American advantage in nuclear-delivery systems is in the 5 to 1 range.

This is the delicate balance of which Mr. Stevenson spoke. The fact is that that balance had already been destroyed, partly by the American counterforce policy, partly by the Russians' own low-scale missile program in the 1958-61 period, and partly by the overcoming of Russian secrecy by the U-2s and the Midas and Samos satellites. The enormous further build-up projected by the Kennedy Administration promises to widen the gap in the next few years.

Moreover, last summer's successful testing of an anti-missile missile gives promise that within a few years the United States may have at least a quasi-successful defense against intercontinental ballistic missiles. The stubborn continuation of high-altitude nuclear tests in the Pacific, in the face of world-wide scientific criticism and the known ill effects of our first explosion, lends further weight to the view that a defense against ICBMs is indeed in sight. In case of such a development, the Russian military position would be even more drastically weakened. Even if Russia should, as Khrushchev claims, also have an anti-missile missile effective against ICBMs, the fact that America has missile bases within short range of Russia, whereas Russian missiles must travel vast distances to the United States, means that American foreign bases tip the balance decisively to the United States in the anti-missile race. For the intricate timing and control required for missile interception would simply not be practical for missiles traveling only a few hundred miles. The refusal of American negotiators at Geneva to consider elimination of American foreign bases in an early stage of disarmament thus becomes ominous to the Russians.

WE MAY NOW turn to the real significance of the Cuban crisis. The Soviet emplacement of missiles in Cuba must be interpreted primarily as a rather desperate response to American counterforce strategy, and secondarily it can be seen as a bid to retain a position of strength in the bargaining over Berlin that is — or was — planned for this month. The same U.S. intelligence reports that conveyed the news of the surprisingly small numbers of Soviet intercontinental-range missiles (ICBMs) also reported the existence of a large number—perhaps as many as 300-400—of Soviet medium- and intermediate-range missiles (IRBMs). Without speculating on the reason for the Russian concentration on IRBMs, the basic fact remains that these, based on Soviet soil, could not touch the United States and that the estimated 45-50 Russian ICBMs do not (considering the unreliability of missiles) constitute a satisfactory deterrent in the face of developing American capacity.

No doubt the Russian ICBMs could still wreak a heavy toll, but certainly not one above the level that the Russians might fear American military strategists would consider "acceptable." One of the architects of American counterforce strategy, Herman Kahn, has argued that American feelings about "acceptable" American casualties, in case the United States had to meet Russian aggression by nuclear war, center on a figure of 60 million. It is highly unlikely that Soviet missiles and bombers launched from Russia could inflict that kind of damage on the United States, especially after a U.S. first-strike counterforce attack. Hence, if American leaders were ruthless enough to absorb some millions of American casualties and let NATO allies suffer the toll that would be exacted by Russian IRBMs, Russia was and is open to the threat of an American counterforce attack.

Given their paranoia about American motives, the Russians' growing realization in the first half of 1962 that they were subject to a counterforce attack must have created an atmosphere of desperation in the Kremlin. Particularly is this so in view of the apparent need by the Soviet bloc to settle the Berlin problem in a way favorable to Communist interests. Any Soviet move in Berlin which actually involved a conventional-weapons move, or which the Americans might interpret as implying an imminent military move against West Berlin, could be countered by an American threat of a counterforce attack which could be made with relative impunity. The sudden renewal in the past summer of Soviet interest in shoring up the Cuban economy and the subsequent emplacement of missiles in Cuba thus become understandable. Some stability had to be introduced into the deteriorating Cuban system in order to make it a suitable base for the Russians. The price Castro had to pay was acceptance of Russian missiles. It was also the next to last price the United States had to pay for policies which had driven Castro into complete dependence upon the Communist bloc; the final price was the necessity of giving assurances that we would not invade Cuba — thus accepting the continued presence of Castro. Acceptance of a pawn's role in Great Power politics was the price Castro had to pay for his rashness and blunders in handling the Cuban economy.

MY argument, then, is that the Soviet decision to place missiles in Cuba was an attempt to neutralize the American counterforce advantage. The timing of the Russian move suggests that it was also aimed at opening the way for stronger Soviet pressure for a Berlin settlement. I am not speculating that such pressure was to include actual military action in Berlin; but the implication that success of the Cuban venture would have opened the way to that possibility is a much more serious consideration than the clandestine character of the missile installation stressed by American spokesmen.

Yet the Russian missiles themselves must be recognized as essentially deterrent. To claim, as has been done, that the aim was to shift the balance of power to Russia and make feasible a Russian attack on the United States or other Western Hemisphere nations simply does not make sense in view of the tremendous American predominance in nuclear weapons. The real effect of the presence of Soviet IRBMs in Cuba would be to make these missiles functionally equivalent to deterrent ICBMs based in Russia, and hence to make too risky the American employment of a counterforce strategy. This would be especially true in the short run — for example, when the Berlin showdown was scheduled — because countering American missiles could not be redirected toward Cuba that rapidly. Even in the long run, there would be reluctance to direct nuclear missiles at bases in Cuba, if not because of regard for Cubans, at least because of the fall-out that would drift over American cities. But given the Western preponderance of power, even a very considerable build-up of Russian missiles in Cuba would have left a calculated Soviet first strike suicidal for the Russian homeland and hence quite unreasonable. Thus the Soviet gamble was deterrent rather than aggressive in character so far as nuclear strength was concerned.

The vigor of the American response indicates our leaders' awareness of the extent to which the Soviet missiles in Cuba upset the implementation of counterforce strategy and the possibility of our threatening nuclear retaliation to any aggression with conventional weapons. Coming just before a scheduled showdown on West Berlin, the Russian move was extremely threatening to an American position of inflexibility on that issue. A continuation of the Soviet missile build-up in Cuba would have neutralized American counterforce strategy over the long run; moreover, Russia's weaker economy could better withstand American competition in IRBMs than in the more expensive ICBMs. American leaders hence were forced either to risk a nuclear war now to rid Cuba of the Soviet missiles, or to accept a major change in military and political policy. They chose the former. That it is almost inconceivable that any other choice could have been made indicates the extent of either Russian recklessness or Russian miscalculation.

THE success of President Kennedy's handling of the Cuban crisis is apparent. His initial response of a blockade against offensive weapons was the most moderate action available to him in the context of the political and military pressures that existed. His decision to offer Khrushchev the face-saving device of assurances that the United States would not invade Cuba if Soviet missiles were withdrawn subject to UN inspection, was certainly the key move that de-fused the crisis just at the point where it seemed ready to explode into nuclear war. Since the Administration had no public commitment to invade Cuba, the no-invasion pledge was a loss mainly to the American Radical Right. To have forced a Soviet back-down without a no-invasion pledge and then to have invaded would only have been to invite disaster in

Latin America and open the door to a Russian retaliatory move, in some place such as Iran, that would have seemed justifiable in the eyes of world opinion.

While Khrushchev can use the sop of the no-invasion pledge with his own populace, there is no doubt that the Russians suffered a serious strategic defeat. The Soviet bid for a position of initiative in the near future—especially in Berlin—was frustrated. Underdeveloped nations will be reluctant to turn to Russia for economic aid after seeing Castro's reduction to a pawn as the price for aid. While the legality of the American blockade may be debated by scholars, the United States emerges with a moral triumph of major proportions; in addition, the Soviet Union has been forced to back down from a military test. So compromised is the Castro regime that even the net Communist gain of the no-invasion assurance may prove to be merely an economic liability for Moscow.

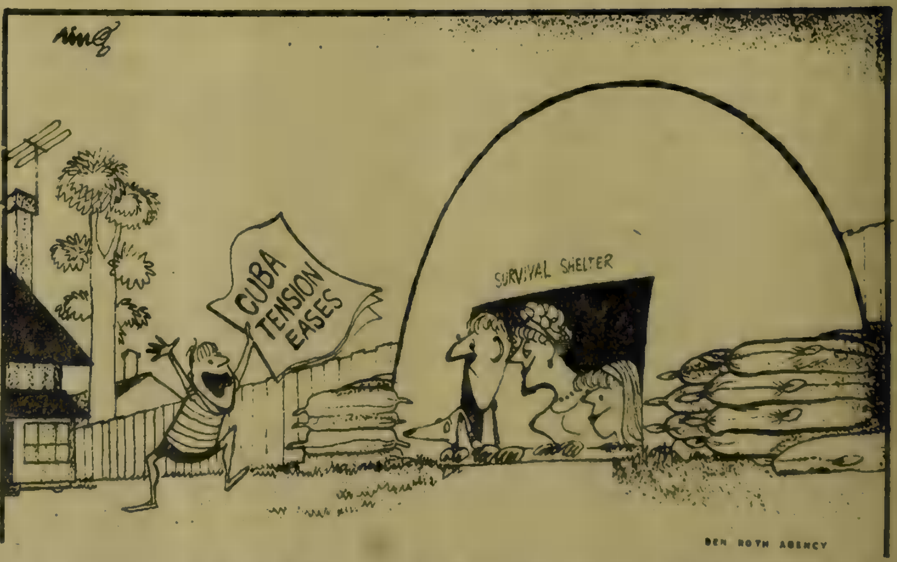
But the consequences of the Cuban crisis will be with us for some years. It will almost certainly be recorded as one of the turning points of modern history, though at present the direction of the turn is unpredictable. There has already been much debate in the American press about the effects of the Cuban affair on Khrushchev's position in Russia, on Sino-Russian relations and on Castro in Cuba. But it is with the consequences of the Cuban crisis for the American scene that I will concern myself.

WHILE Kennedy has already emerged as an almost unparalleled hero figure, his handling of the American scene in the next few weeks may prove as crucial for the future of the world as his handling of the crisis itself. For the most likely internal consequences of the Cuban crisis will be a complete cessation of a meaningful political dialogue in the United States, a return to a level of McCarthyism even more corrosive of civil liberties — because of the lack of any real Communists for targets — than in the 1950s, and an irreversible commitment of the American mentality to a military solution of all international problems. It is difficult to imagine that the next Congress will not pass a crash shelter program, greatly step up military spending and reject any increase in research for disarmament. In fact, it is hard to believe the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency will survive the next Congress or that the Congress will support any international arrangements that are not so completely contrary to the interests of the Soviet Union as to be impossible for the Soviets. The hand of those who assert that the Russians are totally untrustworthy liars who can be handled only by sheer military power has been immeasurably strengthened. Recourse to the Cuban crisis to show that "the Russians will back down every time if we are really firm" will be a convincing tool in the effort to whip up a military approach to all future face-offs with the Communists.

The peace movement promises to be reduced to its pre-1960 level of splinter pacifist groups, and its propositions will be rejected as "subversive." While much legitimate criticism may be made of the peace movement, it is at the same time true that the revival of an outspoken liberalism and the emergence of meaningful political dialogue here have been associated with its rise. It is this political dialogue which is most threatened by the Cuban crisis. Ironically, the Russian action in Cuba will probably destroy any chance of changes in American foreign policy favorable to solutions of international problems along the lines that represent the real interests of the Soviet Union: disarmament, a German settlement, inclusion of Communist China in the UN, etc. It is the influence of the Radical Right that will be strengthened by the Cuban affair.

THE ONLY chance of avoiding all this lies with Kennedy. The President's true intentions in international policy will be made plain in the coming weeks. If he throws his weight behind an increased military build-up, an effort to bring Castro down by further economic reprisals and an inflexible position on political differences with the USSR, then we must assume that he expects to make his mark in history by crushing communism, even at the risk of nuclear war. The nature of the projected American military build-up lends itself to the reasonable interpretation that by about 1965-66, the United States will be in a position either to launch a counterforce strike to destroy communism once and for all, or to use the counterforce threat to roll communism back in successive confrontations. Crash programs for shelters and anti-missiles would be indicative of such intentions.

Even discounting such outright aggressive intentions, prospects of success are not really promising for a policy of using continual strategic pressures to force Russia, through economic strains and loss of prestige, into some sort of internal revolution. The possibilities of a Soviet shift



"Come on out, everybody. The world is still here — temporarily, at least."

in emphasis to submarines, mobile missiles and military satellites are too great to make counterforce feasible as a lasting political-economic pressure weapon. The Cuban crisis demonstrates the reckless gambles which the counterforce strategy spawns. It must be remembered that the United States won the first challenge to counterforce in a situation where it had maximum strategic advantage. Can we expect such perfect control of future situations as to guarantee that we will always have this advantage?

IT COULD well be that the Cuban crisis, rather than increasing tensions, will cause leaders in both blocs to re-examine the possibilities of peaceful coexistence. Kennedy's conciliatory gestures in the closing phases of his intense exchange with Premier Khrushchev suggest that the President may really be thinking in this direction. His last-minute withdrawal from what must have been monumental pressures to invade Cuba suggests a genuine reluctance to risk plunging the world into nuclear war even when the American advantage is great.

We may believe a peaceful resolution of the cold war is the intent of the President if he seeks a solution of the Berlin deadlock in the context of a general German settlement; if he supplements the Cuban arrangement with quiet attempts to reach an accommodation with Castro and to wean Cuba out of the Communist sphere; if the United States shows signs of seriously seeking a disarmament agreement as well as just a test-ban treaty; and, especially, if the United States presents a blueprint for settling the cold war by concomitant action on a number of problems rather than by continuing to permit individual crises to build up to be dealt with piecemeal.

If the basic decision at this crucial juncture lies with the President, the role of the peace movement could still be an important one if Kennedy's intention is to push for a resolution of the cold war by negotiation and peaceful diplomacy. Any American administration that seriously approaches a disarmament agreement and the international controls necessary to implement it will be massively opposed not only by the extreme Right, but by the military and the most powerful segments of industry. The administration's program could survive this assault only with equally massive support from the general populace. This support could be mustered only by a responsible, well-organized peace movement with faith in the effectiveness of political action.

This is not to say that it is now the duty of the peace movement slavishly to follow the President. Quite the contrary, its role for some time is to keep the political dialogue open. No matter what the President's personal views, he will have to adapt them to the political situation, the realm of the possible. The role of the peace movement is to broaden the realm of the possible by working to alter the American intellectual climate within which political decisions are made, and also by private contacts with scientists and intellectuals in the Communist states to stimulate changes in the political climate there.

Certainly there is much work to be done even in educating the Administration. If the tactical decisions of the President during the Cuban crisis were admirable, the rhetoric which accompanied them, particularly in the United Nations, was deplorable. There was no evidence of concern that the American action had implications for the lives of hundreds of millions of people living outside the three countries involved in the crisis; no sign of humility that we had taken into our hands a decision on the existence of humanity such as no nation has ever had before. Rather, there were only the trumpetings of the self-righteous. We are yet far from the attitude of international responsibility which befits a nation laying claim to moral leadership of the "free world."

BUT THE strategy of the peace movement must be delicate. There is no use wasting effort trying to convert the completely impossible into the possible — for example, trying to push unilateral disarmament or pacifism. Nor will the peace movement be effective if it continues, reflexively, to oppose every military action and firm stand by the American government. There will be more crises and more firm actions, some of which will be justified. It was a mistake for some peace groups to attack the Cuban quarantine before there was any understanding of the real stakes at issue. In general, the peace movement's response to the Cuban crisis was more responsible than usual; unfortunately, the mass media almost always distort the misguided demonstrations of a few to make the entire peace movement look like dupes and crackpots.

The time for the peace movement to be effective is not during the heat of crises. It can operate effectively—assuming the President opens the door — by research on peace, by creative thinking on new strategies and initiatives, by opening up discussion on new alternatives in the public discourse, and by forming a persistent body of committed workers who will make the image of a disarmed world visible in American intellectual life. Paradoxically, it will not become effective until it gives up the notion that its aim is peace. We have had some semblance of peace — in the sense of non-war — for the last ten years, and the military can make as reasonable claim to being for peace as can the peace movement (I am reminded of a recent leaflet from my telephone company picturing a Titan missile, which it refers to as a "peaceful persuader").

SO LONG AS the preservation of peace is carried out in the context of military strategy, the peace movement has nothing to contribute to that strategy. The aim of the movement should be attainment of a world situation in which resort to force is not a possible instrument of international policy, in which the military mentality is finally eliminated from the framework of civilization, and in which the benefits of the scientific revolution are extended to all mankind under conditions protecting the civil liberties of individuals. It is only when the peace movement turns to the problems of achieving this type of world situation that it will play a vital role in the political dialogue that may provide political leaders with the possibilities of ending the cold war.

THE SILENT FACULTY . . *by Leo J. Hertzel*

ONE OF THE more thought-provoking aspects of the news that came out of Oxford, Mississippi, before and during James Meredith's registration at the University of Mississippi, was the reported attitude of the faculty towards the crisis on its campus. According to at least two widely reprinted newspaper stories written shortly after Meredith's registration, not one faculty member at the University of Mississippi spoke out endorsing integration or advocating compliance with the federal court order to admit Meredith either before or during the violence that accompanied his registration. The local chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), however, did issue a belated statement defending the conduct of U. S. marshals in their execution of orders.

That an entire 200-man faculty of a respected state university should have found it wise, expedient or necessary to maintain silence in a situation intimately and violently affecting its own campus, its own students, and the whole structure of constitutional government in its state, is both curious and disturbing. It is impossible to believe that all of these men, educated in a variety of disciplines, could have been indifferent to the struggle going on in front of their office doors. One wonders about student interpretation of the faculty silence.

Writing this 1,500 miles away from Oxford, I do not presume to judge the faculty or its lack of action. But I suggest that its conduct during the Meredith crisis, and the attention that conduct received, constitute material for some interesting academic meditation. What is expected of professors and teachers in the way of public commitment in time of crisis? Does it make any difference if the crisis is on the campus and involves student riots and death? What role do learning and historical awareness play in time of public conflict? Does learning entail responsibility? A few years ago, it was commonplace to hear in faculty lounges that German professors and intellectuals shared a great guilt for not speaking out during Hitler's rise to power. "They failed to keep the beacon light of freedom and right burning during the night of tyranny," William L. Shirer quoted Julius Ebbinghaus. Do we expect *our* professors to keep lights of freedom and right burning? How do they go about it? Was it done in Mississippi?

SOME of the public reaction to the faculty silence in Mississippi is an interesting commentary on these questions. During the week of Meredith's registration, the Louisville *Times*, under a three-column headline on page one, ran a Chicago Daily News Service story from Oxford. Said the headline, "Ole Miss Faculty Would Rather Eat Than Speak." The story included accounts of interviews with two faculty members, both of whom chose to remain anonymous. One was quoted as saying his job depended on silence in this situation. The other was quoted as saying that there was freedom of speech at the university all right, but that freedom did not give anyone the right to yell fire in a crowded theatre. It was not clear from the news story just how this analogy was to be applied.

A few weeks later, a Jesuit correspondent for *America* wrote from Louisiana that he thought the University of Mississippi was in for a time of soul searching, and he observed, "Professors of the university, unwilling to jeopardize their jobs, if not more, had tallied up few points for heroism. . . ."

On the other hand, the faculty silence met with approval and even commendation in some circles. The Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, J. D. Williams, reportedly "congratulated and commended" his faculty on their conduct during the crisis. Also, some outside organizations publicly complimented the faculty. The Minnesota Chapter of the AAUP, for example, sent the Mississippi faculty an official letter saying:

> The Council of the Minnesota Conference, AAUP, wishes to commend the faculty of the University of Mississippi for their fine sense of responsibility shown by accepting James Meredith in their classes and offering to him the same educational opportunity as that offered to other students.

Privately, Minnesota AAUP leaders explained that of all groups involved in the Mississippi struggle—students, townspeople, administrators, politicians, faculty—the faculty acted with the most restraint and thus won its laurels by default.

CLEARLY, there are several ways of looking at the faculty conduct in this matter. It seems to me that some public discussion of a faculty's proper role and responsibility in time of crisis is now needed.

Historically, there is considerable justification for the silence of the faculty during crisis on the campus. Our society has almost always been more comfortable when the professor lectures only in the classroom, a fact that some have interpreted as a further evidence of national anti-intellectualism. In 1956, Howard Mumford Jones summed up the historical reality in a speech on "The Service of the University," delivered before a University of North Dakota audience:

> . . . In point of law, the American professor is nothing more than the hired employee of a corporate body over which he has no control. . . .
>
> In law . . . the university as an autonomous congregation of scholars engaged in the discovery, preservation, and inculcation of truth does not exist. All that exists is a board of trustees or regents charged with the duty of hiring persons by contract to do certain acts. . . . The American concept is in no way (except as an afterthought) the concept of a congregation of scholars engaged in discovering and preserving truth; it is, instead, the concept of an arm of the state intended to get things done or authorizing other persons to hire certain persons to get things done.

Viewed from this perspective, the university professor has a responsibility *not* to concern himself with campus conflicts unless he is spe-

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cifically hired to do so. The professor has no more right or responsibility to speak out than the cook in the cafeteria or the man who blows up the basketballs.

Artistically, there is a growing body of commentary on the existential reality in the American university that would tend to explain faculty silence psychologically rather than legally. Practically every one of the dozen or so academic novels published in the past few years pictures the university faculty as made up of persons interested in anything but "the light of freedom and right." Indeed, if we accept the novelists' picture of academic life in America, we would conclude not only that administrators expect silence from professors, but that professors who were brave enough to disobey and speak out would have nothing to say any more. "Teaching is a noble profession with a noble history," says Gabe in Philip Roth's *Letting Go*. "And it may simply be that we are living through a slack time."

Perhaps the best illustration for our present purpose would be the exchange in Malamud's *A New Life*, in which the veteran professor Gilley introduces the new English instructor Levin to the practical realities. "We don't pretend we're anything more than a typical American state college," said Gilley. "The atmosphere is relaxed. . . . There are no geniuses around to make you uncomfortable. . . . We don't ask more than that a man does his work conscientiously—his share of it. What we don't want around are troublemakers." And Gilley's point is emphasized by the recounting of the experiences of a previous instructor who had interested himself in social causes, was branded a "radical," publicly fired and eventually committed suicide.

Almost every character in the contemporary academic novel — from those by Malamud and Stringfellow Barr to those by Mary McCarthy and Carlos Baker and Philip Roth — would rather eat than speak. Perhaps it is important that no champion of faculty honor has yet arisen to set these carping artists straight. Perhaps in Mississippi we encountered another case of life imitating art.

INTELLECTUALLY, American professors have little difficulty justifying silence in times of trouble. Comments by academicians often contain straightforward statements to the effect that it is foolish to jeopardize the payments on the house, or the comfortable middle-class routine, or the daughter's promising flute lessons, by becoming involved in the struggles in the community or by attempting publicly to apply historical wisdom to contemporary problems. Oscar Mandel, for example, in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, a few years ago wrote an essay which tended, generally, to discourage action by the cultured man; it can be used as a kind of instant rationalization by any professor who would rather eat than speak.

Similar advice appears regularly in scholarly journals—a recent essay by the University of Louisville's Earl Rovit in the AAUP *Bulletin* for example, carried the same message. The days of the idealistically motivated professor seem gone.

I suspect that it was an awareness of this attitude of expedient withdrawal that prompted the president of the New York City Central Labor Council a year or so ago to beg the intellectual to rejoin forces with organized labor. There is no record, though, that the intellectual responded to the invitation.

Yet with all of this explanation and hard-headed justification, there is still some gnawing notion, perhaps buried in our romantic cultural subconscious, that the responsibility to speak clearly and sanely in time of violence and crisis is a responsibility that goes along with the advantages of learning. There is also a kind of folk notion, perhaps implied in the Louisville *Times* headline and in the comment from the Jesuit in Louisiana, that a teacher ought to be just a bit more conscious of principle than other men. We need to talk about these things. I think it would be most unwise if we were to treat with silence the faculty silence in Mississippi.

THE SAN DIEGO STORY . . *by Wesley Marx*

San Diego

CALIFORNIA'S rise to the top of the state population standings has been cheered on by several mass magazines who idolize the new demographic champ as a "look at the future." A look, even a slight glance, at one particular city in California shows that the future is not entirely rosy. Faced with the most critical unemployment problem west of the Mississippi River, San Diego is a defense widow who can't even take care of her own. The city's plight, and California's growing worry over providing, state-wide, a quarter of a million new jobs a year, revolve around the fact that the federal government contributes to a problem it is supposed to alleviate—unemployment.

San Diego is the modern version of a company town. More than one major manufacturer exists in San Diego, but there is only one main financier and customer—the Defense Department. Before the fickle-hearted Big Spender from Washington arrived on the scene, this city marketed its natural resources — a handsome seascape and a sunny clime — as a tourist and retirement center. In 1920, the city fathers began looking for something beyond tourism to swell the municipal coffers. They found what they wanted in the U.S.

WESLEY MARX contributes to a number of West Coast magazines.

Navy, which much admired the city's strategic harbor. After the city fathers had offered some shoreline gratis, the Navy established a training center. Today, twenty-one Navy and Marine installations account for San Diego's second largest source of income.

The primary source, the defense business, came in 1933 when Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Company was lured from Buffalo by the traditional offer of a bargain lease on civic land. Consolidated evolved into the Convair Division of General Dynamics, which is now the leading manufacturer in a city where, until recently, manufacturing was the number one industry in point of employment and two out of three workers were in aerospace plants.

BECAUSE the city's economic destiny now rests in the hands of Washington, San Diego's attitude toward federal spending has become ambivalent. Briefly, increased federal spending and activity is okay as long as these are in the interests of national defense. Other forms of federal expenditures are often regarded as threats to national defense. Accordingly, the Copley Press—owner of the only two newspapers in San Diego—editorializes: "The only logical way to meet the defensive drain on the U.S. Treasury is to abstain from many of the domestic frills Kennedy would provide."

San Diego's Representative in Congress, Robert Wilson (R.), thinks the same way. Trumpets one San Diego *Union* headline, "Non-Military Expenditures Threat to U.S., Wilson Says." The "threats" are measures designed to give the federal government a more constructive and responsible role commensurate with the government's increased impact on the economy through its $50 billion defense budgets. Wilson has voted against federal aid for retraining workers, the depressed-areas bill and the accelerated public-works bill. But Wilson is always interested in counseling the Department of Defense, i.e., warning it against "shutting down the assembly lines on the world's fastest jet interceptor" — which happened to be Convair's F-106.

The Copley-Wilson brand of defense prosperity flourished in San Diego in the 1950s. Spurred by an economy 70 per cent defense-oriented, the community proclaimed itself the nation's fastest-growing city in the last decade (population: 1950, 334,387; 1960, 573,224). For more class, the city created an Industrial Development Commission to diversify the industrial base with the usual lures. Some 500 acres of civic land would be developed into a research and industrial park and offered at bargain prices to attract outside industry. The Chamber of Commerce portrayed San Diego as a City in Motion which Thinks BIG (Build Industrial Growth). The Traveling Industrial Drummers spread the civic gospel, "San Diego Has It," throughout the land.

IN JUNE of 1960, in the midst of this business evangelism, San Diego became a critical labor-surplus area as aircraft production lines began phasing out in favor of more automated electronic and missile work. Convair, attempting to prolong its military aircraft capability in the commercial jet field, made public its failure in May of 1961 by laying off workers. Layoffs in San Diego jumped to around 1,200 a month as Convair's work force dwindled from 22,000 to 6,000.

With unemployment over the 8 per cent level (29,000 jobless), the city earnestly reviewed its diversification efforts. In a brochure entitled "Highlights of the 1961 Build Industrial Growth Program," the Chamber of Commerce announced that new industries had added a total of 343 jobs to the work force—about equal to one busy week of layoffs at Convair. Realtors grumbled about City Hall competition as the civic industrial park attracted more San Diego-based companies than outside firms. Retraining offered little relief. "To qualify for retraining, the worker has to find a skill needed in San Diego," explained a local official of the State Department of Employment. "San Diego just doesn't offer a market for a wide variety of skills." Commented Frederick Ryan, Professor of Economics at San Diego State College, in *Frontier*: ". . . the 'Think Big' Scheme is nothing more or less than the expression of a wish that sucker money will appear on the scene. It also has a side effect of possibly convincing some of the citizens that an effort is being made to meet the problem of unemployment realistically."

With its illusions of industrial grandeur collapsing, the city turned again to the source of its economic livelihood—the Department of Defense. A Convair employee wrote a parody of *Roll Out the Barrel* — "Now's the time to roll out the contracts/For the gang's all here!" Aerospace workers telegraphed President Kennedy, urging more defense contracts. "We based our request on competence, not on unemployment," explains John Collins, president of the Machinists' local.

THE city was now caught in a trap partly of its own making. In Congress, each state vies to get "its fair share" of the $50 billion defense budget. The "haves" always fight to keep contracts from going to the "have nots," whose pleas for relief are derided as "political." California officials, today assailed by the East for the westward flow of defense contracts, can't afford to use the techniques it has attacked other states for using. Wilson favors the formation of a San Diego "defense lobby" in Washington, perhaps headed by a retired flag officer, which "could help bird-dog government contracts." Meanwhile, San Diego's defense recession deepens. Manufacturing employment has retrogressed to six-year-old levels and total employment, responding more quickly now to the over-all results of the cutbacks, is slipping fast to two-year-old levels. *Time* magazine recently introduced San Diego to the nation as "Bust Town," where retail sales are dropping, office and rental space is overbuilt and the influx of new residents is down. Harboring an unemployed labor force that receives up to $2 million monthly in unemployment benefits merely creates further frustration for the city. One councilman, Allen Hitch, unsuccessfully advocated shipping unemployed men and their families to a surplus Marine camp so they could be fed and housed more cheaply, according to *San Diego Magazine*. The State Department of Employment attributes the major brake to a higher unemployment rate (presently fluctuating between 7 and 8 per cent) to "a continuing out-migration of workers from the area"—a serious drawback to a city which wants to Think BIG. The only major category of employment which has shown important gains is government (primarily Navy civilian work); today it is the city's largest single source of employment —and ties San Diego's economic destiny even more closely to the Defense Department.

Brightest hope for the city is not a fat defense contract or an outside firm thinking BIG, but a form of federal spending which San Diego's Congressional representative vigorously opposes. The city is planning a $15 million program of civic improvements, with half the funds coming from the federal government under the accelerated Public Works Program (a Kennedy measure Wilson voted against). San Diego qualifies for the aid under the guide lines set by the Area Redevelopment Agency (another federal agency Wilson unsuccessfully opposed). The agency says San Diego qualifies as one of the four major "recessed" industrial areas in the nation. (Toledo, Buffalo and Philadelphia are the others.) Besides unemployment, the civic projects will combat other detrimental legacies of the defense industry. In *Land Economics*, Professor Ryan listed such legacies as polluted air and water; loss of seaside developments and planned recreational areas; destruction of beauty spots by bulldozers engaged in flattening the land for subdivisions; and an increase in noise, dirt and trash. In the defense boom of the 50s, the city resisted tax increases for civic improvements because the business community said a low tax rate would attract diversified industry (which never came). The public-works program will help correct such neglect. San Diego is also vigorously expanding its port facilities to service civilian as well as military traffic.

SAN DIEGO'S mistakes, at most, boil down to lack of farsighted realism which, at best, could only hope to soften, not solve, the effects of mass defense layoffs. In an economy ultimately controlled by Washington, local enterprise has its limits. "We just can't handle these layoffs by ourselves," says Pat Branin, administrative assistant to Mayor Charles Dail. As Al Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, said in a visit to San Diego this March, "The government is the primary investor and major consumer in the aerospace industry, but it subsidizes everything except the welfare of the work force." Planning for the welfare of aerospace workers and the communities they work in just does not match the planning or priority accorded to weapons systems.

When the major alternative to defense cutbacks is defense recessions such as in San Diego, no economy—nor the people in that economy—can be called truly free. The United States cannot afford the luxury of postponing plans for defense cutbacks until the uncertain eventuality of disarmament. But the federal government can take steps to avoid forsaking its defense widows. San Diego's accelerated public-works program demonstrates how the federal government can take a constructive and responsible role in an economy which must respond more and more to the demands of $50 billion defense budgets. Utilizing present work forces and facilities, rather than creating new defense complexes and a migratory defense work force, might prove more beneficial, both in an economic and social sense. As Atlas missile workers in San Diego face layoffs, the government is financing a new missile plant in New Orleans, including worker recruitment and training.

San Diego's dependence on a public economy is duplicated in California itself, where a recent study by Pomona College says 30 per cent of the state's gainful employment is now related directly or indirectly to defense spending. A reduction of 30 per cent in military spending in Hawaii would be "disastrous," according to an economic report by Dr. Richard Ratcliff of the University of Wisconsin. In a democratic society, government has a responsibility to fit such an economic factor into the nation's life without the undue social dislocations and hardships occurring in San Diego. President Kennedy stated this in principle when he addressed Congress on his new trade policy: "Just as the federal government has assisted in personal adjustments made necessary by military service . . . so there is an obligation to render assistance to those who suffer as a result of national trade policy." As long as the nation fails to recognize that national security in the cold-war era involves workers as well as weapons, the federal government will continue to forsake defense widows who can't take care of their own.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Recent Fiction, Part I

'When Film Gets Good . . .'

Terry Southern

James Baldwin. *Another Country.* Dial. $5.95.
David Benedictus. *The Fourth of June.* Dutton. $3.95.
William Golding. *The Inheritors.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.
Robert Gover. *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding.* Grove. $3.95.
Graham Greene. *It's a Battlefield.* Viking. $3.95.
James Jones. *The Thin Red Line.* Scribner's. $5.95.
Peter Matthiessen. *Under the Mountain Wall.* Viking. $7.50.
Henry Miller. *Tropic of Capricorn.* Grove. $7.50.
Adrian Mitchell. *If You See Me Comin'.* Macmillan. $3.95.
Vladimir Nabokov. *Pale Fire.* Putnam's. $5.
Flannery O'Connor. *Wise Blood.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.
Katherine Anne Porter. *Ship of Fools.* Little, Brown. $6.50.
Igor Sentjurc. *The Torrents of War.* McKay. $4.95.
Ignazio Silone. *Bread and Wine.* Atheneum. $5.
John Wain. *Strike the Father Dead.* St Martin's. $4.95.
John A. Williams. *Night Song.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.

THE QUALITY of fiction seems much improved over that of recent years—that is to say, more fully exploits the known, or at least presently accepted, potentials of the medium. From another point of view, however, there is scarcely a handful, or let us say armload, of these books that is worth a single reel of *L'Avventura, Jules and Jim,* or a number of other recent films.

It used to be that books were to be more highly regarded than plays, and that plays, in turn, were better than movies. It was not the advent of television itself that rattled this hierarchy, but the fact that, seven or eight years ago, all the major film studios, to improve poor balance sheets, began unloading their entire back catalogues of films onto the TV networks. It was then possible to see, free and in the comfort of home, the *exact type* of film which was being shown outside; and people by the millions started kicking the movie habit—lending breakneck acceleration to the decline in movie attendance—until, in 1959, it was 50 per cent of what it had been before TV, and still dropping. It was recognized that a "different" type of general film than was being seen at home would have to be created to bring people back into the theatres. And here a felicitous occurrence: while the old guard of the American film industry pondered on how to create a film which was different and yet still lousy, other interested persons noted that a number of "cheap foreign films" were filling the theatres. And these films *were* different, categorically different—the difference, one must say, between good and bad. At last it had been proved that it was economically feasible to make and distribute good movies instead of bad ones. This led to the wholesale importation of films from cultures which had known this for a long time, and it also gave rise to "independent production" in America. Now, when Film gets good, Book is in trouble. Theoretically, it is not possible for a book to compete, aesthetically, psychologically, or in any other way, with a film. Of sensory perceptions it is well established that the most empathetic are *sight* and *sound.* It is for this reason that to *see* someone badly hurt, for example, hit by a car, bleeding, crying with pain, is a totally different experience from reading about it in the paper. In short, next to having been the victim oneself, the most meaningful thing would be to have witnessed it firsthand. "Seeing," as they say, "is believing." Film, by its very nature, more closely approximates first-hand experience than does print. And there, of course, the advantage only begins.

What these new developments mean in terms of the novel is something which seems so far to have been ignored in literary criticism and, at least consciously, by authors themselves. It has become evident that it is wasteful, pointless, and in terms of art, inexcusable, to write a novel which could, or in fact should, have been a film. This ought to be a first principle of creative literature and of its critical evaluation; without it the novel, in the present circumstances, has only a secondary function as art. The recent improvement in the quality of fiction is not due to the sudden excellence of films (and to the necessity for the novel to keep ahead of them), but to the fact that with the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Henry Miller's *Tropics*—along with the favorable court decisions about their legality—the publishing field is now wide open, and both publishers and authors have become bolder.

UNFORTUNATELY, though, most novels continue to be written as though they were supposed to be nothing more nor less than good movies—or rather what *would* have been a good movie by the old standards, but is now Class B. A primary example from recent fiction of this sort is *Ship of Fools.* There is probably not a line, an image, scene, or technique in this large book which could not have been done, with infinitely more grace and drama, by a film-maker *using methods now in practice* (emphasis is there because, although the film medium itself is capable of anything, even introspective narration, it would be irrelevant to compare a novel to cinematic techniques not already in use). *Ship of Fools* is to be considered a good novel, but only by persons unaware of present possibilities or new demands—that is to say, it has that sort of existential maturity of outlook and conclusion on life and relationships requisite to so-called serious fiction, it does not lapse too often into sentimentality, avoids seeming foolishly romantic; it is even, one might say, cynical: the "Ship" is Life, and we are the "Fools." This, however, is not enough; it has been done before, so what is the point? It could be a good, entertaining movie; but it is not a good book, almost for that reason.

Another case in point, though to a different end, is Jones's *The Thin Red Line.* This book has the surface appearance of the cinematic-novel, but it is so far in advance of any film treatment of war that it is overwhelmingly successful. If nothing else, the preponderance of four-letter words, not merely in dialogue, but in the text itself—and which are vital to the tone of the work—would put it beyond the

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TERRY SOUTHERN has written The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

present cinematic pale. Moreover, such images as: "Through the glasses Stein could see the blue-veined loops of intestines bulging between the blood-stained fingers..." are not apt to be done in the required technicolor for a very long time to come. This is surely one of the strongest and most effective war novels ever written; even its immense length and Jones's habit, or method, if it is that, of redundance ("Some were simply watchers, standing and looking.") work to advantage, suggesting the insane confusion, tedium and the endlessness of war. And there is behind the work a new kind of narrative; it is the "omniscient author" taken toward a logical extreme, where the narration itself, although faceless, without personality, expresses feelings, both of individuals and collectively, in their own terms. For a mild, printable, example, the narration will not say "Welsh was still angry about it" but "Welsh was still pissed-off about it." Narration which uses four-letter idiom traditionally requires that the narrator emerge as a personality. Jones has ignored this requirement and has given the purely textual part of his work a tone which is in perfect harmony with each incident and character it describes.

WAR NOVELS present a curious creative problem, for no matter how "anti-war" they ostensibly are, they never wholly convey their position. The reason for this is that the worst aspect of war cannot be treated dramatically—the worst aspect being those moments when men are reduced, by pain, fear, shock, or hunger, to a level of mere survival-reflex. At these moments, men cease to exist as personalities—they are no longer distinguishable, one from another. Without personality, or human behavior, you cannot have drama—you have only identical ciphers, or animals. So that while a novel, as an antidote to chauvinistic myths of glory and adventure, may attempt to portray war truthfully, showing its horror, degradation, brutality, filth and privation, it can never quite reach full strength, because there is always that one area which is beyond dramatic treatment, and which is the worst of all. Given that inherent limitation, Jones's achievement is most certainly a remarkable one; if *The Thin Red Line* does not wholly de-glamorize war, it probably comes as near doing so as is possible.

Another recent major war novel, though in completely traditional format, is *The Torrents of War*, by Igor Sentjurc. War seen through the eyes of the German Army—as represented here by a naive young doctor and a sadistic infantry sergeant. It treats the involvement of the healer and the killer, during the battle of Stalingrad, and like Jones's novel it is unsparing in its disenchantment. The thesis of both these strong novels would seem to be that the means of war vitiate the ends. This represents a significant departure from the Hemingway attitude, which, with the notable exception of *The Naked and the Dead*, has so long dominated our war fiction.

As for recently published novels which more clearly distinguish themselves as non-cinematic, *Pale Fire*, *Tropic of Capricorn* and *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* are perhaps foremost. *Pale Fire* is an extremely complex novel, and an uproariously funny one. It concerns the line-by-line interpretation of a 999-line poem, by a scholar who is gradually revealed in his journal ("an awkward moment at the pool today," "unfortunate incident in the locker room," etc.) to be, among other things, a raving faggot. A waspish and self-centered man, his homosexuality is, of course, but symptomatic of the general neurosis (in the end, absolute lunacy) which so strongly shapes his interpretations of the poem, as does his highly personal attitude toward the poet himself. It is a devastating ridicule of literary criticism, or any likely "objectivity" of it. This is, however, but a single deceptive surface of this extraordinary novel. There is a brilliant twenty-page analysis of *Pale Fire* in the October *Encounter*, by Mary McCarthy, which should enhance anyone's appreciation of what is surely one of Nabokov's finest novels.

Tropic of Capricorn is Henry Miller's internationally famous book about growing up absurd in America, now issued here for the first time, twenty-three years after it was written. Except for *Tropic of Cancer*, it is unlike anything that has ever been published in America. In many respects it is even more impressive than the earlier volume, because of the intensity with which Miller explores the sources of his life, and his relentless efforts to formulate a rational attitude toward his country. Like *Tropic of Cancer*, it is hilariously Rabelaisian, but its essential qualities remain, as in the earlier volume, its adult honesty and straightforwardness. The publication of the *Tropics*, and the imminent publication of Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*, do a great deal toward raising creative expression to a new level; and their public acceptance serves to emancipate publishers from the chronic fear of whatever is new, or "formless." Such books are of real value in the scheme of things; because they are still in advance of cinematic methods, they make literature purposeful. The same may be said of *Pale Fire* and *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*; generally it requires a book which may at least be *suspected* of "obscenity" to make an appreciable splash.

One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding is a novel by Robert Gover, a new writer of obviously great talent. It gives us the thoughts of James Cartwright Holland, a very dumb American college boy, who seems too typical for comfort, and alternately the thoughts of Kitten, a fourteen-year-old Negro prostitute, who is probably as refreshing a mixture of innocence and wisdom as has been concocted since Salinger's Teddy. The "misunderstanding" develops when James C. Holland, having been badgered into it by some of his frat brothers, goes to "this Negro ill-repute house." After demonstrating his virility, he suggests that he and the girl, Kitten, spend the weekend together, which they do. She assumes that it is either an ordinary business proposition, in which case it will be one hundred dollars, or else that James C. will become a kind of sugar-daddy "invessment"; he, in turn, assumes that she is emotionally involved with him. She is completely illiterate and speaks in an outlandish Negro-jazz argot, and he like an amateur Senator Dirksen. Neither can understand a word the other is saying, and they simply marvel at each other's stupidity. This gives rise to fantastic private speculations on the part of each, especially the girl, whose insights and comments on white-man civilization are scathing.

AS TO scathing comment, James Baldwin has finally written his own "protest novel," *Another Country*, and it is a lulu. Many people are going to be put off, right and left, by the sheer truth of it. It is not an *ideal* truth, but it is definitely one man's truth, and the suggestion that it may be a general truth is forcefully put. In essence it is this: that if a person, or a group of them, has been severely mistreated, there is no immediate redress—that even when

Bird Song

A bird sits on a fence;
The world outside us is just a picture of that within.
His song is the one thing that passes through the bars.

Theodore Holmes

mistreatment ends, hatred for the oppressor remains, as does the oppressor's sense of guilt; it is, then, unrealistic to expect anything short of hatred from Negroes toward whites—not as a matter of volition, or principle, but as a fundamental of psychology. It would be *nice* if one could forgive, Mr. Baldwin is saying, and it would be nice if one could fly. This is hardly the most popular viewpoint; it does not, however, seem to have been expressed in anger, but in reflection—and its validity lies simply in the fact of its understandable existence. The author does not preclude relationships of unlimited warmth, rapport—"love," if you like—between colored and white, but makes clear that no such thing is to be expected, and is, in fact, the exception that proves the rule. The designation, "Another Country" (as in the exasperated phrase "That's *something else!*"), refers to America, and the novel deals with a year in the lives of seven or eight principal characters, the central one of whom is a jazz musician. There is probably enough sex in this novel for every taste, and some of it not too tasteful at that—as is, one may suppose, the case in life. Although of rather ordinary cinematic format, *Another Country*, by virtue of its introspection, its sexual detail, its realistic dialogue, and its unpopular truths, falls outside the current limitations of film.

A second novel with a colored jazz musician as its central figure—and one of the best treatments of this milieu yet written—is John Williams' *Night Song*. The hero is a saxophonist named Richie Stokes and directly parallels the life and character of the late Charlie Parker. As with Parker, everything Richie (whose nickname is "Eagle") does, whether with drugs or musical conceptions, is on a monumental scale. Williams has succeeded in several difficult areas, including the rendition of jazz argot without seeming to parody it. While on the road, for example, the band manager has assigned a young tenor man to look after Richie, to make sure he shows up for the concert that night. The young man stops by the Eagle's room:

> "You almost ready?" he asks.
>
> "I stay ready, baby. Anybody readier got to go by me."
>
> "I'm hip they do, Richie."

In this brief exchange Mr. Williams captures not merely the adulation of the young man for the master, but the fact that he is wistfully humoring him, even sadly foreseeing his doom. This is in sharp contrast to the abuse of this same argot as it occurs in another recent jazz novel, *If You See Me Comin'*, by the English writer, Adrian Mitchell, which purports to be a week in the life of a blues singer:

> "Who would you like to see as Prime Minister?"
>
> "Johnny Dankworth," I said. "Or Fidel Castro, with Michael Foot blowing Foreign Secretary."

If Williams' novel is one of the best on the subject, *If You See Me Comin'* is probably the worst. English writers should, on no account, write about jazz. Even that intrepid and mellowing old pro, John Wain, botches that aspect in his latest, *Strike the Father Dead*—a calm and all too likely tale of the son who runs away to become a jazz pianist, and takes as mentor (and father substitute) a gently philosophic American Negro jazz musician. In putting aside his angry youth, Mr. Wain has also disposed of his power to surprise. But, of course, there'll always be an English Angry, and young David Benedictus has come through now in admirable fashion with his first novel, *The Fourth of June*, a sort of Fellini version of *Tom Brown's School Days*. The cruelty and snobbism of Eton provide the backdrop for this extremely funny and superbly written book. Mr. Benedictus' style is almost as deft as was the young Evelyn Waugh's, and his anger is as real—but unlike Waugh's it seems neither bitter nor brittle. At times, in fact, there is that remarkable infusion of strange soft-focused warmth reminiscent of scenes (on the library steps at night) in *Portrait of the Artist*. Along with other gifts, Mr. Benedictus has the rare ability to make the unknown seem familiar.

IF ENGLAND has become notorious for Young Angries, it has always been so for Old Eccentrics. Mr. William Golding belongs to the latter. No one could have written four more odd or outlandishly creative books than he has. He has told us how it feels to go insane, to drown, to commit suicide, to be dead, to be a child—all in an uncannily convincing manner. He is certainly one of the most original writers of the day. But in his new book, *The Inheritors*, he tells us how it feels to be a Neanderthal man, and here he has perhaps gone a bit too far. This is so nearly anthropomorphic that it can only remind one of the well-known story about the Hollywood producer who, having heard that Maeterlinck's *"Life"* (as it was popularly called) had sold eight million copies, bought the film rights, then, upon reading it, went into a towering rage. "This is impossible," he kept shouting, "the hero's a goddam *bug!*"

Fictional heroes with names like Lok, Oa and Fa somehow already suggest a questionable scope of dramatic action, allegorical or otherwise, and when each is saddled with an I.Q. of about 8, things are bound to be slow. The big question is: can the reader identify with a Neanderthal man? There *is* such a thing as "writing down" to an audience, granted—but *this* is nothing short of insulting.

A more plausible (non-fiction) treatment of this kind of thing would seem to be suggested by Peter Matthiessen's *Under the Mountain Wall*, a highly creative portrayal of the Kurelu natives of New Guinea—a tribe which still lives in the Stone Age, and very much in the purity and innocence which Mr. Golding attributes to his own imaginary characters. They inhabit a remote landlocked valley beneath the Snow Mountains in an unmapped section of western New Guinea, and they are believed to be the most primitive culture in existence. Mr. Matthiessen lived with the tribe during the spring and summer of 1961, "because the Kurelu offered a unique chance, perhaps the last, to describe a lost culture in the terrible beauty of its pure estate." He has managed this description in a most extraordinary and successful way, by giving us the story of a warrior named Weaklekek, and a swineherd, Tukum, through their own eyes. The events of the story are totally absorbing, including as they do the ritualistic, but very real, tribal war which is fought each year. (When a warrior is killed in battle, the burial ceremony includes cutting off a finger of a young girl in sacrifice.) The implements and weapons of the Kurelu are made of wood and stone, and the monetary unit is the conch. Through the use of a prose which is structured in folk-tale cadence, the author has conveyed the strange existence of a Stone-Age people in a beautifully poetic way.

FINALLY now, there have been at least three cases of late of the reissuance of good books which were out of print in their hard-cover editions: Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*, Silone's *Bread and Wine* and Graham Greene's *It's a Battlefield*. Surely this is more to the point than the publication of new books which are patently worthless. The latter two, interestingly enough, are described as "revised editions," but these revisions—the picayune and idiosyncratic notions of their authors—have not blighted their original quality, nor do they obscure the very encouraging sign which their being reissued (just as they were) really is.

The Person of Poe

POE: A BIOGRAPHY. By William Bittner. Little, Brown and Company, 306 pp. $6.50.

Edward H. Davidson

THE BATTLE for Poe continues. The lines of engagement are sharply drawn between those who see Poe as Baudelaire saw him — the demon-driven writer and the outcast of society — and those who would make Poe readily understandable to the twentieth century. The issue is not so much to determine the reputation of Poe, and certainly it is not to place Poe as a man of letters in the modern world: the argument is over the person of Poe.

Mr. Bittner, the latest to enter this engagement, has chosen to see Poe as a quite obviously normal man who lived his days and nights with nagging worries, an inability to conform to the rules of life in the early Victorian era, and an unwillingness to use his talents in the best way he might have employed them. To be sure, Poe did get drunk; he was foolish when he had chances to improve his lot; he was silly with women; and he was a remarkably successful editor who ballooned the subscription lists of magazines and became an overnight sensation with "The Raven." In this portrait of Poe we see all the lines of a quite normal man whose curious improvidence and whose odd flair for writing have made him a person of interest long after he died.

In this interpretation Poe's writings are all ordinary, normal and commonplace too. They mirror at every turn the day-to-day notions, opinions and private troubles which teased Poe's mind or darkened his days. Whatever Poe was thinking or doing, the poem or short story thinks or does: this two-dimensional formula can be read in endless ways. Helen in the poem "To Helen" is simply Mrs. Jane Stanard, whose first name Poe thought "common and harsh-sounding" and changed to the Grecian Helen. "Metzengerstein" served Poe "as effective therapy in helping him sort out his feelings about John Allan," his foster-father. "Destroying Allan's image . . . destroyed all the resentment." "The Fall of the House of Usher" was a recollection of Poe's "bouts of conscience over his debts at the University" of Virginia. "The Black Cat" was a study in "the effects of alcohol; writing it must have been torture beyond masochism." These are a few of the critical comments which suppose that all any writing does is to present the mood or idea which, for the moment, delights or nags the writer.

Mr. Bittner has sought to see Poe plain. Even though he nods occasionally in the direction of psychological theory, he has eschewed the trappings of analysis. Indeed, every turn and theory of recent literary study for the past quarter century — a period which has been seeing not only Poe but the whole Romantic mind anew — have been so sedulously avoided that one is tempted to believe that this critical biography was intended, not to put Poe in the times in which he lived, but to rescue Poe from everything that denotes the modern critical sensibility. Thus Mr. Bittner has made Poe such a little man — the bickerings, the waspish ripostes to trivial slurs, the whinings and complainings — that the writings become merely exposures of that littleness.

Surely the workings of Poe's imagination were not so jejunely ordered and surely the poems and tales deserve more consideration than a simple biographical equation. If one wants a book about the petty life of Poe, he may read Mr. Bittner's study. The other, the major Poe, is somewhere else.

EDWARD H. DAVIDSON, who is visiting professor of English Literature at Harvard, is the author of Poe: A Critical Study *(Harvard University Press).*

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AS BROADWAY goes, *Tchin-Tchin* (Plymouth Theatre) is an entertaining show. It is not, however, a sound play.

The original French text by the actor-dramatist Francois Billetdoux was produced at the Pocket Theatre in Paris—a house seating about 150 persons. Reading it, one has a sense of a wryly stylized comedy—a sort of evocative line drawing—more mood than story, more suggestion than statement wrought from the sentiment of loss and loneliness. The atmosphere is strange, humorously grotesque without decisive emphasis, which nevertheless leaves an aftereffect of abiding sadness overlaid by ambiguous laughter. It is an extended sketch, basically modest, a quality that lends it grace.

The specific ache which the frail plot dramatizes arises from the infidelity of a woman whose husband still loves her and the faithlessness of a husband whose wife has sacrificed her abilities and energies to him. The betrayers are having an affair with each other. The deceived husband and the wronged wife—he an emotionally candid Italian, she a sober and straitlaced English lady—are drawn together by their mutual misfortune and distress. What they have in common is their separate states of abandonment, longing, uprootedness. Both have been flung out of the orbit and context of normal social contact. They drink themselves into dereliction.

Their togetherness at the end is the companionship of two equally wrecked souls whose union is made complete through their lack of hope or of connection with worldly routine and discipline.

What gives the original *Tchin-Tchin* a certain stature is the manner by which its anecdote of the battered couple, both victims of adultery, is somehow made symbolic of the condition and posture of modern man—his dreadful isolation—as the French (existentialists) frequently describe it. We are together only as we realize our separateness and feel the wound of the enormous yearning that this void creates in us. But Billetdoux had the taste or artistic discretion not to lay it on thick, but rather to pass it off as a comic *"jeu de coeur"!*

Sidney Michaels' talented adaptation retains a considerable amount of the play's original quality. But possibly without meaning to, the New York production falsifies it. Many of the scenes are rendered farcical—which, for all its oddity, the French script never is. The gags that have been introduced tend to demean the shy agony of the play. Despite their intention of simplicity, Will Steven Armstrong's expertly designed and handsome settings seem too lush and elaborate for the bareness—even barrenness—which might tune the play to its proper key.

While, under Peter Glenville's direction, Anthony Quinn as the Italian is altogether credible and Margaret Leigh-

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ton brilliantly conveys the funny aspect of British propriety at the same time that she is affecting in the puppylike pathos (or unconscious heartbreak) of the lost lady who hardly realizes what is happening to her, the sum of their performances is that of two excellent actors having a ball. Thus the play becomes a technical or virtuoso display—now laugh-provoking, now touching, but never unified by a central humanity or an organic style.

I am not sure that any one factor is to blame for this—unless it be the Broadway ambiance. Gentle irony and the small voice of ineloquent pain or wistful hurt are feared to be inadequate instruments to catch the numerous crowd (at $6.90 for an orchestra seat) needed for uptown stage success. What is required (it is believed) are "yaks," unmistakable cleverness, bold business, sharp contrasts, sensuous pictures, ostentatious points and the intimation of a happy ending. These have now been provided in *Tchin-Tchin.* So it has become a hit show with a shade of meaning rather than a delicately valid dramatic communication.

THE ENGLISH topical revue *Beyond the Fringe* is a constant delight. When I say "constant" I speak literally: I have seen this entertainment three times (twice in London) and I enjoyed it more at the John Golden Theatre than on either of the previous occasions.

The reason for this may be that *Beyond the Fringe* seems, amid the native platitude, to possess more literate intelligence and a higher degree of pertinence than any of the "straight" plays now being presented (with the exception of . . . *Virginia Woolf).* Both the language and content of *Beyond the Fringe* are remarkable in aptness, variety and humor.

If you wish to know what the keen-witted younger generation of Britain is thinking today you must see this show. It is not enough to say that it is a hilarious attack on the Establishment. It is indirectly a spitball assault on all our establishments. Its havoc is carried out with wonderful dispatch.

From the moment when, at the show's opening, the four men (who compose the cast and have invented its material) make their patriotic attempt to convert a supposed Soviet citizen to admiration for "our way of life" and are hypnotically altered so that they emit a Bronx cheer for their own government, the entertainment never ceases to speed its barbs into our brain and midriff. Macmillan's adenoidal remoteness from the people (a capital caricature by Peter Cook), the footlessness of the "logical positivists" (professorial inanity), the idiocy of those who would allay our fear of nuclear warfare, the silliness of most Shakespearian productions (this bit is a classic), the sentimentalizing of the war years, the intellectual disarray of the official Church (a masterpiece by Alan Bennett), the sugary culture of Myra Hess's piano recitals during the air-raids (ineffably tinkled by the musical clown Dudley Moore), the foghorn and spastic inexpressiveness of the middle-class business man's conviviality (in which all four men haw and humph with inspiration) and the surrealistic genius of Jonathan Miller's grimaces, movements, fancies and insights: all these are explosions which mow us down in a catharsis of laughter. The gentlemen responsible for *Beyond the Fringe* differentiate themselves from the philosophers, in their "Groves of Academe," by being very fond of real life.

This evening of satire derives an aesthetic dimension beyond its corrective force because the players have an ear for every sort of British speech. The inflection and vocabulary of the various classes are caught and obliquely commented on, so that the show becomes a triumph in the stage use of language.

The Messrs. Bennett, Cook, Miller, Moore are all well-educated *amateurs* (one is a doctor, another a historian, a third a musician), yet they are many times more accomplished and devastating performers than most professionals.

ART

Hilton Kramer

THE SHOW called "New Realists," which is currently installed at the Sidney Janis Gallery and in a temporary street-floor annex at 19 West 57 Street, is full of things to talk about. There is a small refrigerator whose door opens to the sound of a fire siren. There is an old-fashioned lawn mower joined to a painting (on canvas) and mounted on a wooden box. There are collections of old sabers and discarded eyeglasses under glass. There are even paintings (like, you know, with *paint* on canvas) of pies and sandwiches and canned soup. There are bath sponges dipped in blue paint; tidy arrangements of toilet articles in boxes; huge blow-ups of details out of comic strips; and mural-size, montage-like paintings and constructions on themes out of movie advertisements. There are also soap dishes, hand tools, radio parts, electrical sockets, old valentines, a kitchen table and various other "found objects," which are painted, glued, nailed and otherwise arranged and redesigned for the purposes of aesthetic display.

The show is thus crammed with visual incident of a kind that abounds, unfocused, in the world around us, but which is here converted to artistic purposes. The conversion to art of this commonplace material is said to carry with it, or at least to imply, some profound commentary on the nature of modern life. Here are the real objects of our civilization, and here is a new generation of artists intent upon dealing with them, openly and honestly—or so we are invited to believe. In his essay for the catalogue, John Ashbery invokes for comparison the role of objects in the works of Robbe-Grillet and Antonioni; and in an excerpt from a work called *A Metamorphosis in Nature,* Pierre Restany brings us the astounding news that modern life is characterized by factories and advertisements. Mr. Janis, perhaps nearer the point, nominates the New Realists (who include Americans like Dine, Lichtenstein and Oldenburg, and Europeans like Tinguely and Baj) as the rightful successors to Abstract Expressionism, and provides them with an impressive historical lineage. (Like all new wonders in art today, the New Realists are acclaimed as both radical innovators and heirs to tradition.) Mr. Janis correctly separates the new work from the motives of the old Dada group, and he goes on to suggest that, in "eschewing pessimism," the New Realists have made something important out of their delight in the objects of modern life. I can report that many visitors to the show find it diverting, amusing and meaningful in precisely these terms.

NOWADAYS a new style of art that showed itself capable of making a clear and powerful statement about life would indeed be an event. But does this exhibition really constitute a serious comment on contemporary life? I don't

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George Kauffman

think so. Like nearly all current art, it is only a comment on art. Though born of a yearning to attach itself, somehow, to the vulgar public culture from which formalist art has irrevocably separated itself, it none the less remains hostage to the attenuated highbrow aesthetics from which it seeks so strenuously to escape. Its artistic failure is thus twofold: it neither revivifies the moribund abstract language which determines all its internal decisions, nor does it succeed in conferring new meaning on the objects and motifs of popular culture it seeks to utilize.

This latter failure is perhaps the more notable. The New Realism attempts to take artistic possession of popular culture by means of an irony that is too puny and slack, too thoroughly lacking in ideas or intuitions about anything but art, to do the job it sets itself. Ambitious as the New Realists are to make a raid on the world that exists beyond the limited confines of aesthetic self-consciousness, they only dramatize the radical inability of current aesthetics to deal with worldly experience. Their irony is not comprehensive enough to encompass the brute visual power of the material it attempts to domesticate. Their vision is too tame and accommodating, their concept of art too diffident and insecure, even to conceive of triumphing over the experience they are ineluctably drawn to, and their art thus becomes the victim and satellite of the very energies they yearn to harness and affect. The visual dynamics of mass culture are simply too robust, too ubiquitous and resourceful, to submit to so feeble a challenge.

ONLY a radical and comprehensive vision could hope to penetrate the armor of popular culture and divert its force to some artistic end, and this is what the New Realists conspicuously lack. Neither in ideology nor in aesthetics are they equipped to bring us a new view of the world they seize upon for their material; instead there is the usual attempt to disguise an essentially conformist and Philistine response to modern experience under a banner of audacity and innovation. The main expressive impulse in the New Realism derives not from an original perception of common objects but from devices already widely used (often with great ingenuity and finesse) by sophisticated commercial designers — window decorators and display artists — for exhibiting them in department stores and supermarkets. In aping and adapting these devices (but rarely, I think, improving on them) they add, at best, only the same ineffectual self-consciousness from which their commitment to vulgar objects is intended to deliver them.

Behind this effort of artists to attach themselves to something beyond art and to renegotiate a response to their immediate social environment in a way that transcends the visual sectarianism of abstract art, there lies a poignant, perhaps a tragic dilemma. Art, which once brought us closer to our experience, has now joined forces with the objects of the world which alienate us ever more deeply from having a true sense of ourselves, and it is unclear whether our experience can now be aesthetically explored and repossessed without abandoning art — at least art as we have known it in modern times — in the process. Almost every current development in art, from the revival of figure painting to the staging of "happenings" and the use of found objects, is an attempt to re-establish the *real*, the immediate, and the recognizable at the very center of artistic expression and thus give to experience some kind of hegemony over aesthetics. And yet these developments (of which the New Realism is one) fail precisely to the degree that they cling to the aesthetic precedents they seek to dislodge. Is it perhaps another case of wanting to eat one's cake and have it too?

TELEVISION

Russell B. Adams, Jr.

AMONG television's predictable fall blandishments of Westerns, situation comedies and medical dramas, a new breed of program has appeared. This is the modern combat adventure series, dealing with the battles of World War II. The first of the genre — *Combat* and *The Gallant Men*—are being shown by the American Broadcasting Company, long noted as a trail blazer in rough-and-tumble programing.

Packed with daring, mayhem and old newsreel footage, these shows treat television fans to the spectacle of GIs slogging through the European Theatre of Operations with a touch of humor. Occasionally, men die, and our side even suffers a tactical setback or two. But in the end the good guys prevail, and the picture of war that emerges is something like a combination of the buffoonery of the Dead End Kids and a woodcut from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.* This may be television, but it isn't war.

The modern war adventure show is being produced, and will probably be eminently popular, for the same reason that the American Civil War has been exploited to the point that obsession with the slaughter of Gettysburg is as socially acceptable as playing with model electric trains or broiling steaks in a backyard barbecue. This is war where men are men, and not just well-oiled components in a network of computers and push buttons triggered to doomsday machines. This is war where glory and valor still retain a measure of the meaning they once had.

On a more basic level, the war shows are a fresh excuse for blood and multiple fractures. Few situations offer a more fertile area for imaginative violence than a company-strength assault on a fortified enemy position. And, since mayhem is an integral part of warfare, it will be hard for Minow's marauders to attack the battle shows on the ground that they contain unnecessary or unrealistic violence.

If it is true that all violence is somehow symbolic, then the war shows will offer symbolic solutions to the vexing problems of Cuba, Berlin and Southeast Asia. Just as Mike Hammer and the freewheeling frontier marshal can be interpreted as avenging McCarthy images transcending judicial process to root out and destroy enemies of the community, so the war-show heroes are violent sym-

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RUSSELL B. ADAMS, Jr. is a writer who lives in Philadelphia.

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bols for every man who shakes with frustration and impotent rage whenever he contemplates the ups and downs of the cold war.

But the main objection to these symbolic fantasies is that they are too real. The uniforms, settings and equipment are so familiar and contemporary that the line between wishful thinking and reality can become blurred. We all know, for example, that if a real-life Mike Hammer went around kicking people in the groin and conking them with pistol butts, he would soon find himself behind bars. The world in which our frontier heroes operated is demonstrably different from the world today, and few people fail to see that a saber-flashing cavalry charge on the television screen has little relevance to modern problems. But how many Americans are sure that there is a vast difference between the warfare of only twenty years ago and the warfare that could result from an impetuous move in any one of today's trouble spots?

THE effect that a spate of television combat shows will have on the American desire for simple and direct solutions is hard to gauge. It would be sheer nonsense to claim that watching war programs for two, or even ten hours a week is going to turn anyone into a war hawk. But constant repetition of a theme has its effect on the mind, whether the individual is aware of it or not, and no matter how hard he may try to resist. (I would wager that in unguarded moments even Vance Packard has caught himself humming the tune of a cigarette, beer or deoderant jingle.)

The battle shows will have their greatest influence on the minds of viewers born since World War II and Korea. (It is significant that *Combat* and *The Gallant Men* are shown in the same time-slot as the Walt Disney and Roy Rogers shows.) For war and soldiering, no matter how they may repel the pacifist, have an eternal fascination for most people, especially children.

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Romance is (or at least until now has been) an intrinsic element of war. And this is exploited to the hilt by the combat shows. The disturbing thing is that those shrewd observers of popular taste — the men who decide what we see on television and movie screens — have determined that the American public is now ripe for World War II drama. Perhaps more disturbing is the fact that, having recognized the appeal of these shows and presumably knowing the effect they might have, these men went ahead and produced them.

Darryl Zanuck probably started it all with his movie epic, *The Longest Day*, the filming of which was attended with almost as much hoopla as the misadventures of Elizabeth Taylor on the set of *Cleopatra*. This is being followed by a rash of low-budget war films, and may eventually lead to a whole new generation of Hollywood extravaganzas.

As popular as they will be, however, these movies will not have quite the impact of just a few television shows viewed weekly. These will bring war into the living room where it can be enjoyed by the whole family.

THAT the producers have no illusions about the appeal of these programs is illustrated by this breathless blurb from an ad introducing *Combat*: "They fought, they griped, they loved, they made history from D-Day to V-E Day. . . . You're going to get to know these men, to like them, to share their moments of daring and decision."

What these programs will do is reinforce in the minds of vast numbers of Americans the idea that violence on a grand scale is still an acceptable form of national behavior, that it is after all nothing more than the final argument of kings. That it could also be the final act of mankind is hard to get across in a drama of World War II.

Seen against the backdrop of a society touched on nearly every level by the military, the combat shows will to some extent help shape the attitudes that we have toward this influence. Again, it is the young who will be most vulnerable. If the war programs become as popular as, say, the Davy Crockett series of some years back, they are bound to spawn a phalanx of imitators, and toy makers may have on their hands a bonanza that will make the coonskin-cap craze look like a slight spasm in the sales chart. It is not hard to imagine the Komplete Kombat Kit for kids from five to fourteen: simulated draft cards, a batch of phony induction notices, plastic helmet, rubber bayonet, combat boots and assorted small arms. Child-sized fox holes will become as familiar to suburbanites as the mark of Zorro, and some enterprising patrioteer will organize a junior army and stage little-league war games every summer.

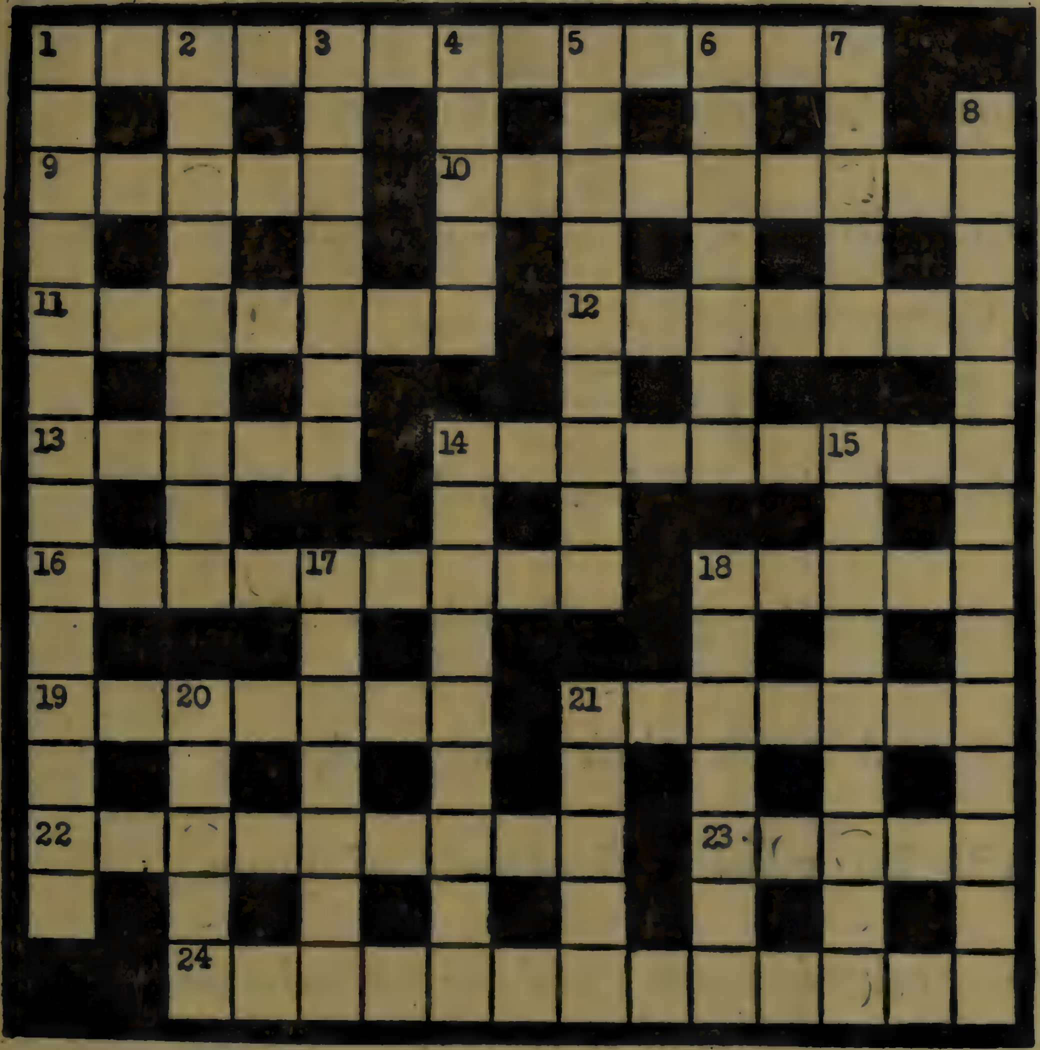
This is not quite so fantastic as it sounds. A new poster put out by the army to promote its reserve program shows a toothy, wholesome looking young officer returning the salutes of two ten-year-olds clad in makeshift battle dress. In a recent visit to this country from Norway, Marie Lous Mohr, a former president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, said that she was concerned about the number of American children playing with war toys. "It is almost as bad as Germany was before World War I," said Miss Mohr.

(If Miss Mohr is still using Germany as a symbol of rampant militarism, she has a lot to learn from our Pentagon. The army, which provides technical advice for *Combat* and *The Gallant Men*, has insisted, in the words of *Combat's* producer, that nothing be shown "about the sadistic German S.S. The army has asked us to go out of our way to show that the Germans were extremely capable soldiers and fighters." The producer supposes that the reason for this "is to refrain from insulting the West Germans who might be fighting on our side if there is another war.")

Although it is tempting, talk of some sinister design behind these programs is as fatuous as General Walker's obscure ramblings about a secret control apparatus. No one is trying to bamboozle the American public into believing that war is a lark in which people sometimes get hurt. But sinister ends, like the road to hell, can be built of the best intentions. Television executives are not interested in convincing their audiences of anything. They are simply doing their jobs when they discover and exploit the growing popular delusion that military force is a practical way out of our problems. And there is every reason to believe that both the strength of the delusion and the number of shows feeding on it will increase.

Crossword Puzzle No. 985

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not very impressive during evidence, assuming my inability to make it. (13)
9 A man's a man with only the first article! (5)
10 The pole to catch things with, and bring them closer. (9)
11 A first in the last might turn it black as a fish. (7)
12 How to display brilliance. (7)
13 Spanish gas and water, for example. (5)
14 The livers of garment workers? (9)
16 In the requisite manner. (9)
18 Wells associated with the place, and some distance to travel. (5)
19 Heat in the physical or ice-forming sense. (7)
21 Not the place for in-patients! (Play is bound to be associated with it.) (7)
22 Count (but not in the right sequence) when the contented sound comes back in pure form. (9)
23 Refined oil in this place? (5)
24 What's that on top of the surrey? Crazy, man! (7, 6)

DOWN:

1 Pool where stock shouldn't be watered? (10, 4)
2 Rather fussy sort of service? (9)
3 What the junkman does to the rags. (7)
4 Crooked stile and broken fiber. (5)
5 Pity the poor writer—how he sets things down! (9)
6 Equip something, and what do you get out of it? Not a pip! (7)
7 Something fishy with Schubert's chamber music? (5)
8 Agreement, right down to the letter? (14)
14 Such destruction, and such a lout! (9)
15 What does it involve? That would be telling! (9)
17 Go ahead with a warning of course, and try to get into the office! (7)
18 Is such a rate fit to be more like stearic acid? (7)
20 The color they may try to put in the movies? (5)
21 Pertaining to a seer, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 984

ACROSS: 1, 12 and 15 down Sticks and stones; 4 Pickaback; 9 Require; 10 Ocarina; 11 and 13 Pleasure; 16 Outrage; 17 Roosted; 19 Kinetic; 22 Spectra; 24 and 30 Bone-setters; 25 Names; 26 Hurt; 29 Nuggets; 31 Ringsider; 32 Wasps. DOWN: 1 Scrapbook; 2 Inquest; 3 Knit; 4 Prepare; 5 Chowder; 7 Aliquot; 8 Knave; 14 Pants; 18 Diastases; 20 Nonagon; 21 Classed; 22 Spenser; 23 Tautens; 24 Boner; 27 Wets; 28 and 6 Stowaway.

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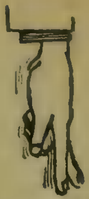
"Let your  do the walking," goes the Yellow Pages' admonition. Our version is slightly different: "Let your fingers do the shopping."

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THE NATION

NOVEMBER 24, 1962 . . 25c

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The Historian—

as **PLAYWRIGHT** *Loren Baritz*

as **PSYCHIATRIST** *Theodore Roszak*

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LETTERS

The Articulate Colonel

Dear Sirs: Not too many years ago the Annual Meeting of the American Psychiatric Association took place in Chicago. At that time, the chairman of the section on military psychiatry opened his remarks with the statement that there was no such thing as military psychiatry. Reading John Greenway's recent article ["The Colonel's Korean 'Turncoats,'" Nov. 10], it occurred to me that the eminent Colonel William Erwin Mayer serves as an illustrious example.

May I suggest that the Colonel participate in military action anywhere that is likely to lead to capture? This would enable him to give us a first-hand demonstration of his ability to overcome the "moral decay" among our young men, and to present us with a concrete example of resisting "give-up-itis."

Martin J. Gunter, Ph.D., M.D.
Fellow, Am. Psych. Assoc.
Akron, O.

Dear Sirs: Your story of "The Colonel's Korean 'Turncoats'" is to be commended. I am sure that this article had significance not only for me but also for many *Nation* readers.

Being enrolled at a compulsory ROTC program at a university, I was subjected to Colonel Mayer's inspiring address via a tape recording. I was stunned by his generalizations and over-simplifications on the subject of brainwashing. At that time, I questioned his knowledge of the subject.

It wasn't until the Nov. 10 issue of *The Nation* that I received a reasonable account of Col. Mayer's activities. Congratulations to John Greenway for a job well done.

Irvin M. Haas
Columbus, O.

The 'Real' Romney?

Dear Sirs: Now that George Romney has won the Michigan governorship, it is important that the country have an accurate picture of him and the campaign he conducted. B. J. Widick's article (October 27) on the Michigan campaign omitted certain elements of this picture.

1. Romney's "fighting independent" posture is, at root, a reflection of a great "leader" psychosis. Romney denies the necessity of interest group pressure as a vital aspect of the democratic process. *The Wall Street Journal*, on October 15, pointed out that [his] "enshrinement of leadership as 'the determinant factor in human activity' goes beyond partisan tactics or even the habitual and conventional ego of the successful politician. It seems to approach a mystical faith in his own ability. . . ." The subjugation of normal social group interest to the will of the man who stands above classes is not new in politics.

2. Gov. Swainson, in the first TV debate, effectively tore into Romney's claims to leadership. He pointed out that Romney had been rejected by his own party as chairman of the recent State Constitutional Convention. Swainson charged further that Romney was forced to "sell out" to out-of-state reactionaries on basic constitutional issues. In the second debate, Romney forsook the mantle of "above class" leadership and repeatedly attacked the AFL-CIO's Gus Schoole like any hack politician.

3. Creekmore, the UAW local president who backed Romney, was overwhelmingly repudiated by his local and was forced to resign. Romney's efforts at shop gates were uniformly discouraging.

4. The Negro Community backed Swainson solidly. Romney ran on a lily-white slate. He has been vague on specific civil-rights issues. Swainson's civil-rights record is excellent.

5. Mr. Widick's article seriously downgraded Swainson by omission. The Governor fought and vetoed Birch-inspired anti-Communist legislation; stopped the State Police showing of *Operation Abolition;* vetoed legislation, against heavy pressure, which would have eliminated unemployment insurance for workers thrown out of work by out-of-state strikes; and worked for public-welfare legislation.

Mark Solomon
Detroit, Mich.

Lord Russell's Constituency

Dear Sirs: Bertrand Russell himself, I think, would be the first to agree with British historian A. L. Rowse, whose letter in *The New York Times* of Nov. 4 calls the political views of the great philosopher those of a "quite unrepresentative Briton." Russell indeed does not represent the majority of his fellow countrymen who so blindly support a government that permits U.S. nuclear bases and Polaris submarines within its sovereign state, and which, according to a dispatch in the *Times* from London, now "believes in the establishment of a European nuclear deterrent." Instead, it seems to me that Lord Russell represents a larger constituency: he speaks for *humanity*. He is delegate for the millions of people in every land, of every political creed, who fervently long for peace and who seek in vain, in their elected representatives and self-appointed rulers, that "sanity and magnanimity; the willingness to do all that is required" which alone can now save the world from atomic incineration.

New York City Taylor Adams

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The Nation, Nov. 24, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 17

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 17

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Der Spiegel

Der Spiegel has long been a thorn in the side of the Bonn Government, and especially obnoxious to Franz Josef Strauss, the Defense Minister who incessantly yearns and intrigues to obtain nuclear arms for the *Wehrmacht*. Strauss has long been engaged in wrangling and litigation with Rudolph Augstein, *Der Spiegel's* publisher. In its October 10 issue, the magazine printed a story alleging that NATO maneuvers held in September showed that West German military efficiency was low and that the Russians could reach the Rhine in a week if war came. Sixteen days later, at midnight, despite the Federal Republic's constitutional guarantees of a free press, the police raided the editorial office in Hamburg and the homes of Augstein and his editors. The men were arrested and charged with treason. The author of the article, Conrad Ahlers, was vacationing in Spain. Franco's police seized him and handed him over to the German police, not bothering with due process or any such nonsense. Strauss denied any connection with Ahlers' arrest; it turned out that he was lying. He had telephoned the Germany military attaché in Madrid and asked him to have the journalist brought back to Germany. Another bizarre feature of the case was that the Minister of Justice in the Adenauer Cabinet, Wolfgang Stammberger, was not apprised of the plans to crack down on *Der Spiegel*. He is a Free Democrat. His assistants, members of Adenauer's Christian Democrats, took matters into their own hands. And, of course, Adenauer himself must have known what was afoot.

At first the Chancellor tried to brazen out the charges of Gestapo-like action in his familiar fashion. When the Free Democrats threatened to resign and bring down the government, he still defended his subordinates. In the past, the Free Democrats' bark has been worse than their bite, but this time they seemed to be serious. Finally, Adenauer made scapegoats of the two officials who had taken orders from Strauss rather than from their boss, Stammberger; and, severely shaken, he departed for Washington.

When one reviews the scandal, one must conclude that *Der Spiegel* is not merely the name of a magazine. It is also a mirror in which one may see the face of the new Germany, and it is not as different from the Germany of Wilhelm II and Adolf Hitler, in all respects, as propagandists would have us believe.

The Double-Edged Weapon

Since Castro made the return of Guantanamo one of the conditions for peaceful coexistence with the United States, scores of stateside newsmen have portrayed it as the most precious jewel in the diadem of American bases. The lease is in perpetuity, one of them points out, and, "as of now," we have no intention of surrendering it any sooner.

The fence around the base has much the same effect, of course, on Castro's Cubans as the wall has on West Berliners: it is the fence which symbolizes a hateful alien presence. On two recent occasions, Cubans have thrown rocks at the Marines dug in along the fence. The local Marine command accordingly decided on a show of strength. A notice appeared on the bulletin board at the Guantanamo news center: "There will be an armored run along the fence at 8:30 A.M." The run might have proved eventful, but somebody in Washington spoiled the fun. After a hurried conference in the quarters of the Admiral in command of the base, the show of strength was abruptly canceled.

But when there is nothing else to write about, an interview is always in order. So Jim G. Lucas of the Scripps-Howard staff decided to have a talk with Lance Corporal Jerry Golden, twenty-two, in command of "the best damned ten-man squad in the best platoon in the best company of the best battalion in the best damned Marine Corps in the world." Also interviewed was PFC John Carnisky, twenty-one, Corporal Golden's assistant, and a couple of eighteen-year-old Marines at another outpost. With these fighting men and the company commander, Capt. Barry Colossard, Lucas nearly saw action. Two Cubans, it was reported, were trying to get over the fence. Lucas was given a helmet, but the Cubans disappeared and he did not receive his baptism of rocks. But he did ascertain the state of mind of the young American warriors. They feel frustrated. They came to fight, and there has been no fighting. Without knowing precisely why, they detest the Cubans who, for the moment at least, are "the enemy." The Cuban militiaman—"Reuben the Cuban"—has two pastimes, frolicking with militia girls and "manning awesome secret weapons trained down our throats." He is capable both of diabolic cunning and indescribable stupidity.

Lucas got a story all right, but it was not perhaps the one that should have beeen written. The very newspapers that contend that we should hang on to Guantanamo in perpetuity are the ones which, by such vivid on-the-spot reporting, give Castro a perfect case for demanding a return of the base. And if there is any truth in Arthur Sylvester's contention that news should be used "as a weapon," then it should be kept in mind that it often turns out to be two-edged.

The Unreported War

A major issue has been joined between the Administration and the press over the so-called management of the news. On the one hand, the Administration claims the right to manage the news in certain areas, at certain times, for certain purposes; on the other hand, the press rejects this claim while asserting that it is always willing to be "responsible." But neither contention quite comes to grips with the anomalous situation that exists in South Vietnam where, as Bem Price of the Associated Press pointed out, the biggest "secret" war in history is being fought. In this instance, the press has attempted to report the facts to the American public, but it has come up against the rigorous censorship of the Diem regime. The position of Homer Bigart of *The New York Times*, one of the ablest reporters who ever tried to cover the "secret" war, became so intolerable that he was glad to get home. *Newsweek's* man has been tossed out, so has the NBC correspondent.

True, an occasional glimmer of information comes through the Diem censorship. For example, Mr. Price quotes Malcolm Browne, of the Associated Press, who reported that American military men have been stoned repeatedly by Diem's soldiers. He himself was a target while riding with U. S. officers. A colonel in Intelligence told Browne that this was a common occurrence. If so, it must be known in Washington, but inquiries at the Pentagon turned up no one who would admit that he had ever heard of such a thing. In this case, the Administration is not so much attempting to "manage the news" as it is trying to suppress it—at the source.

Even if we must, for appearances' sake, keep up the pretense that Diem is not a puppet, we could surely lodge a protest over the treatment of accredited American newsmen; and we could, if we wished, make Diem heed it. But the fact is that Washington is not at all anxious to have the facts of the "secret" war reported in the American press. What the press could do, on its side, is precisely what Mr. Price has done, namely, call attention to the censorship that exists in South Vietnam. But the further point needs to be hammered home that Diem's censorship there is abetted by Washington. We have 10,000 troops (the admitted figure: the actual figure may be higher) in South Vietnam today; the facts of this "secret" war—which is more of a war than we realize—we need to know. Or does the citizen no longer have a right to know what is being done with his money, and may be done with his life?

The Biography of W. H. Ferry

In a speech delivered before the Western States Democratic Conference in Seattle on August 6, W. H. Ferry, vice president of The Fund for the Republic, had the temerity to take a few swings at J. Edgar Hoover. He will never hear the last of it. For the rest of his life he will be known as the man who criticized Hoover.

What led to the debacle was a newspaper column Mr. Hoover wrote for his friend Victor Riesel. Couched in the usual purple prose of the great Red-hunter, it began: "Entirely apart from the deadly danger of espionage activities operating under the cover of every Russian-run establishment in the United States, we must recognize the fact that a powerful foreign government has, at this moment, an advance detachment within our borders." It went on in this vein for a few paragraphs, asking whether American citizens could be changed into "irresolute, half-hearted, irresponsible weaklings," i.e., people who didn't go all the way with J. Edgar Hoover.

Mr. Ferry thought, and said, that this was a distorted and overdrawn view. He devoted about 10 per cent of his remarks to Mr. Hoover's literary effusion and the other 90 per cent to the proper function of a politics devoted to the common good, the poverty of forty million Americans in the affluent society, the unequal treatment of Negroes, arms budgets, anti-intellectualism, etc. These strictures were unanimously ignored by the wire services. Nothing but the maltreatment of J. Edgar Hoover was news.

Now comes Fulton Lewis, Jr., quoting Rep. Francis Walter, to inform the world that Ferry is a "veteran leftist." His "radicalism," we are told, dates back to his college days. During World War II he was publicity director for the CIO Political Action Committee; in this interval, when the United States was fighting fascism, Ferry was "close to" officers of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, cited as a Red-front organization some ten years later. Recently he participated in a conference organized by Dr. and Mrs. Linus Pauling, and he has associated with other questionable citizens, such as Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy, editors of the *Monthly Review*, who are likewise critical of Hoover.

The Lewis-Walter biography has the virtue of brevity, but it leaves out a good deal. Ferry "associated" also with Nelson Rockefeller and John Rockefeller at Dartmouth and later. He played center on the football team. His father, still living, was president and chairman of the Packard Motor Company. During the war, the younger Ferry was executive officer of the Southwest Strategic Bombing Survey of the Air Corps. He has been a partner in the public-relations firm of Earl Newsom & Company, which handles such accounts as Standard Oil of New Jersey, Ford Motor Company, American Locomotive and Henry Ford, II. At the instance of Paul Hoffman, then head of the Ford Foundation, he took over public relations for The Fund for the Republic before becoming its vice president.

This leftist has been a lay reader in the Episcopal Church and taught at the Choate School. Among his students were John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy, young men who later attained some prominence. He taught classics, the Bible and football.

We hope Mr. Ferry has learned his lesson. If you say anything about J. Edgar Hoover, confine yourself to devout praise. People may pay no attention, since everyone else praises the great man, but you might slip in some ideas on the side. And you will escape the biographical ministrations of Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Francis Walter.

Congo Drums Again

The UN's patience in handling the Congo problem would appear to be inexhaustible; its finances and manpower, however, definitely are not. That is why the current flurry of diplomatic maneuvers, similar to those which, in the past, have managed to abort crises by postponing solutions, may not now work. In the first place, the UN has funds to maintain its Congo force until year's end and no longer. Secondly, India, whose 7,000 troops comprise the largest single contribution to the Congo force, may reasonably be said to have more immediate contingencies to meet.

Committed to a unified Congo, the UN can bring about a showdown in three ways: (1) a declaration of war against Tshombe; (2) the institution of sanctions against him; (3) the withdrawal of the UN force. Whatever the choice, the Security Council must make it, not U Thant. At the moment, no one in the Security Council is seriously urging war. If there is to be a decision in favor of sanctions, it must be a positive one, untainted by the abstentions or reservations of any of the Western powers. Or if the UN force is to bow out, again the Security Council—and most particularly the Western permanent members—must so decree, so that the world will know where the responsibility lies for the chaos which will inevitably follow.

A decision to withdraw will undoubtedly make a lot of people happy—the English, French, Belgian and Russian governments, and Tshombe himself (who, it is rumored, would quickly become Prime Minister of a unified Congo). There will be civil war, complicated by tribal war, and blood will run until Union Minière, backed by the military forces which powerful industrial cartels somehow manage to find in emergencies, comes to the rescue of Katanga copper. Thus things will be back where they started, but probably not for long. For in the years to come, Southern Rhodesia, Angola, even South Africa, will emerge from white domination and begin to covet Katanga's copper as their own.

If the UN withdraws, it will be blamed, for a while, for starting something it could not finish. But the ultimate historian of this grisly chapter of emergent Africa, we are convinced, will put the blame where it belongs: on the international financial and industrial interests that have been sabotaging the UN operation in the Congo from the beginning.

Fortunately, it is still not too late for the Security Council to reshape Congo history before it is written.

The Murder of Santa Claus

When the Post Office printed the Dag Hammarskjold commemorative stamps, a few of them came off the press with the overlay upside down and out of register. The error was not detected and the defective stamps went on sale. A typical instance of what happened subsequently is the experience of Leonard Sherman, a thirty-eight-year-old jewelry salesman of Irvington, New Jersey. He bought fifty of the stamps in one sheet. When he discovered the error, he estimated the value of his treasure at $500,000. This may have been high, but the stamps were actually worth a fortune.

But not for long. The Post Office ordered the printing of 400,000 stamps with the same defect. "Discovering the stamps gave my wife and me a momentary dream of being able to give our five sons a proper education," Mr. Sherman said despondently to the reporters. "The Post Office Department's decision to reprint them ruins everything."

From a rational viewpoint, the philatelist's passion for misprinted stamps makes little sense. It is as if a magazine were treasured for its typographical errors, or as if a heating contractor, having installed an inefficient boiler, were to demand extra payment because it was the worst heating job in town.

Thus the Post Office has logic on its side. But the decision will not be popular. In the industrialized countries, despite the fact that productivity has increased to a point where everyone could be wealthy and free, most men grub for their livings and are never free from anxiety, if not actual want. Everybody wants to strike it rich. One stamp expert denounced the reprint order as immoral and unethical. It may not be that, but it strikes a blow at pecuniary romance which will not endear the Post Office to ordinary Americans.

FALL BOOK ISSUE

The Uses of History

AT A time when the citizen feels himself a bit player in a world melodrama that one day will provide history with some of its most vivid pages, it seems appropriate to turn this fall book issue over to a group of historians for a discussion of the preoccupations, problems and opportunities of their craft. In part, the issue deals with the philosophical assumptions of history (Loren Baritz considers the art of it; Theodore Roszak calls attention to its psychological potential). In part, the contributors discuss technique: Christopher Lasch, using George F. Kennan as an example, demonstrates the relationship of history to diplomacy; Louis Ruchames, with the Civil War as his model, shows how historians, being men, are influenced by the intellectual assumptions of their times. Finally, the special rewards and joys that history offers its servants are evident in Adrienne Koch's eloquent discussion of the new riches provided by the nation-wide campaign that is now assembling, interpreting and publishing the great collections of letters that embody the mind and spirit of the American Enlightenment.

The Historian as Playwright

Loren Baritz

IT IS the historian's task to breathe a kind of life into the dead. He cannot recreate the real lives his subjects lived, so he must create the illusion of reality through the use of his art. Using those remains of the past that have not been lost or destroyed, and remembering that much of the past never found its way to any kind of record, the historian is faced with the knowledge that he cannot discover all he needs to know of the dead in order to tell their story as it actually happened. Those vast parts of the past which have not come to the present in the form of some kind of usable record are the precise areas where the historian's greatest art must be brought to play. He must explain as well as narrate; he must show how and why his characters moved from the first scene to the last, how the situation of the opening act became that of the final act. He is a teller of stories, of stories that were once acted out. He provides the script and stage directions for a play that is over, for actors who usually improvised, and for a play no man has ever seen in all its fullness. In a basic sense, the historian is a playwright after the fact.

It is the tradition of classical drama that is being used as a model here. The contemporary theatre of the absurd is not drama in the traditional sense but is something else best called "theatre" or metadrama. Metahistory is also being written now, and Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death* is a good example; the substantive but not structural parallels between that work and, say, Beckett's plays, could also be drawn. No historian, to my knowledge, has yet attempted plotlessness, though it would be neither impossible nor undesirable. Playwrights have generally seen more clearly and more quickly than historians, and if the theatre of the absurd is really seeing something, one could predict that historians will some day follow its lead.

A further qualification is necessary: the model of history that underlies this argument is that which has a human center. Histories of forces, movements or institutions do not and cannot have dramatic structure. If the historian is concerned only with the Greek chorus, as in social history, the necessary absence of protagonists demands a different model. Some kinds of economic and intellectual history, too, may focus on abstractions too disembodied for a dramatic model. The theatre does, after all, require flesh, and only to the extent that the historian is concerned with the conduct and perhaps thought of once fleshy creatures does he necessarily, I think, pay court to Clio and Melpomene as twin muses.

It is useful to recall the analysis of Sophocles' *Oedipus* in Fergusson's *The Idea of A Theatre.* I take the language he used to analyze dramaturgy as equally applicable to historiography. Fergusson wrote that we may imagine the dramatist composing in three stages: "1. He makes the plot: i. e., arranges the events of the story in such a way as to reveal the seeking action from which they come. 2. He develops the characters of the story as individualized forms of 'quest' [or action]. 3. He expresses or realizes their actions by means of the words they utter in the various situations of the plot."

BUT would not a literal application of this scheme to the historian's art tend to overlook the fact that he is dealing with something called "reality," that he must reconstruct—not construct—the past from the materials with which he necessarily works? It might seem that the playwright is freer than the historian, that there is more liberty and creativity in writing a script to be acted than in writing one that already has been acted. Hamlet, I think, knew better: "the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." If that is the task of the playwright, and so I think it to be, his creativity is limited by the boundaries of the truth he knows, or thinks he knows. The truth to be told by either the playwright or historian is told by the art of the teller, and not by an allegedly scientific presentation of those facts which have happened to stumble to hand. The historian's freedom is equally limited only by human experience, and his basic tools are knowledge, sympathy and art. Obviously, the historian cannot invent facts, but he must arrange them; that arrangement is the plot of his narrative, and the significance and meaning of those facts are necessarily a result of the historian's own conception of himself, his craft and the motivations of men. Of course the historian must tell the truth, must try to capture change in words, must remain faithful to the play as it was acted. That play's the thing, and no one has ever witnessed it.

The inherently dramatic acts and scenes of the past merely provide the historian with suitable material for his

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script. The rise and fall of nations and heroes may prod or inspire their storytellers to greater art. It must be difficult to make Troy or the Rubicon or Canossa fail dramatically. But was Shakespeare needed for Richard II? High art is needed first to see and then communicate the drama and tension of almost any scene of our long story. Think of the swirl of things, for instance, around so unlikely a subject as James Buchanan, or any one of the other Presidents. But if Richard II needed Shakespeare, who or what does Warren G. Harding require? Homer might serve, but even mortals can see the drama of a small, dull and weak man crushed by a burden he was never meant to shoulder. John Adams was simply wrong when he said that "it is the misfortunes of kings [and lovers] only, which afford the proper subjects for tragedy." No moment of the past lacks the stuff of theatre, but the historian's command of his art is necessary for that stuff to come to life.

SO SEEMINGLY dull a thing as organization is of the very essence of the right telling of the past or future play. It is therefore the heart of the historian's art. The conception of a beginning, a middle and an end to the story he tells is perhaps the most revealing decision he must make. He may begin, after all, where he chooses, and that choice is always a result of his own vision, of his understanding of his craft. Where, for example, does American history begin? With the decision of religious rebels to change their enemy from civilization to a wilderness? Or the Reformation that made them religious rebels? Or the intricate sweep of things that produced the Reformation? Or the start of Christianity? Or the westward movement from Troy? Or the Garden of Eden? A possible regression back into the haze of Creation always confronts the historian, even the historian of, say, the last Presidential election.

One must raise the curtain on a first scene that is not dictated by the main story line, but is dictated by the historian's art. And the curtain rings down, not when the story is ended — for it never is — but when the historian is finished with the story, when that fragment of the continuous past which the historian understands to be a unit is over. He must lift a segment from the continuing flux of the past, but the segment becomes such only when the historian, out of his sense of organization and proportion, lifts it out.

Unity of action, as Coleridge said, is the great end of all the fine arts. The unity of past action that is seen or sensed or understood by the historian is both the starting point and the goal of his art. Armed with his vision and knowledge, he perceives a unity in some moment of time, and with the evidence of his research he tries to show the existence of that unity. The selection of a segment of the past is itself an interpretation of the past, and the selection

On Silverthorn Hill

The twin-yoked horses turn and stand on the brow
Of Silverthorn Hill, while Piers adjusts the plough
For the next furrow. Down in the valley tractors churr,
As, drooping heads together, the pair confer.
"This loved and lovely habit that long has bound
Us three together in need of corn from the ground
Will soon, alas, have ended," Dewlock sighs.
The depth of loyalty lights her smoke-blue eyes.
"And yet," adds Brindle, with reflective toss
And jingle of brass medallions, "Gain and loss
Are balanced, for this mechanical turn of things
At least must end Caesarian trumpetings
Over our agonies. For us no more
The dragging of monumental loads to war
Through rains, through missiles, arrow-darkened hells
Of Crecy and Towton, those cannon-mown pell-mells
Of Waterloo; no more those terror-dumb
Drownings in swamps from Trasimene to Somme. . . ."

Down in the valley the rolling tractor-tanks
Throw out the loam in red and level ranks;
Piers hooks the glittering chains, the horses grip,
And out of sight the visionary trio dip.

Geoffrey Johnson

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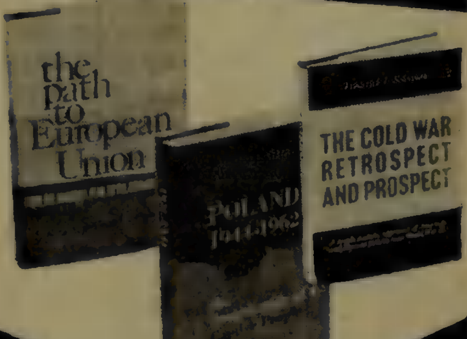
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of a segment is a result of an anterior decision concerning the unity of action of that segment, or the assignment of a hierarchy of significance to the manifold actions of the segment. This hierarchy of significance or relevance is also nothing more — or less — than the imposition by the historian of unity on the drama of confused, conflicting, perhaps infinitely various, meanings and moods of human life. The historian's conception of dramatic unity therefore determines what part of the past is in fact a part, at what points the curtain goes up and down, what aspects of the past are relevant, what evidence is admissible, and what men are heroes, clowns or scapegoats. His sense of unity establishes the outer limits of the plot and marks out the lines of action; it tells him what his story must accomplish, and when it is done.

Napoleon, even as Oedipus, becomes a savior or a madman, or a mad savior, depending on the ingredients in the historian's drama or the dramatist's history. And some truth may be told in any version of the story:

> Time's glory is to calm contending
> kings,
> To unmask falsehood, and bring truth
> to light.

The dramatist tells some truth about man through a presentation of the actions of particular men. As the historian is always concerned with the particular, so the playwright must graft particular flesh and bone to his idea. Hamlet is, after all, one particular and identifiable creature, and though universality resonates in his particular utterances, yet what he says comes from his own mouth with his own rhythm of talk. The particular war with which Thucydides was concerned was unique, as are all specific men and events, but his history of that one war, as he understood it, reverberated outward too: "I have written my work, not as an essay which is to win the applause of the moment, but as a possession for all time." Even though Thucydides said that there was an "absence of romance" in his history, the architecture and mood of his work follow, almost exactly, the classical prescriptions for writing tragedy for the theatre.

One may invest more heavily in particularism, as is currently the tendency, and take a position opposite to Thucydides: that each event of the past is so rich in its own meaning, is unique in the exact configuration of men and forces which gave it birth, that the past cannot be used as either a guide to or analogy of the future or anything else. Each specific and concrete event in its full particularity must be understood by and for itself. But there is obviously a universal axiom underlying this approach which is thought to be necessary to understand the behavior of men, and even those historians most dedicated to particularity do, in their own way, seek to elucidate part of the universal meaning of existence. Any historian, as any playwright, must finally face the necessary fact that, regardless of his point of view, he must confront man by confronting men. (This will surely annoy and offend some modern empirical historians, I think, but there is nothing in either logic or evidence that will help them to make their own particularism, which they insist is universally applicable, anything less than universally applicable.)

To heighten the parallel between the historian and the dramatist, consider Thucydides' description of part of his own method: when he did not have either personal recollection or some record of the speeches of his protagonists, "my habit has been," he wrote, "to make the speakers say what was in my opinion demanded of them by the various occasions, of course adhering as closely as possible to the general sense of what they really said." No modern historian would adopt that technique, but modern practice may not be as different as it might seem. With his conceptual apparatus, the historian believes that he understands the significant lines of the plot which operated within the time segment he has defined. Because he has that conception of what is significant, he is free to decide which speeches of his protagonists are important, and which are not. He may quote a phrase or a sentence from an available record that may weigh several tons. Does not the modern historian, then, quite like Thucydides, "make the speakers say what was . . . demanded of them by the various occasions"? The occasion itself may or may not find its way into the history depending on the historian's conception of the unity of action.

Suppose you had the desire to write a history of the United States for, say, yesterday. Your own conception of significance would help you make your way through the overwhelming record of that one day. Your own understanding of the forces of change in the world would suggest likely places to investigate. When the time came to write a narrative, when you began to explain

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how we got from morning to night of that one day, it would become immediately apparent, I think, that the possibilities of the record of that day are so enormous that you necessarily become freer and freer as the record becomes increasingly full. You must show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," and how you will do that depends on your own imagination, knowledge and sense of the drama of life. Thus the very magnitude, as well as the absence, of the record of that play that is now finished, compels the historian to construct the successive steps of his drama in a close approximation of the art of the dramatist.

With the historian's histrionic sensitivity, and from the partial script that has come to his hand, he must build the play within the play, the unit of the whole with which he is concerned. All the world *is* a stage, and the historian of the action that took place on those boards is always in search of the script that was never written.

The Historian as Psychiatrist

Theodore Roszak

WHEN IN 1957 William Langer, in his presidential address to the American Historical Association, urged historians to add the insights of psychoanalysis to their professional tool kit, he had in mind two tasks at which the historians and psychiatrists might collaborate. First, there was the study of biography, especially the biographies of such unstable characters as Hitler, de Sade, Napoleon—the sort of study that Erik Erikson has recently done in *Young Man Luther* (Norton). Second, there was the analysis of clearly irrational movements and events (the witch hunts of the seventeenth century, the Great Fear of the French Revolution, etc.) and of obviously pathological periods such as the Germany of the 1930s. Along these lines, Langer called special attention to the psychological impact of major plagues. *The Waning of the Middle Ages* (Meridian), Johan Huizinga's perceptive investigation of the necrophiliac culture of the Black Plague period, would be a good example of this kind of study.

What was most interesting about Langer's appeal was the use to which he did not suggest psychoanalysis be put: that is, the study of the psychic foundations of civilization, and of the historical process as a whole. The omission is remarkable because this is exactly the historical problem that most fascinated Freud (and Jung and Ferenczi and Rank and Reik and Roheim). Far from believing that psychoanalysis was relevant only to mankind's outbursts of obvious individual and collective madness, Freud was convinced that the new science also had much to say about our conditions of normalcy. Or to put it another way, he became progressively more aware that "normalcy" may actually be the socially acceptable form of psychic sickness. Man, Freud concluded, is the neurotic animal; the disease is of his nature.

If what Freud had to say about man is correct, then psychoanalysis has much more to do with the study of history than simply shedding new light upon Luther's *Turmerlebnis* or the population decline of the fifteenth century. For what historians may really be studying, not occasionally but at all times, is diseased matter. Human history becomes a *case* history of the greatest of all neuroses: that of civilized man.

THE CONCEPT of sublimation is the tie that binds history with psychopathology. This is the mysterious process, at once fascinating and disenchanting, that makes a lady out of the uncouth instincts that shape our growth. From it we derive an exciting sense of the wholeness of human nature, but at the same time the bitter knowledge that our highest cultural achievements are of a piece with the dark and wicked deeds of history, the Parthenon of a piece with the Melian dialogue and the mines of Laurion, Bayreuth of a piece with Auschwitz; the one cannot be understood without the other. So in his excellent little history, *The Devils of Loudon* (Harper), Aldous Huxley found the underside of seventeenth-century power politics in the sadism and superstition of witch hunts.

Not that this wipes out the ethical distinction between one use of our nature and the other. But it does reveal what the function of morality is (to channel motivations rather than create them) and the limitations of its influence. Don't we all dimly realize that it isn't simply a series of "bad breaks" that has descended upon us in the years since 1914, driving the proud self-confidence of the Enlightenment from our society? Nasty things like world wars and concentration camps and Hiroshimas

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don't just happen. Human beings, the same decent human beings who build cathedrals and draft constitutions and subscribe to symphony orchestras, make them happen, and for reasons that sound farfetched. That is to say, for reasons that challenge our conventional perception of things. And what is farfetched is easily dismissed.

It is my experience that extremely few academics (the more broad-minded psychologists excepted) and almost no historians believe psychoanalysis has any validity whatsoever. This is not to say that they have given any systematic criticism to psychoanalysis. Indeed, to do that would require coming to grips with the challenge and perhaps losing more than a few of one's face-saving preconceptions to it. Far easier to lavish high praise upon Freud for his intellectual pioneering (everybody's doing it these days), to act and talk as if his contribution were now safely salted away in our cultural storage bin—and then to go about rejecting as "farfetched" every single concept in Freud that can't be filtered through sophisticated prudishness and common sense. Or better still, to make vague allusions to the many ways in which we have "gotten beyond" the old man and his extreme and exaggerated ideas. What remains of Freud after this kind of reading is the feeble realization that dreams have some kind of psychological meaning and that sex is—well, important, too, but it isn't everything. (For which read: it's almost nothing.) Which places us back in the pre-Freudian nineteenth century without even an adequate appreciation of Blake or Nietzsche. C. P. Snow is typical of the pre-Freudian intellectual whose good, solid, constructivist common sense is enjoying a renaissance in our day. Snow's hyper-conscious scientists with their personalities pasted tightly to the backs of their foreheads inhabit a world where Dostoevsky (let alone Krafft-Ebing) is a dirty word.

FORTUNATELY for the study of history a few writers have turned up who have dug beneath the polished surface of man's past politics. Lewis Mumford, whose psychology borrows heavily from Jung as well as Freud, has always had an ear for the subtle psychic rhythms that underlie our culture. No one knows better than he what a dump of morbid fascinations and explosive anxieties our modern cities have become, and why. His *The City in History* (Harcourt, Brace) is an excellent example of how gracefully psychological motifs can be woven through the style and substance of a historian's thought. Gerald Sykes in *The Hidden Remnant* (Harper) and Herbert Marcuse, in an earlier and much better book, *Eros and Civilization* (Vintage), have also dared to rake the Freudian muck of history.

But the boldest recent study of the "psychoanalytic meaning of history" is Norman Brown's *Life Against Death* (Wesleyan University Press). There is a certain amount of mischievousness about Brown's book, It takes the form of a higher anti-intellectualism which can all too easily be misconstrued. Brown's critics—like Herbert Marcuse's—often overlook the fact that both men seek not to destroy consciousness but to heighten it. Brown's goal is the "Dionysian Ego"; Marcuse's a "libidinal rationality." The difference between this and the marijuana mania of our hipsters is all the difference between the cure of a disease and its symptom.

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Homecoming

They barely wonder where you've been:
There, seated in the well-kept parlor
Expecting, with no need to ask, you in.
They know you well: no caller,

But one of them, your now being back
Their only interest. Alien land,
Long years of siege, or long-blown homeless tack
They would not understand;

And as you try to tell them, eyes
Answer in twinkles with their bland
Slow patience, till you render old replies
Old questions still demand.

Say, then, that they are right; for right
Where they were always, you've returned
(To the circle of their held, accepting sight)
Through straits they never learned.

John N. Miller

for breadth and consistency, Brown has dug away at the foundations of civilized life, and what he has found buried there are the bones of an old crime: the murder of the human body. What is history? It is the piece-by-piece assassination of the infant's polymorphously perverse body. So far has this unrelenting repression of physical joy gone that now only an overworked genitality is left to us, fighting on like an embattled *aborigine* driven to the last promontory of the desexualized flesh.

Why have we done this to ourselves? Why have we turned our bodies into walking corpses? Because the body decays and dies. The body is vulnerable to suffering and undeniably mortal. If we were our bodies and nothing more—and Freud of all the psychiatrists is the most insistent that we are — then we too would die. But man is the animal who cannot assimilate death; rather he must eject the organic need to die which is in him. Montaigne could ask, "Let death take me while I am planting my cabbages, indifferent to him and still more indifferent to my unfinished garden." It is not so with many of us. We deny death, or defy it; we may even worship it and rush toward it. But we cannot like Montaigne learn to live with it as a normal stage of our growth toward which we ripen. Franz Borkenau, investigating man's tortured contemplation of his own extinction, has even tried to work out the patterns and periodicity according to which "changes in the popular attitude toward death mark great epochs of historical evolution." (See his "Concept of Death" in *Twentieth Century*, April, 1955.)

In our dread of death, we desire not to be our bodies, but something other, something that only rides the body and can dispense with it. This is the origin of what the physicist-philosopher Lancelot Whyte (in his *Next Development of Man*, Holt) calls the "western disassociation," a division of mind and body which our scientific-industrial society has pushed almost to the limit of endurance. Disassociation, or repression, is our way of asserting our independence of the body. And history is the course of repression. It is man's attempt to flee his mortality by investing his sensuous vitality in an enduring personal project that "outlives" him; or more commonly by sinking his transient identity into that immortal (and fictitious) body, the body politic. That essentially is what the building of cities, the raising of pyramids, the conquest of empires is about. At one and the same time, the strenuous and ascetic task of making history is a means of punishing the body (thus "mastering" it) and of organizing an enduring substitute for it.

As Norman Brown puts it:

> It comes to the same thing to say that the consequences of the disruption of the unity of Life and Death in man is to make man the historical animal. For the restless pleasure-principle . . . is what makes man Faustian, and Faustian man is history-making man.

A. J. P. Taylor, the English historian,

Doom Walks

(Saarlautern 1944)

Whose watchword preserved me, I wonder,
the day I survived
the crash of my name?
What hindsight recalled me so quickly
from deadly December
to scholarly May
Through welters of meemies as I
was about to be caught
half split on a second?
Hearing them whistle me past,
I dared them doubly
to cancel my breath.
Was I born in a foxhole, a null,
to be nudged in the void,
sent packing to death?
Tell me, what was I then,
so hung on a nail,
so bushed in nothing
At all? Till I was recalled,
I was bombed to a silence
between footfalls.

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expresses the same idea more bluntly:

> All men are mad who devote themselves to the pursuit of power when they could be fishing, painting pictures, or simply sitting in the sun. If men were sane, there would be no history. (*From Napoleon to Stalin*, p. 163.)

What a lovely reply this is to our compulsive leaders as they loudly summon us to endless international competition and epoch-making violence! Happy men—or rather men who know what happiness really is—make no history. Freud was exactly right: "happiness has no cultural value." Men who have accepted the body, not as the "dying animal" *we* are "tied to," (so Yeats called it) but rather as the dying animal we *are*, find better things to do with their lives than waste them bossing nature and their fellows around. Their time, if it ever comes, will be a posthistoric age.

The phrase "posthistoric age" is that of Roderick Seidenberg. But Seidenberg in *Posthistoric Man* (University of North Carolina Press) presents a vision of the end of history radically different from Brown's. He foresees a day when human life will have become "crystallized," that is, totally structured by the rigid demands of a perfected and ubiquitous machine technology. In this technocratic nightmare, man will have lost his freedom along with his anxiety, his personal consciousness along with his insecurity. The "icy fixity of his final state" will at last have brought him happiness, and with happiness the end of the historical process. For Seidenberg, the state of crystallization that overtakes human affairs is a biological expression of the law of entropy. I am not convinced that this application of thermodynamics is valid. Psychoanalysis is really much more relevant to his silent apocalypse, for what he is describing is a condition of unimaginable, indeed of total, repression, the exact opposite of Norman Brown's conception of total enjoyment. In Seidenberg's posthistoric age, all that is organic in man has been bolted down and cased in. The organism has become a mechanism, and has found in the imitation of the machine the *ataraxia* of lifelessness.

AT THE close of Lewis Mumford's *The City in History*, there are two illustrations suggesting the future possibilities of mankind. One of these, drawn up by a school of Japanese technicians called the "Study Group for Life Apparatus," depicts a community which is a "super-mechanism" for "a multi-directional mutual control ensuring that human life everywhere . . . be full of warm solidarity and harmony." (There are of course no people in the picture.) The other plate is a Chinese painting of the Festival of Spring, a beautifully disorganized garden scene where men, mountains and woods mingle with one another lovingly. Mumford presents these pictures as our choice between "the perfect hive" and the "living city," a choice no doubt far more significant than that which the cold warriors of our time offer us between "free" markets and five-year plans. I recommend these plates to those who wonder what an ahistorical society might look like; Seidenberg's "period of unchanging continuity" on the one hand, and Brown's world of "unrepressed bodies" on the other.

Speculative as all this may sound, I believe the work of these thinkers has an urgent relevance to the academic study of history and through it to contemporary affairs. For if the past poli-

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tics of men is as shot through with pathological ambitions as they suggest, then we dare not let the politics of the present become a simple extension of twisted and self-destructive traditions, no matter how well-rationalized those traditions may be. One may quibble about the meaning of the word "sanity," especially when it is being used, as I am using it here, in an evaluative way. But I cannot see any other way of describing behavior, deliberately undertaken, which seriously endangers the survival of the entire human species than to call it insane. If I were a religious person, I might of course find another characterization of such behavior; I might call it the work of the devil.

But the question arises: is there any realistic chance of freeing ourselves from the diseased forces of civilization? For Freud, inveterate pessimist that he was, repression with all its unhappy consequences, was a given and inescapable fact of life. But Herbert Marcuse has raised the hope that civilization may yet redeem the backlog of postponed pleasures it has built up during the long generations of primitive accumulation. We have at our command a technology capable of making the lives of men clean, healthy and comfortable for the first time in history. In our time, the business of politics need no longer be that of deciding who must suffer physical privation, or "surplus repression" as Marcuse calls it. *Nobody need starve any more*: five words which represent a revolutionary change in the nature of human relations.

In an extension of Marcuse's argument, Hallock Hoffman of The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, has speculated what the effect of such plenty and leisure might be upon the tasks of parenthood. Suppose mothers and fathers had all the time and affluence they needed to makes babies happy, to bring them through those infinitely demanding first three years without harsh and premature discipline? Might this not allow us to break with the heritage of neurosis which in the past each love-lacking and harried generation has passed on to the next?

THESE are exciting prospects, and their hopefulness should not be diminished even by Seidenberg's legitimate fears that technological progress may only produce more ponderous forms of repression. What is far more disconcerting is the very obviousness of the possibilities that Marcuse and Hoffman raise. If they are so obvious, why do so many people, especially so many seemingly intelligent political leaders, fail to see them? There is surely a point beyond which the stupidity of men takes on pathological overtones.

Happiness would seem to have become an objective possibility for the

Flight

Outside the portholes life — or not life —
Streams in the air foils
Battering the wing tips, the houses
Small as in the skulls of birds, the frivolous ground

Of homes from which the force of motors
And the great riveted surfaces
Of the wings hold us, seated side by side
In flight, in the belly of force

Under the ceiling lights — The shabby bird
Of war, fear
And remoteness haunt it. We had made out
A highway, a city hall,

A park, but now the pastless ranches
Of the suburbs
Drift with the New World hills
And the high regions

Which taken unaware
Resist, and the wings
Bend

In the open. Risk
And chance and event, a pale
Ancestry beyond the portholes
Outside with the wings and the rivets

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human race. And yet the angry elites of the world and those who support them want us to turn our back upon it. In their hands, real and urgent options become hopeless Utopias. Instead of setting about the business of giving all men the physical well-being and sense of independence it is well within our power to give them, they exhort us at the least opportunity to fight and intrigue against our fellows, stifle their aspirations and kill them by the millions, with time off only to waste our resources by shooting expensive rockets to the moon. Instead of seeking to give our minds and bodies peace, they bid us grimly to steel ourselves to another fifty years, or another hundred years, of cold-war tensions. The struggle must go on. But why? Nobody knows. The answers offered dissolve into anachronistic rhetoric.

This is madness. It is madness even when it is underwritten by history professors from Harvard or members of the Soviet Academy. It becomes no less mad when "we" claim only to be responding in kind to what "they" do. It remains the activity of ascetic and essentially suicidal men who cooperate marvelously in confirming their psychotic conception of reality.

IN AN earlier quotation A. J. P. Taylor cited the senseless business for what it is: insanity. But significantly he went on to dismiss his own observation as being of "no moment." Why? Because, he said, lunatics have "rules of their own" and "the task of the historian is to discover these rules." In other words, the function of the historian is to take the politicians at their own valuation and to make their activity as sensible and seemingly normal as possible. Nothing is more painful in this respect than a book like Taylor's own *Struggle for Mastery in Europe* (Oxford), a masterpiece of its kind. Here we have the lunatics at work, the power elites of the world trampling on the simple decencies of life, dealing out death to millions, creating the deadly tensions that rob life of its joy, all in the name of empty abstractions like "national greatness." And yet, as one becomes absorbed in the details of the game, it begins to sound plausible. Not a hint of sarcasm or sane invective from the historian disturbs the illusion of normalcy. Yes, we begin to say, this is the way the world is. How else could it be?

Historians, Erik Erikson has said, "all too nobly immerse themselves into the very disguises, rationalizations and idealizations of the historical process from which it should be their business to separate themselves." The word "nobly" could easily be dropped: there are historians who dote on the vicarious power they derive from dealing so thickly in the affairs of the mighty.

What then has the study of history to gain from a greater psychoanalytical understanding of man? It has above all to gain a different tone. And that is the greatest difference of all. For wisdom does not consist so much in what we know, as in *how* we know it; not so much in what we say, as in *how* we say it. A grasp of how deeply diseased man's historical development has been would withdraw from his political behavior the respectability he requires to take himself seriously. It would give rise to a new objectivity. Not the objectivity of one who hides his sanity and ethical concern in order to "understand" wretched and wrong-headed men of power, but rather the objectivity of the psychiatrist investigating the history of a sick soul, breaking down its defenses, gauging its behavior at every step by the standards of good health and happiness.

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The Historian as Diplomat

Christopher Lasch

IN THE early 1950s, anyone seeking to understand American diplomacy, to understand his own mounting uneasiness about the course of events since the Second World War, turned with relief and gratitude to the writings of the new "realists." He turned, that is, to the writings of George F. Kennan; only later did he begin to understand that there were others like Kennan, that he was the founder of a school. Later still came the realization that others had anticipated Kennan in some of his criticisms of American foreign policy, and that his underlying premises themselves were not perhaps so new as they had appeared at the time. But the question of Kennan's intellectual antecedents was beside the point. What mattered was that at a time when the serious discussion of foreign affairs had almost ceased, when isolationism was dead and internationalism tainted on the one hand by the Wallace crusade and on the other by the excesses of those who were already talking about "winning" the cold war, Kennan revived the discussion and invested it with a new interest.

Kennan demonstrated that it was possible to criticize people like Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt without falling into the heresy of isolationism. For a generation of disturbed and somewhat disillusioned liberals, that was a revelation of inestimable importance. By the 1950s, a good many liberals had begun to suspect that something had gone wrong with American foreign policy. They had begun to suspect, moreover, that whatever it was that had gone wrong could no longer be blamed on Henry Cabot Lodge or Senator Borah or Senator Nye or Charles Lindbergh or any of the other traditional villains of American liberalism. That there was something wrong with liberalism itself, however, was a proposition which it seemed impossible to entertain without at the same time putting oneself in the camp of the enemies of liberalism. The bafflement of the conscientious liberal, under these circumstances, was extreme;

CHRISTOPHER LASCH, a member of the History Department, the University of Iowa, is the author of The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution *(Columbia University Press).*

In Ohio

White mares lashed to the sulky carriages
Trot softly
Around the dismantled fairgrounds
Near Buckeye Lake.

The sandstone blocks of a well-spring
Cool dark green moss.

The sun floats down, a small golden lemon dissolves
In the water.
I dream, as I lean over the edge, of a crawdad's mouth.

The cellars of haunted houses are like ancient cities,
Fallen behind a big heap of apples.

A widow on a front porch puckers her lips
And whispers.

James Wright

it threatened to immobilize him completely.

American Diplomacy, Kennan's first and still his most valuable book, pointed a way out of the difficulty. From the perspective he established in these lectures, the whole dispute between isolationists and internationalists faded into the background. What was historically wrong with American foreign policy was its rigidity, its misguided idealism, its rather simple-minded belief in the efficacy of legal and moral principles—habits of mind that were characteristic of isolationists and internationalists alike.

THE "legalistic-moralistic" tradition, as Kennan called it, ran "like a red skein" through American foreign policy. The belief in the universal applicability of our own standards of international justice and in the desirability of getting other nations to subscribe to them had blinded us again and again to the realities of world politics. Our naive notion of "aggression" as an outright abridgment of the right of self-determination had blinded us to subtler forms of aggression. It blinded us, also, to the difficulties of punishing aggression by collective action—the law-abiding nations against the outlaws. Worst of all, it confused pragmatic questions with ethical questions, questions of right with questions of power. "Whoever says there is a law must of course be indignant against the lawbreaker and feel a moral superiority to him. And when such indignation spills over into military contest, it knows no bounds short of the reduction of the lawbreaker to the point of complete submissiveness—namely, unconditional surrender." Thus the legalistic approach to world affairs, beginning with a desire to do away with violence, ended by making violence "more enduring, more terrible, and more destructive to political stability than did the older motives of national interest."

For Kennan, the alternative to legalism and moralism lay in a return to "the forgotten art of diplomacy." That meant a revival of balance-of-power politics and what seemed to Kennan the "modest" recognition that "our own national interest is all that we are really capable of knowing and understanding." Provided that our purposes were pure, "unsullied by arrogance or hostility," he did not see how the pursuit of our national interest could fail "to be conducive to a better world."

The impact of *American Diplomacy* was immediate. Overnight, liberals embraced the concept of the "national interest" and found themselves speaking in the accents of *Realpolitik.* Nobody seemed disturbed by this ideological incongruity. American liberals had always been noted for their pragmatism—a word which on innumerable occasions in the past had served to excuse the taking of opposed positions at the same time. The liberals' adoption of the tenets of the new realism was pragmatic in this sense.

KENNAN'S own ideological affinity was not very clear. The language of realism was undeniably conservative, although American "conservatives" in the 1950s disowned Kennan at once. But many of Kennan's observations—his rejection of total war, for instance—seemed radical; at least they put him in the company of radicals. Much of what he said about the First World War echoed the complaints of radicals at the time. He would certainly have agreed that the war, as one editor of *The Nation** wrote to another in 1922, had been

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*Lincoln Colcord to Oswald Garrison Villard, March 20, 1922, Villard MSS, Harvard University Library.

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continued "beyond its natural economic limit" and that the character of the world was thereby decisively altered.

On the other hand, there was Kennan's call for a return to "old-fashioned diplomacy." Traditionally it was conservatives who defended balance-of-power politics and derided the dream of an international order run according to legal principles. It was conservatives who were skeptical about causes and crusades, distrustful of "enthusiasm" in any form. Kennan shared this distrust. Not only that, he expressed certain reservations about democracy itself, reminiscent of Tocqueville. "People are not always more reasonable than governments. . . . Public opinion . . . is not invariably a moderating force in the jungle of politics." Just the reverse, in fact; in the case of the First World War, public opinion had exerted a decidedly bad effect. It was the mutual hatreds of peoples, inflamed by ideology, that had made it so difficult for governments to make peace. Walter Lippmann, another spokesman for a realistic view of foreign policy, went even further along these lines. It was when the existing governments had to turn to the people for help in carrying on the war, Lippmann wrote in *The Public Philosophy*, that they lost the last opportunity to make peace and to save what was left of the old order. The consequences of this surrender to public opinion had been "disastrous."*

All this was clear enough; yet one still puzzled over the general bent of the new realism. Did it imply a radical critique of present as well as past policy? And if it did, how useful would it prove to be as an instrument of such criticism, when it reflected a point of view which seemed in so many respects to blend in with the prevailing conservatism?

The passage of time did not immediately clear up the mystery. In politics, Kennan seemed to be moving steadily toward the position advocated by the Left—by the Labour Party in Britain, by Socialists and radicals in America. He abandoned containment, which he had helped to formulate, and advocated what people began to call disengagement. After his Reith Lectures in 1957, Dean Acheson attacked him as an isolationist. That in itself would have endeared him to the Left.

Yet the two volumes of his *Soviet-American Relations*, which he published in the late fifties, pleaded more openly than ever for a revival of the techniques of traditional diplomacy. The second volume was dedicated, in fact, to the memory of DeWitt Clinton Poole and Maddin Summers (consuls at Moscow during the First World War), "of whose faithful and distinguished efforts in Russia on their country's behalf this volume gives only an incomplete account." That Wilson would have fared better if he had relied on the judgment of professional diplomats was the burden of Kennan's narrative. The professionals understood power; the amateurs could not see beyond their own principles. Unfortunately it was the amateurs in whom Wilson, himself an amateur, in the last analysis rested his confidence: the senile Ambassador Francis, a political appointee of the most incompetent sort; the addle-headed Edgar Sisson, a Hearst reporter in search of sensational copy; above all the brilliant, impetuous and utterly unreliable Raymond Robins, with his unjustified optimism about Russia and his unwarranted confidence in the eternal verity of his liberal clichés. *American Diplomacy* condemned moralism and legalism in general terms; *Soviet-American Relations* tried to show, by a detailed examination of the day-by-day evolution of policy, that moralism and legalism were inevitable attributes of policy when policy was made by people not trained for the job.

THESE VOLUMES brought to the surface in Kennan's thought what had not at first been apparent, the professional diplomat's pride of profession. The shift in focus, from the broad perspective of the earlier book to the narrower one of the latter, may have encouraged this tendency, for it led the scholar to immerse himself in the techniques by which diplomatic decisions were arrived at, as opposed to the content of the decisions themselves. An article published in the *American Scholar* (Winter 1960-61), which presumably foreshadowed the third volume of *Soviet-American Relations*, work on which was interrupted by Kennan's return to the foreign service in 1961, carried the tendency further still. In "Russia and the Versailles Conference," Kennan abandoned content almost entirely in favor of an examination of technique: "this question of 'how' as distinct from the 'what' of diplomacy is . . . of tremendous importance." Still aware (as most scholars have yet to become aware) that the outcome of the peace conference was largely predetermined by the Allies' crushing defeat of Germany—that is, by the decision made

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*For other works in the same vein see, for example, Louis J. Halle, *Dream and Reality*, and Robert E. Osgood, *Ideals and Self-Interest in America's Foreign Relations*. Their titles suggest the point of view from which these books are written.

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in 1917 to prosecute the war to "victory"—and that the peace conference itself, therefore, was an episode of secondary importance, Kennan nevertheless made the history of the conference the text for what had become a favorite sermon: the futility of coalition diplomacy and of Summit conferences in particular. He tried to show that Wilson's failure to come to grips with the Russian problem could be attributed in part to the simple fact that there were too many other demands on his time, too many other problems waiting to be solved. Not even the best of statesmanship, that is, could have succeeded in the atmosphere of Versailles, or of any other meetings of heads of state.

KENNAN'S opposition to summitry was a thing of long standing. But the extent to which he had become preoccupied with the subject—to the exclusion, it seemed at times, of everything else—had only recently become clear. It was with the U-2 crisis of May, 1960, that one finally began to understand the general direction of Kennan's thinking and of the new realism in general. And what the occasion revealed about the new realism was enough to call into serious question its ability to offer a perspective from which to criticize American policy, past or present.

The U-2 affair abounded in revelations. It not only demonstrated once and for all the incompetence of the Eisenhower administration; it also provided a touchstone by which to gauge the motives of the administration's critics. For while the critics agreed that the administration had blundered, they by no means agreed just wherein its worst blunder lay—whether in admitting to espionage or in engaging in it in the first place. Those who objected merely to our having allowed ourselves to be caught, and to our having compounded the damage by admitting what we had been doing, revealed themselves—for the first time in some cases—as committed, at heart, to the policies of the cold war. It was deeply significant, for instance, that this was the line taken by Walter Lippmann. "My criticism is that we have made these overflights an avowed policy." The avowal, not the flights themselves, was the administration's mistake. "As long as the world is as warlike as it has been in all recorded history, there is no way of doing without spying."* Such realism as this was enough, for some of us, to call into question the whole realist critique of American diplomacy.

For to some of us the point of the U-2 affair was a good deal simpler, and it concerned not the methods of American diplomacy but its objectives. That "overflights" (which, it should be noted, were quite different from conventional espionage) had been taking place for years, and that they should have continued to take place up to the very eve of the Paris conference, when the prospects of a Berlin settlement looked better than they had looked since the end of the war, seemed to mean only one thing: that the Government of the United States preferred a showdown to a settlement, that it was essentially indifferent to the possibility of negotiations with the Soviet Union, that it had embraced the cold war as a way of life. The possibility that Khrushchev himself may have wanted a way out of the conference, at the last minute — a possibility resting on no very impressive evidence, but which enjoyed great popularity as an explanation for the collapse of the conference — was really irrelevant. What mattered was our own indifference. If the other side was indifferent too, so much the worse; but their indifference, even assuming it to have been a fact, hardly excused our own.

AT A TIME when even Adlai Stevenson was urging people to get behind the President, it was perhaps unreasonable to expect anything better from Mr. Kennan. All the same, Kennan's behavior was disappointing. He drew from these events, so endlessly suggestive in their ramifications, only the familiar lesson about the futility of Summit diplomacy. "We should look very, very carefully before we submit the prestige of the President of the United States again to what has just happened in Paris." Called upon by a Congressional committee to suggest what might be done to improve American diplomacy, he confined himself to a list of strictly procedural reforms: creation of an office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs who would represent the country at conferences, revival of the policy-planning staff, and so forth.* Nothing could have seemed more irrelevant, at such a time, than this dry recital. Perhaps the newspapers misrepresented what Kennan said (his testimony was in secret session); yet what he was reported to have said seemed consistent with the drift of his thinking. He may have made other criticisms as well; but if he did he never saw fit to publish them. Perhaps the whole business had rendered him speechless — a perfectly understandable reaction. But speechlessness was not much help to a country which needed the kind

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**The Washington Post*, May 12, 1960.

**The Washington Post*, May 27, 1960.

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MACMILLAN

of thoroughgoing criticism toward which Kennan had made a beginning in his Reith Lectures. Kennan had nothing to add to what he had already said. The crisis made it clear for the first time that what he had already said was not enough.

WHAT accounted for the failure of the new realism, at this most critical moment, to offer anything but platitudes—or worse, Lippmann's dissertations on the inevitability of espionage? In the re-examination of the realistic canon, to which these reflections led, a number of weaknesses in the argument now came to light. There was, for one thing, the overemphasis on technique, which merely touched the surface of the subject. For another thing there was the assumption that professional diplomats were free from the ideological illusions which afflicted amateurs. One trained as a historian willingly followed Kennan back to the First World War in search of a guide to the present — with the help of Mr. Kennan himself, whose generosity to young scholars had already become proverbial. But what one found when one got there did not bear out the master's faith in professional diplomacy. The diplomats, it turned out, had been as blind as everyone else to the dangers of prolonging the war. Like everyone else, they had allowed the delusions of victory to interfere with their understanding of the Russian Revolution — by which Kennan rightly set such store. If anything could have saved Russia in 1917, it was peace; Kennan himself made the point again and again. Yet when the Provisional Government appealed to the Allies, not for peace (which it did not have the temerity to mention by name), but for a reconsideration of war aims which might serve as the first step toward peace, the diplomatic corps was unanimous in advising the unconditional rejection of the appeal. Kennan's own distinguished ancestor, George Kennan — not a professional diplomat, to be sure, but nevertheless a conservative who talked the language of power politics, hence presumably a realist — even this first George Kennan had bluntly advised the Secretary of State to "give no encouragement whatever . . . to the coalition ministry if it stands for 'peace without annexations or indemnities.'"* For such men, peace, in the summer of 1917, was a German plot. This was the view which prevailed in the State Department and, as far as one could see, throughout the foreign service.

Finally, the history of World War I did not seem to sustain the distinction between "ideals" and "self-interest." The whole realist thesis rested on the distinction; historians had tried to trace the conflict through all of recent American diplomacy. Read in the light of what one had come to know about the First World War, the case seemed to fall to the ground; the distinction seemed arbitrary and unreal. If the history of the war taught any lessons at all, it was that American policy had failed, not because Americans had made moral judgments, but because the moral judgments they made were so shallow. The trouble with Woodrow Wilson was that his ideals were so superficial, so crude, so circumscribed by his complacent assumption that his kind of democracy—the democracy of Walter Bagehot — represented the pinnacle of political virtue. The trouble with Wilson was not that he went off crusading for high ideals and ignored American self-interest. The trouble was that, like most statesmen, he found it so easy unconsciously to translate the self-interest of his own community into the language of high idealism. The most striking fact about the twentieth-century dream of world peace and order, of which Wilson was to become the prophet, was not that it was Utopian but that it was a one-sided Utopia, a world made safe not for democracy but for ourselves.

From the point of view of three-fourths of the world, Wilson's famous quarrel with Clemenceau, which appeared so momentous to the new realists (as to all Western scholars), was less important than their shared determination to keep that same three-fourths in its place. From this broader perspective, liberal internationalism was itself a kind of imperialism, almost indistinguishable from the old. And it was the liberal Lloyd George, joining Wilson in refusing to support the counterrevolution in Russia, who assured the French, at the same time, that he did not propose to negotiate with the Bolsheviks. What he proposed, he explained to the Council of Ten — and his words speak volumes about the real nature of the old liberalism — was to give each of the contending factions in Russia a hearing, "to summon these people to Paris to appear before those present, somewhat in the way the Roman Empire summoned chiefs of outlying tributary states to render an account of their actions."* The difference between the old imperial-

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*Kennan to Robert Lansing, May 23, 1917, George Kennan MSS, Library of Congress.

*Notes of a meeting of the Council of Ten, Jan. 16, 1919, Ray Stannard Baker MSS, Princeton University Library.

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ism and the new diplomacy was not, after all, so very great. The difference was simply that Wilson and Lloyd George substituted the semblance of international cooperation for the cruder instruments of coercion; bribery and manipulation for naked force. In a world in which the West's power to impose its will by force was already dwindling, Wilson's was bound to be the wave of the future.

Did the Wilsonian policy run counter to American national interests? On the contrary, the national interest demanded it. Farsighted men could argue that his policy, since perpetuated by Roosevelt, by Truman, by Eisenhower, by Kennedy, was suicidal in the long run. But the people who are responsible for defining what the national interest means at a given moment do not think in terms of the long run. What the pursuit of the national interest means, if history is any indication, is the pursuit of a nation's interests in their most immediate, crude and palpable form. Thus the pursuit of the national interest implies the repression of other people's equally crude and palpable national interests. Against the history of the twentieth century, the new realists' vision of a world in which the mutual pursuit of national interests makes for peace and harmony begins to look like a reversion to the nineteenth-century theory of "harmony of interests," which lay at the heart of the very Wilsonian liberalism against which the realists endlessly inveigh. One would have thought that the idea of an international harmony of interests would have been tenable only as long as the oppressed had no voice in world affairs and could not testify to the contrary. The illusion persists, however, because we persist in ignoring the testimony which they now give in such abundance.

One comes back, finally, to that sentence in *American Diplomacy*: "If our own purposes and undertakings here at home are decent ones, unsullied by arrogance or hostility toward other people or delusions of superiority, then the pursuit of our national interest can never fail to be conducive to a better world." The question is, can the national interest be disentangled from the arrogance and hostility and delusions of superiority that seem to have characterized the behavior of nations at all times? Perhaps it could be, if nations came truly to understand their long-range interests. But that possibility may not be the best premise on which to base a philosophy of international relations that aspires to realism.

The Historian as Special Pleader

Louis Ruchames

WENDELL PHILLIPS, speaking at Harvard University near the end of a life actively devoted to the welfare of his fellow men, remarked that "most men see facts, not with their eyes, but with their prejudices." Were he given the opportunity to read the opinions of contemporary historians about the movement of which he was so dynamic a part — which not only fought against slavery but, pioneering the struggle against racial segregation and discrimination, provided a model for the Freedom Riders of our day — he would undoubtedly be confirmed in his opinion. For no group of men and women have been so falsely judged and their achievements so unjustly denied as those who constituted the leadership of the abolitionist or anti-slavery movement. It matters not how widely they diverged in political strategy or personal philosophy, whether they were pacifists or advocates of force, eschewers or devotees of political action, disunionists or upholders of the Constitution. To the extent that in their day they openly condemned slavery as the great crime against humanity and slaveholders as its perpetrators, publicly described it in all of its horrible details, identified themselves with the slave in his suffering, and devoted themselves completely to the eradication of the evil — to that extent are they denounced today as irresponsible extremists and wild-eyed fanatics whose unjustifiable denunciations of slavery and slaveholders helped bring about the Civil War and wrought far more evil than good.

THREE men may be taken as examples of such treatment: William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and John Brown. At the end of the Civil War all three were regarded as heroes of the anti-

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LOUIS RUCHAMES is the editor of A John Brown Reader *(Abelard-Schuman) and author of* Race, Jobs and Politics: the Story of FEPC *(Columbia Univ. Press). Dr. Ruchames will be Visiting Lecturer of History at Smith College, 1962-63.*

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slavery movement. Garrison, the non-resistant and pacifist, the believer in moral suasion as opposed to force or political action, was generally revered as its initiator, tribune and symbol; Sumner, the Senator from Massachusetts and a leader of the Republican Party, was esteemed as its great statesman; and John Brown, who five years earlier had sacrificed his life to the conviction that only through force would slavery be overthrown, was honored as its prophet-martyr. Today historians have re-evaluated and reinterpreted their lives and deeds almost beyond recognition.

Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager, in their two-volume history, *The Growth of the American Republic* (fourth edition, 1950), although admitting the "sincerity and courtge" of Garrison and his followers, doubt their wisdom and condemn them as having "closed every avenue to emancipation save Civil War. . . . Abolition came in spite of the abolitionists rather than because of them; and in the worst way." (Lincoln thought otherwise when he told Daniel H. Chamberlain in April, 1865: "I have only been an instrument. The logic and moral power of Garrison and the antislavery people of the country and the army, have done all.") Allan Nevins, in *Ordeal of the Union*, describes Garrison as "of arid, colorless, and narrow mind." (A cursory examination of any issue of the *Liberator*, which Garrison edited, suggests the falseness of each of these adjectives.) He then emphasizes Garrison's intolerance, fanaticism and unreasonableness. "To those who argued the danger to both races of loosing large numbers of slaves without preparation, he turned a stony ear," Nevins writes bitterly. (Not only did Garrison not turn a deaf ear to such arguments, but he and his followers time and again utilized eye-witness dispatches and historical studies of the experiences of areas and countries that had freed their slaves, such as Chile, Buenos Aires, Colombia, Mexico, St. Domingo, the British West Indies, as well as New York, to prove that fears of immediate emancipation were groundless.)

Harry J. Carman and Harold C. Syrett, in their widely used survey, *A History of the American People*, accuse Garrison of "ignoring the constitutional and legal guarantees surrounding slavery," in his demand for immediate emancipation. (Garrison wrote the "Declaration of Sentiments" of the American Anti-Slavery Society in December, 1833, which said: "We fully and unanimously recognize the sovereignty of each State, to legislate exclusively on the subject of the slavery which is tolerated within its limits; we concede that Congress, under the present national compact, has no right to interfere with any of the slave States in relation to this momentous subject." Indeed, his espousal of disunionism at a later date was based upon an analysis of the constitutional and legal guarantees surrounding slavery.)

Nor have these same historians dealt any more kindly with Sumner and Brown. Typical is David Donald's view of Sumner as "doctrinaire," "fanatical" and "rabid." No less typical is Samuel Eliot Morison's opinion of him as "vain, over-educated, and irritable," "without any personal knowledge of the Negroes, he believed them no exception to the dogma of equality. . . ." (One wonders what "over-educated" means to one who is an educator and scholar. Note, too, how the derogatory opinion of Sumner is related to the suggestion of Negro inferiority.)

As for John Brown, he is either a "madman" or a "fanatic," with the majority opinion favoring the former. David Donald, for instance, rarely refers to him as anything but "crazy John Brown."

THE important question, of course is: how valid are these opinions and to what extent are they based on adequate research? Some indication has already been given of the failure of historians to read the writings of those whose opinions they present. Equally bad is their misreading of documents when confront-

London Pavement Artist

His place is before, not in, the National Gallery,
On the sidewalk, down on hands and knees,
Grey hair a massive flag of identity,
Hands like hooks grappling with stone,
Savage beard ■ porcupine defense
Against the jeers of passersby.
Draw to eat. Simple motivation,
But what eats him is the pavement,
Devouring his images of chalk;
That rain-washed, fog-lost, wind-whipped concrete,
On which he draws flowers and faces,
Simple subjects to solicit simple coins,
Penny and ha'-penny thudding in his cap.
Is it art? Stupid question.
The images of chalk fade in the rain.
Art is the pavement that eats you.

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ed with facts which suggest the opposite of what they wish to prove. Thus, Allan Nevins, in *The Emergence of Lincoln*, is convinced of John Brown's insanity. As part of his evidence he notes that Brown "was subject to extravagant religious fixations. In 1852, worried because his son John did not exhibit piety, he spent an entire month writing a letter of pamphlet length to him, composed largely of scriptural quotations. We might question the sanity of a nearly penniless man with a large family who devotes a month to such an exhortation — which proved futile." A careful reading of the original letter indicates the opposite of what Prof. Nevins believes it to prove, for in the letter Brown writes as follows: "It is now nearly a month since I began on another page. . . . I did not mean that my letter should go off at once, but I have not become very stout, and have a great deal to look after, and have had many interruptions. We have done part of our sowing, and expect to get all our corn (of which we have a good crop) secure from frost this day."

Numerous such examples are to be found in David Donald's biography of Sumner. Since these have been presented elsewhere* in complete detail, one example will suffice. Donald attributes "a natural coldness" to young Sumner. Referring to the death of Sumner's twin sister, Matilda, he observes that when she died, Sumner "coolly recalled the anecdote of the Persian matron, who, told by her monarch that she could 'save from death *one* of her family and relatives,' chose to sacrifice husband and children in order to save her old and decrepit father, 'saying that another husband and other children she might have, *but another father never*.'" When read apart from their context in the original letter and in conjunction with the paragraph which follows them in Donald's book, they suggest Sumner's heartless disregard for his twin sister. The meaning of the letter, however, is quite different. For it was written to his friend Charlemagne Tower in reply to a letter of condolence on the death of Matilda, which had in turn revealed the death of Charlemagne's father. In trying to console his friend, Sumner wrote:

> Permit me to join with you in grief. I offer you my sincere sympathies. The loss of a father I can only imagine: may God put far distant the day when that affliction shall come over me. . . .
>
> You kindly mentioned my sister. I owe every one thanks and regard who speaks of her with respect. But my grief, whatever it may be, has not the source that yours has. A Persian matron, oppressed by a tyrant king, had the leave of the monarch to save from death *one* of her family and relatives. She had many children and a husband; but she had also a father, old and decrepit. Him she selected and saved, saying that another husband and other children she might have, *but another father never.* I have lost a sister; but I still have other sisters and brothers, entitled to my instructions and protection. I strive to forget my loss in an increased regard for the living. . . .

The reader may judge whether these words reflect "a natural coldness" in Sumner's character.

ONE final example of a distortion of history involves the current tendency to deny Garrison's place in the anti-slavery movement. Not only was he a fanatic, he was not even important. Thus Morison and Commager, in the latest edition of their history (fifth edition, 1962), uncritically accept the view of Dwight Dumond and Gilbert Barnes, who unfortunately have found it necessary to tear down Garrison's reputation in order to establish Theodore Weld's, that not Garrison but Weld "was the most important and effective abolition leader." Building upon this unsubstantiated* theory they write that "Weld and two wealthy merchants of New York City, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, organized the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833." While this writer would not deny Weld's greatness or the extent of his contribution to the anti-slavery movement, in actual fact not only did Weld not participate to any important extent in forming the society, he was not even present at its formation in December, 1833. On the other hand, Garrison, who is not mentioned as having had any part in its formation, was not only present at the deliberations, but was instrumental in preventing a postponement of the convention to a later date, accepted one of its offices, and wrote its *Declaration of Sentiments*, the most important docu-

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*See this author's "The Pulitzer Prize Treatment of Charles Sumner," *The Massachusetts Review*, Vol. II, No. 4, Summer, 1961, pp. 749-769. Also, Howard N. Meyer, "Donald's Sumner Reconsidered," *The Crisis*, December 1961, pp. 597-612.

*Louis Filler, the historian, and the late Benjamin Thomas, Weld's biographer, have called attention to aspects of this point of view which are built on either insufficient evidence or no evidence at all.

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While examples of distortion due to prejudice may be cited almost ad infinitum, it is important to inquire into the causes of such prejudice. They may be traced to the racist ideology which burgeoned at the end of the last century as the South succeeded in ending Reconstruction and imposing a system of segregation and discrimination to replace the slavery which had been abolished. The Supreme Court and the national government placed their stamp of approval upon the new system and social scientists and historians provided its ideological justification. Negroes were inferior to whites, they were born to serve and whites to rule, legalized segregation and discrimination were a response to the inherent differences between the two races and even slavery itself now came to be regarded as an institution naturally called forth by these differences. William Dunning, a prominent historian and the foremost spokesman of this view, wrote that "slavery had been a *modus vivendi* through which social life was possible; and that, after its disappearance, its place must be taken by some set of conditions which, if more humane and beneficent in accidents, must in essence express the same fact of racial inequality."

ABOLITIONISTS, who had represented the very opposite of this teaching and had not only helped to abolish slavery but had also fought against racial segregation and discrimination, were now regarded as dogmatists and unreasoning fanatics. It may be noted that so great was the prestige of the Dunning school of thought that frequently even those who have believed in racial equality have accepted opinions about the abolitionists which had been based upon the belief in racial inequality. As late as 1940, Howard K. Beale, the historian, noted regretfully that "the ideas of the Dunning school still largely influence writing on the Reconstruction period." And in 1950, Philip Van Doren Stern charged that writers of the South "have now succeeded in convincing almost everyone that her slaveholding economy was actually the flower of American civilization; her historians have persuaded many Northern scholars to believe that slavery really wasn't so bad, and that the 'irrepressible conflict' was not at all necessary. As a result, most Americans now regard Generals Lee and Jackson as national heroes, while the true heroes — the abolitionists — are not only forgotten but despised as zealots and fanatics."

This explanation is, however, only part of the answer. Perhaps equally important is the strongly conservative character of contemporary historical writing in America which, as E. H. Carr has recently pointed out, condemns programs and ideals requiring fundamental changes in American society and derides the spokesmen for such ideals as "doctrinaire" and "extremist." The conservative ideal espouses "piecemeal tinkering" and "muddling through," to use Carr's words, or as David Donald, an enthusiast of this point of view has suggested, "fundamental opportunism." He regards this as "characteristic of major American political leaders from Jefferson to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Our great Presidents have joyously played the political piano by ear, making up the melody as they went." Indeed, he urges that the teacher of history ought not to emphasize or teach values but rather the "nonideological approach" of Abraham Lincoln, "whose one dogma was an absence of dogma." One may question Donald's judgment of Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt as opportunists. But the more important question is: How can historians whose standards of statesmanship are the apotheosis of opportunism, who disdain values, ideals and programs that demand fundamental changes in society, understand the representatives of the anti-slavery movement, who were devoted to ideals, values and a fundamental, indeed revolutionary, change in American society?

Mother of the Buddhas, Queen of Heaven, Mother of the Sun, Marichi, Goddess of the Dawn

**old sow in the mud
bristles caked black
down her powerful neck**

**tiny hooves churn
squat body slithering
deep in food dirt**

**her warm filth
deep-plowing snout,
dragging teats**

**those who keep her
or eat her
are cast out**

**she turns her small eye
from earth to
look up at me.**

Gary Snyder

Morison and Commager, in their previously mentioned history (fifth edition), have written that "The trouble with the abolitionists, as we can see now, was this — they spent all their compassion on the slave and left none for the Southern white man who was equally involved in the system and could see no way to get rid of it."

TO IMPLY, first of all, that any considerable number of slaveholders were faced with the problem of getting rid of slavery is incorrect. The authors are refuted by a statement they make elsewhere in the same volume that "once entangled in the meshes of the system, no planter could escape it, and few wished to." Nor was it impossible for slaveholders to take action toward abolishing the institution. Slavery had been abolished in other countries, under extremely difficult and dangerous conditions. The only prerequisite was a conviction as to its evil, a willingness to withstand the pressures involved in speaking out against it, and a determination to introduce the necessary legislation in each state to abolish it.

Nor were these the only possibilities. Certain slaveholders did free their slaves and others gave up their plantations and went North because they regarded slavery as a crime against humanity. Morison and Commager's sympathy is as misplaced as would be pity for the industrialists and leaders of the Nazi and Fascist parties that profited from forced labor and lived in luxury because of the system. It was cozier and less dangerous to work with the system, but the choice was theirs.

But the statement by our two historians is of great significance for what it reveals about their basic philosophy of history. It calls to mind a comment by Alexis de Tocqueville in *Democracy in America*, that "When the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, who all belonged to the aristocracy by birth or education, relate the tragic end of a noble, their grief flows apace; whereas they tell you at a breath and without wincing of massacres and tortures inflicted on the common sort of people. Not that these writers felt habitual hatred or systematic disdain for the people; war between the several classes of the community was not yet declared. They were impelled by an instinct rather than by a passion; as they had formed no clear notion of a poor man's sufferings, they cared but little for his fate."

Many American historians, with a few notable exceptions, differ but little from their predecessors. The suffering of the white slaveowners, whether before the Civil War or after, is still capable of evoking greater sympathy than that of the slave or the free Negro.

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The Historian as Scholar

Adrienne Koch

IN AN animated epistolary discussion of the American Revolution, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both by then elder statesmen retired from public office, entertained some searching doubts about the manner in which it was being treated by historians. Jefferson, in the course of this exchange in 1815, permitted himself the following outburst: "On the subject of the history of the American Revolution, you ask who shall write it? Who can write it? And who will ever be able to write it? Nobody; except merely its external facts; all its councils, designs, and discussions having been conducted by Congress with closed doors, and with no members, as far as I know, having even made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must forever be unknown."

One notices Jefferson's vigorous distinction between the external facts, and the life and soul of history. Records of debates, of committee deliberations and motions, and evidences of conflict of various sorts of interests; the power to plan, solve problems and persuade by reason; or to influence by personal traits and social position; the evidence of political alignments and political hostilities—all these he knew to be essential to the meaning of the American Revolution. Without recourse to the record of what men had thought and argued, designed and even tried to get accepted but failed—a record that would catch the thoughts and accents of the human agents who led the revolution, who, in infinite diversity, were moved by what they had learned and read as

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ADRIENNE KOCH, professor of history and chairman of American Studies at the University of California, is the author of Power, Morals and the Founding Fathers *(Cornell),* Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration *(Knopf) and* The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson *(Columbia).*

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well as by what they reflected from their particular positions in colonial society—without that evidence, a historical account of the revolution would afford "merely its external facts."

The glad tidings of our present position in the publication of documentary records of the American past, and especially of the dynamic period of the revolution and the creation of the republic, is that some of the "life and soul of history" is at last becoming more fully available in print. In the past dozen years, readers on at least two continents must have sensed some sort of extraordinary activity in the publication of new editions of the papers of leading American statesmen. Professional journals, highbrow and middle-brow periodicals, book sections of newspapers have taken proper note of volume after volume, beginning with *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*. We now have in print: sixteen volumes of a projected 50-volume edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*; five volumes of a scheduled 40 volumes of *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin*; four volumes, *The Diary and Autobiography of John Adams*, of an estimated 100 volumes of *The Adams Papers* (primarily collections of documents by and to John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Charles Francis Adams); four volumes of an anticipated 40-volume series of *The Papers of Alexander Hamilton*; and just recently there appeared the first two volumes of *The Papers of James Madison*, a series that perhaps may also run to nearly 40 volumes. A sizable total of notably handsome volumes is thus already in print, and the projects will become a regular library when completed.

MEANWHILE, scholars and students of this formative period in American history, and a wider group who are for differing reasons devotees of these great men, have already begun to profit from, or at the very least enjoy, the depth of human reality revealed in the correspondence presented in these volumes. But the wider public may be puzzled by the proliferation of such large-scale documentary editions and may fail to grasp their significance in the field of historical publications. Were that so, it would be a pity—since these publications represent no less than a bloodless revolution in American history.

In terming this program a revolution, the claim is made that what Americans are likely to inherit from all this extensive publication is infinitely more than an ocean of documents. New emphases in American history, new standards and categories of excellence in editing and scholarship, and new insights into historical evidence and method have already emerged and are bound to increase and multiply as reflection keeps pace with the printed sources.

THE NEED for an objective and fully documented record of reliable texts was acute. It is perhaps not sufficiently understood that little more than a decade ago, one could point to hardly an edition of the writings of even our greatest American statesmen that was adequate or really comprehensive. Our "knowledge" and opinions had been formed on the basis of imperfect and sometimes deliberately or slyly edited texts. The costs of publishing large series of documents were vast, and editors were frequently engaged in other professions and only incidentally willing or able to cope with the severe requirements of truly scholarly editing. No edition comes to mind that attempted to present the papers of an individual together with the papers he received and often responded to. Mean, cheap and ugly printings were pretty much the rule; and when more handsome "library" editions were issued, they were for the most part offered in severely limited numbers, and were likely to be without benefit of careful scholarship.

This prevailed until roughly the midpoint in this century. To do justice to the history of this revolution in documentary publications itself would take us far afield; let us make do with a few of the proximate events that sparked the important new editorial projects that have already borne fruit and promise good vintage in the decade ahead. In the spring of 1950, the quiet halls of the Library of Congress bustled with Secret Service men, government officials, distinguished scholars and gentlemen of the press, come to hear the President of the United States deliver a speech in the Coolidge Auditorium—normally the scene of chamber music quartets and poetry recitals. President Truman's speech that day was occasioned by the presentation to him of the first volume of the new edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, a project conceived, pursued and carried on through the genius of its chief editor, Julian P. Boyd. President Truman, himself an ardent reader of American history, praised the magnificent volume he held in his hands and expressed the hope that the papers of other American statesmen and leaders would also be published. He requested the National Historical Publications Commission to report a plan for making available "the writings of men whose contributions to our history are now inadequately represented by published works."

This was a breathtakingly broad proposal—the Jefferson Papers had now been pioneered, and an unexpected new frontier opened. The President's words did not die when the ceremony ended. Sufficient enthusiasm had been enlisted to forge in the matter of a few years an extraordinary community of cooperative enterprise. The National Historical Publications Commission, after sustained consultation with American historians, reported a list of recommended projects, indicating priority for the great statesmen of the revolutionary and formative period. Able editors and historians, philanthropic foundations, university presses, private libraries and archives, and countless individual firms and private owners of documents were called upon to play their indispensable roles in the production of the multi-volume publications. If what the eighteenth century called "the Republic of Letters" ever came close to real existence, this cooperative enterprise of private and public professional workers provides the classic (though modern) example.

TODAY, some twenty editorial projects are in various stages of preparation or publication, and about half that many smaller projects are germinating. Of this steadily increasing program looking to comprehensive editions of the writings of those who made major contributions to the development of our democracy, highest priority has been assigned by common agreement between historians and the Commission to the papers of the five great statesmen of the American Enlightenment. A sixth major project, devoted to a subject rather than a person, *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution and the First Ten Amendments,* is also in a developed stage of editorial preparation at the National Archives. Not all the documentary publications included in the National Historical Publications Commission's broad new program will attempt to follow the complete and comprehensive policy of these high-priority editions. Richard Morris, editor of the John Jay papers, plans to microfilm the bulk of the collection and publish in one large volume only the cream. Philip Hamer, who has recently begun work on the Henry Laurens papers, is thinking roughly of a middle path that should take the edition to approximately ten volumes.

Since the editor of any one of these major large-scale projects must be willing to devote many years of an invariably too-short lifetime to his work, one tends to think in terms of the editor's "calling." Why should accomplished historians and scholars like Julian Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, the editor of the Adams Family Papers, Leonard Labaree of the Franklin Papers, Harold Syrett of the Hamilton Papers, William Hutchinson of the Madison Papers, Robert Cushman of the *Documentary History of the Ratification* be willing to take on a schedule of work that exacts humanistic scholarship, demands mastery of advanced techniques of archival collection and organization, and requires at once the judgment of an engineer-planner and the patience and sensitivity of an artist committed to a vast mural? These editors and their small staffs probably put in as many man-hours of purposeful work as any group of men in the country, including the fond stereotype of "the dedicated scientist" or the "selfless doctor." Of course, they have not the same rewards, nor have they yet been knighted by a government that eschews titles, nor has the greatest of them been recommended for a Nobel Prize.

We will not find the answer to this question by attempting to categorize the editors in terms of their regional origin or economic class or voting record. The only answer that begins to make sense is that these editors love truth (and history) and mean to serve it in the most durable and significant way that they can; and that they especially regard the person whose papers they are editing, or the subject they are presenting, and its surrounding world of persons, places and events as in some sense supremely exciting, full of meaning, and thick with the texture of life and thought whose significance should not be lost to the continuous community of men who care about freedom.

THIS IS the unadvertised story behind the brilliant editorial notes of *The Jefferson Papers,* for example; or the triumphant reconstruction of the original text of *The Diary and Autobiography of John Adams*; or the intricate detective work required to sort out the authentic writings from the falsely attributed writings of Benjamin Franklin. No illustration is effective, however, in suggesting both the scope of these editions and the versatile range of scholarship which the editors must bring to their intricate and various materials. For all these "high priority" projects are agreed upon publishing *complete collections of papers,* including not only all types of correspondence, public papers, journals, diaries, commonplace books, and essays *by* the statesmen, but also the bulk of

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the correspondence received from others.

A few figures might serve to indicate the magnitude of current projects as compared with the earlier so-called "complete" or "definitive" writings. For instance, although at least two earlier editions of Jefferson's writings were considered to be complete, they represented only about fifteen per cent of the documentation that will be included in the new Boyd edition. Apart from volumes devoted to special subjects such as agriculture, architecture, law, linguistics or religion, the correspondence alone contains some 18,000 letters written by Jefferson and about 25,000 (to be printed in full or in brief summary, as judgment dictates) to him. These papers, incidentally, were culled from about 425 different sources, in this country and abroad.

Or consider the Franklin Papers: the largest previous edition of Franklin's writings presented about 2,000 documents, nearly all by Franklin himself. The new Labaree edition will present about ten times that amount (including correspondence *to* Franklin). For the Madison Papers, some 23,300 documents have been assembled in the editorial files to date. Earlier editions of Madison's writings provided the reader with approximately one-sixth of the extant documents by him and a mere handful (49 documents) of the 15,000 extant letters addressed to him. The Adams Family Papers is the most mammoth of all the projects, since it is concerned with a family that included three generations of important and learned statesmen and since to be an Adams meant that you kept a journal or diary and wrote by instinct, training and habit almost from the cradle to the grave. It is, therefore, in the realm of wild guesses to estimate the numbers of volumes; at various times, however, Mr. Butterfield has said that more than 100 might be published.

AN OCCASIONAL hothead, even within academic circles, fires salvos at these large-scale, comprehensive, carefully annotated documentary publications. Instead of shouting, as does the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, of the crying baby: "Off with its head," these critics temporize with "put it on microfilm!" In short, leave it to the scholars —let them endure the back and neck strain, the aching eyes which microfilm reading invariably produces. Collect the documents? Yes. Organize them in some meaningful sequence? Perhaps. Study them in the light of all the criteria of modern documentary scholarship — for authenticity, variant texts, related documents, identification of missing words, phrases, parts, and information on the background of events and explication of difficult, obscure, or mystifying references and passages? Probably not, for by this time the editorial costs for the microfilm approach those for a full publishing plan. But the root question is this: are scholars of the given period, or of the given individual, alone to use and benefit by these collected papers? What, in short, is the value of these massive series, and these finely composed, printed and bound volumes to a larger world than the historical specialist (who can and should struggle along with the miseries of microfilm substitutes)? To put it with a somewhat different emphasis, on the assumption that these complete editions continue to issue from the press, what difference will it make to American history, to the American people, and to the world?

I cannot take a lesser ground than this—these writings do indeed promise to transform American history; to give to the reading part of the American people the means to win back the legacy that the farsighted founding statesmen were concerned to give them; and they will exert an invaluable influence on the world-wide evaluation of American civilization, the character of its great leaders, and the contribution of American philosopher-statesmen to political thought and institutions. The whole movement of ideas and political inventions that produced the American Revolution, the Articles of Confederation, the republican state constitutions, the Constitution and the operative, representative government of a two-party system—a period of time that has come to be known as the American Enlightenment—has been described as "one of the most informed public debates on the nature of free institutions ever to grace the annals of any nation." Indeed, if one includes the French Revolution, the other great political movement of that same era, Max Beloff's judgment is pertinent—that these two movements "were accompanied in the whole of the western world, by the most prolonged and far-reaching examination of the basis of society and government which had been attempted since the age of Plato and Aristotle."

IN RECENT years, Americans have become accustomed to the exhortation to "move forward" (in a pet phrase of the President). But to "move forward" implies that we know our present location, and such knowledge is radically defective without a knowledge of the past of which the present is an evanescent daily slice. For today, as never before, the

American world is charged with understanding and explaining to a world-wide community its revolutionary past, its federalism, its concern with freedom and equality, its ideas, ideals, institutions, and the great men who helped make its history. In this connection one might cite the *aperçu* of the irrepressible Denis Brogan, that the trend in American-British relations is from contempt to concern; and that these countries must learn the historical forces which shape their respective characters.

Should the six high-priority publication projects be sustained until they are completed, Americans might have within their grasp the means to fulfill a cherished goal of James Madison:

"It has been the misfortune of history that a personal knowledge and an impartial judgment of things, can rarely meet in the historian. The best history of our country therefore must be the fruit of contributions bequeathed by contemporary actors and witnesses, to successors who will make an unbiased use of them. And if the abundance and authenticity of the materials which still exist in private as well as in public repositories among us should descend to hands capable of doing justice to them, then American History may be expected to contain more truth, and lessons certainly not less valuable, than that of any Country or age whatever."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

DAVID ROSS'S old playhouse at 83 East 4th Street, which looked like an accident, has recently been refurbished by an organization calling itself the Writers' Stage so that it looks like a theatre. This group plans to feature the work of fledgling dramatists, and has begun its career with David Rayfiel's *P.S. 193*. It is fantastic.

When I say "fantastic" I do not mean that the play is extraordinarily meritorious or a fantasy, but rather that it emerges from the author's unconscious with an effect that is almost eerie. Something is going on in *P.S. 193*, or more pointedly in its author. The result is not polished craftsmanship but a quality that definitely arrests our attention.

The occasion might be easily misconstrued as anti-war propaganda. (Most such pieces are singularly ineffective for everyone of a contrary disposition.) *P.S. 193* is a study of a "pure intellectual," Jonathan Kobitz, a professor of philosophy at an American university. His course—sometimes referred to as a "crap course" and in terms of the academic largely unreal—is chiefly concerned with prodding his students' minds. He has no point of view of his own; he deals in semantics, abstruse speculations, suppositions entirely removed from practical consequences.

One of the professor's students, very much in adoring awe of him, has been drafted to the battle front of the Korean war, where in the midst of engagements he reads letters from the professor that are full of Sartrian philosophical terminology and Malraux's metaphysical psychology. The student has never been prepared for any sort of reality. He has merely been exalted by the cool air of his professor's dilettante cerebration and is immediately killed. The boy's superior, Corporal Mario Saccone, very fond of his charge, is outraged by the influence that the professor—whom he knows only through the boy's enthusiasm—has had on him. In a paroxysm of vindictive fury, Saccone determines to make the professor pay for the damage he has unwittingly done.

ON RETURNING to the States, Saccone enrolls as a special student in Kobitz's class. He means to expose the professor to himself, to his students, to his wife. The professor must learn—as violently and as painfully as possible—that he and his like are responsible for much of the mischief that besets humanity. Such intellectuals as Kobitz (might this include a Socrates?) who play with ideas as with toys and shun contact with deeds and facts (there is a difference, Saccone insists, between war-talk and war) are misleaders and corrupters. They are incapable of purposeful, constructive action.

This appears to be borne out by Kobitz's relationship with his wife. She is an alcoholic, and that condition, while it mortifies him, is one he has no capacity to mitigate. What is worse, he is presumably an insufficiently ardent or prompt lover—and not even "man" enough to hit Saccone who has, by way of demonstration, roughed up Mrs. Kobitz. The professor is little more than a passive spectator, a fabricator of cerebral

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constructs, and in the face of real events a coward. That is what Saccone has savagely proved. In the end, that is what Kobitz, on the verge of returning to the womb of his primary school teaching, begins to realize. He now understands that he has never taken responsibility for his ideas nor ever attempted to embody them in action.

My summary hardly conveys the quality of suspense which the stage narration of this story creates. The play provokes a strange terror. (A number of recent novels by Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud and others also dramatize the confrontation of an individual with certain retributive figures in the manner of a would-be assassin coming to dwell with, and seemingly to befriend, his victim.) In *P.S. 193* what is terrifying appears to emanate not so much from the objective opposition of Kobitz and Saccone—one all ironic amenity and the other all febrile menace—as from something in the dramatist himself.

This subjective struggle suggests, as in certain Strindberg plays, that the author's conscience contains both Kobitz and Saccone. (The teacher is on the whole treated with more sympathy than the fiendish soldier.) The author has used his play to admonish and to punish himself. It is a self-inflicted lashing. What results from this is dramatic and intellectual confusion, together with something unmistakably stirring.

To create significant theatre it is not first of all necessary—though certainly desirable—to be "clear." (Most plays we see are unfortunately all too clear!) It is essential that a play be born of a living and substantial impulse. *P.S. 193* has this. It is more than a play in progress; it is the sign of a human soul in evolution. The spectacle is affecting.

Severn Darden, perhaps the wittiest mind of the "Second City" company, plays Kobitz convincingly both as to his moral frailty and fear and as to his ratiocinative agility and pleasure. The ubiquitous James Earl Jones plays Saccone with harrowing power. Each actor provides an ideal foil for the other.

More important, however, than anything I have thus far indicated is my conviction that such plays as *P.S. 193* (and such organizations as Writers' Stage promises to be) are to be encouraged, *and visited*, by those who concern themselves seriously with the theatre. For all their immaturity, they are far more useful to the development of our stage than most of the rotten ripe fruit offered for our delectation at many more "professional" places.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

THE SPECIAL value of a live concert lies not only in the presence of significant music performed with skill and penetration, but also in the cogent musical intelligence manifested in the construction of the program as a whole. But such cogency, whatever form it may take, can hardly be expected within the rigid and unrealistic framework of the modern concert world. Ever since composers and performers became functionally, intellectually and artistically separated (say, around 1920), the realm of musical performance has been artificial, out of contact with the living growth of music, and sustained mainly by narcissism and inertia.

The result is that programs are designed to serve the performer rather than the music, and works are chosen, not for their individual qualities, but according to a mechanical process in which each is merely a representative of one of the "types" of music that must be present on a "standard" program. The process is something like making up a sure-fire political ticket in an ethnically diverse community. Every pianist, for example, must play a "group" of pre-Beethoven music (symbolizing his historical awareness), a "big sonata," probably by Beethoven, Chopin, or Brahms (to indicate intellectual profundity and technical mastery), some nineteenth-century music (to establish soulful, human sensibility) and a twentieth-century "vehicle," to demonstrate a firm sense of responsibility toward the living composer. Even responsible and serious musicians, such as the pianist Charles Rosen, must offer "representative" programs if they are to continue being booked by concert managers. In Rosen's case the individual works are always chosen with wisdom and care, but though genuinely distinguished in themselves, they are nevertheless representative of the inevitable "categories." For instance, his New York concert on November 12 included the American premiere of Pierre Boulez' Third Sonata, a work of the most formidable interpretive and mechanical difficulty, along with a Mozart Rondo, the Beethoven Sonata Op. 111, and the Schumann *Carnaval*.

Even deviations from the general pattern follow a predictable course, since they are primarily chosen according to the public "image" a performer wishes to project. These categories are well defined, and a particular type of program is guaranteed to elicit an automatic characterization in the newspapers. To be a "virtuoso," one plays a great deal of Liszt and Rachmaninoff. A "romantic" obviously plays many short pieces by Chopin and Schumann. The "serious musician" plays one of the long Bach

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works, and late Beethoven, and the "scholarly" performer, for his "unhackneyed" program, unearths obscure but insignificant works by Mozart or Beethoven, or music by justly neglected composers such as Clementi, Dittersdorf, or Raff, and occasionally will even take an intrepid dip into the remotest corners of history to come up with a fifteenth-century precursor of *Humoresque*.

HOWEVER harmless in themselves these grotesque frivolities may be, they are dangerous when they supplant the performer's essential function as the public exponent and interpreter of a developing musical literature. Needless to say, this literature cannot be adequately represented by essentially historical programs, no matter how serious in intent. Nor, for that matter, is it fully served even by important "new music" concerts that, as literally "avant-garde," reveal the furthest point reached by new musical thought along a road that is, as far as the concert-goer is concerned, increasingly uncharted. Not only does the "new music" need to be heard often and in many contexts and circumstances, but its development and origins in tradition need constantly to be defined and re-evaluated. It is only in fulfilling this function that public performance of *all* music can reacquire cogency; the proper "standard repertory" should be the body of works that form *present* tradition, the newly canonized "classics" in terms of which any tenable attitude toward the entire literature of music, historical as well as contemporary, must be defined.

The change in attitude and format that such an approach would entail is formidable. For one thing, the twentieth-century repertory is increasingly less homogeneous in its range of media, so that a piano, violin, or even string quartet recital in the old sense is not likely to be as productive of the most interesting programs; a mixture of media, admittedly more cumbersome and expensive, reflects much better the contemporary predilection. And instead of pretending to "serve the public" by pleasing an audience that simply does not know what it wants, the performer must begin to instill in it an awareness of quality through the experience of his concerts. In this context, the place of historical music is genuine and essential; the presence of a Beethoven violin sonata on a program, consisting otherwise of, say, Schönberg's violin-piano Phantasy, the Stravinsky *Duo Concertant*, and the Sessions Duo, would be a real event and reveal clearly what was still alive and developing in it, as well as the way in which the recent works were deeply involved with its tradition.

Up to now, however, concerts reflecting an awareness of these necessities have mainly taken place at universities, where the inevitable amateurism severely limits their quality and frequency. Because of this, the concert of twentieth-century "classics" given on November 8 at Carnegie Recital Hall under the direction of Gunther Schuller seemed an event of the highest significance, as much for the sheer stunning professionalism of its performances as for its demonstration of the musical potency still available from a program of "familiar" music. The quality of the program itself was such that no "gimmicks" were required to give it the semblance of importance, although Mr. Schuller was unfortunately not self-confident enough to avoid calling the program "Twentieth Century Innovations" and describing his series as a group of "musical-historical formats." It seemed particularly unfortunate that this unnecessary issue was raised because, although Webern's Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10, Stravinsky's Octet, and Schönberg's *Kammersymphonie* obviously belong among the primary innovations of the century, the relevance of Milhaud's "poème plastique" *L'Homme et son Désir* and the Messiaen *Oiseaux Exotiques* would have to be questioned.

AS IT WAS, the clarity of Mr. Schuller's performances fortunately left little reason for anyone to read his program notes. Although not especially searching or original as a conductor, he seems full of knowledge about the ways instruments articulate, project and combine, as well as how they were intended to do so by each composer in each individual work. The program brought out

Tying Tomatoes

Having seen on the staves
that weedy ascension of petals, aerial nightshade,
the green orb under the star
in a bracken of leafage where color awakens,
I climb the tomato, packing the stalks on the stakes.
toward castles and psalters, the magical poultry, and Jack:

And descend, in a game of the casual —
a child's sleepy surprises, a child's commonplaces —
to the other side of the vegetable, the lair
of the carnivore, the killer
of giants,
where the mace of the ogre arises.

The shadow that falls on my fingers,
the sensual frenzy
that thickens the leafage and blackens my thumb-print,
remains. "Green thumb," I say, while the chalk of my knucklebone
numbs under tap-water and the snore in the drain
is chartreuse. ***An axe-blade slams in the stalk.***

Ben Belitt

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his best qualities, for all the works except the Schönberg make important formal points through their instrumental characteristics. The Milhaud is one of the most interesting of his "South American" works, chiefly because of its textural antiphony, striking (if often overextended) rhythmic ostinato patterns, and a prophetically continuous backdrop of (mostly soft) percussion. Each of the Webern pieces projects its essentially simple formal idea in a single intense timbral image, the most remarkable of which is the sustained fabric of mandolin and guitar chords in the third piece. The Messiaen bird-calls were inoffensively garrulous, and mostly made it possible for the accomplished pianist Paul Jacobs and the ensemble of winds to demonstrate how brilliantly they could overcome immense practical difficulties.

Schuller's reading of the Stravinsky *Octet* again revealed his resourcefulness in its careful observance of Stravinsky's own approach, particularly in the subtly unemphatic way of marking accentuations. The instrumental balance was consistently weighted to maintain the clarity of the harmonic and linear structure, although some articulative trouble developed in the dovetailed runs of the variations movement, where each instrument took its stretch at a slightly different tempo, and the second bassoon was occasionally missing at its most prominent moments. In the Schönberg *Kammersymphonie*, on the other hand, Schuller was much less successful in maintaining the formal thread through the long spans of contrapuntal and harmonic development. Even so, the remarkable ability of Schönberg's "ear" to maintain a clear and unequivocal sense of harmonic position, despite a certain formal confusion in the attempt to control a full-blown chromaticism by means of rigorous procedures derived from Classical models, was always evident in the performance.

PERHAPS the most auspicious aspect of this concert was the appearance of an ensemble of freelance players drawn from the highest echelon of New York's instrumental aristocracy, who together gave a matter-of-fact demonstration of nearly flawless ensemble technique in terms of balance, attack, agility, and articulation, committing fewer errors after only three rehearsals than most of the much-vaunted European groups are able to manage after fifteen. If Mr. Schuller's series continues on this level, it may provide a superlative model for the thorough reinvigoration of public musical activity.

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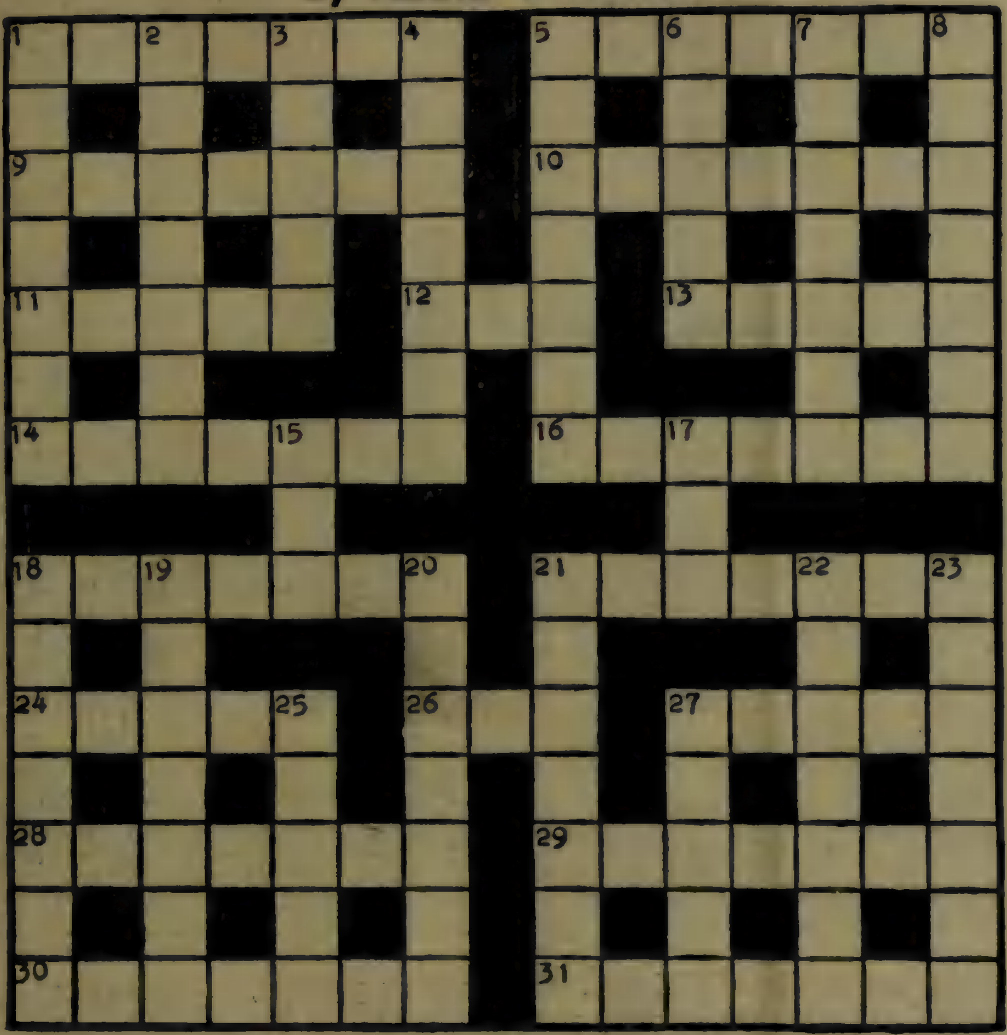
Crossword Puzzle No. 986

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Butter one side of the paper? What behavior! (7)
5 Difficult shot to make at the meet, if one is so pressed. (4, 3)
9 There's something about me which is worn out in turn—but it's hardly the mark of distinction. (7)
10 Simon is being sent, peculiarly enough. (7)
11 and 12 No real strain for Tom, by implication. (5, 3)
13 See 27 across.
14 Went away as Yum-Yum was supposed to have done with the Lord High Executioner. (7)
16 Early comer around Boston? (7)
18 What spelunkers have to do in the hollow? (7)
21 It irritates in such a way as to give indication of prestige to the French. (7)
24 See 7 down.
26 Shoot for the vessel! (3)
27, 13 across and 25 down The Light Brigade shouldn't have gone into the Jaws of Hell as long as the enemy was! (5, 2, 3, 5)
28 Do they try to make canopies? (7)
29 You might see such things double on the range. (7)
30 Marked "Not Cheddar" when the Old Girls aren't there? (7)
31 Such parts of the sigh should be equal. (7)

DOWN:

1 Make a new version of what the Volga Boatman could have poled? (7)
2 Evidently the fall flower lost its sap, but it's not clearly stated. (7)
3 Sounds as though the line is abeam. (5)
4 Inveigled. (7)
5 The ram's quite a small animal, though! (7)
6 Furnish with a new type of trees? (5)
7 and 24 How to show where the period is in the race? (5, 2, 5)
8 This is really touching! (7)
15 and 17 Certainly not a light description of a meadow animal's home. (6)
18 Brown hats? Quite the reverse aboard ship. (7)
19 Ten things women polish and carpenters use. (4, 3)
20 Is it shown to the public that sex and dope shouldn't mix? (7)
21 Proving even a cad can be capable of being measured. (7)
22 Playing about with an animal, and a possible net result. (7)
23 Sits rather awkwardly when the head is unhappy with such people. (7)
25 See 27 across.
27 Following the model of what might cause you to lift your hood? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 985

ACROSS: 1 Insignificant; 9 Valet; 10 Telephoto; 11 Sockeye; 12 Glitter; 13 Mains; 14 Habitants; 16 Needfully; 18 Fargo; 19 Caloric; 21 Outward; 22 Uncorrupt; 23 Ilion; 24 Lunatic fringe. DOWN: 1 Investment club; 2 Selective; 3 Gathers; 4 Istle; 5 Illegibly; 6 Appoint; 7 Trout; 8 Correspondence; 14 Holocaust; 15 Narration; 17 Forerun; 18 Fattier; 20 Local; 21 Optic.

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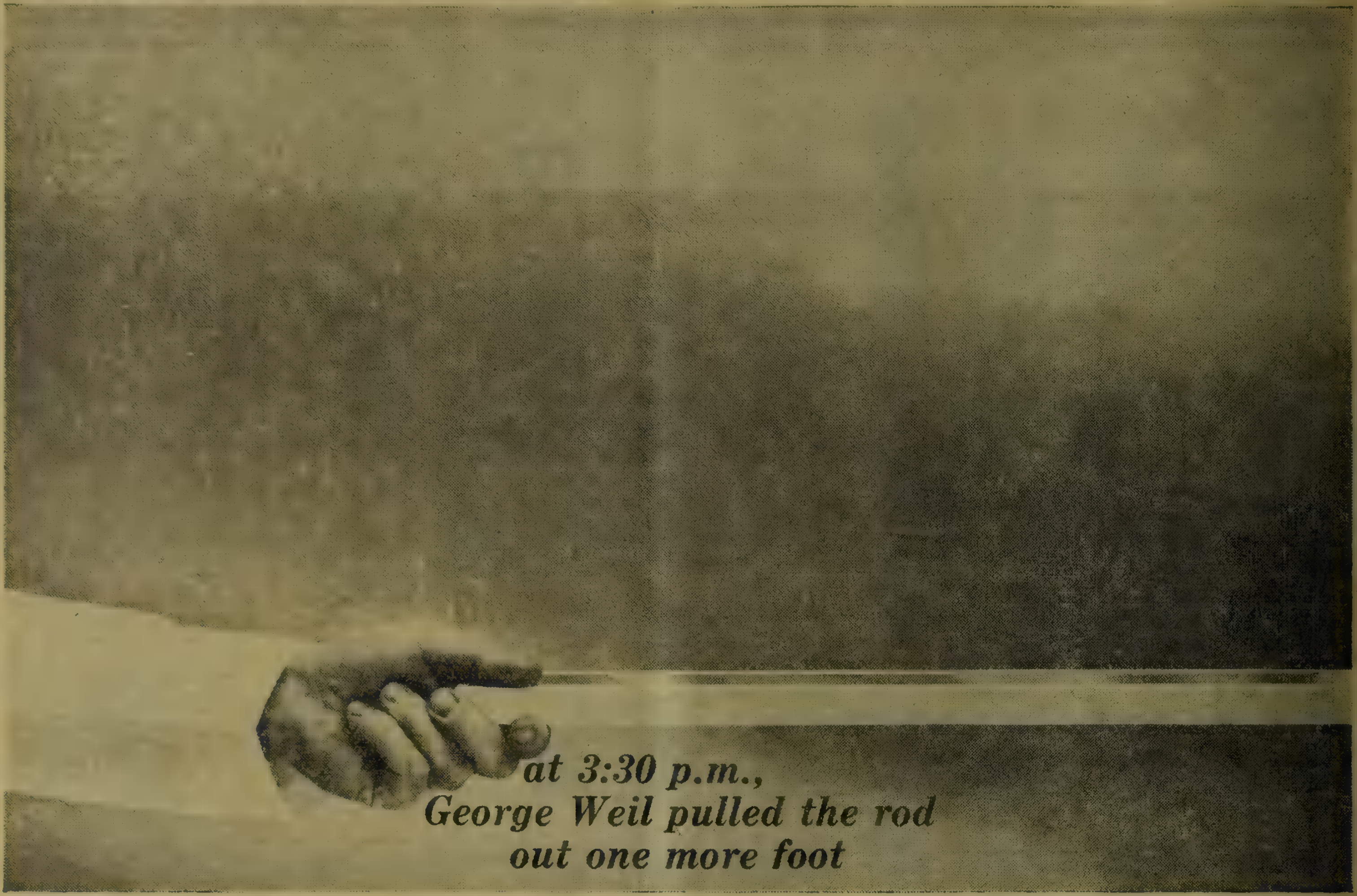

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out one more foot*

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Howard Zinn

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Our 'Four-Party' System

Victor C. Ferkiss

Report from Bombay

INDIA AT WAR

Stephen Hugh-Jones

LETTERS

Spanish Statistics

Dear Sirs: I have read with interest the article "Spain Revisited" by Alexander Werth (*The Nation*, October 27). . . . Criticism of a country or government is, of course, acceptable reporting, but distortion of facts is beneath the level of fair journalism.

To point out only two distortions: Mr. Werth says "statistics show only 35,000 tractors for the whole country," when the actual figure is 71,077; and he claims that "since 1957 some 50,000 apartments a year have been built," whereas the figure is actually 102,585.

I should also like to point out that there is a contradiction between the poverty allegedly existing in Spain and the statement, in itself difficult to understand, that the Spanish family spends "55 per cent on food" and the "whole town flocks into the main street nightly to show off new clothes and then disperses to cafés, dance halls and cinemas."

Alonso Alvarez de Toledo
Secretary of Embassy of Spain
Washington, D.C.

A Different Difference

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Sigh of Relief," [Nov. 10] revealed your old, familiar bias. "They [the American people] fear it [the nuclear bomb], hence the sigh of relief when the immediate prospect of its use was averted; but they rallied behind the President with the same mass tropism as in 1899. The fact that this is an utterly different world has simply not been digested." You might like to think that this is an utterly different world (Communist perhaps?), but millions of people—with the same peace-bomb the Communists have—do not differ about the kind of world they want to live in.

The peace-or-else line has finally proven itself, but not in the way Mr. Khrushchev and fellow travelers had hoped. In short, the American people have demonstrated that they will not be scared into a smelly peace.

Joseph Francis Murphy
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Faculty for Silence

Dear Sirs: Leo J. Hertzel in "The Silent Faculty" (*The Nation*, Nov. 17) took as his leading example the University of Mississippi faculty. Had he waited a few weeks, he could have used an equally momentous and more nearly universal example—the relatively silent faculties of the nation during the Cuban crisis. It is bad to be silent in the face of lawless segregationism. It is worse to say nothing when one's own government, risking nuclear war, violates international law, the UN Charter, and the principle of self-determination. . . .

The American faculty is silent in part because the American public and press have their own faculty for silence. Ivory-tower disengagement is a state of mind, and it is not peculiar to college teachers. Was it not public inertia and fear that recently enabled the trustees of Lincoln College (Illinois) to fire a religion professor for carrying a sign reading, "Stop U. S. Aggression" and "Do Not Let Cuba Be Our Hungary"?

Howard L. Parsons
Cedar Rapids, Ia. Coe College

Historical Analogy

Dear Sirs: *In 1861—*

(a) The English ship *Trent* carried Messrs. Mason and Slidel, Confederate emissaries, on the high seas.

(b) A Union ship, in violation of international law, removed the gentlemen from the *Trent*.

(c) When England threatened war over the incident, Lincoln's "wise" counselors advocated that we declare war on England.

(d) Lincoln rejected the suggestion, remarking, "One war at a time, gentlemen."

In 1962—

(a) Soviet ships carried cargoes to Cuba on the high seas.

(b) In violation of international law, American warships were ordered to stop the Soviet freighters.

(c) Some of Khrushchev's counselors advocated defiance of the American action.

(d) Khrushchev sidestepped war by ordering his Cuba-bound ships to return.

What will be posterity's verdict with respect to Lincoln, Khrushchev and Kennedy? Is there any justification for violating that principle of international law — freedom of the seas — for which we fought the war of 1812?

Lima, Ohio Elmer McClain

A Time to Protest

Dear Sirs: Charles D. Bolton's "Cuba: Pivot to the Future," in your issue of Nov. 17, had much provocative material for us all to consider, but his denigration of the American peace movement makes one wonder if his logic is not greatly indebted to State Department "doublethink." Certainly the vigorous and intelligent actions of the various American groups at the time of the blockade of Cuba were necessary if the President and the Administration were to know what the people feel in such a crisis. . . .

Stephen H. Fritchman
Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Nation, Dec. 1, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 18

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Face of Reality

Delusion remains delusion, even when held in the highest places and with the greatest tenacity. American policy vis-à-vis Red China has long been based on two interrelated fictions — that Chiang Kai-shek's regime in Formosa is in fact and in law the government of China, and that the existing mainland regime is a merely hypothetical entity. The resulting logic of irrationality pictured the rejection of every move to admit China into the United Nations as a great victory for the United States. But now that China has engaged in an act of overt and brutal aggression, the United Nations is powerless to act because the culprit is not subject to its writ.

India, reeling from the hammer-like blows of the Chinese, still insists, and wisely, that China should be admitted to the United Nations. But we still cannot bring ourselves to concede the wisdom of such a policy, even though the twin fictions that have held us spellbound have been blown skyward. The Chinese are there, the Peking regime does exist, it has an Army; we can no longer pretend that it will yield its power, now or ever, to the pretender on the island of Formosa (who, incidentally, is no friend of India's in this crisis). But this decisive confrontation with reality comes very late — about twelve years too late, to be exact, for we elected to ignore the meaning of the Korean War.

For the moment, at least, neither recognition of China nor its admission to the United Nations is feasible, although in the end we *will* recognize China and it *will* be admitted to the UN. The irony, of course, is that we have already in fact recognized Red China; indeed, we are obsessed with it to the degree that we are more aware of Peking than of many regimes with which we carry on formal diplomatic relations. We have conducted endless negotiations with the representatives of Red China in Europe and put our signature alongside Peking's to an agreement setting up the neutral regime in Laos.

Just as the harsh action of the Chinese has stripped the veil of illusion from Indian eyes, and made a mockery of our non-recognition policy, so too it has disclosed the make-believe of those elaborate anti-Peking "pacts" and alliances which were so dear to the heart of John Foster Dulles. SEATO, with Pakistan a member, is not likely to be of any assistance to India. More, it is now clear that the jet planes we supplied Pakistan were accepted not as a means of guarding against Chinese aggression, but for possible use against India, just as India's efforts to purchase Russian jets were in part occasioned by our sales to Pakistan.

Reality always breaks through the fictions with which timid and misguided men attempt to shield themselves from it. Now, having heard the booming of those Chinese guns we know that China exists; that it is a power in Asia and that we must deal with it. If, for a moment, recognition and admission to the UN are not feasible, it is not too early to undertake, perhaps indirectly, overtures to accomplish these ends. Perhaps China, along with some Western or African nation not now participating, should be invited to join the Geneva disarmament talks. This might set the stage for negotiations leading to eventual recognition and admission; and, in any case, China should be, and in the end must be, a party to any really meaningful disarmament pact.

What we are now experiencing is the painful shock which always comes with the long-deferred recognition of a harsh reality. The psychiatrists have a word for the habit of not recognizing what we wish did not exist — "selective inattention," they call it. The make-believe chapter of our postwar relations with China is nearly over.

Castro: Life-Size

A good part of our troubles in the Caribbean have been of our own making. To an extraordinary extent, the Cuban revolution has been the work of one man; still, Fidel Castro is only a man, with genius in some directions and grotesque failings in others. Instead of seeing him as he is — a romantic, stubborn Cuban nationalist — we have endowed him with all the qualities of Lucifer. Once this process of embellishment was under way, anything could be written about Castro, anything could be said, and no amount of internal contradiction would render it incredible. *Newsweek* (November 26) presents a perfect exhibit in a long piece of lucubration titled, "If Castro Falls Few Will Care—Including Russia." They begin by calling Castro a "Soviet stooge," then depict him in a two-week-long wrestling match with the redoubtable Mikoyan. The relative reasonableness of the Soviets was contrasted with Castro's refractoriness, now said to be verging on the intolerable. What kind of stooge is that?

Almost all that is written today is forgotten tomorrow, but unfortunately the Kennedy Administration has in no small measure been subject to the same departure from reality. It (and the Eisenhower administration before it) has magnified the Cuban revolution, and Castro personally, out of all proportion to its and his actual importance. The social and economic condition of Latin America is parlous enough, but Castro did not create that, nor has he unlimited resources to take advantage of it. The devil-theory of Castroism has bedeviled us, not him. It has been, and remains, his greatest psychological asset, and the resulting actions on our part have become his greatest political asset. As Tad Szulc writes in *The New York Times* (November 18), the Bay of Pigs landing was "one of the most valuable instruments of national cohesion ever obtained by the Castro regime." Szulc adds that Castro will maintain his control of the revolutionary apparatus so long as he maintains his "defiant momentum" — which by every possible effort we are enabling him to maintain.

In President Kennedy's latest pronouncement, while he vaguely disclaimed any intention of invasion, he quite definitely promised ultimately to help bring Castro down. The only really enthusiastic allies Mr. Kennedy will have in that endeavor are the Central American dictators. They, indeed, are as frenetic about Castro as the war hawks in the United States, but the other members of the OAS would rather see an accommodation between Cuba and the rest of Latin America than a continuation of hemispheric cold war. In the presently still unresolved dilemma of on-site inspection, Brazil has offered a sensible and potentially far-reaching solution. It amounts to a non-aggression understanding between Cuba and the United States, and the formal denuclearization of all of Latin America, *with* inspection.

Castro may be emotionally unstable, but he immediately acceded to the proposal, adding only the perfectly reasonable condition that the Panama Canal Zone and Puerto Rico should be included, and that the United States should give pledges not to use nuclear weapons against any Latin American nation. Arthur H. Dean curtly replied that such terms are "entirely unacceptable." It sometimes seems as if we not only regard Castro as an ogre, but want him to be one.

The Housing Order

The President is to be warmly congratulated on issuing his Executive order banning racial or religious discrimination in housing built or bought with federal aid. True, the pen stroke was a little long in coming; it had been promised, one recalls, during the '60 Presidential campaign, when the then Senator Kennedy was himself seeking housing that had never before been vouchsafed to a Catholic. But whether done reluctantly, or merely tardily (see "Kennedy: the Reluctant Emancipator," by Howard Zinn, on page 373 of this issue), the deed is done, and a step has been taken to right a long-standing wrong.

The Doctor's Prescription

As every physician knows, medicines, even the true and tried ones, don't always work. The Administration's proposed tax cut must be viewed in this light. Few will be against it, but it is far from a panacea for the nation's ills.

At the several confabulations of economists which have been taking place, the consensus — in so far as there was one — seemed to be that the economy was holding its own, but little more than that. Many were apprehensive of a possible recession in the summer or fall of 1963. One authority, James Tobin of Yale, a former member of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, summed it up: "A new stimulus is needed. Consumers must be convinced that this recurrent story of small recession . . . this doubt about the vigor of our economy can be overcome." Presumably the Administration agrees, and the forthcoming tax cut is the result.

It is a gamble, and a temporary gamble at that. If business is stimulated to such a degree that, even at a lower rate, revenues are increased, the gamble will have been a winning one. Even so, the effect can hardly be more than transitory. The lightening of the tax burden will not be tremendous: as long as the arms race continues, it must remain heavy. And if there is anything sure in the fiscal pattern, it is that arms expenditures will steadily increase. In fact, the principal merit of the tax cut now in the offing is that it constitutes the only stimulus to business that is consistent with an ever-rising military budget. The stimulation afforded by the latter is spotty, as the presence of depressed areas shows. Rather than a stimulation, arms procurement is an accepted factor in the business pattern, advantageous to some industries in some places. Only a tax cut can be superimposed on this dubious support, and both the amount of the cut, and the effects, are self-limiting. Like most of the measures offered in times like these, it does not get to the root of our difficulties — and is not intended to do so.

Pies and Spies

In a recent *Nation* article (October 20), Jack Levine, a former Special Agent of the FBI, pointed out that the current ratio of informers to members in the Communist Party was one to 5.7. The ratio was so startling that it caused the usually imperturbable Art Buchwald, whose column in the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers continues to brighten up the cold-war gloom, to speculate that at this rate the entire party membership might soon be made up of FBI informers. Jack Paar, no less concerned with internal security than Mr. Buchwald, was even able to imagine a situation in which, at a convention, the chairman of the Communist Party would ask "all real members" to stand up or raise their hands.

To demonstrate that there is a basis for the concern of Messrs. Buchwald and Paar, and as a footnote to Mr. Levine's article, we offer the following tidbit of information gleaned from the pages of the *San Francisco Chronicle.* In recent hearings of the Subversive Activities Control Board in San Francisco, the latest of a series designed to compel Albert J. (Mickey) Lime, Northern California chairman of the Communist Party, to register under the 1950 Subversive Activities Control Act, the first witness called against the hard-core Communist was Lulu Mae Thompson, a grandmotherly lady who apparently has not heard of the danger of allowing the pounds to increase with the years. Lulu Mae revealed that all these years she had been a "pie-baking spy" for the FBI, and Mickey was one of those who, all unsuspectingly, had eaten her pies. Home-baked pie, atop of Marxism-Leninism, so attracted the comrades to the meetings that between June, 1953, and March, 1962, Mrs. Thompson's FBI salary rose from $25 to $225 a month — plus the cost of the pie ingredients which, it goes without saying, were of the highest quality.

A romantic note, as well as gastronomic memories, should soften Mickey's Communistic heart and induce him to register, and peaceably to go to jail. When Mrs. Thompson met and married her husband, Howard, he was an FBI informer, too. Mrs. Thompson (and who knows how many others?) owe the FBI — and the Communists — virtually everything.

NEXT WEEK

The "cold war" into which the American Catholic Church has been plunged by the emergence of a powerful Catholic liberal movement in the United States is described in next week's *Nation* by Russell W. Gibbons, a Catholic layman who is National Secretary of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties and a member of one of the commissions of the National Catholic Social Action Conference.

A POST-ELECTION ANALYSIS

OUR '4-PARTY' SYSTEM . .

by Victor C. Ferkiss

NEVER in recent political history have so many labored so mightily to accomplish so little as in this year's midterm elections. Despite the claims of Democratic Party spokesmen — widely echoed by the press — that the results marked a signal victory for the President and his program, the fact is that the Congressional mixture remains much as before and the Administration again faces a predominantly hostile Congress.

The unreality of many of the post-election analyses reflects the unreality of the campaign itself. President Kennedy appealed for support by asking for the election of more Democrats to Congress; but, as various commentators have pointed out, Democrats were responsible for doing in the President's legislative program in the first place. Rarely did Kennedy repeat the realistic note of his Pennsylvania speech in which he warned that there was grave danger that "the 88th Congress will be in control of a dominant Republican-conservative Democratic coalition that will defeat progress." Here was the real issue of the campaign, and it is only by assessing the impact of the election on the conservative coalition, rather than along largely meaningless party lines, that its portents can be understood.

Although the Congressional elections gave Republican Party leaders

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little to cheer about, coalition spokesmen are undismayed. Conservative pundit David Lawrence was nearer the truth than most observers when he remarked: "The coalition of conservative Republicans and Democrats. . . . remains in control of both houses. Radicalism is checked again. Business can breathe easier. . . . It needs only a coalition in one House to block radical legislation." The Senate may be more liberal than before, but not the House.

In the Senate, Kennedy lost one liberal, Carroll of Colorado, to a right-wing Republican, Representative Dominick, and in Wyoming he exchanged a lukewarm supporter for an ardent opponent. But elsewhere he made clear gains. Republican right-wing stalwarts Capehart, Bottum, Bush, Murphy, Butler and Wiley were replaced by liberals Bayh, McGovern, Ribicoff, McIntyre, Brewster and Nelson. But the President was never in as much trouble in the Senate as he was in the House. There was, and still is, a strong conservative coalition in the upper chamber consisting of most of the Republicans, most Southern Democrats and such Northern conservatives as Lausche of Ohio. But there has also been a liberal coalition, and on most measures Kennedy could count on the support of a group of five to ten Republican Senators from the Northeast—usually enough to offset Southern defections. Kennedy's problems with such measures as medicare (defeated 52-48), the amendment of the cloture rule (defeated 50-46), and his hairbreadth victory on continuing aid to Yugoslavia and Poland (45-40), were the result of defections by border-state and Western Democrats or of the aberrant behavior of such liberals as Proxmire and Morse. The President's net gain last month of four liberal seats should convert past defeats into victories, but Senators pride themselves on their independent and unpredictable ways.

THE behavior of the House is more predictable and the outlook less promising. The South as a whole lost no seats through reapportionment; Texas and Florida gained the five seats lost by the other states of the old Confederacy. Four new Republicans have been added to the Southern Congressional delegation. But this is not simply a story of right-wing Republicans replacing Dixiecrats; some of the Southern Democrats who will not be returning (notably Smith of Arkansas) frequently supported the Administration. The Administration gained two supporters in Florida, while in Tennessee an Independent campaigning as a Kennedy Democrat defeated the incumbent (who had a record of support of a number of Administration measures) in the primary. One of the two new Congressmen from Georgia, Weltner, who defeated an ultra-conservative Democrat, is reputed to be generally pro-Kennedy. Although the net gain in liberal seats in the South was slight, the newly elected Democrats do appear to be somewhat more liberal than their predecessors.

ALMOST the same thing can be said of the nation as a whole. Reapportionment caused a shifting of seats from the Northeast and Midwest to the Far West. The newcomers—such as the seven Democrats who won all but one of the newly created California districts—will support liberal measures, but the men whose seats they are taking, though often unaggressive in their liberalism, were also normally Administration supporters. And among the liberals who lost their seats were some with valuable committee seniority: Bailey of West Virginia and Granahan of Pennsylvania, for instance. Although a *New York Times* evaluation of the election credits the Administration with a net gain of three to four seats, any change in the liberal-conservative balance in the House will be more a matter of a net increase in *élan* than in votes. Defeated right-wing conservatives such as Birch Society members Hiestand and Rousselot in California, and Taber, Mason and Scherer, who retired, will, on a nation-wide basis, be replaced by such men as Snyder of Kentucky and Oliver Bolton of Ohio, who are almost as far to the Right. The House elections were actually a resounding victory for the *status quo*. Not only was there little alteration in the liberal-conservative balance, but almost all incumbents who ran were re-elected. Only twenty-two Congressmen were defeated (seven of these inevitably so in contests with other incumbents). Had it not been for the dislocations caused by reapportionment and redistricting, it is likely that almost the only changes in the House would have been those resulting from voluntary retirement.

WHAT this augurs for the future of liberal legislation is suggested by a closer look at the composition of the Senate and the House.

Increasingly the Senate has come to represent the same urban and cosmopolitan forces that weigh heaviest in the selection of a President. This is especially noticeable in the case of Republican Senators, whose voting records are ordinarily more liberal than those of the Republican House delegations from their states: Javits and Keating of New York and Kuchel of California are prime examples. The same thing tends to hold true for the Southern Democrats; Gores, Kefauvers and Yarboroughs are relatively fewer in the House than in the Senate.

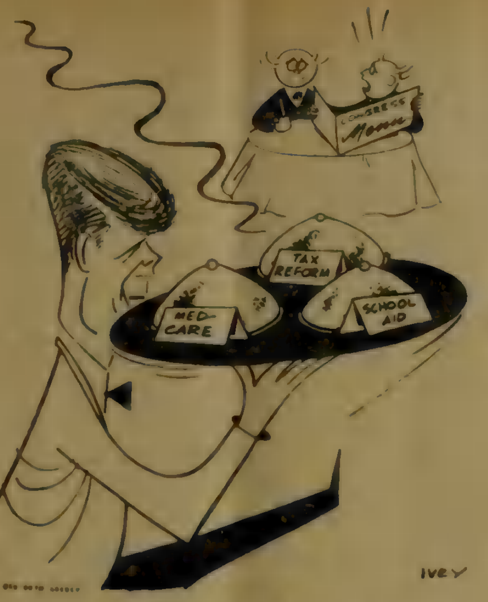
The old Senate consisted of a hard core of about 40 conservatives, of whom more than a quarter were Southern Democrats; and a liberal wing of approximately 40 Senators, including 5 Republicans. This left about 20 swing votes as the pool from which these opposing factions could draw support, and in this group were a number of mildly liberal Republicans who frequently could be counted on to support Administration measures. The new line-up pits 45 putative liberals against 35 conservatives, with the remaining Senators—almost evenly split between Democrats and Republicans—likely to go either way.

Senators must represent the diverse interests and varied population of an entire state; the situation of House members is radically different. Representatives ordinarily have small, relatively homogeneous districts, whether they be urban, suburban or rural, black or white. This homogeneity is reinforced by the tendency of state legislators, when redistricting, to increase the number of safe seats of both parties. There are now fewer than a hundred marginal House seats; the rest are "safe" for one party or the other.

Much of the confusion over whether or not Kennedy won a victory in holding down Democratic losses to a midterm low stems from this fact. Since the first Roosevelt administration, the majority of Americans have identified themselves as Democrats. But Democrats vote in lower proportions than do Republicans. Victorious Democratic Presidents help bring out Democratic voters and thus elect marginal Democratic House members when they run, only to see the tide recede when they do not. The advent of Eisenhower, whose electoral victories were personal rather than partisan, upset this pattern. The Republicans lost seats in 1954, and even more seats when Eisenhower was triumphantly re-elected in 1956. In 1958 they again lost seats, so that in the 86th Congress the Democrats controlled 66 per cent of the House.

Kennedy was a weak candidate, running behind the Democratic ticket in most of the nation, but he would have had to be a revolutionarily strong one to add anything to Democratic Congressional strength. Virtually all the marginal seats had already fallen to the Democrats. As it happened, 1960 witnessed an ebb tide, and twenty-one Democrats lost their seats despite Kennedy's victory. Thus in 1962 the stage was set for an unusual off-year election. The Democrats could have lost more seats, but had they done so it would have been a more severe disaster than is generally realized. By the same token, holding their own was less of a victory than it appears. What victories the Democrats did win (as in the Senate) were due in large part to the unusually high voter turn-out. Kennedy took his "off-year" losses in 1960, and has been in trouble ever since.

KENNEDY'S problem — and it would be an even greater problem were he more liberally inclined than he is—stems from the basic arithmetic of American politics. The President and the Senate are elected in such a way that successful candidates are often somewhat more liberal than the popular norm; but in the House the situation is reversed. If the odds for the passage of liberal legislation are to be improved, either massive gains must be made at the expense of conservative Congressmen in the North or the South must be pried open.



"Leftovers for the 88th Congress."

Here lies the root of the Administration's difficulties. Without support from any of the Congressmen elected from the old Confederacy, the liberals would have to control two-thirds of all the Northern seats in order to muster a bare majority—a virtual impossibility, since a majority of the 259 Northern House seats can currently be considered "safe" for the conservatives or for conservative-leaning "swing" Republicans. The only other possibility of destroying the conservative coalition's power of veto over liberal legislation is the development of a vigorous two-party system in the South—an eventuality which the recent elections suggest may not be quite as remote as many observers have hitherto believed.

NAILING down the membership of liberal and conservative blocs is an even harder task in the House then it is in the Senate—for one thing, House members are not as vocal—but a synthesis of various studies of voting records indicates that there were in the 87th Congress about 175 House members who voted fairly consistently on the liberal side. This included approximately 15 Republicans and a dozen Southern Democrats. Against them were arrayed about 185 hard-line conservatives (a number which might have been higher if votes on foreign-policy questions were ignored), including some 45 Southern Democrats. The remaining Congressmen are almost evenly divided between Republicans and Southern or border-state Democrats. To win, liberals needed to draw some 40 votes from this group.

BUT IN THE House the center of gravity of the swing votes is more conservative than it is in the Senate. To garner enough votes to pass Administration measures, party discipline and administrative pressure had to be applied. However, making particular measures party matters threatened the loss of possible liberal Republican votes — hence such narrow squeaks as the victory in the all-important fight over enlarging the Rules Committee in 1961. This the Administration won by a margin of only five votes; 64 Democrats voted against the Administration (59 of them from the South), so that the votes of 22 Republicans were needed to produce the slim margin of victory. The Depressed Areas Act was passed by a margin of 224 to 193, with the assistance of 31 Republicans. A crippling amendment to urban-renewal legislation in the first session was defeated 215 to 197, with 36 Southern Democrats voting for the amendment, and the Administration's housing bill narrowly squeezed through with a 215-197 vote—29 Democrats against and 7 Republicans voting in favor.

But the strength of the House coalition is not to be measured solely in close votes, won or lost. The fact that liberal Administration measures have such a tenuous margin of support on the floor suggests that offering any proposals more liberal than these would invite disaster. Some measures are lost because it is known to be futile to bring them to a vote (when pushed to a floor vote, the proposal to create a Department of Urban Affairs lost by a resounding 264-150). In other cases, crippling amendments are accepted by the sponsors of bills in order to give them any chance of passage at all. But most important, the seniority system gives the conservative coalition control of key committees (especially Rules, and Ways and Means) that have the power of life or death over most important pieces of legislation. By no means all Southerners in key committee posts are members of the conservative hard core—many are "swing," or even moderately liberal, on some issues—but the hard-core Southern conservatives plus the Republican conservatives frequently have clear committee majorities when and where it counts. Witness the fate of medicare and the school-aid bill which never reached the House floor.

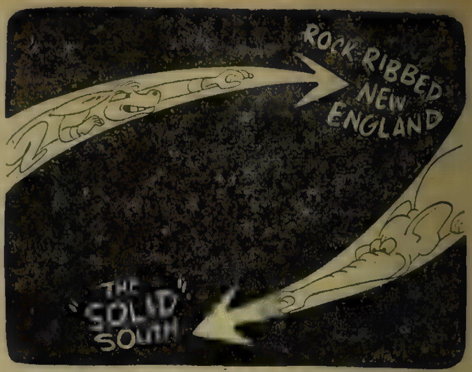
WHAT effect will last month's elections have on the power of the coalition in the House? The Republicans gained a net of two seats and the Democrats lost four (the new House reverts to 435 members, now that Alaska and Hawaii are integrated into the apportionment system). An analysis of who won and who lost indicates, as was said previously, no measurable change in the strength of the conservative or liberal factions in the House or in the swing votes for which they contend. On any given issue, the liberal forces will still be looking for the thirty to forty votes they will need to win, and the conservatives will be seeking to deny them.

The election will have some effects, however. At the very least, the Administration has won a psychological victory in the way the results are generally being interpreted. While net seats in the various blocs are almost unchanged, there will be an increase of drive on the liberal side at the same time that many personally powerful conservative wheelhorses have departed. But every vote will have to be counted as before, and the role of the Administration's legislative leadership will be crucial. Whether lessening support of Administration measures in the second session in the House was due to fear of voter reaction, or to ineptness on the part of McCormack and arrogance and incompetence on the part of the "Irish Mafia," is a question much debated in Washington. Any advantages accruing to the Administration from the election could easily be dissipated in the early days of the next session, in the Senate as well as in the House. McCormack has already indicated that the Administration will reintroduce such measures as medicare, aid to education and creation of a Department of Urban Affairs in the hope that they now stand a better chance.

But the first crucial battles will come on the home grounds of the conservative coalition. The Rules Committee fight must be won again, unless its membership is to revert from fifteen to twelve, with the coalition in firm control. Thirty-three Congressmen who voted with the Administration to enlarge the committee are not returning to Congress, and only twenty-nine of the newcomers can be counted on to support the Administration's position.

Almost as important as Rules in determining the fate of legislation is Ways and Means. As a result of the election there are now three vacant seats on this committee. Reportedly, two additional votes would have insured the reporting out of medicare. The seat now held by arch-conservative Noah Mason will probably go to an equally conservative Republican. Two Democratic seats, however, will be vacated by Southerners. There has been talk of a gentlemen's agreement to replace them with two other conservative Southerners. If this occurs, it will be a major blow to Administration hopes. Chairman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, though a moderate, is jealous of his position. Since it is the Democratic members of his committee who make all Democratic committee assignments, he will almost certainly feel that he has the right to name his own candidates to fill these vacancies. The Administration is faced with the choice of permitting this or of fighting, possibly losing, and making another powerful enemy. But if the Administration does not fight, it forecloses the future of an important part of its legislative program.

THESE considerations lead to the basic question of what influence the elections will have on the party system, which makes the present domination of the conservative coalition possible. Apparently both parties are headed for a period of increasing bifurcation. The Democrats still believe they cannot abandon the South and control the nation. The Republicans, though tempted by thoughts of possible victories in the South, know they cannot win the Presidency without Northern urban and minority-group votes. Therefore the outlook is for a Republican Party which will increasingly resemble the bipolar Democratic Party. But instead of being reflected within both Houses of Congress as it is in the case of the Democrats, the Republican split is likely to be most noticeable in the divergence between the increasingly liberal Republican Senators and a House delegation whose conservative character is reinforced by the addition of far-Right Southerners.



Providence Sunday Journal

"Making Inroads"

In the Senate, Case of New Jersey has already suggested an alliance of liberal Republicans, whose first aim will be to replace Barry Goldwater as Senate Campaign Committee Chairman with a more liberal Senator. Rockefeller, Romney and Scranton must all seek a more liberal image for the Republican Party if any hopes to be President. At the same time, the tantalizing temptation of the South remains. In the election, the Republicans picked up four seats in the old Confederacy (Texas, North Carolina, Florida and Tennessee), a border state seat in Kentucky and a governorship in Oklahoma. They ran a strong race for the governorship of Texas, for Senator in South Carolina, and polled an astonishing 49.2 per cent against incumbent Democratic Senator Lister Hill in Alabama. Virginia, Texas, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and possibly Alabama are now two-party states.

Although the Republican effort in the South did not alter the liberal-conservative balance of seats in Congress, it will probably have a number of significant effects. It may frighten some Southern Democrats into adopting a more conservative position. More important, the Republican Party now faces the problem of assimilating new recruits who are on the Far Right of the segregation controversy as well as of other issues. The temptation which faced Nixon in 1960 to play both sides of the street on the race issue will be increased. The apparent departure of Nixon from Republican leadership further adds to GOP difficulties, for his very ambivalence made him a bridge between conservative and liberal wings which will be sorely missed by his party.

Growing Republican strength in the South also presents the Democrats with a problem — and, possibly, an opportunity. Individual liberals and moderates could rise to power in the traditional one-party system in the South; but the system, by ruling out participation by a substantial proportion of the population — the portion most in need of governmental help—made conservative domination of the party inevitable. But if the far-Right Southern Republicans continue to grow largely through attracting to their banners the most conservative Democrats, might this make it possible for liberal Democrats in the South to gain control of at least one party? Answering yes to this question, liberals in Texas helped send ultra-Right Republican John Tower to the Senate in 1960 and threatened to make Cox governor this year. It is a question that will be asked more and more often. If the answer is really in the affirmative, and if liberalism is not simply driven underground and out of both parties, chances are that an increasing number of Republican conservatives will be elected from the South, while an increasing number of Democratic liberals may be elected as well. Whether the latter result occurs will depend in very large measure on the degree to which the courts and the Administration are willing and able to insure Negro voting rights.

If a real two-party system develops in the South, with a conservative-oriented Republican Party facing a more liberally oriented Democratic one, hope exists for breaking the deadlock in Congress. Even without wholesale conversions of Republican-oriented groups in the North (a process which would require a prior dramatic shift in public opinion), liberals can hope to control Congress if an effective voice is found by the liberal forces in the South. Such a development would mean the end of the power of the conservative coalition in Congress. The major struggle between the conservative coalition and its enemies may well come over civil-rights legislation, and other measures, which could lead in this direction. The real significance of the 1962 elections may therefore lie not in a small, highly speculative gain to liberal strength in Congress, but in its indication of possible long-range changes in the American party system itself.

INDIA AT WAR . . *by Stephen Hugh-Jones*

[*This article was received two days before Red China, last week, initiated a cease-fire*—Ed.]

Bombay

THE ENFORCED removal of V. K. Krishna Menon from the Indian Cabinet must have been hailed by most Americans as the best news out of India for years. Yet in many ways Menon at this time was more important as a symbol than as a man. With his departure an era has ended.

Whatever its outcome, the Chinese attack has decisively altered the pattern of Indian politics—though not, perhaps, in the ways that Americans or their ideological allies in India may hope or expect. Is communism in India, for instance, dead and buried? Undoubtedly, no. There are hopefuls, Indian and foreign, who think so, just as, before this year's general elections, they thought that the Communist Party of India would suffer severely from the Chinese depredations which had already taken place. It did not. In many areas, it increased its vote; notably in West Bengal—which has the most pro-Chinese Communists in India. In a society of outrageous poverty and inequality, the party's championship of the poor outweighed values represented by obscure portions of the northern frontier. True, national feelings are far more aroused today, but the party's stand is correspondingly more patriotic. After initial wavering, it came down firmly on the nationalist side.

Internationally, will India abandon nonalignment? Ambassador Galbraith has spelled out very precisely that Washington neither seeks nor expects this to happen. Mr. Nehru has already said no. Less predictably, the great majority of responsible opinion here agrees with him. Nonalignment may sometimes seem to Americans simply an instrument for spiting the West. If it were, it could and would be abandoned by India tomorrow. But it is not. Behind the morality, India's attachment springs from a very simple and respectable cause: self-interest. The Russians have built India's finest steelworks; they have helped it beat down the Western oil monopoly; Communist-bloc technicians and funds are involved in dozens of development projects; exports to Communist countries, and imports from them—for payment in rupees is accepted—form a valuable and increasing part of India's foreign trade. In peacetime, alignment is a luxury which India cannot afford. As one of India's most pro-Western papers said, "There were good reasons for adopting the policy of nonalignment and there still are." But, as it added, "We might look more closely at the way we have practiced it."

It is here that the decisive change has occurred. The illusions which

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made it possible for neutrality so often to mean being neutral against the West have gone—and, I think, gone for good. Never again will an Indian statesman be able blithely to accept the equation that the West, with all its virtues, stands for imperialism while communism, for all its faults, means liberation. The first ten days of the fighting produced a really astounding revulsion of public feeling against the kind of nonalignment which India had practiced up till then, and of gratitude toward the West. When it came to the push, people realized who were standing at India's side. Not Tito, Nasser, Sukarno or Nkrumah, and still less Khrushchev (on whom New Delhi had built such hopes that he would at least restrain Peking, if he could not publicly support India).

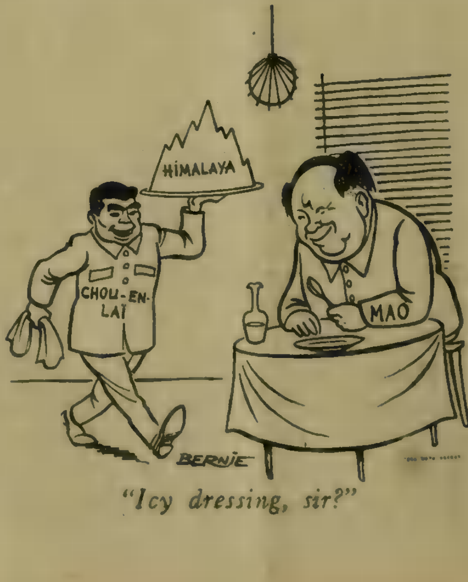
THIS emotional revulsion, which was expressed in scores of letters to the papers, in speeches, in private conversation almost anywhere, and by commentators who only twelve months before would have been loyally mouthing the purest creed of nonalignment, gave way to a more rational and perhaps longer-lasting calculation of self-interest. The nonaligned countries, which, by and large, had remained nonaligned in this dispute also, started to come out with a slight but noticeable bias to India's side. The Russians seemed to wish they had not slipped so far off the fence. But as anger against them subsided, the mood of questioning that followed revealed some truths which have hardly ever been publicly acknowledged in India except by the professional allies of the West.

People began to appreciate, now, that their anger and disappointment had been unreasonable. It was natural that the other nonaligned powers should hesitate to come out openly for India. It was understandable that the Soviet Union should initially have tended to support its ideological allies. But precisely because these reasons and excuses were there, it became plain that the only dependable allies were the countries of the West. Moral justification did not alter hard facts, and whatever the value of nonalignment in time of peace, people realized, when the crisis came there was only one yardstick: who is with us?

I think this hard-headed attitude will survive the present troubles. It is unlikely that India will ever again stalk the world with a purely moral measuring tape. This does not mean that the West can expect to find itself any better loved, but it can expect to find its actions judged by Indians as Indians, not moralists.

At a less sophisticated level, the West may even find itself better loved. I happened to be handling the correspondence columns of an Indian paper throughout the crisis. The themes of literally dozens of letters were "now our eyes are open" and "at last we see who our real friends are." The speed and generosity of American and British aid have profoundly impressed the Indian public. Toward the United States there is gratitude; toward the British a revival of that curious, sentimental but real affection which bound the imperialist and his former subject in the first years of independence, but which seemed more recently to have snapped under the strain of repeated disagreements. How permanent these feelings will be it is hard to say. A rousing Kashmir debate might help to dispel them; a real Kashmir war, with the West remaining neutral, would certainly do so. Short of these, I think it will be a long time before Indians forget that, whatever may happen in the Congo or Yemen, when their country really needed help it came from the West.

What positive effects can we expect to see in India's international policies? In the cold-war context, it is hard to say: it depends too much on what happens to the fighting. If the border becomes peaceful again, it will still be in India's interest to be on as good terms as possible with both East and West. Locally, it is certain that India will look with far less disdain on those, like itself, who face Chinese aggression, or whose diplomatic sympathy it needs. The crisis found India desperately friendless. The Chinese have concluded frontier agreements with Nepal and Burma, and are planning talks with Pakistan. They have just made a trade-and-aid agreement with Ceylon. The Nepalis, headed by King Mahendra, have been antagonized by India's failure to suppress the anti-royalist rebels who operate from Indian territory. The Ceylonese are at loggerheads with India over the stateless Tamil laborers of Indian descent. The Pakistanis have Kashmir to grieve over. The Southeast Asians have a decade of snubs in which India has looked distantly on while they struggled with Communist infiltration. The exception is Indonesia. The value of the soft soap expended on President Sukarno was proved at the Asian Games.



"Icy dressing, sir?"

OF all these countries, the only one that came out with prompt and public expressions of support for India was Malaya (it is not so long ago that New Delhi looked on the dream of Malaysia with barely concealed suspicion as running dogs of neocolonialism). The extent to which realism is breaking in is to be seen in favorable references in Indian press commentaries even to Taiwan—a Taiwan, remember, which supports the Chinese claims, but which here and now threatens Peking and not India. New Delhi will hardly go so far. But a livelier sense of self-interest and a rather less acute one of morals are in the air.

What does the crisis mean at home? The change here is almost unbelievable. It may be worth explaining that the common picture abroad of India as a heroic democracy marching in giant strides toward prosperity and social justice, a hundredfold version of Zionist Israel, is a work of art, not reality. Foreigners who live here see a land riven by factions and feuds of religion, caste and language; state squabbling with state over river waters or boundaries; politics corrupt and totally unprincipled; politicians preaching Gandhiism and practicing grab; inequalities of wealth monstrous and growing worse.

This picture, in fact, is also a work of art, but it is a terribly persuasive one; and, though not the whole truth, it is part of the truth. Yet for the last four weeks, this picture has changed. With the sole exception of the pro-Chinese wing of the Communist Party, some of whom are now in preventive detention, the nation has risen like one man to the challenge of invasion (perhaps because the invasion is still confined to a distant, almost inaccessible border). Enormous sums of money and gold ornaments have been offered to the new National Defense Fund. Ex-soldiers have volunteered in numbers. Opposition parties, even one which wants to separate South India from the rest of the country, have offered the government their support.

THE FLY in this ointment was Mr. Krishna Menon. With the best will in the world, those who for years had been derided for denouncing his ideas did not feel they could unite while he remained in the post where he had already proved a failure. It wasn't his political failure that was his undoing. To be wrong about Chinese intentions, though dangerous, was not a crime—and it was an error that had been shared by many eminent Indians, Mr. Nehru among them. But a wave of fury swept the country when it was learned just how ill-equipped the Indian Army had been. Whatever one thought of him, Mr. Menon was popularly agreed to be a competent departmental Minister, and in particular to have enormously increased indigenous defense production. Yet when the test came, it transpired that he could build prototype jet fighters, but not light machine guns; that he could supply espresso coffee machines, but not blankets, boots and winter clothing. Menon's political allies have tried to represent the feeling against him as an artificial political campaign whipped up by opponents of nonalignment. This is untrue. What removed Krishna Menon was popular feeling.

There was no doubt that Nehru wanted Menon to stay. He refused Menon's resignation as early as October 30, a week before he finally accepted it. His revelation that this was so, and that the responsibility must therefore rest entirely on him, would normally have been enough to win the day. The dissidents might grumble, but "Panditji knows best." This time the dissidents stood up, in the executive meeting of the Congress members of Parliament which sealed Menon's fate, and defied Panditji's judgment.

Menon was a scapegoat in one sense. He represented the era of vacillation, of half-heartedness, of uncertainty and confusion and bewilderment—an era which the Indian people have the will (and at least a reasonable chance) of putting behind them for ever. He stood not for Nehru's policies and leadership, but for the lack of them. The politicians' revolt was not against what Nehru had decided, but against what he had not decided—then, and for so many years before. The people are determined. Their response to the threat of war—at least, to the threat of a non-nuclear war—left a fairly cynical man like me moved and humble. If India can win through to a just peace, it will face the future, leader and people together, in far better shape than it was only a month ago. The Chinese may find they have achieved the one thing they cannot have wished to achieve.

KENNEDY: The Reluctant Emancipator . . *by Howard Zinn*

THE DISPATCH of federal troops to Oxford, Mississippi, tends to obscure the true cautiousness of John F. Kennedy in the movement for Negro rights. Oxford diverted attention from Albany, Georgia. In the former, the national government moved boldly and with overwhelming force. In the latter, which twice this past year has been the scene of Negro demonstrations, mass arrests and official violence, the federal government showed cautiousness to the point of timidity. The two situations, occurring in comparable Black Belt areas, point up the ambiguous, uncomfortable role of the Administration in civil rights. Oxford is fresh in the memory today and has been the object of an international uproar. Albany, now in the backwash of national attention, deserves to be brought forward for a good look.

I had the benefit of two such looks: last December, when that Black Belt city erupted with racial demonstrations for the first time in a long history going back to slavery days; and again last summer, when trouble burst out once more. Both times, the Southern Regional Council, which studies race matters throughout the South from its headquarters in Atlanta, had asked me to investigate and report. What I saw convinced me that the national government has an undeserved reputation, both among Southern opponents and Northern supporters, as a vigorous combatant for Negro rights.

To be fair, this much should be said at the outset in behalf of the Administration: fundamentally, it is behaving no differently from any of its precedessors. We have always lived in a white society, where even liberalism is tinged with whiteness. I am measuring the actions of the Kennedys not against past performances, but against the needs of our time. My object is not to denounce, but to clarify. It is important for American citizens to know exactly

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how far they can depend on the national government, and how much remains for them to do. In the field of racial equality, this government simply cannot be depended upon for vigorous initiatives. It will, however, respond to popular indignation and pressure. When I say that it often responds slowly and reluctantly, my intention is not to vilify John F. Kennedy, but to light a flame under the rest of us.

The Kennedy Administration has set limits, never publicized but nevertheless implicit in its actions, to its own power in the field of desegregation. It will act to keep law and order in cases of extreme and admitted defiance of federal authority, as in Oxford. But it will not act against violation of federal law in other cases—in Albany, Georgia, for instance—where the circumstances are less stark.

THERE is a rough analogy between Lincoln's insistence (in that famous letter to Horace Greeley) that he was more concerned with *union* than with slavery, and Kennedy's unspoken but obvious preoccupation with *law and order* above either desegregation or the right of free assembly. This explains why the Justice Department, while over a period of nine months 1,000 Negroes were being jailed in Albany for peaceful demonstrations against racial discrimination, gave tacit support to the chief of police for maintaining "law and order." Only after eight months of pressure and complaint did it enter the picture as "friend of the court" in a defensive suit. But it never took the initiative in behalf of Albany Negroes.

The analogy with Lincoln is only a rough one because even the "law and order" principle is applied by Kennedy rather narrowly, with shadowy situations interpreted against the Negro rather than for him. In the case of Ole Miss, the law was unquestionably clear and the imminence of disorder equally clear. But in Albany, there was legal doubt. True, there was an Interstate Commerce Commission ruling and explicit court decisions calling for desegregation of the bus and train terminals. But did not the chief of police say on three successive occasions, when arresting young people who had used the "white" section of the terminal, that it was not a matter of race, but of keeping "order"? A forthright national government might have dismissed this argument as easily as it did Barnett's contention that race was not the basic reason for barring James Meredith from Ole Miss. But the Kennedy Administration chose not to challenge Albany's Chief Pritchett.

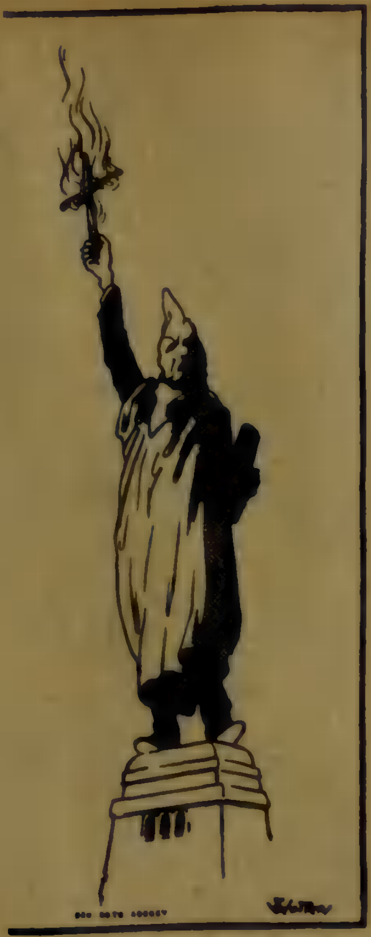
And when, last December, more than 700 Negro men, women and children were packed into jails in the Albany area for protesting segregation by marching through downtown streets and holding prayer meetings in front of City Hall, the government might have gone to court, on the basis of the First Amendment, to defend the right of free assembly. It might be contended, however, that with Negroes in jail, Albany had more "order." Also, constitutional lawyers disagree over the right of the government to take the initiative in enforcing the First Amendment. The Kennedy Administration has talked of the New Frontier, but perhaps this frontier does not extend into the South or into the field of constitutional law.

ALBANY is a quiet commercial town in southwest Georgia surrounded by farm land that, in pre-Civil War days, was slave plantation country. Negroes, once a majority in the community, now make up 40 per cent of its population of 56,000. Interestingly enough, like many Southern cities just beginning the process of desegregation, Albany has been free of white mob violence of the kind that made headlines at Oxford, Little Rock and a few other places. When, last December, Negroes marched downtown in large but peaceful groups to sing and pray in front of City Hall, whites stood by and watched with curiosity—resentful, perhaps, but quiet. It was the city and county officials who, by jailing the peaceful demonstrators, repeatedly violated the Fourteenth Amendment, which not only prohibits the application of local law on the basis of color, but also—according to constitutional doctrine accepted since the 1920s—bars deprivation by local officials of the rights of free speech, assembly and petition.

The fact that it was local police who violated constitutional doctrine is important because it is against local governments, rather than private persons, that the federal government has the clearest right to act in defense of the rights of citizens.

A SHAKY truce ended the December demonstrations, which had been provoked by arrests at the train terminal, but were rooted, of course, in the total segregation and white domination that make Albany, Georgia, such a hard place for Negroes to live in. By January, the truce began to fall apart. That month, an eighteen-year-old Negro girl named Ola Mae Quarterman sat in the front seat of an Albany bus, refused to move on the command of the driver, was arrested by a policeman and convicted in city court for using "obscene" language. The driver testified that she had told him: "I paid my damn twenty cents, and I can sit where I want." Subsequently Miss Quarterman told a federal court, to which her case had gone on appeal, that she had used the word "damn" in relation to her twenty cents, not in relation to the driver. (Anywhere but in the Deep South a judge might have thought it incredible that she should be forced to defend her words by making such a distinction.) The city's counsel insisted her race had nothing to do with her arrest, and in cross-examination asked if it were not true that the cause of her arrest was her "vulgar language." She replied softly, "That's what they said."

There followed several hundred arrests as the city police moved promptly against every Negro who, in any way and under any circumstances, challenged segregation patterns: two young men who sat in the Trailways terminal restaurant; four men picketing a store downtown; thirty youngsters asking service at a lunch counter; twenty-nine people praying in front of City Hall; thirty-two Negroes on the way to City Hall; 150 more on the way to City Hall; seven praying in front of City Hall; ten more, eighteen more, sixteen more, all praying in front of City Hall; fourteen praying



at the Carnegie Library—all thrown into jail.

After a thousand arrests, Police Chief Laurie Pritchett emerged into national prominence as some sort of hero. He had kept the peace. Somehow, the standard for American democracy accepted by the Administration became the standard for the nation: the sole criterion was the prevention of violence. The fact that violence had at no time been imminent in the demonstrations was overlooked.

THERE is a statute in the U.S. Criminal Code, Section 242, going back to 1866, which makes it a crime for a local law-enforcement officer deliberately to subject "any inhabitant of any State . . . to the deprivation of any rights, privileges, or immunities secured or protected by the Constitution and laws of the United States. . . ." Under any reasonable interpretation, this law was broken in Albany at least thirty times from November 1, 1961, when police for the first time ignored the ICC ruling desegregating the bus terminal, to the middle of August, 1962, when three youngsters trying to attend service at a white church were arrested. To select one instance with at least fifty witnesses: a county judge watched quietly from his bench as deputy sheriffs dragged and pushed out of his courtroom five young people—one Negro and four whites—who had taken seats in the "wrong" section (by race). One was a young woman whom a deputy dragged over a row of seats and pushed through a revolving door.

The U. S. Department of Justice maintains an FBI office in Albany. Affidavits have flowed into that FBI office in a steady stream, attesting to violations by local officials of the constitutional rights of Negroes. But nothing was done. As recently as last week, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., publicly charged that the FBI agents in Albany have been favoring the segregationists. [As to the role of the FBI in the investigation of complaints by Negroes in the South charging violations of civil rights, and of the attitude of Negroes toward the bureau, see Volume V of the 1961 *Report of the Civil Rights Commission*, particularly the notes on pages 211 and 219.—ED.]

The Department of Justice, citing a 1943 case in which the conviction of a Georgia sheriff in the brutal killing of a Negro named Bobby Hall was overturned by a narrow Supreme Court interpretation of Section 242, takes the position that it should prosecute only in *extreme* cases of police brutality. This policy allows transgressors of Negro rights who stop short of premeditated murder to act with reasonable assurance that the federal government will not move. Last summer, at least three acts of brutality occurred in the Albany area, were duly reported to the FBI, and thus far have resulted in no federal action. I will describe these three in some detail as told to me by the principals.

ON July 23, 1962, about 5:30 P.M., Mrs. Slater King, wife of a Negro leader in the Albany Movement, drove from Albany to the Camilla jail in neighboring Mitchell County, carrying food to a girl who had been arrested with a hundred other Negroes while on a march to City Hall. Mrs. King was in her sixth month of pregnancy, and had her three children along. "All you niggers get away from the fence," one of the deputies standing nearby called out as a group of visiting women approached the jailhouse. Mrs. King walked slowly towards her car. A deputy pointed her out, cursed her, threatened to arrest her if she didn't hurry. She turned and said, "If you want to arrest me, go ahead." She was then kicked, hit twice on the side of the head and was knocked unconscious.

Several days later, William Hansen, a twenty-year-old white field worker for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, and a veteran of jails in Mississippi and Maryland for participating in desegregation actions, was put in the Dougherty County jail in Albany after a prayer session in front of City Hall. A prison trustee, to whom the jailer had earlier suggested that Hansen needed to be "straightened out," beat the Cincinnati youth into senselessness as he sat on the floor reading. His jaw and several ribs were broken. Bleeding profusely from the mouth, he asked the jailer for medical aid, and was told this was not within the jailer's jurisdiction. Finally, a message shouted through the cell window brought about his transfer to the city jail, where he was hospitalized.

THAT same Saturday afternoon, C. B. King, thirty-six, the first and only Negro attorney in the city of Albany and the legal backbone of the Albany Movement, heard of Hansen's beating. He visited Sheriff Cull Campbell of Dougherty County to check on Hansen's condition. A Negro minister who was waiting to meet King in the Sheriff's office at the time later described what happened. Sheriff Campbell, seeing King in his office, said, "Nigger, haven't I told you to wait outside?" As King turned to reply, the Sheriff picked up a walking stick and hit him viciously on the head, breaking the cane. King staggered from the office, blood streaming from his head and crossed the street to City Hall, where Chief Pritchett had him taken to a hospital. Pritchett, who had just arrested twenty-eight Negroes for praying and singing in front of City Hall, called the beating of King "very regrettable." *The New York*

Times reporter, Claude Sitton, noted that "Chief Pritchett had more than 160 city, county and state law-enforcement officers standing by to prevent violence." Sheriff Campbell readily admitted the beating, when I questioned him a month after the incident: "Yeh, I knocked hell out of him, and I'll do it again. I let him know I'm a white man and he's a damn nigger."

All of the above three incidents were reported to the FBI, which dutifully recorded them. Thus far, the federal government has taken no action.

THE few things that the national government *did* do in Albany give a clue to the boundaries it has drawn for itself in the field of civil rights. It went into a frantic day of telephone calls when Martin Luther King, Jr., was jailed in Albany; King, of course, is a politically important symbol. President Kennedy, in answer to questions on Albany at two different press conferences, made two statements. In one, he criticized Albany officials for refusing to negotiate with Negroes; in the other, he denounced the burning of Negro churches that had been used for voter-registration activities in the Albany area. The President's plea for negotiation, like his careful speech on the eve of Meredith's registration at Ole Miss, carefully skirted the moral issue of racial equality and stuck to procedural questions: the law, negotiation. The President has still not followed the advice of his own Civil Rights Commission to give "moral leadership" and to use "education and persuasion." His statement on church-burning covered two points on which the Administration is especially sensitive: its antipathy to nationally publicized violence and its careful defense of voting rights (but not other rights) guaranteed by the Constitution. The only federal suit initiated by the Justice Department in the Albany area was in defense of voter-registration activity.

THERE is a plausible legal argument to the effect that voting rights are protected by specific legislation (the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960), while the First Amendment rights of free speech, assembly, etc., and the Fourteenth Amendment right to color-blind treatment by local officials, are not. However, a national administration less timorous than the present one could find solid legal sanction for the widespread use of injunctions to protect free assembly and to attack legal segregation. In the Debs case of 1895, the Supreme Court supported the issuance of injunctions without specific statutory basis, saying: "Every government has a right to apply to its own courts in matters which the Constitution has entrusted to the care of the national government." This ruling has never been overturned.

A truly bold national administration might do the following: (1) prosecute vigorously, under Sec. 242, violations of Negro rights by local officers; (2) create a corps of special agents — not encumbered, as is the FBI, by intimate relations with local police officers—to prevent, as well as to investigate, violations of constitutional rights; (3) use the power of injunction freely, both to prevent policemen from curtailing the right of assembly and petition and to break down legal enforcement of segregation; (4) tell the South and the nation frankly that racial discrimination is morally wrong as well as illegal, and that the nation intends to wipe it out.

AT THIS moment, because of the limitations that the Administration has imposed upon itself, there is a vast no-man's-land for American Negroes into which they are invited by the Constitution, but where federal authority will not protect them. It was into this no-man's-land that the Negro population of Albany ventured, and found itself deserted. The future may bring one or two more Oxfords, but there are a hundred potential Albanys. Throughout the Deep South, Negroes are on the move towards dangerous territory. And so far, though these men, women and children live in a nation whose power encircles the globe and reaches into space, they are very much on their own.

THE CHANNEL: Bridge or Tunnel . . *by David Cort*

FIVE HUNDRED years overdue, the Common Market of Europe (technically the European Economic Community and the Coal and Steel Community), based in Brussels and Luxembourg, has arrived. England's prospective economic tie with the Continent, via membership in the market, hypothecates a physical connection. And this logic has revived the idea of a tunnel under the English Channel. More than a symbol of European union, something of the kind would be essential for heavy express traffic, though the great mass of goods would still be carried by sea.

The idea of a tunnel is not new. Napoleon's engineers had it first. Actual tunnel companies were formed in England and France in 1872 and 1875 and actual tunnels were begun in 1881. England's went a mile and three quarters, France's a mile. The original movers' grandsons, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu and Leo D'Erlanger, met by chance in 1954 and reactivated the idea. It shows that the talk among the rich is sometimes very dreamy.

It was suddenly realized that England's old fear of invasion by tunnel was dead. It was noted that New York and New Jersey had not used the Lincoln Tunnel for warlike purposes, and that Shakespeare's opinion of geography-*cum*-politics was perhaps not the final one.

DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor. His latest book is The Minstrel Boy *(Macmillan), a novel.*

The present Channel Study Group is owned in four equal blocks: by the Channel Tunnel Co., Ltd. (one-quarter controlled by the British Government's transport commission), France's Société Concessionaire, the Suez Co. (one-third controlled by the British Government), and an American group called Technical Studies, Inc., backed by Morgan Stanley and Dillon, Read.

The tunnel involves loading trucks and cars on flat-cars and whisking them through the tunnel at up to ninety miles an hour. For some reason, this prospect irritates the French trucking syndicates, which are newly rich.

And so the truckers instigated and financed the rival Société d'Etude du Pont sur La Manche, of which the key word is Pont (for bridge), to save truckers from the humiliation of riding on a train. They got the Socialist politician, Jules Moch, to head their mockery. A bridge has the great advantages that whereas a tunnel would cost only $280,000,000 (plus rail installation) a bridge would cost $600,000,000; a bridge would be gloriously conspicuous, especially to the greatly increased Channel shipping trying to get under it in the frequent gales and fogs; a bridge would offer truckers an awesome view of the walls required to keep the gales from blowing the vehicles off the bridge; and in case of war the bridge could easily be bombed or used to dominate the Channel.

But an even worse alternative presently leaped to the mind of men: a dam, which would also provide electric power. The warmer water flowing from the southwest into the Channel now tempers the climate of eastern England and the Low Countries. To shut it off might put these areas into a winter deep-freeze, paralyzing sea-traffic. The whole water and land ecologies would change. New currents would build up and erode new shorelines dictated by them, not by governments. This sort of fooling with nature always produces results that have not been predicted, expected or wanted.

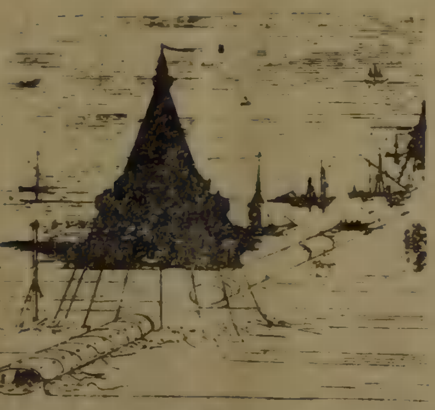
THE BRIDGE, to a lesser extent, would accomplish some of the same ends, though more slowly.

"As for me," De Gaulle said at a dinner party, "I am a tunnelist." Another tunnelist has said, "A tunnel of love or a bridge of sighs."

The tunnel would probably run thirty-two miles—twenty-three under the sea—through grey Dover chalk, from Folkestone to Sangette. It would consist of two one-way tubes, with a smaller service tube between. At the terminal, various kinds of railway cars would load trucks, private cars and passengers very rapidly. Electric trains would leave every five minutes, and would take about half an hour for the sub-Channel trip. Since a train in a tunnel pushes air ahead and sucks air in behind, the tunnel operation would provide its own ventilation, improved by the cross-vents into the service tube.

The proposed bridge would have a five-lane highway for internal combustion engines, two tracks for trains, two lanes for two-wheeled vehicles. Ten spans, for the big ships to pass, would be 230 feet high (twenty-three feet higher than the Queen Mary) and 1,394 feet long. If the seas ran twenty-five feet high, the Queen Mary's captain would be wise to heave to. In fact, in a normal Channel fog, no captain would take his ship through. The consequent parking jam, in fog and gale, is something to be imagined.

THE bridge advocates, or railroad-haters, have two formidable arguments. One is that people might get claustrophobia in a tunnel. The other, entirely mystical, is expressed in the title of their report, "The Quarrel between Ancients and Moderns," the moderns being themselves, the truckers. The real argument for the bridge is the same as for the ancients' 500-foot Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria. Anything that big and visible is glorious. Drivers subject to vertigo might find it too glorious.



Schemes for tunneling the channel go back to the middle of the last century. Here is an old print, dated 1851, delineating a plan proposed by a Frenchman, Hector Horeau.

To end this vain and venal joke, the English Channel is an international waterway and every maritime nation, including the USSR, has a legal right to object to a bridge across it.

Russia, of course, has suddenly discovered that the Common Market (and, doubtless soon, the tunnel) is "a political and military conspiracy" against Moscow, "this precious stone set in its golden land, which serves in the office of a wall. . . ." The fact that for five years, on the contrary, Moscow thought the Common Market a capitalistic clowning tells us a good deal about the brain in the Kremlin, at least in this area. It woke up May 23, 1962 (reported in *The Nation* August 25, 1962), with a full-page diatribe in *Pravda*. But the date was very late.

The Kremlin had not realized that the Common Market's predecessor and model, in a stronger form, was the signing of the American Constitution of union in 1787, as Clarence Streit has pointed out. This too looked like a joke to the European chancelleries at the time.

ENGLAND AT the moment has heard the Commonwealth states' objections to its joining the Common Market and the politico-economic reporters are writing their usual gibberish, to sound as if they knew something when there is nothing to know. England in the Common Market may well pave the way for some of the Commonwealth nations to follow. To the American press, as contrasted with government, the whole thing is merely a matter of tariffs and economics, and assigned to the dull boys. In all the reporting I have read, there is not the smallest hint that a tremendous thing has happened, is happening, and is increasing.

The American Government, one feels, is not nearly so stupid in this matter as the American press or the Kremlin or the Commonwealth. The variations in stupidity will not be explored here.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Chekhov: Contradictions of a Good Man

CHEKHOV. By Ernest J. Simmons. Little, Brown and Co. 669 pp. $10.

Harold Clurman

IT IS an axiom — and like all axioms subject to exception — that an artist puts the best part of himself into his work. His everyday life is its dross. But certain notable artists, as admirable in their person as in their creative legacy, are what we might call good men. A few come to mind: Shakespeare (as far as we know), Mozart, Verdi and, closer to our day, Anton Pavlovich Chekhov.

The chief merit of Ernest Simmons' voluminous new biography — based to a considerable extent on the 4,200 Chekhov letters that have been published — is that it provides evidence of Chekhov's personal goodness. The biography is not a critical literary study, though the time, nature, purport and destiny of Chekhov's short stories — comprising more than twenty volumes — are all duly recorded. The emphasis throughout is on Chekhov the man. Writing in simple, unacademic prose, Simmons has performed his task well: he has shown us that Chekhov's life, for all its pain, was a beautiful one.

It is often agreed (particularly in the theatre) that a noble character is harder to make interesting than a villain. (Iago is a more grateful part than Othello!) There are at least two reasons for this: we doubt our own virtue and thus identify with the villain's vices which are somehow made understandably fascinating; and we think of nobility (or goodness) as being all of one piece — monotonously without complexity or contradiction.

But Chekhov abounded in contradictions. We are inclined to think of him as virginal. When Gorky in his memoirs tells us that Tolstoy asked Chekhov if in his youth he had had anything to do with loose women — Tolstoy used much coarser language — Gorky reports that Chekhov blushed "like a girl." Yet we learn — to our naive surprise — that he did his share of whoring. And he fell passionately in love and married only four years before his death at the age of forty-four.

He complained of his own laziness and one would think from Simmons' account of his gregariousness and his constant, large-scale hospitality that he worked very little; yet he filled those twenty volumes, the earliest of his short stories or sketches having been written at the age of twenty while he was still a medical student. He became a universally beloved author in his own time, but he generally referred to himself as a doctor and suffered a sense of guilt for having "betrayed" medicine — though he practiced it the greater part of his life. His literary motives were "pure," but he began writing for money: to support his parents, four brothers and a sister. He is one of the outstanding dramatists of the modern era but his two greatest plays, *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*, were virtually forced from him by The Moscow Art Theatre, and if he hadn't been eager to supply his actress wife with a leading role he might not have written the latter play at all.

THE contradictions multiply. Chekhov recognized the symptom of his fatal tuberculosis at an early age, but he never took proper care of himself; and though a physician with faith in medicine, as in the other sciences, he declared that doctoring oneself was "one form of the most repulsive egoism." He admired Tolstoy, but rejected the central principle of Tolstoy's teaching — non-resistance to evil. "In electricity and steam," Chekhov said, "there is more love than in chastity and abstinence from meat." Chekhov believed that freedom could be menaced by the Left as well as by the Right. He condemned a Socialist-minded writer for taking advantage of a cholera epidemic to promote riots. "Employing vile means to attain good ends," he said, "makes the ends themselves vile." But he read an illegal Marxist journal.

We have all heard that Chekhov regarded his so-called dramas of frustration — they bore a few and move most of us to tears — as comedies. (He was of a gay disposition and liked to tease people and devise practical jokes.) To this day, Chekhov's plays on the stage are distorted either by being made heavily glum or — in an attempt to follow Chekhov's prescription literally — by being made foolishly comic.

Gaev in *The Cherry Orchard* says, "When many things are prescribed to cure a disease, that means it's incurable." Broadening this we might infer Chekhov to believe that life itself is without remedy, evil being immanent in all of it. Was Chekhov then a pessimist? No one aware of the effect his work makes — or of Chekhov's personal history as Simmons now recounts it — can fail to recognize the "life-affirming" nature of both. Chekhov, like most of his char-

Sit-In Vigil

His body must be still,
Though fired upon by fifty eyes,
And flanking clack of spoons and cups,
Machine guns . . . . . . must be still.

Trust it — his black statue
Would remain; and so he shed it.

Ethereal his speed to that certain place:
Warm dirt, and the first-hand feel of hot sunlight —
A deathless pasture where membership was everyone's —
Only to be child-high.

Blackberry, blueberry,
Both our names begin with "B,"
Pick and eat, pick and carry,
Play is true, play is real.

And then daylight withdrew like an angel.

Return was quick; he sat again —
A skin erect upon a counter-stool;
His lips cold, his lips vastly still
Had eaten nothing, not even hate.

Elizabeth Randall-Mills

acters, was an ineradicable idealist, always seeking, always calling for, a better life. (Those who fail in this are the negative characters.) The majority possess the only true hopefulness. It is hope under adverse circumstances: that of the dirty, illiterate, censor-ridden, backward, Czarist regime, which others might have considered a time without any possible chance of amelioration.

TO READ Simmons' biography today is to be inspired anew by the man and artist Chekhov was. He marks a point of balance between the undisturbed liberalism of the early rationalist Enlightenment — our normal tradition — and the latter-day nihilism in which life is felt to be "absurd" — without worth and without dignity, a fraud perpetuated by a nameless, blind force. Chekhov, who lived in "evil times," racked by consumption, pursued by debt (though he came to earn a considerable amount of money), achieved a work and lived his days brimming with a wonderful love of life. As a doctor, as a public-spirited man, he participated in active work of widest range, making major contributions to the establishment and construction of schools, libraries, clinics.

We might designate Chekhov as the arch-humanist of modern literature, but through repetition the appellation has taken on a cold, scholastic, empty sound. The clue to Chekhov's character, as to his work, is *tenderness*. Chekhov deeply cared for people in every aspect of their lives. He even cared for fools and misfits, for he saw in each of them what essential and sound human element had been disfigured to make them what they were. His was not a mawkish tenderness, however; he didn't think we are all "beautiful people." He was always objective and realistic enough to point out the blemishes which cause nearly all of us to fall far from grace. But these made him less angry than sorrowful, while there always remained within him a tonic sense of humor. One might say that Chekhov forgave all because he understood all, but he was much too modest for that. His tenderness was companionate.

For a long time Chekhov was held to be the "poet" of ennui or boredom. Many people are bored today. But these are usually bored because there are so many things they think they ought to do, so many things they are formally obliged to do, so many things they despair of doing, so many things they are busy doing for which they see little reason and in which they feel no satisfaction. They are driven, thus, into a kind of insensibility. If Chekhov's people were bored it was because there did not seem to be enough things for them to do which might embody their deepest desires — activities which might eventuate as substantial, visible accomplishments. But the vital point to note is that Chekhov's characters do *desire*, so that their failure and unhappiness are more sympathetic than is the boredom of so many busy people today whose aim is merely to be busy, who desire nothing in particular except comfort or sex without qualms.

Chekhov never failed to answer a letter, never refused to receive a friend, rarely turned down anyone — no matter how obscure — who wished to make any real contact with him. He was available to experience. That is why he is immemorial to our hearts; and his writing will last a long time because in it, to quote Tolstoy, "The illusion of truth is complete."

Trapped in Our Strategy

KILL AND OVERKILL. By Ralph E. Lapp. Basic Books. 197 pp. $4.95.

James E. McDonald

"WE ARE trapped in an arms economy and a weapons culture," and powerful forces holding the jaws of that trap defy any early escape. We have put our national defense into the hands of groups whose "dominating policy has been an unlimited build-up of arms — the hardware came first, the philosophy could come later." That hardware has eventually dictated a philosophy couched in terms of a delicate balance of terror, but increasing weight of evidence indicates that "the strategy of enforcing peace through terror is shot through with fallacies and contradictions." In such terms Ralph Lapp condemns a strategy that he fears is soon to bring our uneasy peace to such a degree of instability that the weapons themselves will begin to rule our destinies by forcing our leaders to change from abhorrence to dread acceptance of a first-strike policy. And, we learn, our nuclear stockpile now holds enough megatonnage to overkill the Soviet Union twenty-five times.

Dr. Lapp writes as one who has been closely involved in this story from its quiet university laboratory beginnings some twenty-five years ago. His unparalleled record as a watchdog and monitor of our nuclear weaponeers during the past decade enables him to assemble into this lucid and powerful book an account of all the major factors that have operated to create our present strategy of annihilation. In place of ethereal strategizing and callous gamesmanship, Lapp gives his reader the facts, names, dates and weapons-technology data that must form the basis of the informed citizen's views in this awesome area. In contrast to the dubiously contrived and euphemized discussions by certain of his predecessors, his analyses of nuclear policies and strategies are refreshingly clear, sensible and very blunt. The citizen seeking a sound overall view of our nuclear dilemma must read this very important book.

And that the citizen has a responsibility, and an urgent one, to contribute to national decisions on nuclear policy is a point Lapp stresses in many ways. He notes, for instance, that "the problems of nuclear warfare are not really military in nature, nor does military training per se endow anyone with special wisdom or competence in the waging of such war. . . . If the weapons themselves are no longer strictly soldiers' tools, in the traditional sense, nuclear *strategy* is even farther removed from the limited competence of the military mind. . . ."

Lapp's studies warn him that world nuclear disarmament is the only sure and final salvation, yet his realism leads him to fear that "in the present atmosphere of acute distrust, general and complete disarmament is indeed a hopeless dream." As a minimum alternative, he pleads that we do everything in our power to halt the race for more and more-powerful nuclear arms. The question of how to stop it is the life-and-death question of the 1960s, he warns; the 1970s will be too late. Lapp's book closes with seven specific recommendations for immediate action.

First, he urges that our missile program be revised in order to make it a *truly retaliatory force* rather than one tailored for a first strike. Lapp, like Oskar Morgenstern, argues the simple logic that the continental-based Air Force Atlas-Titan-Minuteman missile program, once it is fully armed in about 1964-5, will constitute a terrible *destabilizing* factor in every international crisis, and this simply because these fixed-base missiles will always be more vulnerable than their sea-based Polaris counterparts. To be sure that we don't find

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JAMES E. McDONALD is a senior physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics, the University of Arizona.

ourselves unarmed by an enemy first strike, we ourselves will be tempted to strike first — a temptation that could never be thrust upon us had we kept our missile force a purely retaliatory force at sea. To shift to a form of deterrent that will neither tempt the enemy to hit us first, nor panic us into striking first, is Lapp's first strong plea.

Second, he recommends that the AECs' and the military's insatiable appetite for larger and larger bomb stockpiles be curbed and that we look behind the AEC and the Defense Department to Congressmen who have often served as the prime instigators of incredible overproduction for incredible overkill.

Third, he asks that the realm of space be declared out of bounds for military operations and that NASA be given prime authority over big-booster development. He believes that the Russians would be amenable to mutual approach toward this important goal.

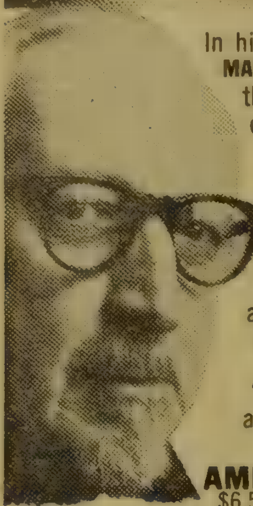
Fourth, his analyses of the hazardous triggering role of accidents or miscalculations, above all in the presence of the intrinsically unstable deterrent force the Air Force is now building for us, lead him to request an international communications system under UN sponsorship for use in speedy checks on false alarms and for clarifying misunderstandings when the decision time drops from a few hours (SAC fail-safe time) to fifteen minutes (time from first radar detection to arrival of transpolar missiles heading either way).

Fifth, Lapp sees value in a thorough study of the effects of nuclear war, to be carried out and widely disseminated by the United Nations. Thus, all the world would know what sober analysis has to say about the chances of any country's "winning" a nuclear war.

Sixth, to break out of the trap of our weapons economy, he advises that new federal agencies and university groups be set up to study the problems of arms control and the transition to a civilian, non-weapons economy.

Finally, speaking from first-hand experience with Congressmen and other Washington officials seeking reliable, nonpartisan advice on the scientifically complicated questions of the nuclear age, he urges establishment of a Science Council to advise our leaders in this strange forbidding area.

No panaceas. No trick solutions. No over-simplified answers of either the Teller or the Goldwater schools arise from Lapp's analysis. We've let ourselves be carried into this situation as a result of international and domestic pressures. What can we now do about it? Lapp's book is an indispensable guide.



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Compulsion to Toughness

STERN. By Bruce Jay Friedman. Simon & Schuster. 191 pp. $3.95.

Jeremy Larner

STERN is less a novel in the conventional sense than simply a record of a particular mentality. The protagonist is a certain kind of Jew not unfamiliar in Yiddish literature, a *shlimazl,* the wise, tender fool, who operates on principles of imagination and humor in a world whose blunt force scares him out of his pants. The brutality of the world scares him so deeply because he has the sensitivity to imagine what could happen next—usually someone slamming him in the stomach, raping his wife, torturing his child, ruthlessly severing the fragile emotional threads on which he has so carefully hung his existence.

The most tenuous of all these threads is the respect he must maintain for himself as a man—in terms of the world's own definition of manliness. The peculiar pressure that inflates this book to the bursting point is created by the author's relentless juxtaposition of the inadequacy of the common notion of manliness with the unavoidable compulsion of the hero to judge himself by it. The texture of the book is essentially poetic; it is the poetry of the feminine, accepting, creative personality challenged from without and within by the necessity to be a man and defend one's home and family against forces which are probably insuperable. Particularly, the conflict is expressed in a mild incident of anti-Semitism: a neighbor calls Stern's wife a kike, pushes her so that she trips and (since the lady is not wearing panties) gains an unexpected glimpse into her privacy. The situation is ridiculous, and ostensibly could be dissipated by a harmless fist fight; but to the wide-hipped, soft-bellied Stern the complications are endless: for he sees beyond the immediate conflict to a hatred and cruelty that his loving nature can never solve by acceptance. In his fantasies, the anti-Semitic neighbor is only a representative of a vast and unbeatable mechanism of blind, unappeasable male viciousness against which he is eternally helpless.

> As he drove by, the man was looming up in front of him, standing, hands in pockets, on the lawn and wearing a veteran's organization jacket. It meant he had come through the worst part of the Normandy campaign, knew how to hold his breath in foxholes for hours at a time and then sneak out to slit a throat in silence. He was skilled as a foot fight-

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JEREMY LARNER has published political and literary essays in a number of periodicals. He has just completed his first novel, Drive, He Said.

er and went always with deadly accuracy to a man's groin.

The terrible thing about Stern's fantasies—the quality which makes them grip and hurt—is that they have a large foundation in fact. Could Stern use the history of this century to soothe away his nightmares? The fact of the pogrom shadows every page of the book. But of course Stern's Jewishness is just a special instance of a general fear and trembling that is the lot not only of Negroes in the South or South Africa, not only of Angolese and Algerians, but of every individual man who can be drafted by the aggressions of huge groups into situations where he must display his manhood and/or perish.

Stern's fantasy of the combat veteran becomes frantically elaborate:

> Frightened of the jacket, Stern realized that he had never really seen the man's face, that he knew only the heaviness of his arms, an inclination of the head, and a certain wetness at the mouth. . . . Another night the man was nowhere in sight and Stern's eyes fixed on the license plates of his car, the two first letters registering "GS." . . . He remembered the letters and made up an organization they might have stood for, Guardian Sons, a group of twenty who sat around on Monday nights and cackled over kikes. Each time Stern saw a prewar car with "GS" letters he was certain it was the man, just coming from a meeting, his glove compartment filled with leaflets. He seemed to see such cars everywhere. Driving past the man's house, he wondered whether he might be able to steal back in the dead of night and destroy the car, dismantling the wiring, and then make it back to his own house undetected.

In his terror, Stern looks for allies, but instead gets only good advice, as when he appeals to a Negro artist acquaintance: "You have got to abstract yourself so that you present a faceless picture to society." Or later, when he stops people on the street and tells them he's going out of his mind: "Never give more'n half a loaf." "You got to stop lookin' for things." "Don't let any person get hold of you." But the trouble with this advice, as with most sound practical advice, is that the nightmare is real.

Stern must go to a sanitarium, where he confronts others who have been grotesquely twisted and debilitated by their failure to meet the threat that they prove themselves. And even at the sanitarium, Stern must cope with his inner demand to act out what is commonly accepted as masculine sexuality, that pointless, loveless, compulsive aggression, "as though only when he'd grabbed a certain number of breasts, stroked a certain number of thighs, racked up a magic number of sleepings would he be able to relax and be married."

But Stern can't relax and be anything. Even in his beautiful creative playing with his son, the fantasies of violence and helplessness intrude:

> And Stern had begun to play "Billy One-Foot" again, a game in which he pretended his leg was a diabolical criminal. "I'll get that Billy One-Foot this time," his son Donald would say, flinging his sucking blanket to the wind and attacking Stern's heavy leg. And Stern, whose leg for months had remained immobile, would lift and twirl it about once again, saying, "Oh no, you don't. No one can ever hope to defeat the powerful Billy One-Foot."
>
> Stern's son flew to the top of a living-room bookcase and said, "Get me down from this blazing fire," and Stern climbed after him, throwing imaginary pails of water on the boy, and then swept him down to administer artificial respiration.
>
> "I'm down here on the floor trapped and the only thing that can get me up is if someone touches a secret place on my ear three times and then taps me with a banana." The boy followed instructions delightedly, and Stern leaped up to shake his hand, saying, "Thank you for saving your daddy. I now owe you one hundred giraffe tails."

If only imaginary giraffe tails could save, Stern at least would be able to pay the price, which is one of the reasons he's so lovable. The rest of the men in his world never think of giraffes and magic bananas, and Bruce Jay Friedman has a devastating ear for all the nasty little sayings they think are funny. Friedman is nervously alive to every bit of brutality that men grab to get through their lives untouched; he is wide open to the comedy and sadness that attend a man who will be touched. *Stern* is an exceptional first novel. The plot will rupture a purist's sense of novelistic completeness, but the emotional impact accumulates, is steady and of a piece—and that's what counts.

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MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

CHARLES ROSEN's piano recital, given in Town Hall on November 12, was (as noted here earlier) a serious attempt to achieve genuine musical relevance and distinction within the framework of a "regular" recital program. As far as the performances themselves are concerned, all the expectations that Rosen's prodigious mechanical and conceptual gifts have raised over the years were impressively fulfilled. On the other hand, his apparent hope that, with such a program, he could work miracles from within, convert concert-goers and givers into serious listeners and musicians in one stroke, was clearly unsubstantiated. An audience that will come to hear what appears to be yet another program consisting of a little Mozart, more Beethoven, and lots of Schumann is not, for the most part, one that will come prepared to give its earnest and hard-working attention either to these works or to the perplexities of an advanced new composition like the Boulez Third Sonata, also on the program. Significantly, there seemed to be practically no intersection between this audience and the one at Gunther Schuller's concert reviewed last week. Perhaps the incentive to hear the new Boulez work was simply outweighed by a reluctance to hear still another Schumann *Carnaval;* but perhaps this defection also indicates a growing weariness with the solo recital format itself, a disillusion with its lingering aura of shoddy glamour.

TO MOST of those who were present, the Boulez predictably seemed an utter aberration on the program. Their total bewilderment at encountering in it something other than the usual five-finger neo-Hindemith exercise was, in fact, unmistakably audible throughout the performance. This finally prevented anyone's hearing the work properly, and so insured the complete fruitlessness of all the enormous intellectual and digital labor that must have gone into its preparation. Nothing was really discernible beyond the sonata's stylistic surface, which appears much like that of Boulez' other recent music (with individually distinctive sonoral complexes maximally differentiated from one another in content and presentation) and also like that of the other European composers in and around the Darmstadt circle. This much could have been expected, and revealed as much about the actual sound and nature of the sonata itself as would the ability to hear in an individual Mozart piece only that it sounded a little like Haydn, Pleyel and Clementi, and a great deal like Mozart (whose A minor Rondo K. 511—the most profoundly original music on the concert, and performed searchingly and with beautiful control — reminded one again what a "far out" and intensely aware composer he always was). But whether or not the Boulez is actually nonsense—and there seems no particular reason to doubt that it is—it could hardly have been expected to seem otherwise to most of its hearers on this occasion.

AT THE same time, I am led to wonder whether, conversely, the semblance of respectful attention at other times indicated a real apprehension of such other aspects of the concert as Rosen's brilliant solution to the overwhelming phrasing problems in the second movement of the Beethoven Op. 111, which are at the heart of its entire variational development, or his effortless articulation of its subtle, delicate and treacherous rhythmic shifts (indeed, one reviewer was in serious doubt regarding the very number of movements in the sonata, but was not on this account any less secure or self-satisfied in his judgment of its performance). I know of no other pianist alive capable of sustaining the direction and continuity of this movement so clearly and finely amid the enormous range of surface appearances — from the deceptive simplicity of the opening to the extreme complexities of the trill passages—within which Beethoven pursues his internally unambiguous discourse.

As to the Schumann *Carnaval,* no such lucid, sonorously brilliant, and virtuosic pianism—even sheerly as pianism—has been lavished on this warhorse since, probably, Rachmaninoff. Rosen's approach was considerably different and made its distinctions as economically as possible within a far narrower inflective range, but it bore the same vital relation to his sense of what is still alive in tradition (and the eccentric syncopations can hardly ever have been played with such high-speed nonchalance) that Rachmaninoff's bore to his own creative predilections. And although the playing throughout the evening was of the highest order imaginable, the final encore performance of the Chopin F-sharp major Nocturne, with its intricate and perfectly controlled contrapuntal structure, and the cool logic of its note-successions leading to the beautifully prepared but still arresting final return to the opening sound, was perhaps most remarkable of all.

Plainly, Rosen is a superlative pianist —more, a superlative musician—in terms of the quality of his accomplishments and the depth of his ideas. The question is, however, whether his attempt to salvage a kind of audience-performer "situation" whose implications, rooted in the musical ideology of the previous century, contradict the freshness and vigor of his musical mentality, does not threaten to waste all his quality and dedication.

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ART

Hilton Kramer

PAUL GEORGES' exhibition at the Allan Frumkin Gallery comprises fifteen paintings, all recent and all but two concerned with the figure. One of them, unfortunately the largest, is a giant oddity: a picture called *Great Rape* measuring fourteen feet wide and more than ten feet high and swarming with nude ladies being molested in a pastoral setting. Except as a barometer of the artist's taste and ambition, the work is of little interest. Unlike the women in Georges' other paintings, the figures here are brittle Cézannesque cartoons, and the landscape of their fate is unconvincing. (The two straight landscapes in the show similarly fail.) The picture calls for great powers of invention and design, and these are precisely the areas in which Georges shows no mastery. Twelve of the paintings in the show are portraits, however, and it is in them that the true disposition of Georges' art can be seen.

He brings a freshness and bravura to bear on what is essentially a traditional style: the portrait as it has evolved from Hals and Velasquez through Manet in France to Corinth in Germany and Sargent and Henri in America, but here revivified with some of the lessons of recent abstract painting. His style is thus marked by unconcealed reminiscences of past art to a degree that we are unused to seeing in contemporary work. If this makes Georges sound unadventurous, quite the opposite may be nearer the truth. It is sheer cant to suppose this tradition has been exhausted; no one in our time has explored it deeply enough to find out. Georges himself certainly does not carry the exploration far enough to bring in a definitive report, but what he attempts casts an interesting light on the possible territory ahead.

HE WORKS, first of all, with subjects very close to him in life—his wife, often painted in the nude, his children, and an occasional friend, as they appear in his studio—and he works out of the painterly manner closest to him in time, that of Abstract Expressionism. Where he succeeds most clearly is in those pictures —*Self-Portrait and Model in the Studio* in particular, and the head (though not the rest of the picture) in the *Portrait of Kaldis*—in which the subjects are allowed to exercise strict control over the method. Where observed visual fact (and this includes the space in which the figure is seen as much as the figure itself) is given full authority over the freedom of the brush, Georges' portraits have a pictorial solidity that never obtains in those pictures (and parts of pictures) where the unfettered manipulation of paint is used to tidy up and "finish" the composition. What compromises the success of many of Georges' portraits, particularly the nudes, is the shift in pictorial density that occurs when the painter turns his attention away from the plasticity of the model to the amorphous and ill-defined (because ill-conceived) space around her. In moving from what he sees to what the paint must itself invent, the artist suffers a marked diminution in expressive power and the spectator is left with a "sketch" in lieu of the solidity which is implied in the picture's own premises.

GEORGES' paintings may be usefully compared to those of Lovis Corinth (1858-1925) which Frumkin has been exhibiting over the past two years and which may very well have influenced Georges' approach. Corinth's paintings, too, are very much concerned with intimate family subjects, and they abound in quasi-Expressionist flourishes, often quite manic in execution. But in Corinth this painterly abandon has a very different origin and a quite opposite consequence.

As a counterpoint and corrective to the tight, sculptural style of nineteenth-century German painting, with its overriding emphasis on precise definition, Corinth's freer brushwork represents an expressive liberation from a convention which none the less continues, conceptually, to act as an armature for many of his paintings. Georges confronts the exact reverse of this problem a half-century later. Working out of the fluid, decorative practices of Abstract Expressionism, he needs above all to rehabilitate the plastic (or sculptural) element in painting to a new strength and viability, not only as a way of lending definition to amorphous brushwork but as a means of inflecting every area of the picture with a coherent and unifying conception. This job of plastic rehabilitation is what Georges has so far failed to do, and one wonders if it is possible to effect so radical a change in style while maintaining such an undiminished loyalty to a painterly method that had its origin in a very different—indeed, an antithetical—task.

Georges is only one among an increasing number of painters who are currently working in a similar direction. Richard Diebenkorn, Ben Johnson, Philip Pearlstein, and Manoucher Yektai are perhaps the most interesting and adventurous at the moment. Pearlstein has undoubtedly made the most irrevocable break with current taste, eschewing all

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the flashiness and Expressionist talismans of recent practice and addressing himself to a more impersonal and more tough-minded recovery of the figure as a plastic entity devoid of "psychology" and sentiment. The others, Georges included, work more or less within one or another modern convention — burrowing from within, as it were, and taking special care not to upset the aesthetic metabolism of modern art as a whole. Georges' new paintings are certainly his best to date; they have a robust force that is altogether pleasurable in an atmosphere of effete styles and petty innovations. But there is also something conformist in his art which reminds us that he has not yet turned this force on the basic issues.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

PICTURE for a moment a six-story building 700 feet long, almost twice as long as the ordinary city blockfront. It is an immense shoe box in shape, 350 feet wide and flat-faced all around, covered with hundreds of plaques of glass held in a delicate frame of black aluminum. This immense box sits in the middle of some 450 acres of rolling farm and woodland, and is approached by formal driveways, is flanked by large parking spaces, and has a wide pool in front of it, with fountains—or, rather, a single fountain hundreds of feet long, raising a delicate wall of spray from myriad nozzles.

Got that? Now make the building's glass wall not just ordinary window glass, but a gigantic cumulative mirror, acres of it. So, in a way, there isn't any building, but just reflections of the sky from a suggestion of a building. You cannot see into it; when you leave your car and walk up to it, you see yourself, brightly.

FANTASTIC? Of course; it is a little like a dream. But you don't have to dream it. This building is coming into existence at a town called Holmdel, New Jersey. The first half is finished and in use. It is a new research laboratory for Bell Telephone, housing something like 2,400 scientists, their helpers and supervisors. Only one of the walls is as yet filled with the mirror glass; but that is because the manufacturer has run into temporary production snags. Meanwhile, more conventional tinted glass dresses the walls.

The building was designed by the late Eero Saarinen, and every one of its physical aspects has a reason standing, like a footman, back of it. (For example, glass is a reliable mass-produced building material, if expensive. It looks well with anodized black aluminum, and if it can be made to reflect the countryside, the glass also will reflect a large proportion of sunlight, thus making the interior much easier to air-condition.) But the total effect is as pitiless as abstract logic.

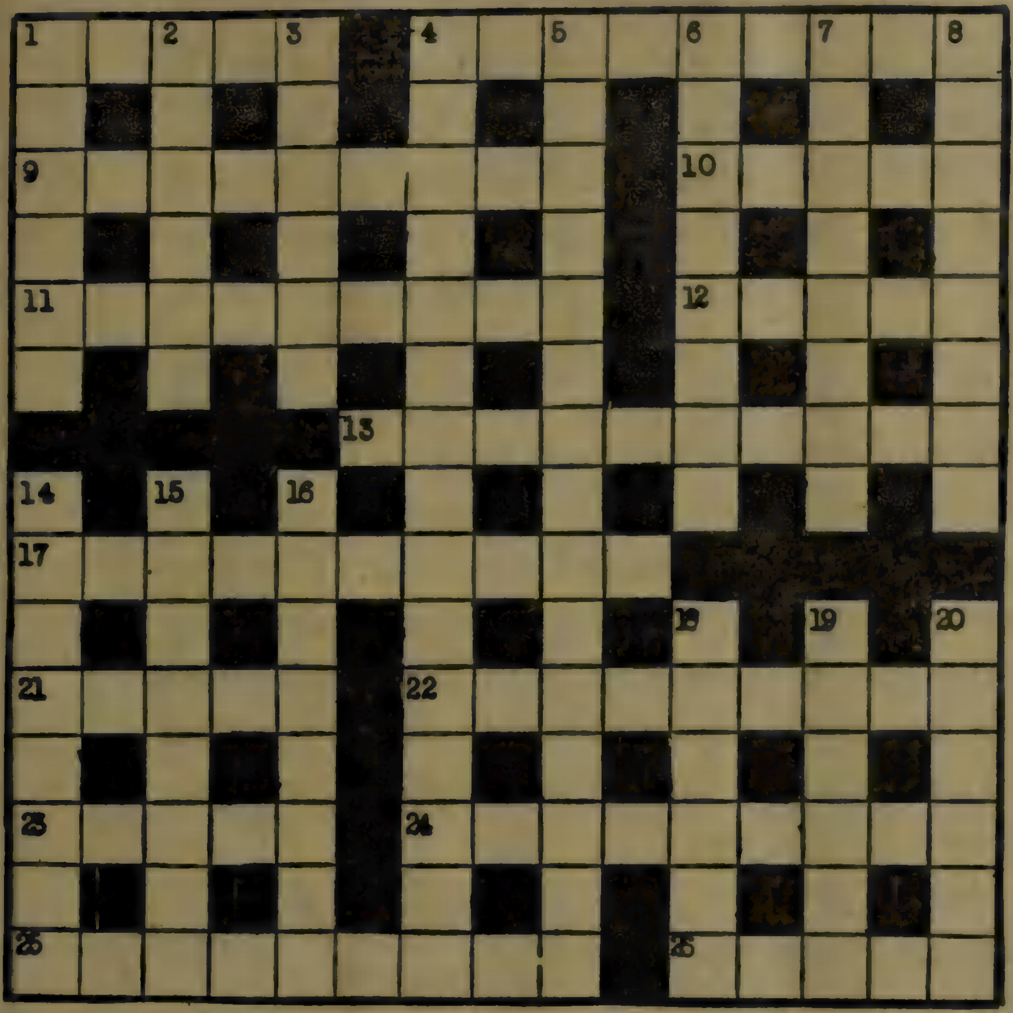
You realize this when you enter the building. The glass, mercifully, is a one-way mirror: you can see out from the hallway-galleries that run all around the building. But, like the wall of a moon shelter or a vacuum bottle, this wall, you soon realize, is nothing more nor less than a thin skin standing free around controlled climate. Technically, there is nothing wrong with that; as a matter of fact, it is a technical triumph. Psychologically, however, it is something less than endearing.

Within the grandeur of the landscaping, behind the beautiful fountain, within the suave, glittering architecture, inside the veil, are built two buildings, neither of which has any windows. Only the receptionist, seated in the immense lobby, has a window; nobody else. Even the corporate boss of the entire complex sits in a room with blank walls. If he wishes to see what the weather is doing he must step out of his large, well-lighted, immaculately detailed closet into an inner corridor and follow it to where it joins the peripheral corridor running along the inside of the glass walls. Or he can pick up his telephone and ask the receptionist how it looks out there. Here work 2,400 people, in a glass-walled building. But no matter how many promotions one gets, he will never have a window.

I COULD tell you numerous things which are interesting, or deft, about the design of this building, but suffice it to say that the designers of this structure have made an unsuccessful speculation in environment. They may even have come close to bankrupting one division of modern architecture—the wing which has attempted, and sometimes achieved, a lyricism of metal and glass. The Bell Lab is inventively conceived, beautifully put together. It is intensely tasteful in its details and intensely efficent. But it seems to forget the reason that most buildings are built—for people to live or work in—and so it is in the end venomously elegant.

Crossword Puzzle No. 987

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Rather early? Not quite! (5)
4 Not exactly the right poet for such a high place. (5, 4)
9 Building occupied by an incomplete female who won't get off, certainly. (9)
10 See 23 across.
11 Mrs. Apis? (6, 3)
12 The sex to long for praise without the music? (5)
13 It's its acts that are sometimes referred to as vital. (10)
17 Is it intentional to reenslave? (10)
21 The standing of intellect? (5)
22 Drunk in polite company. (9)
23, 10 and 26 Contemporary with Bunker and Breeds? (2, 3, 2, 3, 5)
24 Lies erect, strangely enough, in the square. (9)
25 Confident in one's step, and well thought-of. (9)
26 See 23 across.

DOWN:

1 Banquet concerned with the "good old days"? (6)
2 How Caesar refused the crown. (6)
3 Wild ones were flying in the "Princess". (6)
4 Is the tractor kept under canvas? (4, 11)
5 Disappeared with brass or wood, perhaps (but gets title for it). (4, 4, 3, 4)
6 Cross, when the subject of painting comes up with the subject of poetry. (8)
7 Proust, it seems, shows how to get down to bare facts best. (8)
8 Look at the tumbler! (Pimpernel had one.) (8)
14 Military type of crane. (8)
15 Obviously happy with more than one. (8)
16 Sticks in? Quite the opposite. (8)
18 Pant? (6)
19 Equivalent to "boomtiddy"? (6)
20 It certainly doesn't take feminine skills to make such a suit. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. [illegible]

ACROSS: 1 Rampage; 5 Hard put; 9 Demerit; 10 Mission; 11 and 12 Alley cat; 14 Toddled; 16 Redcoat; 18 Concave; 21 Rankled; 26 Pot; 27, 13 and 25 down Armed to the teeth; 28 Testers; 29 Boilers; 30 Notched; 31 Eighths. DOWN: 1 Redraft; 2 Mumbled; 3 Array; 4 Enticed; 5 Hamster; 6 Reset; 7 and 24 Point-to-point; 8 Tangent; 15 and 17 Leaden; 18 Capstan; 19 Nail-set; 20 Exposed; 21 Ratable; 22 Lambent; 23 Sadists; 27 Aping.

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Peace on Earth?

We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past few weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day after day, week after week, all through the year. There are many people and groups, in this country and elsewhere in the world, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space **The Nation** gives to reporting their varied activities. The programs of the peace movement, the problems of disarmament, the quest for the nuclear-test ban, the probings into the possibilities of negotiation — these are the bread-and-butter issues for **The Nation.** That is why **The Nation** is a peculiarly appropriate gift for the Christmas season. By giving a subscription to **The Nation,** you are contributing, however modestly, to the end that the efforts of those who work steadfastly for peace shall not go unnoticed.

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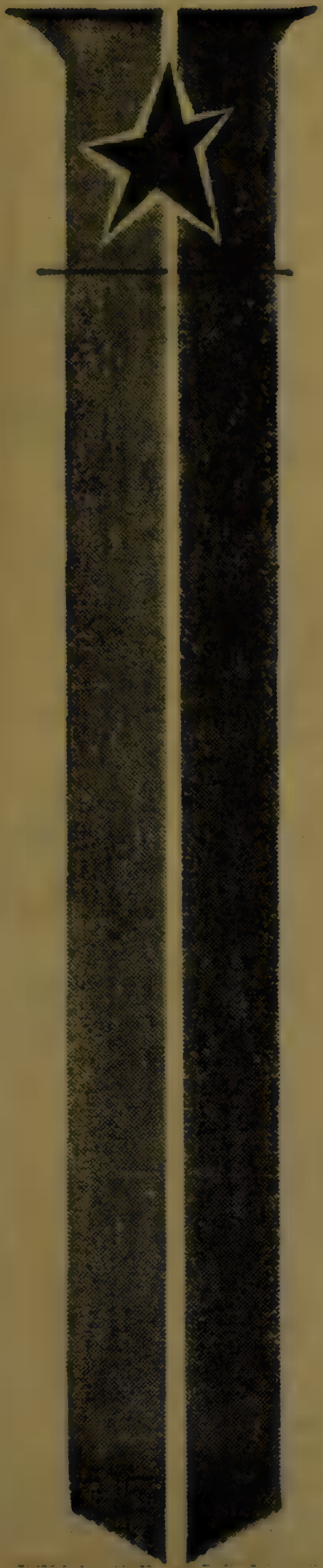

CONFLICTS in AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

Russell W. Gibbons

SAVINGS & LOAN

The 4¾% Bonanza

Kenneth Young

LETTERS

Nomination

Dear Sirs: I should like to propose that the next name to be included in the Hall of Fame be that of one who embodies America's best qualities—who fought for equal rights for all minorities, who dedicated a lifetime to peace among the peoples of the earth, and who in her self signaled the remarkable advancement of women—Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

New York City EVE MERRIAM

Complaint Canceled

Dear Sirs: From poetry editor to poet:

Don't send me a ballad with a
space-fill refrain,
Don't send in a time-kill hokku or
quatrain.
No triplets, no couplets, no
single-line strain.
It's "Lay off, MacDuff! the title's
enough."

I had just written the above, when your November 24 issue arrived with no less than eight poems, ranging from thirteen to twenty-three lines apiece, and adding up to a total of 144. What more can I do than send in my exactly mistimed protest with apologies and congratulations?

Lake Hill, N.Y. HELEN WOLFERT

Cuba and Counterforce

Dear Sirs: I read and reread with great interest Charles D. Bolton's masterly analysis of the Cuban crisis (*The Nation,* November 17). Mr. Bolton points out with great clarity that the Cuban crisis had its origins in our adoption of a counterforce strategy in the last twelve months, and that the "success" of the President's moves in this crisis may lead to "a complete cessation of a meaningful political dialogue in the United States." . . . But . . . Mr. Bolton criticizes those peace groups which protested the blockade and talks about "the misguided demonstrations of a few." He seems to have lost sight of the social and psychological factors required to keep the dialogue alive. I urge him to reread the editorial "Don't Keep Your Mouth Shut!" in the November 10 issue of *The Nation.* I. ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: May I offer one criticism of Charles D. Bolton's brilliant article? He labels the Russian dispatch of missiles to Cuba as a case of either "recklessness" or "miscalculation." I suggest that, in view of the American acceptance of the doctrine of counterforce strategy, the Russian decision indicates desperation rather than folly. They have probably concluded that the Pentagon intends to go to war and that they have no good choices left. So they made the bitter decision, admirably described by Mr. Bolton, to try their desperate deterrent fling. WILLIAM DOYLE

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I thought Charles D. Bolton's analysis of the Kennedy-McNamara-Pentagon strategy was careful and acute. But his assignment to the peace movement of the role of "keeping the political dialogue open" and "broadening the realm of the possible" rests, in my opinion, on a rather shaky assumption, i.e., that there actually *is* a dialogue on foreign policy (as regards ends) at the decision-making level. . . . I think that the assumption about the dialogue is particularly dangerous. What it says, in effect, is that everything is still fine and sound in the good old liberal democratic system, that there really is a difference between the goals of the military leaders and the political leaders (not to mention the economic ones), and that ultimately all these leaders are responsible to the people and responsible to popular movements.

Phrases like "checks and balances" and "consent of the governed" spring to mind—only to tail off into meaninglessness when confronted by the realities of modern propaganda and mass manipulation. . . . THOMAS J. LYON

Albany, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The difficulty of protecting Western Europe without announcing a counterforce policy is greater than appears from Charles D. Bolton's excellent article. The dangers inherent in the present pattern of world power are all the greater because such a counterforce strategy is not necessarily, in the first instance, a counter-*nuclear*-force strategy.

The present Soviet submarine fleet is much larger than that possessed by Germany at the outbreak of either World War I or World War II. Even if Soviet submarines are equipped only with (improved) conventional weapons, the West could not long sustain a conventional war in Europe without attacking Soviet submarine pens. Some of these pens are doubtless located near centers of civilian population and the only effective attack on them would be by nuclear bombs.

The open questions are whether the Soviet Union would consider such an attack as a first strike warranting the launching of its counter-city nuclear missiles and whether the United States, fearing that the Soviet Union would so decide, would go on to attack the Soviet's missile sites.

I do not understand how, in an other-

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The Nation, Dec. 8, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 19

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 19

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Revolution in Reverse

To deny that the United States has undergone a beautiful, bountiful, bloodless social revolution is rank heresy, bordering on the un-American. Since the end of World War II, the most authoritative media, from *Fortune* down, have been assuring us that classes have been practically abolished, or that they remain only in vestigial form. Except for insignificant fringe groups at the top and bottom, we are supposed to be one big, happy middle-class family. Best of all, in contrast to the Russian, Chinese and Cuban revolutions, this has been accomplished without a single head being raised aloft on a pikestaff.

It is sad to report that this tenet of the American faith is largely a myth. The debunking, moreover, is not the work of some malcontented publication, but of *The New York Times*, which combines respect for truth with affluence. As Christmas approaches, the Sunday edition can hardly be lifted without a crane, but despite this enviable volume of advertising, the *Times*, in its November 11 magazine section, printed an article titled, "Is the Income Gap Closed? 'No!'" It is by Herman P. Miller, an income specialist of the Bureau of the Census, and it is an eye-opener.

The figures, Miller says, are "clear, unambiguous, and contrary to widely held beliefs." Shares in income have remained practically constant for nearly twenty years. The proportion received by the families of the top 5 per cent declined from 30 per cent of the total in 1929 to 21 per cent in 1944, then it held steady. It is now 18 per cent *after* federal taxes. The poorest 20 per cent, who received 4 per cent of total income in 1935, rose to a resplendent 5 per cent in 1944, and that was it. They are still 20 per cent and they still get 5 per cent. The shares of the fifths in between have likewise remained remarkably stable since 1944, except for the second fifth, which has been and still is on the upgrade.

Miller explores other phases of the ameliorative myth and explodes one after another. White-nonwhite differentials have not narrowed. Pay differentials among managers, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled workers narrowed during the forties, but in the decade of the fifties the trend was sharply reversed. In sum, our social revolution, such as it was, ended nearly twenty years ago; yet, Miller points out, influential segments of the public, including high government officials, think and act as if it had never stopped.

The myth has a simple basis. The second fifth of the population — the well-to-do but not wealthy — is the group at which the loudest luxury advertising is aimed. It can afford the "big-ticket" cars and appliances; it will "trade up" with or without persuasion. That this upper middle class should be the darlings of those with something expensive to sell is natural enough, but the leaders and molders of public opinion have an obligation to be more discerning.

If inequalities, masked by a certain level of prosperity, are actually on the increase, a major political problem arises. Especially at a time when tax revision is in prospect, we cannot afford to be beguiled by roseate visions. The facts call for a Kefauver-type investigation to clarify and dramatize the issues.

The 'Lesser Evil'

Paris

General political apathy, combined with the failure of the anti-Gaullist vote to unite, gave the General his remarkable victory in the French elections. Seasoned political observers here are still talking about the fact that 30 per cent of France's eligible voters stayed away from the polls — a percentage far higher than any recorded during the Third or Fourth Republics. As to the unity of de Gaulle's opponents: How could one really expect the ultra-conservative "Independents" to gang up with, say, the Socialists, not to speak of the Communists? The example of a die-hard, right-wing paper like *L'Aurore*, was extremely significant. After having thundered for days against de Gaulle's dictatorial ambitions and defending the sanctity of democracy and parliamentary government, it turned to talk about the deadly danger of communism — and ended up by calling the Gaullists the "lesser evil." Other mass-circulation papers like *Figaro* took a similar line, while *France-Soir*, with the largest circulation of all, pretended to be impartial but subtly supported the Gaullists.

The purely tactical arrangements made between the Communists and Socialists "to keep the Gaullists out" were singularly half-hearted, in most cases. The tremendous enthusiasm among Popular Front voters in 1936, when they decided to "keep the Fascists out," was completely lacking this time. Now it was a purely tactical arrangement, no more; and thanks to it, the Communists have forty-one seats in the National Assembly, instead of ten, and the Socialists sixty-five instead of forty-one. In fact, this half-hearted attempt at a Popular Front cut both ways: on the one hand, the Socialists and Communists did gain seats; on the other hand, the Communist scare — worked up by the press and on radio and TV — drove quite a number of normally anti-Gaullist voters into the Gaullist camp.

Not that even this limited experiment in unity may not prove important in the future — especially if de Gaulle were to attempt to turn authoritarian.

The General, with more than 250 Gaullists in the Assembly, will have a parliamentary majority, albeit a sheepish one. French intellectuals are particularly distressed about this. Typical is the reaction of M. Beuve-Méry, editor of the *Monde*, who anxiously wonders whether de Gaulle will do all the right things to restore a proper "balance of power," without which there can be no "modern Republic"; or whether (as Beuve-Méry fears) de Gaulle will now act increasingly in a megalomaniac way, become increasingly intolerant of opposition and, ultimately, play into the hands of the Fascist elements included in his motley crew of opportunist followers. In such a case, *Monde's* editor points out, the Communists will, in the end, become the center of the whole Opposition.

Moreover, Beuve-Méry goes on to suggest, will not de Gaulle think himself more than ever the incarnation of France — and lose even more of his limited sense of proportion when it comes to international affairs?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Not Too Much Freedom, However

When Howard K. Smith and James C. Hagerty put on the TV program in which Alger Hiss suggested that Richard M. Nixon was motivated by political ambition, they first received a lambasting, then a pleasant surprise. The Schick Safety Razor Company and the Kemper Insurance Company tried to cancel their contracts with the American Broadcasting Company. This was a little too raw; besides, it endangered the whole broadcasting industry. All the networks rallied behind ABC, and were joined by Newton N. Minow, the crusading chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Jim Hagerty was hailed not only as a champion of free speech, but a great liberal. He must have been surprised.

The entire industry, however, did not remain on this high moral plane very long. The Columbia Broadcasting System did, but in this instance the industry failed to rally. Columbia had put on a program (in September, before the ABC Nixon program) called *Teen-Age Smoker*. The point was made that advertising was responsible for introducing young people to the cigarette habit. The tobacco industry made its usual protest, to no avail.

Last month, LeRoy Collins, former governor of Florida, complimented CBS on its broadcast. "Can we," he asked, ". . . in good conscience ignore the fact that progressively more and more of our high-school age — and lower — children are now becoming habitual cigarette smokers? The most recent statistics . . . point out that 20 per cent of boys have started smoking in the ninth grade, and almost 30 per cent of all girls smoke before they are graduated from high school. We also know that this condition is being made continually worse under the promotional impact of advertising designed primarily to influence young people." (The impact, incidentally, was noted in a *Nation* article by David Cort, August 15, 1959, p. 69.)

Nobody could object to this expression of legitimate concern on the part of a public figure — but Governor Collins is also head of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), and he suggested corrective measures on the part of the industry. The trouble with that idea is that, from TV alone, the industry derives over $100 million a year in cigarette advertising revenue. The NBC chairman, Clair McCollough, termed the comments "a little inadvisable" and made it clear that these were the opinions of Governor Collins, not of the NBC board. Mr. McCollough also made it clear that the NAB had no present intention of adding tobacco amendments to its ethical code. ABC promptly concurred. Collins and CBS are very much alone. Where $100 million a year is involved, businessmen must tread cautiously, and the majority of broadcasters are businessmen first, last and all the time.

Piling It Up

Like the arms budget, the national stockpile of strategic materials can move in only one direction — up. If fortune favors, it may move sideways. In the December 12, 1959, issue of *The Nation* Edward W. Ziegler, a former McGraw-Hill editor, wrote on "The Cold War in Storage: $8 Billion Stockpile Fiasco." He wrote too soon. Last August the hoard spiraled another $7.4 million, despite the astonishment, verging on consternation, expressed by President Kennedy in January.

The stockpile is adequately varied, that much can be said for it. It now comprises 96 materials, ranging from hog bristles to opium. The present value is reckoned at $7.7 billion, or just under where it was in 1959, but by all indications it will rise, especially if uranium is included. The Atomic Energy Commission has announced its intention to purchase $200 million worth of uranium ore later in this decade, although it already has a surplus. We can always prepare to overkill the Russians by a few hundred per cent more.

There may be some consolation in the fact that the strategic stockpile is only a fraction of the total stockpiling of our country, as great in its extravagances as in its unusable output. Counting all U.S. storage programs — strategic materials, farm surplus, machine tools and Civil Defense — Uncle Sam now has $14.2 billion in stock. Senator Byrd's Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures reports that storage costs alone will add up to $407.2 million in fiscal 1962, or more than $1.1 million a day. Strategic materials are about 10 per cent higher than the farm surplus. Also according to the Byrd Committee, the government is overstocked in 65 of 76 items for which maximum objectives have been fixed. Looking on the bright side of things, we may rejoice at all 11 strategic materials which, by whatever criterion the stockpile bureaucracy reckons such things, are not overstocked.

Although the strategic stockpile may horrify Senator Byrd, most Congressmen are wary of tampering with it. For one thing, there is the danger of being accused of lack of vigilance in the defense of freedom. This charge may come from any group or individual that owns a material which, if the government disposed of its surplus, might decrease in value. The same wariness is shown by the custodians of the various sub-piles in the total pile. "All we want is authority to dispose of this stuff in an orderly way," one official insisted. "We don't want to upset anybody if it can be helped."

The stockpile was amassed partly for strategic reasons, and partly for business reasons. There were surpluses which business was glad to sell to the government. Thus the business surplus, leading to lower prices, became a government surplus stabilizing prices. But if the surplus is incontinently disposed of, it will depress the market. All this tells a good deal about the free American economy.

A Good Week for Juggernaut

The public memory is notoriously short, but the "missile gap" of yesteryear still exists, only in reverse. Now, we are told by the same news weeklies which cried in anguish at the imminent destruction of the United States, it is Khrushchev who must have the nightmares, because any time we choose we can obliterate the Soviet Union in thirty minutes by *our* missiles. We have over 400 capable of reaching the Soviet Union, while they have only 125 capable of reaching the United States. To gladden American hearts still more, the Institute for Strategic Studies estimates that, in a matter of two years, the United States lead in long-range missiles should climb to 10 to 1, or some such comfortable ratio.

Under the circumstances, one would think that there might be a degree of relaxation on the part of our tax-eating strategists, but in the week just past they have outdone themselves. We must lead not only in missiles, but in everything, and several aeronautical plums were handed out to deserving contractors. Outstanding was the TFX supersonic fighter, which went to a General Dynamics-Grumman team. With its movable wing structure, the TFX will be able to obtain maximum lift in takeoff and maximum speed in flight. It will be used by the Air Force and, with some modifications, by the Navy. Cost estimates for the project, including test models and production, vary between $2 billion and $4 billion.

When you come down to it, even $2 billion is not so bad, especially as General Dynamics is scarcely over its 1961 loss of $143 million, the aftermath of a disastrous venture in civilian-aircraft production. The award will enable General Dynamics to "stabilize" employment at its Fort Worth, Texas, plant at the present level of about 11,000. Grumman, the junior partner on Long Island, will add to its work force, especially as it obtained a $350 million contract for the lunar ferry vehicle only a few weeks ago. The division of rewards is generally credited to Vice President Johnson for Fort Worth, and Senators Keating and Javits for Long Island.

Losing bidders may hope to get a share in the spoils as subcontractors. "This was a tough contest, and one which we hate to lose," said Edward C. Wells, a Boeing vice president. But, as *Time* puts it, Boeing cannot poor-mouth very convincingly. It has lucrative contracts for Minuteman missiles, the major part of the Saturn booster (projected cost, $300 million), the X-20 Dyna-Soar and, in the not too distant future, the RS-70 reconnaissance-strike bomber and the Mach 3 airliner confidently expected to follow. Boeing shall not want, and Senator Jackson's efforts will be rewarded as those of his distinguished colleagues from New York have been rewarded.

The resultant American arms budget may, to be sure, cause misgivings not only in the Kremlin but among the neutrals who do not like the prospect of being caught in the middle of a thermonuclear war. But who cares, as long as Juggernaut rolls on and Fort Worth and Long Island will have a merry Christmas.

Conflicts In Catholicism . . *by Russell W. Gibbons*

ON OCTOBER 13, at the campus of Loyola University of Los Angeles, a group of pamphlet-toting people invaded the organizational meeting of a Southern California chapter of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties. As Thomas Francis Ritt, the council's national president, later reported: "The ultra-Rightists invaded our meeting. There were pickets. Standing on chairs, ranting and raving, they refused to allow an orderly session. The result was that we were unable to organize and the meeting broke up in confusion."

The leaders of the elements who broke up the session are known as "Mindszentyites," members of a Far Right organization called the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation. Formed in "cells" on a parish level throughout the Midwest and strong in California, they are also known as the "Catholic John Birch Society." Elsewhere in the country, notably the Northeast, Catholics of ultra-conservative outlook have been attracted to the Birch Society itself.

The Loyola incident was one of the few public manifestations of a running cold war now splitting American Catholics. Frightened by the emergence and new respectability of the liberal "social apostolates" among their fellow Catholics, the Rightists have joined in an unholy alliance with fundamentalist Protestants who only yesterday were warning of the "Whore of Babylon."

A few days after the California meeting, more than one hundred Catholic and Jewish leaders met at St. John Vianney Seminary in East Aurora, New York, for a day of what has come to be called "the dialogue" in the interfaith movement. Held under the auspices of a bishop, the session itself marked a startling trend in a Church which, twenty years previously, had been forced to tolerate the shrillest voice of anti-Semitism in the United States: the Royal Oak "radio priest," Father Charles E. Coughlin.

Addressing the conclave, Sister Joan, a member of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur and head of the history department at Washington's Trinity College, suggested that two distinct traditions had developed in the American Catholic community: "that of St. Thomas More" and another in the "tradition of Don Quixote." The new American Catholicism, she hastened to say, is in the tradition of the English saint who lost his head after defying the witch hunt of his day.

Ten years ago, the "Don Quixotes" were considered to be the voice of the Church by non-Catholic Americans. Their most prominent spokesman was the late Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, who had as much understanding of the social encyclicals of the Popes as he did of the Bill of Rights. Today another Senator McCarthy is being honored in Catholic circles: Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, an outspoken liberal who is also an articulate layman.

THE "Don Quixotes" are now lashing out at this new liberalism that has swept them from the influence which they enjoyed in the "immigrant Church" and its Americanized successor. And, in the process, they have not hesitated to attack the spiritual head of all Catholics, along with the most prominent layman the Church has ever produced in the United States.

Perhaps the one thing which galvanized the old guard in the American Church into protest was the issuance, in June of 1961, of Pope John XXIII's encyclical, *"Mater et Magistra."* This social document shook the foundations of entrenched Catholic reaction from Spain to Peru and sent its American counterparts to cover. Panic-stricken Birchite parishioners called their pastors in wealthy suburbs of Chicago and Los Angeles, demanding to know if the Pope had also been taken in by the international Communist conspiracy.

Some pastors, themselves horrified by the Pope's use of the term "socialization," reassured their congregations that they need not fear, or take too seriously, this declaration of the Supreme Pontiff of Roman Catholicism. The Catholic editor of the *National Review* printed this characterization of the encyclical: "a venture in triviality."

THE ELECTION of John F. Kennedy two years ago signaled an earlier alarm among the neo-Coughlinites. For half a century, Catholics had formed the mass base of the Democratic Party machine, and the know-nothings in this bloc had gained some comfort in the realities of the dominant Protestant culture, which might elect Catholics to its Congress and even make them Supreme Court Justices, but which drew the line at the Presidency. Kennedy's victory marked a break with this tradition, but it also proved dramatic evidence of the revolution taking place in Catholic America.

The senior Kennedy had made certain that his sons would be no products of Boston parochialism. After Harvard, John F. Kennedy sat not under the tutelage of the Jesuits, but of Harold Laski at the London School of Economics; his Catholicism has always remained his personal business (as he has since demonstrated to the Protestant ministers of Houston and to the Catholic bishops over the federal aid-to-education issue). The Catholic Right was denouncing Kennedy even before his nomination; by the twists of American politics, ultra-Right forces in the Church merged with fundamentalist Protestants to make up a strong neo-McCarthyite movement. On the other hand, Protestant churchmen who in 1960 were questioning the credentials of John F. Kennedy, today are part of the center-liberal coalition backing him.

"Mater, Si! Magistra, No!" (the Church is "Mother, Yes! Teacher, No!") was the frantic reaction of the Catholic Right to the Pope's encyclical; and with this rallying cry there was a regrouping of forces under the old banner of anti-communism. Ignoring the fact that Pope John, while he urged socialization, aid to developing nations and sup-

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port for specialized UN agencies, did not once mention communism, these forces have renewed a militant crusade in the tradition of Father Coughlin and Joseph McCarthy.

CATHOLICS, as part of the Democratic-liberal-labor combination of the New Deal, participated in the social revolution of the thirties. But they did so as a bloc in the machine of the big-city Democratic Party, and never as a conscious partner in the liberal movement. The Communist issue was the factor which estranged most Catholics from their fellow workers in the New Deal. While a few outstanding individual leaders like Phil Murray of the CIO were part of the wedding with the Communists, working with them because they knew that survival of labor's gains demanded it, most Catholics remained aloof from the liberal movement, thus maintaining the stereotype of American Catholic reaction.

Thus when McCarthy and the House Committee on Un-American Activities went on the rampage in the fifties, there was little criticism in most of the publications and organizations of the Church. And there was little sympathy for Bishop Oxnam when he was publicly mauled at a Congressional Red hunt. Later, when two Catholic archbishops were described as Communist "dupes" in testimony before the same committee, the same Catholic press expressed no more than quiet disbelief.

Yet, according to political scientist James T. Shenton, more than a hundred of 106 American bishops voted for Roosevelt in 1936—the year in which Father Coughlin joined forces with the Townsend Plan and Gerald L. K. Smith to field a Social Justice Presidential ticket.

Catholic reaction has many faces, and it represents an important (though not dominant) part of the new American Radical Right:

¶In Milwaukee, Wis., a variety of Catholic Birchism called The Theresians is active. They take their motto from Joan of Arc: "I will drive the strangers from the land." For The Theresians, the "strangers" are liberals, professors, advocates of the UN, foreign aid and the advisers of President Kennedy. They accept the magic year 1973 as "Red take-over time," a formula used with success by Australian evangelist Fred Schwarz.

¶In St. Louis, the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation operates a far-flung propaganda mill for its estimated 3,000 cells or "study groups" throughout the country. The chancery office of the St. Louis Archdiocese informs those who ask about the "Mindszentyites" that they are without status. The foundation uses Government Printing Office publications order forms listing HUAC releases for its "study courses."

¶*The Tablet*, weekly organ of the Diocese of Brooklyn (New York), is the most widely read mouthpiece of the Right, both Catholic and non-Catholic. The prewar Eastern voice of Father Coughlin and his Christian Front, it has a reporter assigned to "subversive activities" and carries on a running war with liberal Catholics while praising Franco, Salazar and Batista.

¶In the Los Angeles Archdiocese, where such Catholic Action organizations as the Catholic Interracial Council and the Young Christian Workers are virtually *persona non grata*, the chancery office has not protested the open participation of some clergy in John Birch Society activities. Other priests have been quasi-official representatives at the rallies of Fred Schwarz, and the official publication of the Archdiocese has recommended Robert Welch's *American Opinion* and other far-Right organs.

THESE ARE the high spots of the Catholic Right, although, of course, other pro-Right activities may take place in Knights of Columbus halls or at parish meetings, where anti-communism has ready acceptance.

Ironically, the Birchite with the widest audience is not its leader, Welch, but a secular priest in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, the Rev. Richard Ginder. Father Ginder has been broadcasting the Ultra line for years through a column he calls "Right or Wrong" in the widely circulated *Our Sunday Visitor* press, which is available in the vestibules of thousands of churches every Sunday.

A member of the ruling council of the John Birch Society, Father Ginder writes in the tradition of Father Coughlin. "The Reds don't want you to organize a group of 'radical right-wingers,'" he tells his readers, "so go ahead and do it. Write Dean Manion for instructions."

Clarence E. Manion is a fellow member of the Birch Society council and one of the original founders of the quasi-secret organization. A former dean of Notre Dame Law School and disgruntled appointee under the Eisenhower administration, he is now in full-time service for the Ultras with a weekly radio program, the *Manion Forum*. Manion can rely on a list of some 200 Congressmen for guest appearances on his Sunday night political revival show.

Then there is Robert Morris, one-time counsel for the Senate Internal Security (Eastland) Committee. Morris, long a conspicuous figure in right-wing movements, recently terminated a career as president of the University of Dallas, a new institution sponsored by the Catholic Diocese of Dallas, which had become irritated with his stumping the countryside to fill lecture spots for conservative audiences. Morris is now active in a new operation, "The Friends of General Walker," and is appealing for financial assistance for the horseless general.

IN THEIR frenzy to hit back at the new Catholic social-action movement, the Catholic Ultras have consummated alliances with the noisy fundamentalist wing of American Protestantism. Thus *The Tablet*, and other publications following its line, give space to such quasi-religious organizations as the American Council of Christian Churches, which is presented seriously as a conservative counterpart of the Protestant National Council of Churches. In reality, the American Council is a collection of splinter denominations and sects that find common ground on at least two issues: an anti-social Gospel and a virulent anti-Catholicism. Only two years ago, the council was sounding the alarm at the prospect of a Romanist in the White House; today it is making common cause with the followers of Father Ginder, Robert Morris and the Mindszentyites.

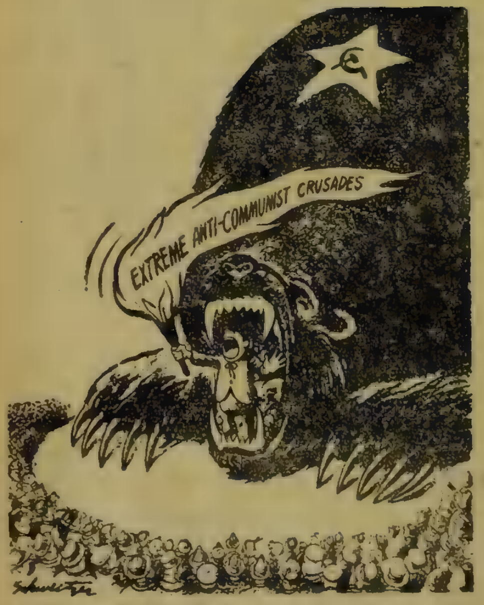
It is anti-communism of course

that produced a New Right broad enough to encompass both Manion and the American Council. Peter White, an Oklahoma public-relations man who tells how he picked up faith-healer Oral Roberts in 1947, when the minister had only $25 to his name, and built him into a multi-million-dollar enterprise, is now advising the Christian Crusade of the Reverend Billie James Hargis. Hargis welcomes Catholics into his anti-Communist tent meetings. And they come. They also fill the seats at a Fred Schwarz meeting. Schwarz preaches salvation by blood redemption, but went out of his way to get a Monsignor to give the benediction at his Madison Square Garden rally last spring.

YET THIS strange alliance has had only limited success in the Catholic community. Father Edward Duff, former director of the National Jesuit Social Science Center, now at Boston College, wrote that "it is a conspiracy which is using anti-communism as a front for its anti-social goals . . . in which one would think that divine promise has been withdrawn."

Bishop John Wright of Pittsburgh, Father Ginder's administrative boss and the shining light of liberalism in the American hierarchy, last year spelled out the chronic social disease still prevalent in the Church. Addressing the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women in Peoria, Illinois, Bishop Wright said:

> You can always get more Catholics than Protestants to join an organization looking for the impeachment of Earl Warren. Any super-duper patriotic organization that wants the United Nations kicked out of New York will always find a large number of Catholic cranks going around collecting signatures.



(From Catholic Bulletin, St. Paul, Minn.)
"Please Don't Feed the Animals."

These things, the Bishop observed, "are a kind of sick-in-the-head patriotism—not patriotism at all, but mere nervous indigestion."

If one believes Robert Welch, the Bishop is right: the candy king estimates that half of his society members are Catholics (more than 50 per cent in his Belmont, Massachusetts, headquarters and field staff). Lay Catholics take comfort in Father Ginder and his counterparts throughout the country, many of whom are acknowledged Birch members. "Yet, crank for crank," writes one student of the Right, "the fundamentalist wing of Protestantism would probably win in a contest—both in quantity and quality."

But again, the cranks and the respectables have combined to sway not a few bishops into their front activities: the Mindszenty Foundation claims four missionary bishops, exiled from China or Korea, on its advisory council; and a group called the Catholic Freedoms Foundation, termed "crackpot" at the 1961 National Catholic Social Action Conference, has worked up an impressive list of American bishops for what might be called a Catholic Committee of 1,000 Against Red China.

THE deepening political cleavage within the American Church was again made evident earlier this year with the eruption of public controversy between liberal and conservative Catholic editorialists over the issue of domestic communism and the rise of the Radical Right.

A side issue was the anti-Communist opus, *Operation Abolition*, which perhaps has cut deeper into the parish-level structure of American Catholicism than any other manifestation of political extremism since the Ku Klux Klan.

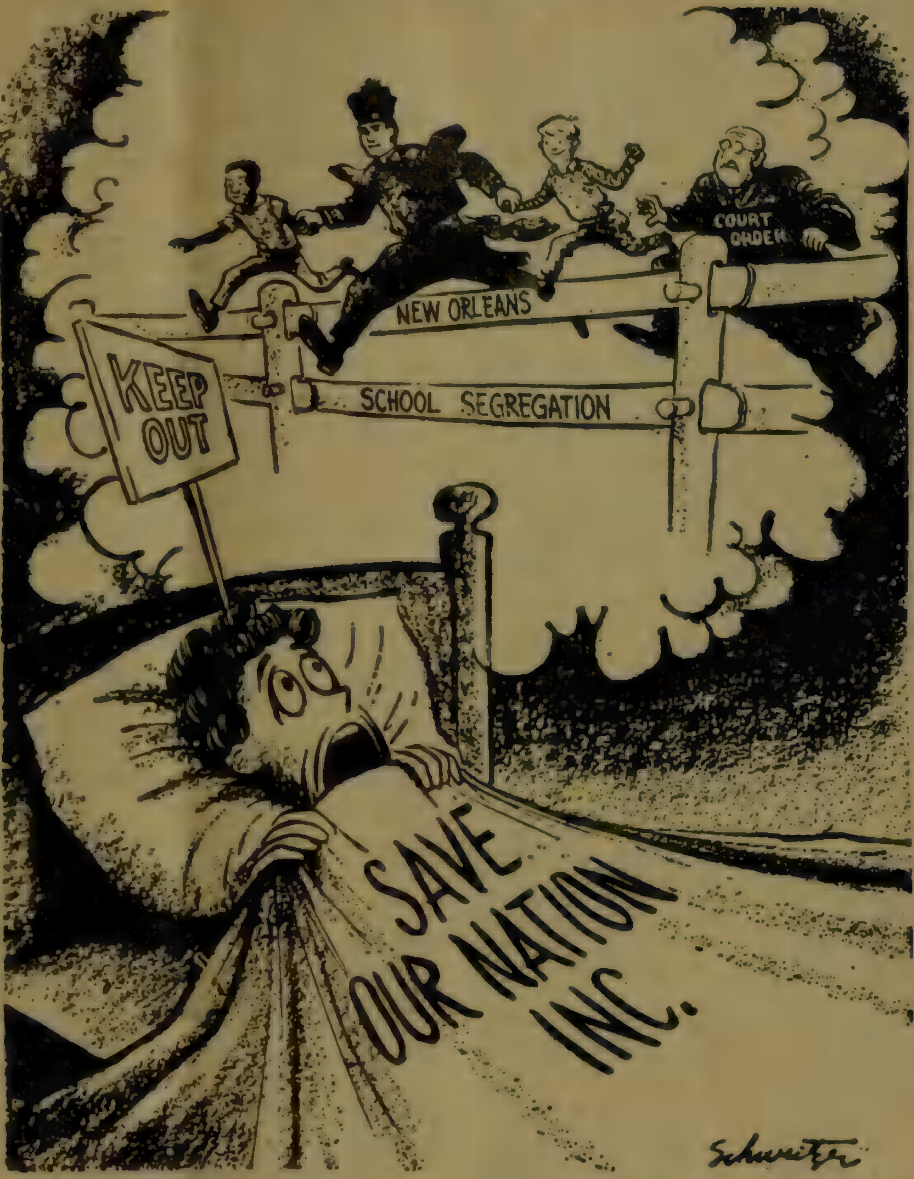
At the center of the controversy was a scholarly priest, Father John F. Cronin, assistant director of the Social Action Department of the Bishop's National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC). Father Cronin announced on March 1 that, at the direction of the hierarchy, he had written an eighty-page booklet titled *Communism: Threat to Freedom.* It was, in fact, a serious study which argued that the Birchites and their fellow travelers on the Right, by splitting the American people at a time when unity was imperative, were aiding the Communist cause. "The basic threat of communism is external," Father Cronin stressed.

The Right, Father Cronin declared, was fomenting a "virulent form of disunity that is dangerously weakening the nation." Aimed at schools and parish groups, where the various anti-Communist "crusades" had easy pickings, more than half a million copies were published by the NCWC and the Paulist Fathers in New York. It is simple wisdom, Father Cronin wrote, to recognize that poverty in Latin America is a far more fruitful base of Communist adventure than a rally in Union Square. Such an understanding, he went on, is intolerable for the Ultras who, as President Kennedy had noted in his 1961 speech on the radicals of the Right, have found "treason in our finest churches."

THE anguished cries of the Catholic old guard were heard throughout the country. Column upon column of vitriolic comment came from the pages of *The Tablet, The Tidings* and *Der Wanderer*, a St. Paul, Minn., rightist Catholic paper. Father Cronin's sin was mortal in the eyes of the Ultras in his own Church: in charging the Right with fantastic exaggeration of the domestic Communist problem, he was, in effect, confessing that he had been seduced by the international Communist plot.

Declared *The Tablet*: "It [Father Cronin's booklet] . . . is without parallel in our time. Irresponsible charges against anti-Communists follow the Moscow directive issued on Dec. 5, 1960." *The Tidings* charged that the booklet did not express the viewpoint of the bishops; but Archbishop William E. Cousins of Milwaukee, chairman of the Social Action Department of NCWC, acknowledged that Father Cronin had undertaken the project with the approval of the American hierarchy.

"They Aren't Sheep"



The Catholic Union and Echo, *Buffalo, N.Y., takes a sharp jibe at the Catholic woman who was excommunicated for her persistent agitation for segregation in the New Orleans schools.*

Catholic Ultras enlisted their newfound partners on the fundamentalist circuit. In Wheaton, Illinois, a center for evangelical Protestant activity, Edgar C. Bundy, an ex-Air Force major and now preacher on the anti-Communist circuit, joined the attack. Bundy, arch-foe of the National Council of Churches, issued a twelve-page newsletter "answering the Reverend John F. Cronin." Bundy referred to the priest as "Mr. Cronin" in the tract, which reproduces *Tablet* editorials and news columns.

Robert Welch told a Long Island audience that one-half of 1 per cent of the Catholic priests were "Comsymps" (Birchese for fellow travelers) — a category for which Father Cronin had become eligible through his call for sanity. (Incidentally, Welch later admitted that he couldn't back up his "statistics.")

IT was *Operation Abolition*, however, which really exposed the raw nerves of the Catholic community over the Red issue. The discredited HUAC film version of its 1960 San Francisco hearings won a quick and popular acceptance in parish halls, Knights of Columbus clubrooms and in Catholic high schools. Professionals on the anti-Communist kick found that the film opened doors virtually everywhere; those who questioned its theme themselves became suspect. A fantastic merchandising job was achieved by the hucksters on the Right; more than 20 million Americans are estimated to have seen the film, whose plot equated opposition to HUAC with a gigantic Communist conspiracy.

The Catholic press, which had tiptoed so softly during the McCarthy rampage a decade earlier, now responded in quite different fashion, much to the dismay of the old guard. A year after the film came out—and had been hooted off most of the college campuses in the country—a pro-HUAC faction in some Eastern and Midwestern Catholic universities attempted to use it as a wedge to gain student support for the committee.

In August, 1961, at the National Congress of the Federation of Catholic College Students (an organization considerably to the Right of the National Student Association), *Operation Abolition* was shown and several pro-HUAC resolutions offered. All were defeated. Instead, a resolution was approved that read:

> The aims of the committee [HUAC] are too nebulous to be a basis for action . . . [resulting] in a lack of clarity and procedural abuses. Information provided by the committee has seldom resulted in useful legislation, the purpose of all standing Congressional investigating committees.

Diocesan newspapers, edited by laity and clergy who are responsible to the bishop of their diocese, attacked the film as highly tendentious and biased, and warned of one-sided showings before Catholic groups. "'Abolition' Film Dupes Viewers," declared the headline in the *Catholic Bulletin*, published by the Archdiocese of St. Paul, Minnesota. "It contains distortions so blatant and so extreme as to produce the net effect of a lie," said the *Catholic Courier* of Oklahoma City. "*Operation Abolition* has split more families than any other film ever produced, whether in Hollywood or Washington," observed the weekly of the Diocese of Fresno-Monterey in California. The national Jesuit weekly, *America*, found that the movie was presented in the framework of a "God vs. the devil" struggle between HUAC and the Communists and that, through innuendo, many good Americans were thus consigned to the forces of darkness.

As a sequel to this venture into celluloid propaganda by the Right, it remained for a Catholic group to produce a filmed "second look." Styled *Autopsy on Operation Abolition,* it was released earlier this year by the Catechetical Guild, a religious publishing house in St. Paul. The film inquest was made on location in San Francisco and Washington, and includes interviews with most of the original "cast."

Father Louis Twomey, a Jesuit from New Orleans' Loyola University, who has a reputation as a no-nonsense labor priest and interracial leader, provided a quiet and penetrating commentary. Introducing the sharply conflicting views of the diverse participants in the Bay Area "riots," he sets a stage for a picture in perspective—the difference between diatribe and documentary.

What was not told in this movie—but which illustrates the new Catholic liberalism emerging from front-line skirmishes for civil rights and civil liberties—was that several of the leaders in the historic San Francisco protest against HUAC were Catholics. Among them was the then California Assemblyman, John O'Connell. Also on the "barricades" were a president of the Catholic Newman Club at the University of California at Berkeley and a girl described by the university chaplain as "a daily communicant" (she subsequently lost a graduate foundation scholarship in political science because of her participation).

The chaplain, Father William Sullivan, a studious Paulist who is director of the Newman Center at Berkeley, was among those interviewed in *Autopsy on Operation Abolition.* He said:

> I insist that it [the demonstrations] has to be taken within the context of young students excited about ideals, concerned about freedom of speech, anxious to defend something in which they believe and not out to destroy the United States at all. The strength of our young people's ideals, concerned about freedom of speech, is an ideal in which all of us must agree—the strength of these ideals is the strength of our country. . . .

Incensed that a Catholic-filmed "white paper" should nail the lie of its ace recruiting movie, the old guard lashed out at its producers: "a charitable approach to communism," raged *Der Wanderer.* In Los Angeles, *The Tidings* refused paid advertisements telling of its showing before Catholic groups. *The Tablet* said that Gus Hall would be happy that so many Catholics had been duped into following his line.

THE Cronin booklet and the *Autopsy* film represent only two examples of the Catholic answer to the Ultras. National organizations of Catholic laity, whose ranks include clergymen who give counsel but do not dominate policy, are in the forefront of the new Catholicism. Among them are the following:

¶The Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, whose interracial councils in the big cities have many times paced the NAACP and CORE in breaking down segregated housing patterns.

¶The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU), opposed by many old-line Catholic labor leaders like Phil Murray, has nevertheless played an active role in areas where some unions have abdicated responsibility (example: helping the Puerto Ricans in New York in their struggle against labor racketeers).

¶The Catholic Association for International Peace, a twenty-five-year-old organization sponsored by the NCWC.

¶The Catholic Worker Movement, a "witness in poverty" which has been the training ground for such outstanding Catholic liberals as John Cogley, James O'Gara and Edward Marciniak.

¶The National Catholic Social Action Conference, a collection of more than a dozen groups in the "lay apostolate," which invited a Protestant minister and a rabbi to deliver papers on *"Mater et Magistra"* at its 1962 convention.

Civil liberties—a sensitive area among Catholics because of the Communist problem, censorship, the obscenity laws and the aid-to-education issue—has been an area long neglected by both Catholic clergy and laity. Nevertheless, there have been exceptions: Bishop Wright and Boston's Monsignor Francis J. Lally, editor of *The Pilot,* as members of the board of The Fund for the Republic, ardently defended the organization when it was under McCarthyite attack. In recent months, columns of debate have filled diocesan publications about Catholics in the American Civil Liberties Union, one of whose founding fathers was Monsignor John Ryan, founder of the NCWC's Social Action Department. By some Catholics—even moderate ones—the union is considered in the same league as the Planned Parenthood Federation and Freemasonry.

THE Catholic commitment to the common good is breaking down even the walls of institutional self-interest. The recent Supreme Court decision banning public-school prayer is a case in point. While several Catholic voices screamed of "a new secularism" being established by the court, others cautioned against "hysteria" in interpreting the ban. Several diocesan publications supported the decision. Others noted that it was a prominent Catholic attorney, William J. Butler, who argued the case before the Court and that the only Catholic Supreme Court Justice, William Brennan, had helped to write the majority opinion. And when the post-decision "kill the Court" climate was high, the only Senator to defend the decision at the first hearings of the Judiciary Committee was Michigan's Philip A. Hart, a Catholic.

It is difficult to believe that such diversity in lay opinion in the Church could have occurred two decades ago. Then Father Coughlin's Christian Front was a blunt reality of Catholic reaction. One of the few attempts to counteract it—the now-defunct Catholic Committee for Human Rights—was isolated and its leaders smeared as part of a "Red plot to entrap American Catholics."

But in today's new climate in American Catholicism, the beginnings of an American "Catholic Left" are discernible. The *Catholic Worker,* founded by editor-author Dorothy Day, has spawned most of the intellectual exploration in this area. Thomas Merton, the famed Trappist author, and Gordon Zahn, a Loyola of Chicago professor, are leading a new school of thought which applies Catholic moral teaching to question traditional implications of war, nationalism and authority. In October, they joined with other Catholic pacifists in forming the American Pax Association, patterned after the English PAX group founded in 1936.

Other Catholic "leftists" meet in Chicago this month to found a Catholic Committee for Democratic Socialism. Declaring that "'*Mater et Magistra*' is basically in program and philosophy a democratic Socialist document," they recall the days of the emerging Socialist Party in America when two long-forgotten priests named Hagerty and McGrady expounded socialism in the Midwest.

The uniformity of the totalitarian Church which Paul Blanshard has pictured is virtually non-existent today except in matters of faith and morals. But even the question of establishing public morality upon Catholic principles is now in the process of re-evaluation. Many Catholics now oppose laws which forbid the dissemination of birth-control information, for example (though, of course, many others continue in the forefront of censorship efforts, as in the fight to ban the movie, *The Miracle*). The most prominent Catholic layman in the land, the President of the United States, has publicly opposed the official position of the Bishops of the Church on federal aid to church-related education.

The division in non-theological disputes is found even among the American Cardinals. Joseph Cardinal Ritter, considered the "liberal" of the five Americans in the College, decreed integration in his St. Louis Archdiocese six years before the Supreme Court decision and threatened excommunication for recalcitrants. The same year, however, Cardinal Spellman led the "seminarian scabs" who broke the strike of New York's Catholic cemetery workers.

Boston's Cardinal Cushing is an enigma to many: an outspoken anti-Communist, he has been given to intemperate charges (such as calling the ACLU "Red") and was mousetrapped into an endorsement of Robert Welch. Yet he took out a life membership in the NAACP when it was being attacked as "subversive" by the Ultras, and he has publicly called the Walter-McCarran Act "racist legislation."

Francis Cardinal Spellman found the Court's public-school prayer decision as "striking at the very heart of the Godly tradition": but Bishop Robert E. Tracy of Baton Rouge said: "It is doubtful that Catholics would want a different ruling."

Two members of the hierarchy have long been identified with liberal movements in the human-rights field: Archbishop Robert E. Lucy of San Antonio and Archbishop Bernard Sheil of Chicago. It was Sheil who in 1954 delivered his famous "city slicker" charge at the late Senator McCarthy. Subsequently he became a subject of controversy through his public endorsement of various liberal causes.

Old-guard Catholic politics is expressed through other American bishops. A survey by the magazine *Ave Maria* earlier this year found that in many dioceses in the country "*Mater et Magistra*" has been pigeonholed in chancery offices. A spokesman for the Catholic Birchers has called the Papal encyclical "nothing but a clever Red trap." For such Catholics, the international Communist conspirators may well be meeting in Rome now, under the guise of "Vatican II."

'BLAT': Soviet-Style Payola . . *by Margaret Miller*

WHEN the Central Committee of the Communist Party (the governing body of the USSR) last met in March, 1962, they were concerned with improving agricultural production. At its recent session, which closed November 24, industry was the primary agenda item.

The last big shakeup in Soviet industrial organization occurred in 1957, when Mr. Khrushchev dismantled the powerful, centralized ministries in Moscow and replaced them by over one hundred regional economic councils *(sovnarkhozy)*, the idea being to secure a devolution of decision-making to the localities, while keeping the main levers of economic power, including finance and investment, firmly under the control of the central government. Now still further revisions are in prospect. This can only be because here, as in other spheres of Soviet life, official theory fails to correspond to everyday realities, and the conflict is becoming insupportable.

Marxist doctrine has always denounced the "anarchy" of capitalist economies, in contrast to what it claims to be the orderly efficiency of Socialist economic planning. Very briefly, the latter works in industry as follows. The broad directives of the plan originate with the political authorities: on the economic side, they are then adjusted by the central State Planning Commission *(Gosplan)* and its local agencies; passed by them for scrutiny to the regional economic councils, and through them to the individual producing units; and finally they flow back to the center for authorization. As thus agreed, the plan becomes the law of the land, and, in theory, the supervising bodies need only watch its orderly fulfillment by all concerned, each subordinate body obeying implicitly the higher organ to which it is answerable.

THINGS do not really happen like this in the day-to-day conduct of Russia's huge industrial machine. In fact, a lively "resistance movement" has been operating ever since planning began in the early 1920s. Its most all-pervasive element is "*blat*"—the practice of using personal influence or contacts to obtain favors or concessions to which the business or the individual is not legally entitled. It is a potent weapon in the hands of industrialists during the

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period of plan formation. They use it freely to secure more favorable conditions or easier production tasks for the enterprises they run.

"'*Blat*' is more powerful than Stalin," "'*Blat*' is stronger than the Council of Ministers" are folk-sayings which circulate widely and testify to the existence of this force. The press reports the dismissal of the director of a machine-tool factory who has been found to be supplying other factories with the products of his own works, not on the basis of an official order *(naryad)*, on which alone goods can legally be supplied according to the theory of planning, but simply on grounds of personal friendship with the directors of the consuming factories. He had been running a plan of his own and his friends' devising, instead of carrying out the government's planning instructions.

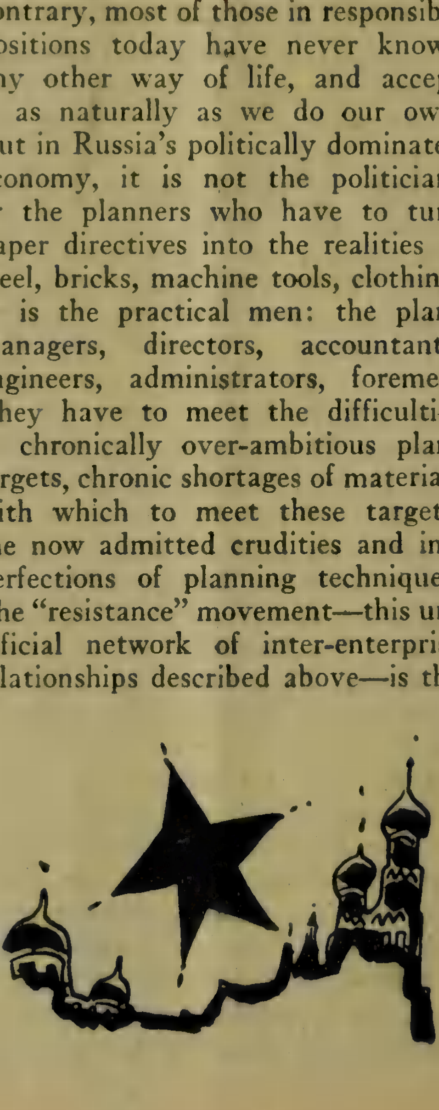
Then there are the "pushers" or "expediters" *(tolkachi)*. There is a veritable army of these people, and they help industrialists to solve their most difficult problem, that of securing supplies. They are specialized middlemen whose business it is to find out where equipment and materials of all kinds can be obtained on the ubiquitous "free market." They may work on a commission basis for several enterprises, or may figure as "special representatives" in a factory's list of employees. They may even be "self-employed," studying the market and offering their services where they see the best prospects of monetary reward. Sometimes ordinary members of an undertaking's staff have to be taken off their jobs to act as "*tolkachi*" because of the impossibility of procuring needed supplies by any other means. A recent Soviet press report told of skilled engineers from shipbuilding works in Leningrad and Nikolayev in European Russia having to undertake the long journey to a small town in Siberia, to put pressure on a factory there for its repeated failure to deliver winches, without which the vessels they had helped to build could not put to sea.

There must be hundreds of thousands of "*tolkachi*" on the job in one way or another, and one reliable authority estimates that many businesses rely on their services to secure anything from a quarter to a half of the supplies they need and cannot get through official channels.

Other elements in this powerful economic underground are revealed by innumerable references, usually disapproving, in the Soviet press. One is the tendency to hoard stocks of materials. This trick is called "insurance" (*strakhovska*), and it permeates the entire industrial structure, in spite of repeated denunciations of the loss it involves to the national economy. Another is "simulation" *(ochkovtiratelstvo)*, by which a director makes it appear that he has fulfilled the plan—when, in fact, he has not been able to do so—by using various devices, lowering quality, producing the wrong assortment of goods, failing to provide spare parts.

WHY DO Russian industrialists behave like this, and why has the government turned a blind eye to this wholesale evasion of the law?

It is certainly not because the men who run industry dislike the Soviet system on principle; on the contrary, most of those in responsible positions today have never known any other way of life, and accept it as naturally as we do our own. But in Russia's politically dominated economy, it is not the politicians or the planners who have to turn paper directives into the realities of steel, bricks, machine tools, clothing. It is the practical men: the plant managers, directors, accountants, engineers, administrators, foremen. They have to meet the difficulties of chronically over-ambitious plan-targets, chronic shortages of materials with which to meet these targets, the now admitted crudities and imperfections of planning techniques. The "resistance" movement—this unofficial network of inter-enterprise relationships described above—is the method of self-help and mutual defense adopted by the men below to ease intolerable pressures from above.



The government has had its own pressures, too, many of them self-imposed and based on erroneous doctrine, but pressures none the less. For many years it has had to operate the economy on an emergency basis, preparing for or recovering from disastrous wars, coping with the strains and stresses of headlong industrialization and forced collectivization of agriculture. Its desperate need, as government officials saw it, was to build up industry, especially the heavy and defense branches; and officials took action against the "resistance" only when the system led to inefficiency or to gross neglect of state interests, or when it degenerated into the criminal realm of theft and embezzlement. Insofar as it helped the paramount objective of plan fulfillment, it was good policy to look the other way.

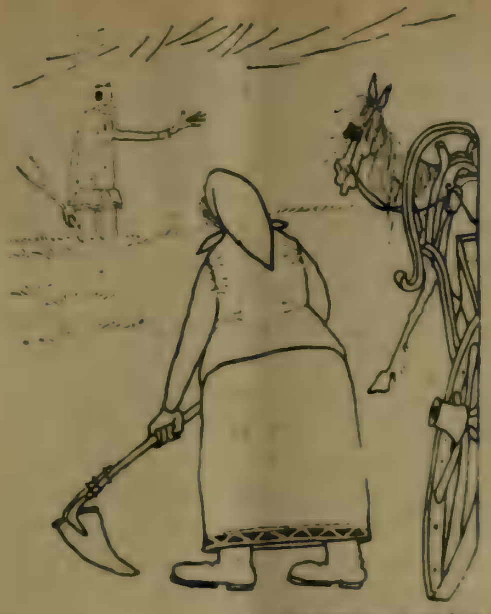
Mounting criticism of planning techniques and of resulting deficiencies in industrial management culminated in the last two months in a newspaper campaign in *Pravda*, the official organ of the Central Committee. The first shot was fired by Professor Lieberman of Kharkov University, and he was followed by over a score of writers, fellow professors, factory directors and engineers, officials in regional economic councils, government planners, members of the Academy of Science, economic journalists.

THEY blamed deficiencies in planning methods for the universal tendency among industrialists to get the plan for their enterprises fixed at the lowest possible level, so that they might the more easily overfulfill it, and thus secure maximum rewards in bonuses and premiums (calculated on the increase in the current year over the gross production achieved by the factory in the previous year). This basis of calculation, together with the irrational system of price-fixing, penalized the go-ahead, up-to-date business as compared with the less efficient. A critic quoted the case of two cement factories, one of which produced only two-thirds as much cement per annum as the other, at a higher price, and of a lower quality. But according to planning calculations, it qualified for a higher bonus than the more efficient factory. Similarly, a garment factory which had achieved 99 per cent first-quality work, found that its rewards were actually less than a factory whose proportion of first-class work was only 80 per cent, but which was able to show improvements each year.

Another bad planning practice was the excessive degree of administrative control of the individual enterprise by planners who were too remote to know about its capacity and the needs of the consumers who used its product, and who worked on the different indices of the plan—quality, cost of production, productivity of labor, etc.—without coordinating the final results. So plans tended to be unrealistic and internally inconsistent; and goods were produced irrespective of whether or where or by whom they were really wanted.

A particularly serious criticism was that planning discouraged technological advance, the very thing the government was most anxious to secure. Last year Mr. Khrushchev publicly pilloried a Moscow automobile factory which, he said, had been turning out the same truck for fourteen years without making any effort to modify or improve its design. One of the plant officials has just revealed what happened when the factory, spurred by Mr. Khrushchev's rebuke, did begin to produce a new model. Promptly it failed to fulfill some of the indices of its plan: it lost its high place in Socialist competition with other automobile factories; all its workers, especially the engineers, had to carry a much heavier work load, at the same time having to take a sharp drop in wages and a loss in bonuses; labor turnover increased until the factory was losing 8,000 experienced workers in a year and having to hire the same number of "green" hands to replace them.

Quite evidently the planning system had developed its own kind of "anarchy" and was signally failing to harmonize the interests of the individual workers and factories with the interests of the country as a whole.



Observer (London)

"Katinka! We've conquered space."

The major corrective suggested was to link the factory's rewards not to the increase in gross production over the previous year, but to the profits earned on its capital assets. Professor Lieberman's scheme was to set up a "reward fund" in every plant. Into this fund payments would be made on a national sliding scale, depending on the ratio of profits to capital. This new fund was to be the sole source out of which premiums could be paid, and was also to be used to pay for normal extensions and improvements to the factory, and for the purchase of machinery. Only major reconstruction schemes and new building would in future be a charge on the state budget.

AS A result, industrialists would stop striving for an "easy" plan, and would clamor for the highest possible targets, for in this way alone could they maximize their profits and hence their reward funds. It would no longer be to their interest to hold unduly large stocks of materials or to hoard labor: such practices would, under the new regime, "hit the enterprise in the pocket." Once they had to pay the equivalent of a rate of interest for new plant and equipment, instead of receiving them as a free grant from the state, they would economize in their use. There would be no more abuses such as the one cited by a *sovnarkhoz* official, where a sugar factory which was not scheduled to come into operation until 1963, acquired half a million rubles' worth of equipment as early as 1960.

Another important proposal was to decentralize planning and make it more flexible. Detailed planning from above was to stop at regional levels. Thereafter the enterprises themselves should draw up specific plans in the light of their known resources, after carefully ascertaining the needs of the people who were to use their products. Demand and supply were to be brought together at the actual level of performance *before* plans were approved at a higher level. The duty of a *sovnarkhoz* would be to coordinate enterprise plans with regional and national requirements. Stress was laid in the *Pravda* discussions on the desirability of giving plant managers much more room for economic maneuver. Apart from their greatly increased rights in plan formulation, they were to have authority to vary the plan during the year if the need could be established. They were to be given greater powers to "hire and fire," to confine the payment of premiums to those workers who had made a real contribution to increased productivity, and to put pressure on suppliers who failed to deliver on time.

IT IS not to be expected that such drastic changes can be introduced into the Soviet economy overnight. Vested interests in the higher echelons of planning and the faithful adherents of long-established doctrine will fight a fierce rear-guard action. The "resistance" will not disband until it is sure of the new position. But something on these lines will undoubtedly be done, as the only means of securing an expanding and efficient economy.

It would be reasonable to claim all this as a resounding triumph for the economic underground. It is precisely because plans were unrealistic, imposed from above without effective consultation with the men who alone were in a position to know the job from the inside, that these same men took matters into their own hands. What they have been acting out unofficially all these years has now been adopted as desirable official policy. Time and again writers in the Lieberman correspondence highlight the dilemma of the plant manager who has to tell a foreman that one hundred machines have to be made when he knows that the amount of material officially allocated to the factory is enough for only ninety; or who is forced to concentrate on fulfilling gross production — the planning index upon which his own remuneration and reputation depend as well as the amount he has available for staff bonuses—although he is only too well aware that this will involve sacrificing other indices which are of equal importance from the national point of view.

It is a welcome confirmation, too, of the kind of people ordinary Soviet men and women really are: neither obedient robots nor political automata, but human beings remarkably like their capitalist counterparts in their need to earn a living, their urge to get maximum remuneration for the minimum effort, and their habit of putting their own interests before the common good when the two come in conflict.

It would not be reasonable to assert that present developments, because they are based on concepts like "profit," "rate of interest," "consumer sovereignty," herald anything like a "return to capitalism" in Russia. No country can return to a condition it never attained. It is one of the paradoxes of history that the Marxist revolution, presupposing the existence of a highly developed industrial proletariat, took place in Russia at a time when three-quarters of the population were peasants, many of them illiterate. Rather it is a demonstration that in an increasingly industrialized and rapidly maturing society, the "laws" of economics, which are of universal and not purely "capitalist" significance, cannot be flouted indefinitely for the sake of political or ideological considerations.

One result of changed methods which acknowledge this truth will be to bring the functioning of the Soviet industrial machine a long step nearer to the Western pattern. For this reason alone the recent discussions in the Central Committee merit the most painstaking study.

Savings & Loan: The 4.75% Bonanza . .

Kenneth Young

WHEN the Senate finally got around to passing its version of the 1962 tax bill, no one was surprised at the absence of the President's proposal for the withholding of taxes on dividend and interest income. The United States Savings and Loan League, representing most of the nation's 6,200 savings and loan associations, had conducted such an effective lobby against the proposal that the majority of the Senate would rather have cast a vote favoring foreign aid to Castro.

In power-conscious Washington, the league's campaign served as clear proof that the savings and loan industry had "arrived." But the campaign may, in the long run, prove to have been too effective. It incurred public Presidential wrath and it led to renewed interest in the workings of what has been termed the nation's "informal" banking system.

The league launched its all-out lobbying campaign during the early days of the 87th Congress, when President Kennedy first let it be known that, in connection with his desire to close tax loopholes, he had very much in mind the favored tax treatment enjoyed by savings and loan associations.

In its fierce competitive battle with the commercial banks, the savings and loan industry has leaned heavily upon its tax status. Until a decade ago, the industry was exempted from federal taxes on the theory that the money of each association was simply being loaned to members. Tax exemption was considered in the "public interest" as a means of encouraging savings. In 1952, Congress eliminated the full exemption, subjecting the associations instead to the regular corporate income tax, but permitting a special deduction for reserve funds held as a hedge against bad debt. Under this formula, the associations have been paying an estimated $10 million annually in taxes on deposits that reached $80 billion by 1961.

The Administration's final 1962 proposal, aimed at closing this loophole, provided that 60 per cent of an association's earnings be considered a tax-free reserve deduction, with the remaining 40 per cent taxable at the standard corporate rate.

Under the law as passed by Congress, the associations will now pay an effective 20 per cent tax on total earnings, compared to the regular corporate rate of 52 per cent — and federal revenues will be fattened by some $190 million.

Even this would have left the associations in a favorable "competitive" position with the commercial banks, who pay an effective rate of about 40 per cent. But this was small comfort to league members, who are accustomed to paying less than 2 per cent of their profits. As Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon pointed out in Congressional testimony, the associations and the mutual savings banks had paid less than $70 million in federal taxes between 1952 and 1961, while retaining $5.5 billion during the same period in the form of undivided profits, additions to reserves and surplus. Obviously, with such amounts at stake, the league wasn't ready to sit back and let nature take its course.

WHILE the tax-reform bill was being considered by the Ways and Means Committee, the league swung into action. Instead of moving against the direct tax levied on the associations, however, it chose to fight another part of the President's bill — the withholding clause.

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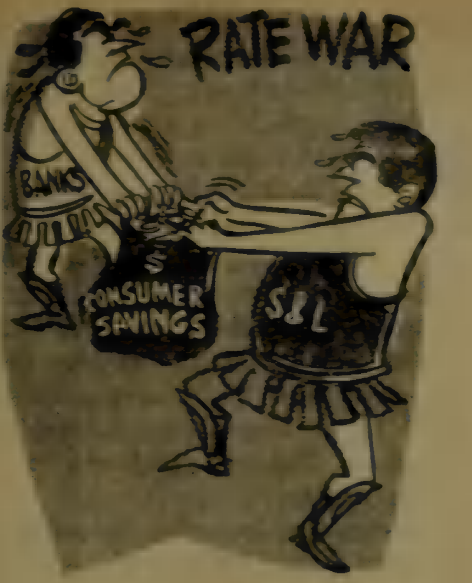

League strategy, later admitted by its lobbyists, was aimed at defeating the entire bill by killing the withholding section. In theory, if the "loopholes" weren't plugged there could be no tax reductions for business without creating new deficits. Relying on Treasury statistics, the league estimated that the withholding provision was worth over $800 million annually, while the proposed savings-and-loan-tax formula was worth another $500 million.

THE FIGHT against the withholding provision was launched by way of a massive letter-writing campaign. Savings and loan associations across the nation called upon their depositors to "write your Congressman." They issued reams of brochures, leaflets and posters painting the proposal as a "new" tax. Some of the associations used material implying that, should the measure pass, 20 per cent of a person's savings would be taxed. Others warned that the life savings of the elderly, the widowed and the orphaned would be depleted. The Liberty Savings and Loan Association of Chicago summed up the league's efforts in a notice declaring: "Don't fail to write! Help us, help yourself! If this becomes law in 1963, the mess will be ours to handle and the expense, irritation and frustration yours."

Since most taxpayers reached by this propaganda did not realize that if they had not already been reporting dividend and interest income, they had been guilty of evading fifty-year-old tax provisions, the outpouring of mail to Washington was extremely heavy. According to Congressional experts, the total volume of letters received equaled the mail at the time of President Truman's recall of General MacArthur and the Senate censure of the late Senator McCarthy.

The heavy mail attack led President Kennedy to defend his proposal during a press conference. He charged that the letters received on Capitol Hill indicated that "a great number of people have been badly misinformed" about the plan. Dillon was even more emphatic. He told a University of Pennsylvania audience that the campaign against the withholding proposal had "set new records for distortion of the facts and . . . created widespread public misunderstanding."

The anti-withholding fight was unsuccessful in the House, but it did produce important results for the associations. Almost unnoticed by the public, the Administration's initial proposal of a $500 million tax on the industry was "compromised" at $200 million. Even more important — at that time — to the savings and loan companies, House passage of the withholding provision brought with it insistence that the Senate take similar action. As Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills pointed out, House members had taken the "heat" and didn't propose to let the Senate masquerade as the public's defender. House members openly proclaimed: "No withholding, no tax bill."

By early June, the savings and loan industry had taken a new look at its strategy. Although announcing its continued opposition to the withholding provision, the league called off its letter-writing campaign. According to some political reporters, the all-out attack against withholding ended when the Administration informed the industry that the death of the 1962 tax bill would mean new proposals in 1963 — including a higher tax proposal on the industry itself. Savings and loan spokesmen, according to *The New York Times*, began "quietly informing" Senators that the industry would accept the House-passed withholding provision in order to obtain favorable action on the entire tax bill.

The damage, however, already had been done. Senators, sensitive to election-year pressures, had received so many letters from an excited electorate that when the Senate Finance Committee killed the withholding proposal, an attempt to reinstate the provision from the floor was overwhelmingly defeated.

Fortunately for the savings and loan associations, even though their last-minute maneuver failed, Congressmen desperate to return home from the political wars abandoned demands for inclusion of the withholding provision in any Senate-House compromise bill. Predictions of a Presidential veto also were voiced with less assurance as increased emphasis was placed on the need for corporate tax relief as a means of bolstering the economy.

If the savings and loan associations proved lucky in their battle on Capitol Hill, their victory may turn out, in the long run, to have been extremely costly. Both the Congress and the President may be expected to take a closer look at the industry, while the public has learned that there is more to the savings and loan business than a neon sign advertising high dividend rates.

THE RAPID growth and political power of the savings and loan industry may bring about an eventual political explosion, but even more serious is the potential economic danger.

As of 1960, the country's 6,276 associations had total assets of almost $71.5 billion, with 79 per cent of this amount composed of mortgages on one-to-four-family dwellings. Mortgage-loan volume of the industry in 1960 was estimated at $14.3 billion, financing an estimated 975,000 housing units — 360,000 in new starts and 615,000 in the used market.

With their emphasis on conventional mortgages, the savings and loan associations now dominate the nongovernment-insured home-loan field and play a major role in home construction. This dependence on residential, nonfarm construction makes the industry extremely sensitive to the housing start rate. As individual savings of all kinds increase — to a record $25.4 billion in 1961 — the associations must find new mortgage markets for their investments. But the rate of new housing starts has not kept pace with the climbing rate of savings.

Still another problem for the industry is the continuing rise of foreclosures and home-mortgage debt. Foreclosures in 1961 hit their highest peak since 1940 and the number of new foreclosures on nonfarm properties during the first six months of this year has jumped 20 per cent over the comparable period of 1961. Home-mortgage debt, last year, hit a record high of $146 billion, or six times the total at the end of World War II.

These statistics have convinced many economists that real estate is "in trouble." "Trouble" for real estate is, of course, trouble for the savings and loan associations that must place their savings in sound, high-interest, long-term mortgages in order to maintain present dividend rates.

The "tight money" market of recent years was made to order for the industry. During the last years of the Eisenhower administration, when FHA and VA loans were almost impossible to obtain without the payment of "discount" rates, conventional rates jumped in response to the increased demand. Compared to the spring of 1956, when approximately two-thirds of conventional loans were placed at either 5 or 5.5 per cent, last spring saw only 4 per cent of these conventional loans going at 5.75 per cent and over one-third carrying rates of 6.5 per cent or better.

This steady increase in rates, coupled with a lengthening of FHA mortgage duration and a decrease in down-payment requirements, has been responsible for the sharp rise in mortgage debt as well as the increasing foreclosure rate. It also presents the savings and loan associations with a quandary. They cannot reduce interest rates on savings without damaging their competitive position vis-à-vis the commercial banks at a time when new mortgage demand is "soft." On the contrary, if present high dividend rates are to be maintained and suitable mortgage markets cannot be found, lending rates may have to be increased.

One way of solving this dilemma of high savings and low mortgage demand would be to permit the associations to invest larger amounts in other than the home-mortgage market. Present regulations limit such investments, but since 1959, federally chartered institutions have been able, within limits, to make loans to finance the acquisition and development of land. In addition, these same institutions are permitted to finance commercial and multi-family structures as long as such financing does not exceed 20 per cent of the association's aggregate assets.

IN ORDER to take advantage of these percentage-of-assets limitations, associations on the West Coast, prior to 1959, were merging into giant holding companies. The Great Western Financial Corporation — composed of seven associations — claims that it is the "first savings and loan organization ever to attain a billion dollars in assets." Great Western is publicly owned and its shares are traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Along with approximately two dozen other holding companies in California, it shares ownership of sixty of the state's 260 associations and controls more than half of the industry's California assets.

The holding companies are now being scrutinized by regulatory agencies, since they do not come under normal savings and loan regulations.

Aside from the obvious danger of creating monopoly situations in an industry previously dominated by community associations, the holding companies — even more deeply involved in land-development loans— introduce a new risk for the investor. While the return of any association investing in land speculation may be high, it also is doing much more than simply "banking" the depositor's savings. In effect, the depositor is providing risk capital and the association or holding company's advertised dividend rate is not guaranteed. At the end of last year, for example, Great Western held some $18.4 million in properties for sale, largely reflecting houses taken back through foreclosure. This compared with a $4.7 million figure for the previous year. Another California holding company — California Financial — is known to have foreclosed on forty houses in a single tract because of a builder's difficulties.

While the holding companies are so large that these problems can be absorbed, individual associations— and their depositors—can be in serious trouble if a land-development investment turns out to be poor speculation. Even without funds invested in land development, a sudden economic recession could have a serious effect on an over-extended local association. Defense cutbacks pose similar problems.

Still another incentive for securing marginal loans by the associations has been the rate war waged between the industry and the commercial banks. Since the associations have used their higher "return" as their chief selling point, they have tried to keep dividends between one-half and a full percentage point above bank rates. Late in 1961, when California associations jumped rates to between 4.25 and 4.75 per cent, the Federal Reserve Board authorized a January boost in the commercial bank rate from 3 to 4 per cent. The bank increase was reported to have brought in some $2 billion in deposits within two months. It also led associations in other states to boost their rates.

THE BANKS can hardly be considered in sympathy with the problems facing the savings and loan industry. Faced with a higher tax rate and stricter regulations, they have been unable to replace the associations as the nation's top savings media. In 1961, for example, despite a concentrated effort by the commercial banks, the associations still received 54 per cent of the total net savings, compared with the 33 per cent received by the banks.

This constant competition has made the savings and loan industry extremely sensitive to charges that it is "unsafe." The associations — through their league—are quick to point out that the Federal Home Loan Bank Board and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation are set up in much the same fashion as the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. While the comparison is valid to a large degree, there are differences. For one thing, of the 6,384 savings and loan associations in the country, only 4,306 are members of FSLIC; the rest are not covered by the FSLIC $10,000 protection. The depositor in a state-chartered association that is not federally insured is protected only to the degree provided by state regulation.

In addition, the guarantees of the two insurance corporations are not identical, but neither FDIC nor FSLIC can be induced to comment publicly on the nature of these differences or their implications. Obviously the rival systems regard the differences as significant, since the subject is one of extreme sensitivity. Under FDIC, when a bank is closed, insured deposits up to $10,000 are paid by cash or by making available to each depositor a transferred deposit in a new bank or in another insured bank. Under FSLIC, insured accounts up to $10,000 are paid, when the association defaults, either by cash or transfer to a solvent association on a parity with other members of that association, but subject to its charter provisions and regulations governing withdrawals.

The United States Savings and Loan League insists that not one penny has ever been lost by a depositor in a federally chartered and insured association and points with pride to provisions permitting FHL Bank System members to borrow up to 50 per cent of their savings as well as FSLIC authority to make member loans.

While the league is undoubtedly correct in its statements, neither the FHLB nor the FSLIC were in existence when the banks learned their terrible lesson in the early days of the depression. Most economists now are convinced that the government has enough stabilizers to prevent a new depression, but this does not mean that a major economic calamity could not lead the way into a serious downward spiral.

In such a situation, with its great dependence on housing, the nation's booming "informal" banking system could be faced with serious problems. The savings and loan industry has ballooned into such an important segment of the nation's basic economic structure that it requires greater understanding and increased regulation.

THE ESTHETICS OF AFFLUENCE . . *by Eugene Raskin*

THE CONDITION of affluence in whose opening stages our society is involved will have radical consequences in economics, ethics and politics, as is already quite apparent. It will also have a revolutionary effect upon esthetics, by which I mean not only the conventional "fine arts" (painting, sculpture, music, etc.) but, perhaps even more important for the average person, the vast quantity of everyday artifacts such as autos, buildings, utensils, clothing, magazines and entertainment which make up the bulk of the esthetic environment. It is this environment that gives the taste, smell, color and feel of life.

This is the third of a series on various aspects of the affluent society (see "The Economics of Affluence," by Alexander Campbell, June 2, 1962; and "The Ethics of Affluence," by Roger L. Shinn, October 6, 1962).—Ed.

What is life like in the affluent society? Is it richly varied and exciting or is it made up of hours of mechanical button-pushing, punctuated by long stretches of TV-watching masquerading as leisure? Is it full of new sensation and emotion, or is it a constant stream of new appliances, each more boring than the next? Is there creativity, freshness, imagination around us? Or are we surrounded by what the computers said two years ago we should have?

The answer would seem to be the resultant of two closely related factors: (1) an abundance of goods, and (2) an abundance of people with money and the desire to acquire these goods. Operating from opposite sides, both factors affect esthetics decisively.

First, the goods. To have abundance, mass-production techniques must be used, including the familiar assembly line, the standard model, and now, automation. All of these, by their very nature, lead towards duplication rather than variation. At the same time, competitive marketing causes changes in one company's product to be copied quickly by all other producers in the same field. One needs only to recall the almost simultaneous appearance of tail fins on America's automobiles, or the coincident arrival of slim-line, remote-control TV sets of all makes, to realize that U.S. industrialists, in their independence of thought and action, resemble nothing so much as a school of fish. Of course, under free enterprise, that is their privilege.

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As the trend advances, the duplications of goods and services become increasingly hard for the consumer to avoid. Not long ago I stayed the night at one of the new posh urban motels. All I wanted was a night's sleep before resuming my journey, but willy-nilly I had to endure the presence of, and indirectly pay for, a coffee shop, a bar, a restaurant, a laundromat, a grill, a hairdresser, room service and a TV-radio set.

THE ultimate form of the trend away from variation and towards duplication is to produce only two models—the "luxury" and the "economy." Even these are not really two models; one is merely a cheaper imitation of the other.

Designers are the first victims, as the opportunities and outlets for esthetic expression become virtually non-existent or, at best, the province of a small and monopolistic group of "name" designers whose principal talent seems to be that of providing insecure executives with the confidence they cannot otherwise buy. The one in thousands whose designs are executed tends to be the one whose mind is most like the machines that do the actual work.

Perhaps the most disquieting effect upon designers is the tendency of the uniformity approach to become habitual even when the demands of mass-production techniques do not apply—in architecture, for example, where the "luxury" (glass) and the "economy" (brick) models of slab buildings are rapidly filling the urban scene, with little if any structural justification or esthetic reward.

The final general point to be made under "goods, production of," is that the technology of affluence increasingly separates the craftsman from his material, causing him to lose both his function and his skill. More often than not, he becomes the manipulator of equipment which has been preprogramed, so that he has about as much to do with the product as an elevator operator has in choosing his route. Untouched by human hands, our mechanically produced artifacts become esthetically sterile, void of emotional potential and therefore *of as little interest to the consumer as to the producing worker.* Thus shabbiness of work is accepted with indifference on all sides, especially when laxness of inspection or the complexities of an assembly process make individual responsibility for an error hard to fix. (Who put the rattle in our brand new car, Daddy?)

With personal concern for the product at a minimum, it is no wonder that esthetics, about which one must first and foremost *care,* is the orphan without so much as a doorstep to be left upon.

To sum up briefly thus far: *both because of production techniques and the attitudes that go with them, opportunities for esthetic choice and experience inevitably diminish in the affluent society,* at least as that society is presently shaped.

ON THE opposite side of the coin from "goods, production of" is "goods, consumption of"; i.e., the market situation. The abundance of goods must be matched by an abundance of willing and able customers, else instead of affluence we have crisis. Now, the factors that determine purchasing are many and varied, but esthetics ranks high among them; in fact, when real choices are progressively fewer, people tend to buy more according to "looks" and "taste" than when greater variations in efficiency and cost can be weighed. Unfortunately, the esthetic criteria develop in the direction of surface or marginal differentiations, rather than matters of substance. In houses, for instance (or "homes," as the trade calls them), basic floor plans are often much the same within given size and price categories; the exteriors, however, are variously packaged as "Colonial," "Ranch" or "Contemporary" — stylistic distinctions which are usually no more than veneer deep. Yet because there is so little *real* choice to be made, buyers wax intense over the shape of the window frames or the slant of the roof, while the community as a whole more and more presents an uninterrupted façade of garage doors, some of them happily closed.

BEN ROTH AGENCY

"I see that we are managing to keep up with the Dow Joneses!"

In a similar way cars are chosen for color, grille styling, upholstery or other superficialities, while the different makes of cars themselves continue to share the same absurdities of fundamental design. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely; the general point to be made is that the affluent society, by reducing the *substantial* esthetic choices available, causes people *faut de mieux* to orient their responses towards surface trivia. These, being rather slight as stimuli to begin with, require overstatement to be effective at all, leading to blatancy in all areas—from "yaks" in the theatre to blushing pink refrigerators. The result is a coarse public taste, largely unaware of esthetic content, responding instead to the least meaningful and most obvious.

THE second large aspect of market esthetics under affluence is that which stems from the abundance of money (or credit cards) in the pockets of the consumers. When money is scarce each purchase — clothing, furniture, decoration, entertainment—is a matter for serious consideration, with all values being carefully weighed: demands are more stringent and *appreciation more knowledgeable.* When money is plentiful, less care and consideration are called for. On the contrary, selection is made on an impulse—on a status or fashion basis, not only with little regard for the quality, esthetic or otherwise, of the object being bought but often without consideration on the part of the buyer as to *whether he himself likes it or not.* Reisman's "other-directedness" is here compounded by a large admixture of "it doesn't really matter"; since the object can always be thrown away and another bought, why work up any steam over it? Thus affluence has the effect of producing *indifference,* the absolute opposite of esthetic sensibility.

A third point: The disappearance of craft and craftsmen already mentioned means also that people are less than ever exposed to craft work. Some Americans never see anything hand made in their lives (with the possible exception of some tourist souvenir trash). Their esthetic environment consists therefore almost entirely of machine-made objects and the canned performances that represent the entertainment parallels. The esthetic consequence is that fewer people learn to distinguish between originals and copies, between the real and the synthetic—or are, indeed, interested in doing so. As the slogan of this state, one might well use a recent chewing gum ad, which proclaimed its "genuine artificial fruit flavor."

Which brings us directly to the final and largest effect of affluence upon esthetics. Since almost everything is replaceable, nothing is cherished for its own sake, and the only value remaining to which one can attach a specific statement is cost; we are in the process of witnessing the substitution of the price tag for the sense of beauty. Anyone who listens to the conversation around him at a cocktail party, dinner or other social occasion, will notice how often a painting, gown or house is described, not by its form and color, but by its cost.

"That's Jack Levine," my neighbor whispered to me at a luncheon the other day. "He gets $35,000 a painting!"

"Next thing you know," said I, trying to be funny, "he'll build himself a $100,000 home."

"More," replied my neighbor, reverently.

OF COURSE, there is nothing new about materialistic attitudes in general or money worship in particular. They have always been with us, to the dismay of prophets, saints and artists. But through the ages they have existed alongside the conventional esthetic values—permanence, uniqueness, intrinsic beauty. What is new now is that affluence reduces the force of traditional esthetics by stressing instead the opposite values: impermanence (built-in obsolescence), mass production (multiple duplication); and, in place of beauty, fashion, or the last word for today (stay tuned for tomorrow's last word). There is, to my mind, a definite cross-connection here with the simultaneous shift in *ethical* values in the affluent society from the old-fashioned virtues of Thrift and Industry to Consumption and Leisure (formerly known as Waste and Idleness). (See "The Ethics of Affluence," by Roger L. Shinn, *The Nation*, Oct. 6, 1962.)

With price as the esthetic yardstick, it is easy to understand the incidence of such insanities as $6,000 mink bathrobes (recently offered by a Texas department store) or a machine, widely marketed, that spins pigments about and splashes them on canvas, "creating" automatic abstract paintings. (Here y'are, folks, Take the Pain out of Painting.) The chief problem with such "oddity" offerings would seem to be that of keeping the prices high enough to disguise the repulsiveness of the goods presented. This is not conspicuous waste so much as conspicuous price. Still, I suppose that anything that breaks the pattern of mass-production conformity is salutary to the extent that it allows extra-mass-market esthetic experiences, of whatever quality.

Sanguine observers are fond of pointing out that the affluent society does offer some positive esthetic benefits. Next to paperback books, their favorite example is music. And indeed, many thousands, perhaps millions, have learned to cherish good music because records and radio have made it so available. What is not mentioned is that at the same time many more millions have grown accustomed to regarding music as a *background* for conversation, or as an accompanying element in waiting rooms, washrooms and elevators; this is perhaps less serious than the inattention, bordering on contempt, which such a habit engenders. It sometimes seems as though these people use music as a signal to begin some other activity—talking, sewing, cooking, washing, studying or typing. As for paper books, one has only to look at the major portion of what is on sale to wonder whether the presses are not running just a bit too fast.

SPEAKING specifically of the fine arts, as one eventually must, the identification of beauty with price has led to some lively financial doings of the sort which should be reported on the stock-market pages of the newspapers rather than in the art columns. The latest little game is the one in which a money boy picks up a painting for, say, $5,000, and then donates it to a museum for an appraised valuation of $50,000 or so. He can then make a sizable tax deduction, it goes without saying, and be an art patron at the same time. It is rumored that Treasury Department men are taking courses in art appreciation. On the more conservative side are the cases, becoming more frequent, of wealthy individuals who "collect art" not so much as a cultural activity, but because business conditions being what they are, art is a relatively safe investment.

Meantime the artists themselves (those who have not become mere purveyors of the latest fashion) turn more and more away from involvement with a society that is increasingly anti-esthetic, and instead seek further means of non-symbolic expression. In this sense one might say that the general public inability to understand modern art is the direct result of a general public inability to understand any art.

TO SUM UP: the affluent society, while spreading some esthetic experience widely (paper books, music) *by and large* operates to *reduce* the number and quality of esthetic opportunities in the total environment. At the same time it encourages attitudes towards matters of beauty that are superficial, tawdry and cash-oriented. The esthetics of affluence, therefore, are characteristically *elementary* and *blatant*.

For anyone who feels this is an overstatement, five minutes of TV watching are recommended.

Yet the state of affluence itself is not to blame, but rather the continued application of scarcity attitudes and behavior patterns to a situation in which they no longer have any bearing. When, in the Galbraithian sense, the affluent society succeeds in turning away from its nineteenth-century fixation on the utility-profit theme, and achieves some kind of balance with human, public service and cultural activities conducted *for their own sakes*, there will perhaps be a new flowering of esthetics, the greatest the race has yet seen; there is reason to hope that the truly affluent society can afford beauty, too.

GOLDWATER and COLORADO U.

by Lawrence G. Weiss

Boulder, Colorado

MORE THAN a month has passed since Gary Althen, an Honors student at the University of Colorado, was summoned from a sociology class by the university president and fired as editor of *The Colorado Daily*. But the case is still alive and unlikely to die. It has left its mark on the university and the state and on the consciences of those who were involved in it. It has perplexed many students, disturbed and divided the faculty and alienated some faculty members from the university president.

But, more than that, it has threatened to bring the University of Colorado to a stopping place—if not a turning point—in its drive to become a "great university." And it has raised, for the whole academic world to contemplate, the question of whether any university operated and financed by a state and subject to state political pressures can become a "great university" in the fullest sense of the phrase.

If ever a university president set out with vigor and determination to build his institution into a "great university," Quigg Newton of Colorado — a Yale-educated lawyer and former mayor of Denver—was the man. Before his arrival in 1957, the university had reposed beside the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Boulder—thirty miles from Denver—for eighty years without creating any stir in the academic world. It was known as a "party school," where rich men's sons and daughters from the Midwest came to ski in the winter and play in the mountains in the summer.

In five and a half years under Newton, the whole character of the University of Colorado has undergone a radical change. Outstanding scholars and bright young researchers have been added to the faculty, and salaries increased to retain the best teachers on the campus. Publications and research were expanded, new programs of study launched, scholarship standards raised. The whole tone of the campus grew more serious and intellectual.

IN THE new intellectual ferment among the students, the award-winning campus newspaper, *The Colorado Daily*, has been a powerful influence. Instead of confining itself to the affairs of the fraternity houses and the football team, it moved boldly into the field of national and international news, into the arena of ideas and controversy.

Under Newton, the newspaper was left largely alone to go its own way in the atmosphere of academic freedom that pervaded the whole campus. Academic freedom was, in fact, an indispensable element in Newton's concept of a "great university." Students were free to explore all ideas—including heresies—and professors were not confined to intellectual orthodoxies. An outstanding physicist who, in the 1940s, had belonged to the Communist Party was added to the faculty. Another former Communist was retained and rewarded for good work with higher salary. On the other hand, a conservative professor and "professional anti-Communist," who had criticized the Newton administration and threatened it with a lawsuit, was granted tenure.

But in Newton's efforts to make the University of Colorado "great," he encountered steadily mounting opposition. Arrayed against him were, first, the old-timers on the faculty who had to be moved aside to make room for distinguished new scholars and administrators with new plans and new drive. From the department heads who were replaced, the faculty veterans who were passed over when large salary increases were handed out, came false charges that the Newton administration practiced "favoritism" in behalf of liberals, Socialists or Democrats (Newton is a Democrat). Second, there were the Right-wingers on and off the campus, who had been complaining about Reds at the university for years and who now grew more vehement in their attacks. Third, there were the fraternity and sorority alumni who were upset by a 1956 ruling of the university regents giving the Greek houses six years to get rid of racial and religious discrimination or get off the campus. Since Newton was committed to this policy, he was looked on in some fraternity circles with suspicion and hostility.

And last, there were the supporters of big-time football, who were enraged when the university's regents, with Newton's support, fired a football coach who had won the Big Eight title and taken his team to the Orange Bowl. The coach had admitted that "illegal" payments were made to football players without the knowledge of the administration. Newton's view that a "great university" could not condone cheating did not impress the critics in the athletic crowd.

The charges leveled by these different groups were talked about throughout the state, aired in speeches and carried in Colorado newspapers. They were also brought to the floor of the Colorado Legislature, and provided the Republicans—including two Republican candidates for the university's Board of Regents—with tempting material for the 1962 political campaign.

WITH the approach of the 1962 election campaign, the hostility toward the university appeared to be moving toward a climax. It was in this atmosphere of pressure that Newton took steps which some observers regard as a retreat from his goal of greatness for the institution which he leads.

The first step was the decision not to enforce the regents' 1956 ruling against discrimination in fraternities and sororities. The six-year grace period given the Greek houses to comply with the anti-discrimination policy expired on September 1, on the eve of the political campaign. Of the thirty-eight fraternities and sororities on the campus, only one, Phi Delta Theta, had failed to comply. But on the basis of a minor concession by the Phi Delts, which left the possibility of compliance still

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two years away, Newton ordered a telephone poll of the six regents, who voted four to two to breach a policy that had been firm for six years and an important part of the concept of a "great university."

It seemed obvious that Newton chose to avoid enforcing the anti-discrimination policy not because he favored discrimination, but because he wanted to avoid unnecessary trouble with the fraternity alumni at a time when he expected more serious trouble from a number of other directions.

Then, on September 21, at the end of the first week of classes, two pieces in *The Colorado Daily* gave the Althen controversy its genesis and its shape. The first was an editorial, written by the editor himself, expressing the hope that the university's football team would lose all of its games in the coming season and thereby make it easier for big-time football to be abandoned in Boulder. The second, published as part of a weekly supplement, was a long, confused essay by Carl Mitcham, an angry young man studying philosophy, on Senator Barry Goldwater's book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*. The football editorial provoked immediate protests from students, sports fans, alumni, newspaper writers and a Republican candidate for the Board of Regents. The Goldwater essay went almost unheeded for four days. Then some Goldwater supporters on the campus, after wading through about 100 inches of Mitcham's prose, came upon this paragraph:

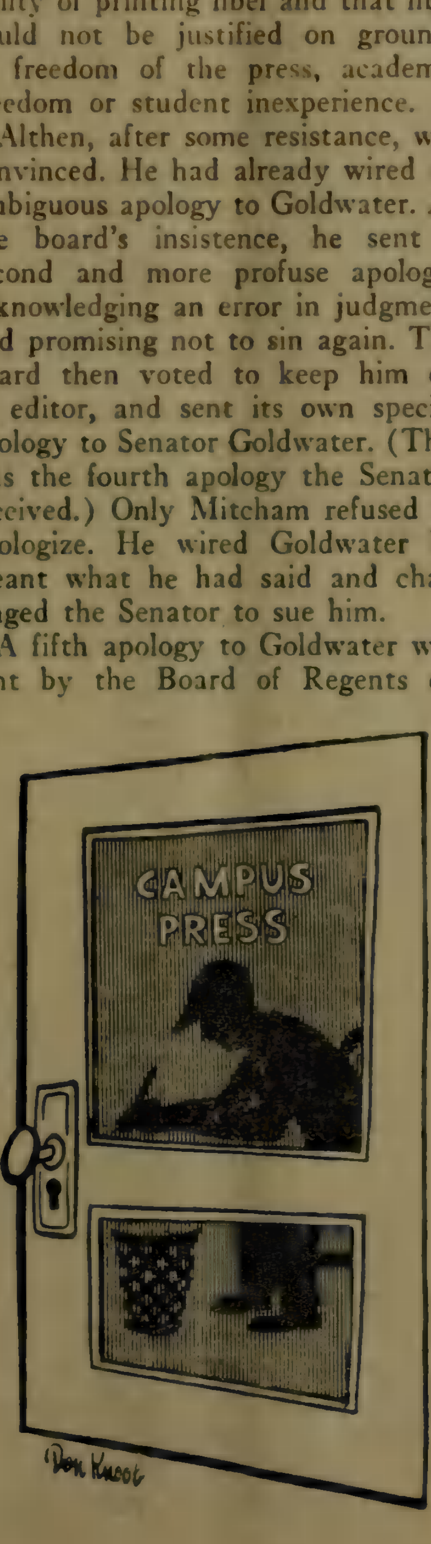
> Goldwater is the victim of forces outside himself—as were the men of Homer's *Iliad*—not because of fate, but because of the nature of violence. His delusion is his passion. Read for what he is—not as an abstraction or depersonalized politician—Barry Goldwater is a fool, a mountebank, a murder [sic], no better than a common criminal.

This paragraph also came to the attention of the Republican candidate for the Board of Regents, who issued a news release in protest. But neither Denver newspaper printed the story at this stage. It was not until the fifth day that the story broke in the general press with full fury.

That was the day the privately supported newspaper of the campus conservatives reported on page one that Senator Goldwater had been informed of the attack and was demanding an apology. With Goldwater himself in the picture, the general press speedily hopped onto the story. As the outcry mounted, Newton decided to send the Senator the demanded apology and to request the university Board of Publications, which oversees *The Colorado Daily*, to decide whether any action should be taken against Editor Althen. The board, after a hearing, sternly informed Althen that he had been guilty of printing libel and that libel could not be justified on grounds of freedom of the press, academic freedom or student inexperience.

Althen, after some resistance, was convinced. He had already wired an ambiguous apology to Goldwater. At the board's insistence, he sent a second and more profuse apology, acknowledging an error in judgment and promising not to sin again. The board then voted to keep him on as editor, and sent its own special apology to Senator Goldwater. (This was the fourth apology the Senator received.) Only Mitcham refused to apologize. He wired Goldwater he meant what he had said and challenged the Senator to sue him.

A fifth apology to Goldwater was sent by the Board of Regents on September 28. The regents deplored the editor's behavior and announced that it had ordered a study to be made of *The Colorado Daily* and its role in the university. But, like the Board of Publications, the regents made no move to fire Althen.



Even with five apologies, however, Senator Goldwater would not be appeased. Just when the affair appeared to be dying down and the university's critics appeared to be losing a good thing, the Senator came to their aid with a letter to Newton. "You either do not know what is going on at the university, or you don't care. . . ." he wrote. "To put it briefly, I doubt if you have the interest or concern to be in the position you hold."

Newton, who had been smarting silently under the stings of his critics for five years, sent back a bristling reply that struck hard at Goldwater and at some of his local foes at the same time. "You have made yourself the symbol of the suppressive forces which are waging an all-out assault on the university," he told the Senator. "It is always the same: 'Our way is the only American way. All others are un-American and subversive. You must silence those who do not agree with us.' Senator, I shall not silence them."

With this letter, Newton reached a summit of popularity on the campus. There was even talk in the state that Senator Goldwater had gone too far and that the university president had carried the field.

The optimists, however, had not reckoned with the pen of Carl Mitcham. On the very day that Newton published his reply to Goldwater, a fifty-one-inch letter by Mitcham explaining his earlier article was published in the columns of *The Colorado Daily*. Like his first effort, the letter was largely unheeded when it first appeared. But on October 8, the sixth day after its publication, a Denver newspaper informed its readers that Mitcham had referred to former President Eisenhower as an "old futzer."

Then the storm broke anew. The editorial writers leaped to the attack. Governor Steve McNichols and Senator John Carroll—both campaigning for re-election and both destined to lose—defended the good name of Eisenhower and rebuked the campus newspaper. The clamor for action against the newspaper and its editor mounted swiftly.

Sometime during that week—probably on October 11—President Newton decided that he and the university had had enough. He described Gary Althen privately to a faculty member as "an albatross around my neck." And before the week was out, he wrote a letter to the Board of Publications asking that Gary Althen be fired.

But Newton apparently found it almost as difficult to retreat as to stand firm. The university's Board of Publications refused to fire Althen. The regents failed to act on his proposal that the newspaper be put under the control of the College of Journalism. When a group of students, at Newton's suggestion, tried to persuade Althen to resign voluntarily, the editor, after an all-night session, stood his ground and refused. The Faculty Senate, by substantial votes, tabled both a motion recommending that Althen be fired and a motion recommending that he be censured. But the faculty—with many of its members unwilling to have Newton resign—also passed a motion expressing confidence in the president's ability to handle the case in the future.

On October 17, the morning after the Faculty Senate meeting, Newton called the editor to his office and fired him.

NEWTON and his supporters at the university take the position that it is wrong to use a newspaper for personal abuse and name-calling, especially when the newspaper is supported by compulsory student fees, as is *The Colorado Daily*. By committing this wrong, they say, Althen proved he was irresponsible and deserved to be fired. He was also hurting the university by making it the target of public wrath.

But a number of students and faculty members view the Althen case in another light. Their views can be summarized this way:

Although Althen would have been a better editor if he had not allowed name-calling to creep into his columns, his offense was a relatively minor one. Neither Goldwater nor Eisenhower was injured by it. Newspapers all over the country have indulged in name-calling since the dawn of American journalism, and campus newspapers have been chronic offenders.

The campus itself testified to the triviality of Althen's offense by ignoring the Goldwater reference for four days and the Eisenhower reference for six. (Newton himself had discussed the "old futzer" letter with Althen the day after it was published and had made no complaint at the time.) A member of the Board of Publications, who voted to fire Althen, had earlier told a newspaperman that the "old futzer" phrase wasn't worth bothering about.

Newton fired Althen, the president's critics are convinced, not because the campus thought the editor had sinned, but because the newspapers and politicians outside the campus thought so. The president left the verdict to an outside jury, instead of resting the case with the university and accepting the outcome of its procedures and rules.

The Althen firing—in the view of these students and faculty members—thus made a mockery of campus due process. The Board of Publications, set up under the university rules to handle such cases, ruled on three separate occasions that Althen should not be fired. The regents of the university failed to do the firing, and the faculty refused to recommend it. [Nor, it appears, had Senator Goldwater actually demanded disciplinary action, as reported in first accounts of the incident — accounts which formed the basis of a *Nation* editorial, "The Sensitive Senator," in the October 20 issue. Senator Goldwater has informed us that he never demanded an apology, nor did he demand either Mitcham's expulsion or the removal of Althen as editor. But it should be pointed out that *The New York Times*, on October 6, reported that the apologies had satisfied neither the Senator nor his supporters.—Ed.]

However, Newton now took the matter into his own hands. The campus had rendered a verdict, but the outside world demanded a victim, and Newton threw Althen to the lions.

People outside the campus had made Gary Althen the symbol of all their suspicions about the university and all their grievances against it. They saw his behavior as proof that the university fostered radicalism and irresponsibility. And they wanted Althen fired as much for the football editorial and another editorial, advocating Red China's admission to the UN, as for the name-calling.

Newton did not take official cognizance of these two editorials, but he bowed to the will of those who did. He set out to halt "irresponsibility," not to silence unpopular views—but the unpopular views have been muted in the process. *The Colorado Daily* has become a bland newspaper. Some university people fear—and others hope—that the University of Colorado will become a bland campus.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

wise excellent article, Professor Bolton concludes that "the United States emerges with a *moral* triumph of major proportions" from the recent events relating to Cuba.

J. H. Aitchison
Halifax, N.S. Dalhousie University

No Allegory Intended

Dear Sir: Terry Southern's review of William Golding's *The Inheritors* [Nov. 17 issue] reveals an ignorance both of Golding's career and of his literary intentions. *The Inheritors*, which Southern apparently thinks is a new novel, was published in England in 1955.

Golding's intention in *The Inheritors*, I take it, is to view the coming of modern man through the eyes of the Neanderthals, who, unlike Homo sapiens, are not tainted with Original Sin. To call the novel allegorical befogs Golding's intention. One might just as well call an earlier work with a similar intention (albeit written on a much larger scale), Milton's *Paradise Lost*, an allegory. Borrowing a psychological jargon word, Southern asks if the reader can "identify with a Neanderthal man." The question is absurd; does Milton ask us to "identify" with Chaos and ancient Night?

John S. Lewis
Kansas State Teachers College
Emporia, Kan.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Africa: The Scholarly Scramble

George Shepperson

THE FIRST so-called Scramble for Africa, which divided up most of the continent among powers of Europe, is finished. Some African nationalists, such as Dr. Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika, speak of a second scramble under the conditions of the cold war. One may argue about the nature of this particular rivalry, but what is not in doubt is the existence of a third, and completely new, scramble: a rush of writers to stake out their claims in the fresh fields of African scholarship. It is a scholarly struggle, the prizes of which are not chiefs' marks on hastily concocted treaty forms, but the precious evidences of publication, by book or article, in hard-cover or paperback—anything to show that the author has brought back a little learned light from the Dark Continent.

It is understandable that this should be particularly marked in the field of history. In 1818, in his lectures on the philosophy of history at Berlin, Hegel expressed what has been for too long the typical attitude, calling Africa "the unhistorical, undeveloped spirit." It was time for a reaction against this idea that Africa, before the coming of the white man, had no history. But the speed at which it has taken place—barely a decade, paralleling the rapid rise of thirty independent African states—may make the reader, faced with the flood of paper on Africa, feel not that Africa has no history but that it now has too much.

Other excesses of this new scramble are apparent: the new "Partition of Africa," the "Ph.D. partition"; the tendency to romanticize the pre-European past; the political nature of some of the scholarship. Russian scholars, for example, having concentrated their attention for thirty years on the Asian part of the colonial world as the most important for the Revolution, have shifted suddenly to the African; and the first volume of a history of "Black Africa" by Endre Sík, published by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences last year, declares that this "confirms brilliantly" the theses of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. (Why does this list omit Engels, who is still uniformly in favor among Marxist ideologists—unlike Stalin, whom it includes?)

THERE is also the danger of a new kind of historical isolationism. The necessity of close-focus scholarship on many of the neglected problems of African history, together with the enthusiasm for novelty and the over-rapid institutionalization of "experts," tends to fix the gaze of some scholars too firmly on Africa itself, to the exclusion of the wider world in which the answers to many of the continent's historical problems are to be found. It is curious that the laudable ambition to destroy the myth that the "Dark Continent," until the coming of the white man, was cut off from the rest of the world and contributed nothing to it threatens, under these circumstances, to create a sort of historical isolationism for Africa.

Above all is the danger that the general reader—and a number of over-specialized scholars—will come to the conclusion that nothing worth reading on African history has been written until now. They should realize that the young scholars of today are building on the work of the past. Such work may often have been produced in isolation, was often neglected and could draw on none of the financial assistance (the enthusiasm of the foundations) and documentary resources (the opening of important archives and private collections since the Second World War) now available to scholars. Nevertheless, these studies occupy an honorable place in the historiography of Africa.

The mention of but a few names from America will not only substantiate this statement but also, one hopes, destroy another legend: that scholarly interest in African history was rare in the United States until recently. The fact is that, if America was not exactly bursting at the seams with historians of Africa before the new vogue, American writers (some of them not professional historians) gave the lead to other parts of the world in several fields of African history. Raymond Leslie Buell's massive two volumes of 1928, *The Native Problem in Africa,* provide essential material on which all students of administrative and political history of Africa must draw. Every writer on the history of West Africa and its links with America and the Caribbean is indebted to the work of Melville J. Herskovits. And, if its chief impact has been felt among the intelligentsia of the new African nations, the contribution of the Negro History movement in the United States, through such works as *The Journal of Negro History,* the writings of W. E. B. Du Bois and Monroe N. Work's *Bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America* (1928), has had a greater influence on the general study of African history than is commonly appreciated.

Even this very selective chronicle of pre-Scramble writers on African history must add a few names from other parts of the world: from France, for example, Maurice Delafosse whose *Haut-Sénégal-Niger* of 1912 is the foundation of the historiography of much of modern West Africa; from Germany, Justus Strandes' 1899 *Die Portugiesenzeit von Deutsch- und Britisch-ostafrika* (translated into English in 1961 as *The Portuguese Period in East Africa*), a pioneering study of the Lusitanian epoch of East African history; from Britain, E. W. Bovill's *Caravans of the Old Sahara* (first published in 1933, reissued in 1958 as *The Golden Trade of the Moors*), which opened the eyes of many readers to the fact that the Sahara was not as wide a gulf between sub-Saharan and Mediterranean Africa as was too often supposed, and the fundamental books of Sir Reginald Coupland on East and Central African history; and, from Africa itself, the works of South African historians like W. M. Macmillan and C. W. de Kiewiet and the collection of traditional histories by West Africans such as S. O. Johnson's 1921 *The History of the Yorubas.*

VIEWED in this light, it may be said that, although the graph of publications on Africa has risen sharply during the last decade, it was not exactly horizontal in the prewar period.

A little cynicism, then, about the current scholarly scramble for Africa is not unmerited. But the general reader must be warned against taking this too far. For all its excesses and immaturities, the wave of present-day historical scholarship on Africa is washing away many old prejudices. As the reasons for the technical backwardness of Africa are explained in their detailed historical con-

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texts, and the nature of its states and cultures is shown in all its chronological and environmental complexities, the picture of Africa as the "mother of monsters," the progenitor of a special breed of inferior people, which has dominated the white world at least since medieval times, will be slowly but surely destroyed. The effect of this on the achievement of harmonious race relations is obvious. Furthermore, research in depth into African history—which means, of course, not only the study of those current favorites, political and economic history, but also of the cultural past of Africa in its widest sense—may well reveal a special contribution of its peoples to the history of mankind. Africa will at last be brought within the bounds of what Hegel called "universal history," admission to which has been so long denied her, not only to the detriment of Africa but of those who have been responsible for the denial.

The new study of African history, therefore, must be encouraged for practical reasons. And if one believes that the study of history is its own justification, the new wave of scholarship will need no additional commendation — though there is needed, perhaps, a word of warning against the inevitable bandwagoners who have sprung up in its midst.

When the current demand for bibliographies, hastily assembled collections of too readily available documents, surveys, digests, and rapidly produced synopses has been satiated, the fashionable historian is likely to find that the conditions of the new scramble are too much for him. The difficulties of serious work on African history are too profound for the fair-weather sailors of scholarship. Like the participants in the first Scramble for Africa, they will find that it is one thing to grab a piece of territory but another to develop it.

THE fundamental difficulty of African history is that of sources. Before the coming of the European conquerors, most African peoples south of the Sahara—and in many instances in the desert itself and even on the northern shores—had no script for their languages. Thus, there are almost no written records (with some exceptions in Arabic) for this period. Under these arduous conditions, a number of alternative techniques for dating and delineating African history have been developed: linguistic analysis, the collection of oral traditions, elaboration of standard archaeological methods, the analysis of blood groups, the examination of crop distribution, and the study of African art. A convenient guide to the latest uses of most of these techniques is to be found in the report of the Third Conference on African History and Archaeology (London University, 1961), which forms a complete issue of the *Journal of African History* (III, 2, 1962).

Even in the period after the European conquest of Africa, there are serious problems of sources. Until the habit and the facilities for writing had been developed among an African elite, most of the records of the desperately complicated process by which the indigenous peoples of the continent were forced into fresh states and introduced to the new worlds of industrialism, nationalism and bureaucracy were the work of white men: soldiers, administrators, missionaries, traders and engineers. The African viewpoint, therefore, cannot be readily identified for the first half-century at least of the European partition of Africa. And even when the technique of writing had spread to Africans, it is difficult to find adequate records for the history of such essential elements in the story of modern Africa as the rise of nationalism, the development of an African middle class and the growth of a labor movement. Many of them have been lost or destroyed in the highly non-academic process of creating African political parties. What records do survive of these important forms of African self-expression are often disappointing for the historian, because so intense have been the practical difficulties of establishing political parties, trade unions or businesses that the Africans involved in them have had little time to develop orderly habits of saving their records for the independent African archives of the future. And in the archives already in existence, the repositories of the colonial powers, many essential documents are missing. Not all the holes in these records are the work of those old enemies of preservation in Africa, climate, white ants and lassitude; some were made deliberately by partisan curators.

YET, in spite of all these problems at all levels of the time-scale, what is remarkable is not what records have been lost but what survive. To discover these, however, often requires a persistence akin to that of the explorers of the darkest days of the Dark Continent.

Just as these explorers—even the Livingstones, the most self-sufficient of them—could not advance without an elaborate network of assistance from many quarters, it is becoming increasingly clear that the writing of African history depends on the collaboration of many scholars and specialists, not all of whom will be professional historians. This is obvious for the early days of Africa, as the use of radioactive carbon dating techniques illustrates. It seems equally necessary for the nineteenth and

Leader

A snap of fingers
quick as a whip
silenced us
rowdy
after the bell rung
we muttered with no word
obscenities
and we evened the score
at least
he could not
quiet our thoughts
though his black eyes
probed
our black thoughts
Yet
at his desk
giving polite orders
quietly
quietly
he grew more awesome
taller
a gentlemanly
god
and urchins
we dug at our poor minds
to find something
to please him

Joseph Joel Keith

twentieth centuries. An impressive example of this is the important contribution which has been made, not only to the story of European penetration into South and Central Africa but also to the knowledge of the African peoples of those areas in the mid-nineteenth century, by the social anthropologist, I. Schapera. His meticulous and exemplary editing of a hitherto unpublished mass of the papers of the great Scottish explorer—*David Livingstone: Family Letters, 1841-1856, Livingstone's Private Journals, 1851-1853* and *Livingstone's Missionary Correspondence, 1841-1856* (University of California Press)—will be relied upon heavily by all future historians of South and Central Africa. They could have been assembled only by a social anthropologist with a detailed knowledge of the areas they serve.

IN similar fashion, political scientists, turning their attention to more recent fields, are providing essential material for the historian of Africa. Two admirable examples are James S. Coleman's *Nigeria: Background to Nationalism* (University of California Press) and David Apter's *The Political Kingdom in Uganda* (Princeton University Press). Indeed, in the collaboration of a historian and a political scientist — George Bennett and Carl G. Rosberg's *The Kenyatta Election: Kenya, 1960-1961* (Oxford University Press) — it is possible to notice the beginning of a trend whereby academic specialists rush to the spot to save something from the much-vaunted wind of change in Africa.

If, as in this instance, the historian seems to be emulating the journalist, the new historiography of Africa is increasingly attracting the attention of journalists. Because the journalist is less hesitant to put pen to paper than the professional historian, he is — especially when he is ready to take the academician's advice — in a good position to provide readable, working syntheses of the latest scholarship. Outstanding in this respect are the two books by Basil Davidson: *The Lost Cities of Africa* (Little, Brown) and *Black Mother* (Little, Brown), excellent introductions, respectively, to the pre-history of Africa and to the impact of the European slave trade on its peoples.

For more recent events, the journalist with a historical sense is often in a position to acquire and analyze materials which the professional historian is slower to assimilate. A good example of this is the book by the *Observer's* Commonwealth correspondent, Colin Legum: *Pan-Africanism. A Short Political Guide* (Praeger), the historical sections of which offer the historian of modern Africa a challenge. As Mr. Legum rather mildly puts it, in the introduction to his study of the complicated ideological phenomena which are all too often carelessly bracketed under "Pan-Africanism": "Much more work requires to be done by our academic colleagues who have so far largely neglected this field of study."

Of course, the new focus on Africa produces a journalistic as well as a scholarly scramble. It would be embarrassing to both writer and reader to dwell on the deficiencies of many of the hasty journalistic works now cascading from the bookshops and book clubs; in any case, their limitations are not difficult to spot. What is not so readily apparent, either to the scholar or to the intelligent general reader, is the contribution which the journalist has made and will continue to make to the serious study of African history, if he is not scared away from the subject by academic snobbery.

But although the new history of Africa will not be the work of the professional historian alone, it is only he, in the long run, who can provide the fundamental research and set the standards for it. Three years ago, a *Journal of African History* started publication. Its six numbers show that these standards are already well established. The editors, Roland Oliver and J. D. Fage, have recently produced a Penguin *Short History of Africa* which is an admirable antidote for those suffering from the wearisome proliferation of African paperbacks.

IN THE future, however, it is to the native-born historian of Africa that readers will increasingly turn. Already, from such works as K. O. Dike's *Trade and Politics in the Niger Delta, 1830-1885* (Oxford University Press) and S. O. Biobaku's *The Egba and their Neighbours, 1842-1872* (Oxford University Press), it is clear that they will not turn in vain. Yet the very rise of independent African states, which has provided such a stimulus for the new historiography, may, at least for some time to come, curtail the supply of native-born historians. The newly independent states — unlike many of the older nations — do not neglect history: indeed, as the project in Ghana for an *Encyclopaedia Africana* demonstrates, they are often acutely aware of the necessity of history. But their urgent demands for more administrators and the financial rewards which such positions offer scoop up many university graduates who, in less hectic circumstances, might have considered becoming historians. It is ironical that black Africa, which has struggled so hard to free itself from the white man's ideological shackles, may be forced to rely for some years ahead on white historians for the essential knowledge of its past. However sympathetic these may be — and they are not all noted for their sympathy to African aspirations — and however well equipped, they must suffer under the limitations of foreigners.

Yet Africa has a way of surprising people. The view that something new is always coming out of Africa is as old as Ptolemy. It could be, then, that, just as the first Scramble for Africa stung the Africans to political reaction, the new scholarly scramble will stimulate them, in spite of all the day-to-day demands of government, to make time and provision for an increasing number of their own historians. Then Africa could come home to itself again.

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The City Haters

THE INTELLECTUAL VERSUS THE CITY: From Thomas Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright. By Morton and Lucia White. Harvard University Press and M.I.T. Press. 270 pp. $5.50.

Elias S. Wilentz

EVERY city lover knows to his dismay that dislike and distrust of cities is deeply rooted in America. The Whites have set as their task the defining of this anti-city attitude by our nation's statesmen, philosophers, writers, sociologists and architects. By examining the anti-urbanism of leading intellectuals from colonial times to the present, they hope to search out what this opposition had in common and, finally, what implications it has for the present situation of American cities. Morton White is professor of philosophy at Harvard; Lucia White has a practical background in social work.

The matter is far from academic. We daily see our cities being dismembered by highways, chopped apart for housing projects, bulldozed into sterile zones of housing, industry and culture. So serious are the onslaughts that they are driving even lifelong city lovers into the country!

Anti-city attitudes are nowhere so evident as in present-day city planning and urban renewal. Despite the historic examples of Greece, the Renaissance city-states and European civilization centers such as London and Paris, city life continues to carry for many the aura of Biblical expulsion from that true source of life's virtues, the country. Towering apartment projects are built in the heart of cities but surrounded with grass and trees. Supposedly, this encircling charm of the "garden," from which only goodness can flow, will ban the evils of the surrounding city.

Underlying much "slum clearance"—aside from obvious profiteering—is this fear of the older, gardenless parts of the city. These aged amalgams of small houses, narrow streets, local stores and light industry are considered to be repositories and creators of crime, gangs, delinquency, alienation, school "drop-outs," rapists and muggers. (Yet witness the multi-million-dollar social work program for New York's vast "slum-cleared" lower East Side projects, recently set up to deal exactly with these social collapses.)

The more extreme of our present-day anti-urbanist planners would do away with cities entirely as outmoded vestiges of laissez-faire economics and warring fortress-states. Theoretically, small garden cities made by dispersing the real city over the landscape will do away with war and poverty.

THE WHITES discern in America's intellectual history two patterns of criticism of cities. The first decrees that cities are too civilized: man removed from nature becomes less human, operates solely from the mind and forgets his heart. The second argues that cities are not civilized enough, for they have failed to eradicate slums, racial and ethnic conflict, crushing poverty and human degradation.

Starting with the colonials Franklin, Crèvecoeur and Jefferson, the authors progress to Emerson and Thoreau, to Melville, Hawthorne and Poe, and then to Henry Adams, Henry James and William Dean Howells. They discuss Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser, William James and Jane Addams together in a chapter titled "Pragmatism and Social Work"; the sociologist Robert Park and philosopher John Dewey are shown on common ground in "The Plea for Community." After an "aside" on Royce and Santayana, the Whites conclude this section of the book with the architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

This is obviously an extensive history of ideas to summarize in just 199 pages, and it is understandable if the reader feels that the Whites have only skimmed the surface. A more serious criticism is that the authors have failed to explain satisfactorily why they place many of the intellectuals discussed in the anti-city camp. They seem to believe that an anti-urbanist is anyone who has ever found fault with conditions in cities (Theodore Dreiser preferred another city to New York, Henry James liked London better, and Frank Norris was more at home in San Francisco), aimed any criticism at city life (Herman Melville, who was really being skeptical of civilization in general, and was a lifelong New Yorker) or found any virtues in country living (Benjamin Franklin, the epitome of the American city businessman).

The reader is further confused upon discovering William James, Dewey, Addams and Park classed as anti-urban because each believed in establishing local neighborhood and community life within cities.

Who then is pro-city, according to the Whites? They single out Walt Whitman. Yet this New York poet was anything but aloof from city problems, as is vividly shown in his journalistic writings, "Wicked Architecture," for example. Nor did Whitman see any duality, as the Whites do, in both loving city life and exposing its contemporary faults.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the authors fail to come to grips with a true anti-urbanist, Thomas Jefferson. "Pure government," Jefferson contended in his *Notes on Virginia,* rested on a nation of independent farmers with the necessary mechanics, craftsmen and merchants. Industrial manufacturing cities, with their decadent rich and poverty-stricken "mobs," he saw as sores on the body politic. (Jefferson's later personal experiences with two notable New Yorkers, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, were not such as to warm his heart to city people!)

THE WHITES dispose of Jefferson by pointing out that in his final years he "accepted" cities as necessary for the national survival of the United States. Yet any objective historian of American cities would find much that carried out Jefferson's warnings, a long disquieting story of political corruption, machine politics, bad management, oligarchic rule.

Jefferson argued for localized governmental responsibilities even in rural areas to insure the proper functioning of democratic government. A century later, sociologists sought to deal with urban collapse by proposing the Jeffersonian political concept of small social units, the visible neighborhood, as the building blocks of a city. It is echoed today by architect Percival Goodman in specific recommendations for patterning New York's administration on the Paris *arrondissement* system.

The Whites see such arguments as a sentimental desire to reinstall old-fashioned "village" sensibilities and as anti-urban.

Their city lover, presumably, must find city conditions to be beyond serious criticism, should hate villages and towns, prefer living in New York's Stuyvesant Town project, a non-neighborhood, to living in Greenwich Village, adore bigness in business and architecture, forswear any participation in street life or local community activities, and approve of political districting that bears no relation to existing communities.

With cities being destroyed all about

ELIAS S. WILENTZ, a New Yorker, is a member of a number of citizens' planning groups, and is presently chairman of the Social Action Committee of the First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Wilentz is an owner of the Eighth Street Bookshop, Greenwich Village.

us by the imposition of exactly this kind of sterility, the Whites ignore the nature of this crisis to put forward three "great" city problems: the education of its residents and integration of its minority groups; the fostering of individual personality concerned with more than commercial values; the increase of understanding among people of different occupations, colors, classes and creeds. But these are national problems, and far from peculiar to cities.

Cities do have unique problems that grow out of their unique virtues—the necessity to maintain and enhance diversity, variety, age, growth, charm, intimacy, excitement, street life, freedom, artistic activity, intellectual stirrings, individuality, crowds of people, a multitude of businesses of all sizes, neighborhoods, low rents, beauty, cheap mass transportation, and so on. In short, to plan in cities the very things that make cities great, recognizing these special urban qualities as distinct from those of towns or suburbs, which have their own graces.

Against this appeal, the city lover will find to his dismay the following closing sentences from the Whites: "The wilderness, the isolated farm, the plantation, the self-contained New England town, the detached [?] neighborhood are things of the American past. All the world's a city now and there is no escaping urbanization, not even in outer space."

At last the cat is out of the bag. The Whites are neither pro-city nor anti-city: they belong to that new category—the supporters of the non-city. In the name of building cities, they would "citify" the entire countryside, so that in the "Utopian" climax the American landscape will be one unending project, or lines of look-alike "cities," populated in their entirety by good middle-class, non-bohemian types.

This is simply authoritarian nonsense disguised as "planning." We of the city must work to protect our wilderness areas, beaches, villages, towns from these new-day disciples of Robert Moses, for the very sake of city living. And we must fight off so-called urbanists who would turn cities into joyless and lifeless non-cities—virtuous projects surrounded by grass, but which breed not virtue but dullness of spirit, which prohibit growth and individuality, which close the door on spontaneity and change, and which carry man further down the path of dehumanization.

Good, lively, wonderful cities to live in are not necessarily here to stay, even though the housing of masses of people is. City lovers have to deal with both problems as one, or by default there may be lots of housing but no good, lively, wonderful cities to live in.

The Hell-Bent Life

BURN, KILLER, BURN! By Paul Crump. Johnson Publishing Company, Inc. 391 pp. $4.95.

Elmer Gertz

A NEGRO boy in the Morgan Park area of Chicago zooms through life like an evil comet. In less than twenty years, he experiences many of the good and most of the bad sensations that this world offers both the weak and the strong. Testing everything feverishly if not deeply, he finds the world bad, and leaves it, mourned but unmourning.

In its way, this novel closely parallels the life of its author. For nine years Paul Crump was under sentence of death in the Cook County Jail at Chicago. Then, after a nationally publicized agitation in his behalf, his life was spared by Governor Kerner, who stated that society would gain nothing by his death. Guilty or innocent of the particular murder for which he was condemned, Crump had come to the jail as a snarling savage of twenty-two and had left (to go to the penitentiary) as a civilized man with high aims in life, which he may yet realize (despite his 199-year sentence). He had begun and finished the novel without knowing if it would ever be published or if he would live to turn its printed pages.

The novel is not autobiographical in the sense that everything faithfully follows the Crump case. But it would be wrong to treat it simply as a first novel by an unexpected writer. *Burn, Killer, Burn!* is a social and psychological document, and as such has far greater value and makes a far stronger impact than the ordinary first work of fiction. It is autobiographical in the sense that no one in Crump's position could possibly divorce himself from his environment or from a realization of where his reaction to it inevitably led him. This is a case study of one black boy, born in a ghetto and made to realize at every turn of the social screw that his opportunities are circumscribed by his color. His life was twisted and distorted further because, the deeply religious son of a clergyman, he was deserted by his father who went whoring through Babylon and left a wife and a dozen kids to survive as well as they could. The son fought the memory of his father by emulating him in many ways.

THE STORY is of sex, narcotics, sports, super-excitation in every distorted form. It all tends toward the night; nobody in this black hell-hole can live in the light. The laughter, rare at best, is bitter always. There are leers, snickers, sneers; seldom the guffaws and natural gaiety of happy people.

Crump has a wonderful gift for capturing the sights and sounds of the slums. You can hear the raucous voices of the young hoodlums, hell-bent upon self-destruction. He never resorts to mere palaver; his book always speaks

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ELMER GERTZ, a Chicago lawyer, is the author of The People vs. the Chicago Tribune, American Ghettos *and other books.*

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with the authentic voice of a segment of Black America. Of course, this is not the whole world—even of the ghetto. Neither Crump nor the protagonist of this story ever saw that other part of the world in which men and women could dream and create. One cannot be sure where the fault lies—was it with Crump or with the world?

The book should live as an important record. Its life as a novel is less certain. It bogs down at times in a kind of wild obscurity. Crump is still finding himself as a writer. He has a real gift that should be encouraged, but prisons are not intended for such purpose. The rules forbid his publishing anything more until his day of freedom, if that day ever arrives. Behind bars he may write as much as he pleases. This book is important, among other reasons, for its foretaste of what he may do in the future. It is unnecessary to be objective about *Burn, Killer, Burn!* There is no point in trying to forget that it is written by Paul Crump. One will read it profitably with the history of its author constantly in mind.

LETTER from BROOKLYN

Leslie Katz

JUST as much for Brooklyn as for Venice, the civic center of a city may be said to express the unconscious of the culture that produced it. The architectural complex around the town hall of a town is a visual consensus summing up cultural forces, a central place where considerations of business, government and civil felicity have to come to terms with one another. The result is a composite of the values that have triumphed. In Venice it is the Piazza San Marco, the Basilica and the Doges' Palace. In Brooklyn it is Borough Hall, the old Post Office, and the new Supreme Court Building, in a recently created setting of tree-lined open spaces, carved from land cleared of old business buildings.

The Center is located across the East River, just opposite the tip of Manhattan and bordering on Brooklyn Heights. Fortunately, the bulldozers were not given carte blanche. History, in the form of the post-colonial style Borough Hall, a small, attractive structure at the head of a small, grassy triangle, was the centerpiece to be preserved. It faces, a quarter of a mile away, the awesome perfection, architectural honor and almost sacred authority of the Brooklyn Bridge. Stripped of streetcar tracks and the apparatus of elevated trains, the bridge in recent years has been restored toward its original appearance — slim, spare, the arching road suspended by the fanned net of wires, and the stone towers, recently cleaned, transformed from dirty gray to a mottled tan tinged with pink.

The removal of the el in the Borough Hall section two decades ago revealed in the merciless sunlight a decrepitude so appalling that even the political machine was moved to decisive action. The result, as the master plan of renewal nears completion a generation later, may be summed up as not half bad. Architecturally, the overall effect of the Civic Center is laughable, which is to say, it has some character. It is awkward rather than primly ugly, and it has the virtue of providing a pleasant place to sit or stroll outdoors at the main crossroads, a place to take umbrage from traffic and walls.

The pleasure derives not only from the creation of new open spaces, but from the juxtaposition of old buildings and new. The existence and toleration of contrasting structures of various epochs is important. Three-dimensional history cannot be relegated to Disneyland or to the reconstructions of Williamsburgs. Old buildings gain new meaning in a contemporary environment. (A few weeks ago in Washington, the beautiful houses of Lafayette Square were saved at the last minute, and the Square itself rescued from high-rise office buildings, by the intelligent decision to build the new behind the facades of the old. Such intelligence is the best answer to the "start only from scratch" and "think only big" mentality that thrives in a milieu of brash extremity responding to boom needs. The detail is the microcosm of the whole, and the saving graces of vast new projects, if any, will be in attention to human details, human scale.)

THE NEW Brooklyn Center is essentially a series of three long and narrow tree-and-bench-lined parks that run from the Hall to the Bridge Plaza. The first of these, nearest the bridge and called Walt Whitman Park, is bordered on one side by the colorful though derelict lower Fulton Street, where blocks of old buildings will be torn down to make way for the Cadman Plaza housing project, probably to be designed in red brick, picture-window penitentiary style, matching the Concord Village project opposite. A large World War II Memorial that looks like a billboard made of stone, with two apathetic stone giants doing a television commercial for grief on either side, obstructs the view.

Inland, across a main traffic artery to the bridge, are the other two parks, each the front yard of one of the two principal public buildings. The Post Office is a respectable, solid, homely, four-story eighteen-ninety-renaissance pile of comfortably ornate stone, a combination chateau and fort, with a bell-less bell tower. Byzantine-type carvings, including foxes at grapes, surmount the marble pillars at the doors. (The Post Office hangs an annual art show by postal workers, and the postmaster writes signboard poetry addressed to patrons.)

Next door, a breathtaking sight, is the new Supreme Court building. It may have the distinction, externally, of being the ugliest new building in America. Imagine an old transatlantic liner with the prow and stern and funnels cut off, every line made straight, planted on open land. The building looks curiously incomplete, with ribbons of black stone joining the rows of windows, a gigantic flower planter without flowers.

Out front, however, real flowers grow in a circular plot, and the recently planted trees already this fall gave shade to Brooklyn citizens who sit almost dazed at the unaccustomed pleasure of a usable

Masterindex: 14

mother where do you hide him
where do you keep my father

I know you think if I'd have him I wouldn't know what to do with him
but its my privilege to have my father while I'm puzzled

don't you think mother we could hide him together

then after we decided what to do with him he would decide which of our
decisions to choose
he would act just like a father

odd that anybody lifeless could act like a father
but all things are possible without a father

Gil Orlovitz

downtown park. With the fort of justice behind them, they contemplate the almost distant traffic and enjoy a perspective view of the tall office buildings of early vintage on Court Street, watch the Savings Bank of marble and glass being installed at the corner, in front of the big, square, black and gray Gas Company building just completed, with its electric imitation of a live gas flame a beauty spot at the top, and a few old-time gas street lamps set out on an intermediate roof.

Looking up the street, the sitters can also see the new Public Library Branch, a crazy pillbox from the outside. Inside, the library is spacious, brightly lighted and cheerful, if bare.

In the Civic Center parks, even far into November, the open air, the trees and the benches, lend an air of faint festivity to the fatigue of the citizens who find a moment of peace there.

At the chief and strategic spot, a rise of land between the Post Office and the court building, facing the main area, stands J.Q.A. Ward's statue of Henry Ward Beecher, with bronzes at the sides of the pedestal at his feet—three children, one a graceful Negro girl, offering him garlands. People sit and look at the statue, at the fine, political and public face of this manly ancestor, deep circles of flesh under his farseeing eyes, hat crushed in hand, watch fob protruding from the ample vest. Looking at the statue, the distant dream awakens that some day the exhaust fumes will be controlled and dispelled, the flat rooftops turned into public gardens and cafés. The faces of the people sitting now where Whitman went to work as editor of the *Eagle*, are Whitman faces yet, and one must admit, at the new Brooklyn Civic Center, the dream is not entirely dead.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

TO PUT it fancily, *Little Me*, the new musical that Neil Simon, Carolyn Leigh and Cy Coleman have based on a novel by Patrick Dennis, mixes Bemelmans with burlesque at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.

The "Bemelmans" element is a cartoon satire of the American success story. An unwashed and barefoot baby doll from Venezuela, Illinois, seeking to be worthy of Noble Eggleston, the town's rich boy who studies both medicine and law at Harvard and Yale simultaneously, determines to acquire the necessary "culture, wealth, position."

Her rise takes her through marriage to a French hoofer named Poitrine (this gives her the gently Rabelaisian cognomen Belle Poitrine), the making of several idiot Hollywood colossals, the birth of an illegitimate child, First World War service in France, sundry *liaisons* (one with—minor—royalty), and finally the consummation of her romance with the noble Noble. In short, busty Belle has realized the American Dream. She has everything: "culture, wealth, position"—and a pianoforte that serves as a bar.

The first act takes care of the extravagant (or "technicolor") satire; the second act is out-and-out burlesque, each scene being a kind of blackout skit. It might strike the learned that after the first act the authors did not know exactly how to develop their material and therefore decided to run hogwild in the second. They were abetted in this by the peculiar talents of the show's star, Sid Caesar. Lucky authors! For Caesar can be very funny, and this reviewer (to speak like a daily critic) found the silly second act much the better part of the show. The nuttier the proceedings the better he liked it.

Sid Caesar's humor — at least the phase of it he exploits here — has a special Broadway and American-Jewish flavor. (No accent is needed.) It is a subtly "pathetic" humor, the key to which is the ineffable madness of the *accidental*. Every weird hazard—the climactic point of each episode—seems to have appended to it the unspoken but scenically articulate plea, "Would you believe it!"

For example, in one passage Caesar as Otto Schnitzler, a German movie director, demonstrates the action of a film sequence to two dumb actors. From a box containing the props to be used he takes out Cleopatra's "asp" and chucks it at the man playing the Pharoah. There is a gasp of horror. But, Caesar-Schnitzler chuckles, it is only a fake snake: would he use a real one on a star? Then the Kraut director illustrates Cleopatra's suicidal stabbing on himself with a dagger from the same prop box. He makes a few comments, whereupon, from the flush on his face and an astonished look of slow comprehension, a kind of mute and sad bewilderment, we realize that the hapless Otto has stabbed himself to death with a real dagger!

Caesar, who in this show has seven faces, is always doing himself some injury, coming to grief, *failing* in the most unexpected ways. Life is full of tricky abominations, beyond reason or belief, that balk normal expectations. They leave poor Caesar even more puzzled than pained, but thoroughly obliterated. This is the credulous and usually confident Caesar's perennial cross. Once in a long while—and here we have the ultimate irony—the machinery of fate reverses itself and the accident immanent in events produces a happy catastrophe: someone else is damaged and Caesar comes out unscathed or, better still, crowned with good fortune. The effect is always hilarious and also somehow "frightening." No matter which way the wheel turns, Caesar is dumfounded —immobilized in metaphysical wonder. Caesar's comedy, strange as it may appear to him and to us, is philosophical! It had me in stitches.

There are few other talents in the occasion of *Little Me* worth separate note. One or two of Bob Fosse's dance routines are clever, Robert Randolph has designed several amusing drops (not "sets"), Swen Swenson's solo dance displays a remarkably trained *musculature*, Nancy Andrews looks right as the mature Poitrine, Virginia Martin has neat legs, a proper figure and a deliberately terrible singing voice as the younger Poitrine. Present, too, are such side dishes as the elegantly attractive Else Olufsen as a tony social catch and Barbara Sharma, a fetching little redhead among the dancers.

But the show belongs to Caesar and to the surrealist antics which do not know their name!

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

SERGE BOURGIGNON'S *Sundays and Cybèle* is French romance at the highest pitch since Cocteau's mythological mysteries. Its atmosphere is built up of winter mist, fogged windows, reflections on water, the startling flight of birds; it broods in the German manner, though its touch is lighter. I kept feeling we might be in Vienna.

A reviewer must try to say what a picture is about and, with a work like *Sundays and Cybèle*, that is apt to rip the veil to pieces. Bourgignon's picture is essentially a fairy tale, involving a lost princess and a pure knight. In this instance, though, the princess is a child of twelve who has been abandoned by her mother, and by her father palmed off on the teaching nuns; and the prince is an aviator suffering from amnesia induced by the shock of having once seen, in the jungles of Indonesia, the face of a young woman caught in his strafing sights. Accidentally, he now assumes the role of the girl's father and each Sunday they wander, romp and dream together in the park. It is not a relationship the nuns could countenance, nor one that the aviator's nurse-mistress would approve; there is nothing furtive about it, but the fact remains that it is secret.

There is the added complication that the man is somewhat childlike because of his affliction and that the child is knowing beyond her years (she is the daughter of carnival folk) and driven to a sweet coquetry by the desperation of loneliness and desertion. He regresses to her youth, and very soon the outings take on the color of a make-believe romance in a world filled with private meanings. It is very pure and perilously unreal.

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The real world that surrounds the man and the child is, of course, not particularly pure; it is horrified by the implications of their affection, and pursues in earnest a pair living in magic. The ensuing tragedy is brutal and irrevocable.

On Christmas eve the bemused couple celebrate in the snowy and deserted park. He has brought a tree (trimmed and lighted through the celebrating streets) and on it she hangs a little box containing her dearest possession — her name. At school she is not called Cybèle, it being pagan. He in turn climbs the church steeple to bring her the gold cock, which she has coveted as the most unattainable object in their small world. How could all this fail to end badly?

Sundays and Cybèle is sweet and moving, but somehow it does not touch the heart very intimately. The reason may be that it is really too complex and particularized for this sort of fantasy. The hand of the narrator is evident, coincidence is shrewdly plotted. It seems made in the head, not in the heart, and one thinks about it instead of feeling. Nevertheless, it does haunt the mind.

DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE has broken through to the popular audience, and no wonder. It is wickedly funny and completely unscrupulous, and so at the opposite pole to the pasteurized neighborhood offering. The title itself is a joke, since there is no divorce in Italy. Consequently, the hero, infatuated by his provocative niece (she sleeps semi-nude with the blinds undrawn), must maneuver his cloying wife into a situation where he can kill her in vindication of his honor. The film is set in Sicily, where a man's honor (and that of all his family and their retainers) is a matter for public concern and comment, and the hero has little difficulty in manufacturing an occasion that can be corrected only by murder. He gets away with it, of course, gets his undulating niece as a reward, and is clearly soon to be cuckolded again — and this time without his conniving.

I laughed — everyone does — but I was a little ashamed to do so. Lust and idleness, self-indulgence and the massacre of dupes, are such inappropriate subjects for humor that it is callous to respond. If we encourage this sort of thing, we may be treated to a film capitalizing on the risible antics of the insane.

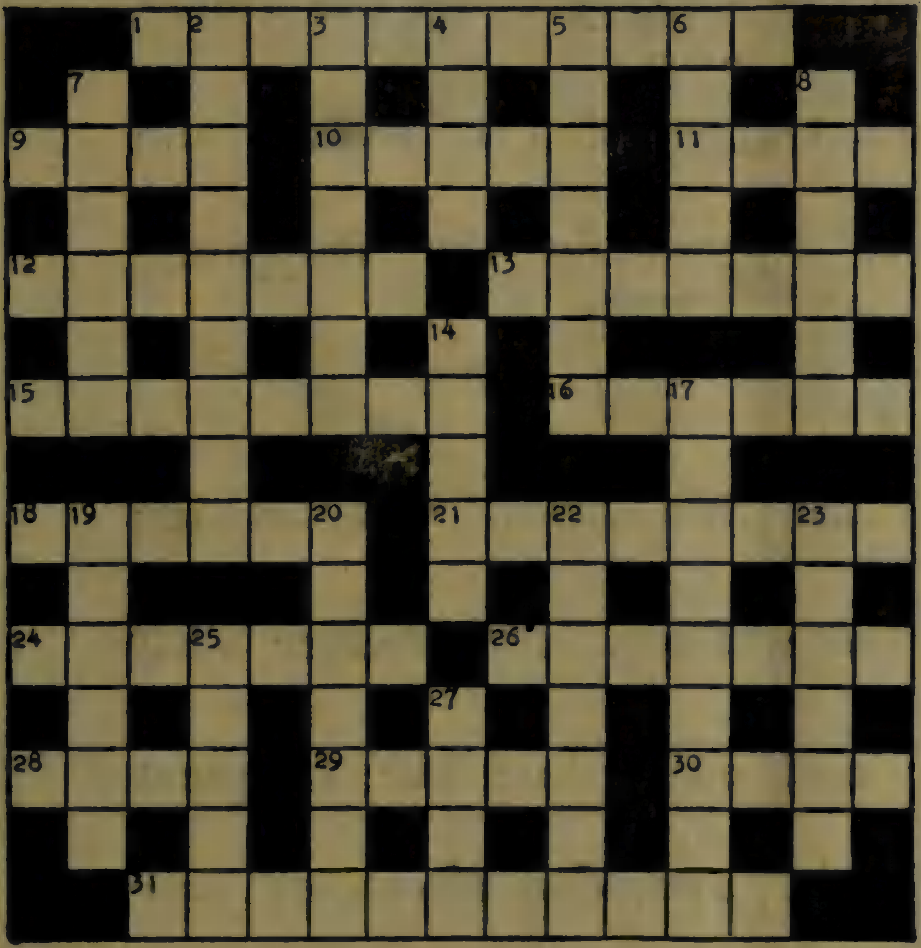
There is some satire in the treatment of the Sicilian tendency to fume over other peoples' business, but I do not think the intention of the picture is satiric, or even particularly fanciful. Nor do I believe that it is intended to work for the liberalizing of Italy's marriage laws. It is, I think, a very funny joke in bad taste.

IS THE law more sacred than the particular life? Does the safety of society take precedence over the justice of the case? Does the end justify the means? Melville's *Billy Budd* is so filled with teasing chestnuts of this sort that I believe the only way to stage it is as grand opera. Then one can at least treat Billy as pure virtue and Claggart as pure evil and derive some cosmic drama from the encounter. Handled as a realistic costume spectacle, as in Peter Ustinov's production, it becomes a moralizing machine. Melville wrote out of anger, out of a belief in the sovereignty of the individual and the power of honesty to arrive at truth. We are less innocent. The conflict between what is known to be right and what is deemed to be necessary has become part of the air we breathe. The way to resolve a problem like the one presented in *Billy Budd* is not to attack it directly (it is frozen in its circumstances and will not yield), but to change the circumstances so that it will not recur. I don't pretend that in practice our society often takes this course, but we know the method. Justice cannot deal with real dilemmas (that is what a dilemma is), but it can be used to prevent them.

Played straight, *Billy Budd* is a brain teaser, and we do not need to fabricate these. So I say it should be sung. Or, in this case, it can be viewed as a handsome sea adventure.

Crossword Puzzle No. 988

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 "Famous Speeches by Famous Men"? (Important information about dates, as well!) (7, 4)

9, 24, 18 and 16 Did the first snake cause a mob scene? (4, 7, 6, 1, 5)

10 Meal, or ingredient thereof. (5)

11 See 28 across.

12 Does one talk about his forge work? (7)

13 Standards for those who try to suppress literature? (7)

15 Browning's were home-made. (8)

16 and 18 See 9 across.

21 Gets better results as one puts the top back. (8)

24 See 9 across.

26 See 7 down.

28, 29 and 11 across One might be in a radical position. (One can't win this way!) (4, 2, 3, 4)

30 Such creatures would go back to their rest, if there were quiet. (4)

31 Do such official evaluations prove there might be something valuable about Hitler's elite group? (11)

DOWN:

2 No longer practice in such a state. (9)

3 Are Freshmen incapable of having the last word? Pick yourself up! (7)

4 And this, et cetera, is not far off! (4)

5 Double fastener with a lady? (7)

6 Did this Britisher paint, or more likely write? (5)

7 and 26 Change the line-up with Mantle and Wills? (6, 7)

8 The deed of a sort of Oz-man who isn't in position to ride? (6)

14 There used to be lots of interest in this activity. (5)

17 The face of protection. (9)

19 Commonly stolen, but more likely to be caught. (6)

20 Seen, smelled, etc. (7)

22 Modern Army Bandits? (7)

23 Not quite done in such a manner? (6)

25 Nature's were peevish, according to Matthew Prior. (5)

27 Who said taxation without representation is tyranny? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 987

ACROSS: 1 Rathe; 4 Tight-rope; 9 Parthenon; 11 Sacred cow; 12 Extol; 13 Statistics; 17 Deliberate; 21 Under; 22 Inebriate; 23, 10 and 26 As old as the hills; 24 Leicester; 25 Treasured.

DOWN: 1 Repast; 2 Thrice; 3 Echoes; 4 Tent caterpillar; 5 Gone With the Wind; 6 Traverse; 7 Outstrip; 8 Eyeglass; 14 Adjutant; 15 Gladsome; 16 Obtrudes; 18 Breech; 19 Dactyl; 20 Hearts.

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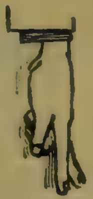
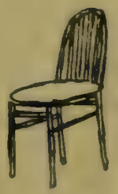
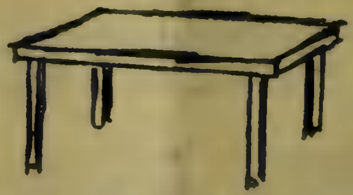
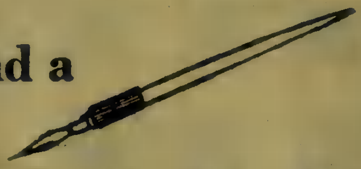
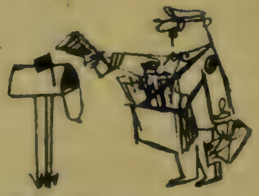
"Let your  do the walking," goes the Yellow Pages' admonition. Our version is slightly different: "Let your fingers do the shopping." Take a , a  and a  Sign on the dotted line below and let the  do the walking. He'll deliver THE NATION weekly and each time the recipient of your gift will be reminded afresh of your thoughtfulness — and of your good sense when it comes to Christmas giving.

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THE NATION

DECEMBER 15, 1962 . . 25c

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Battle in the Kremlin

THE TWO POLICIES OF NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

Alexander Werth

The Aerospace Worker

NEW PROBLEM for OLD UNIONS

Harry Bernstein

Living with Apocalypse

TWENTY YEARS of the ATOM

Huston Smith

LETTERS

Real Estate. . . .

Dear Sirs: In your October 27 issue, there appeared a story headed "Sunset Years in the Cactus" by Stan Steiner. The following are specific examples of misstatements therein contained:

1. ". . .The arid stretches of Sulphur Spring Valley."

The valley is anything but arid. . . . Many crops are raised and just a few miles from our Arizona Sun Sites subdivision is one of the most productive lettuce-growing areas in the country.

2. "Lush land. . . ."

Mr. Steiner wrongly implies that we used this term in our literature. We have never done so.

3. "The valley is so sparsely populated that its three cities, spread over seventy miles, have fewer than 250 inhabitants."

Any seventy miles of the valley, containing the Arizona Sun Sites, has at least several thousand inhabitants.

4. "Temperatures of 140 degrees in the open desert. . . ."

The Arizona Sun Sites is in probably one of the most benign climates to be found anywhere in the country. I enclose official Weather Bureau statistics. . . . Temperatures are read in the shade, as they are elsewhere.

5. "Few prospective buyers have visited . . . the sites."

More than 2,000 buyers have been sold on the premises.

6. "There is not a house to be seen."

At the time Mr. Steiner's article appeared, sixteen homes were either built or nearly completed. There are also a small motel and coffee shop.

7. "'It is a shame to sell this land to people who can never use it,' an official of the Arizona State Land Department told Phoenix's Arizona Republic."

It would be interesting to know the precise source of this quote. For your information, the entire subdivision has been inspected by Arizona's State Real Estate Department. . . . Every lot in the subdivision is usable.

8. "One of the promoters, the Rio Grande Estates, was charged with buying wasteland in the Costilla region [of Colorado]. . . ."

Rio Grande Estates is our subdivision thirty-two miles south of Albuquerque, N. M. . . . It is anything but wasteland.

9. The inference made by Mr. Steiner that fantastic profits are being made on our developments is completely erroneous. . . .

The relationship of the Horizon Land Corporation with the commissions in those states which do regulate the land business has always been excellent, and we have followed a policy of complying with those regulations that exist and even going farther in some cases.

BOYD T. PRIOR
Horizon Land Corporation
Tucson, Ariz.

. . . Or Unreal

Dear Sirs: I take up Mr. Prior's complaints in numerical order:

1. I submit an aerial photograph published in the *Arizona Republic* in August, 1962, at the time I visited the area. The photograph shows the land to be both arid and barren.

2. See caption under picture on page 8 of "Arizona Sun Sites" brochure for phrase, "lush land."

3 and *6.* I refer again to the photograph, where not a house can be seen. Mr. Boyd says sixteen homes have been going up since last summer; sixteen homes on 12,000 lots hardly make a populated area.

4. My article specifically mentioned temperature on the open desert, not taken in the shade.

5. If "2,000 lots" have been sold on the premises, and 12,000 lots in all have been sold, then simple arithmetic tells us that 82 per cent were sold sight unseen.

6. See 3 above.

7. The "precise source" of the quotation may be found in the *Arizona Republic* of Aug. 7, 1962.

8. The Rio Grande Estates I mentioned were not, nor did the article state that they were, a Horizon Land development. There has been here, as elsewhere, a hasty misreading of the article.

9. Figures dealing with profits in the article came from the companies' own profit statements or equally reliable sources. However, nowhere in the article did I mention Horizon Land profits —for the simple reason that I was unable to obtain them.

New York City STAN STEINER

Recognition

Dear Sirs: A fifty years' resident of China and able to see things through Chinese eyes, I have nothing but the highest praise for your past year's treatment of Chinese affairs. Again, there is reason to commend the simple common sense with which your editorial of December 1 treats the Sino-Indian border dispute. As China spills over the Indian (if it is Indian) border, the puerility of our "isolation by containment" policy towards Peking is totally exposed.

As a former "foreign" official in China, it would be wholly dishonest of me not to recollect that our supreme condemnation of a succession of Chinese governments lay in their "congenital inability to govern," and that the writ of Peking (and too of Nanking) "did not run beyond its walls." Yet, today, when that writ runs to the very borders of

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The Nation, Dec. 15, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 20

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Stevenson Affair

The Stevenson Affair has temporarily subsided, but we have not heard the last of it by any means. For one thing, the President's publicized note to the Ambassador was basically noncommittal; it says no more than what one would expect it to say under the circumstances. It leaves the larger issues unresolved. There is, first, the question of the complicity of the White House in the Alsop-Bartlett story in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Given the relationship between the President and the coauthors of the article, and in particular his close friendship with Charles Bartlett, it is inconceivable that the *Post* story did not receive some kind of informal clearance from someone at the White House. Nothing the President has said or written removes this inference.

Even more significant is that Stevenson was handed the "black spot" in a manner reminiscent of other incidents in the recent past. This was how Chester Bowles was ousted as Under Secretary of State (see "Bowles Must Go," *The Nation*, July 29, 1961); how Fowler Hamilton was dismissed, more recently, as director of AID. Murray Kempton suggests in the New York *Post* that since Messrs. Kennedy, Bartlett and Stevenson are all gentlemen, no contrivance of this sort was necessary to get Stevenson out; the President could simply have asked him to resign. But Messrs. Bowles and Hamilton were also gentlemen, and yet were dealt with in Machiavellian manner. It is as though the White House feels that to remove someone directly from office, or to ask him to resign, is a procedure likely to provoke political fallout. But one would think that by now the Administration would have learned that the direct approach was the best politics in the long run, as it is the most gentlemanly. Mr. Stevenson deserves better than the shabby treatment he has been afforded.

Whoever was the author of the plot, it was — as Mr. Stevenson has implied — an attempted political assassination. Nor is this all. By his failure to take appropriate action (this was written December 7), the President has tolerated a serious breach of security at the highest policy-making level by persons whom it should be easy to identify. There is, moreover, the disquieting implication in the unsavory affair that the Administration would like to free itself of the necessity of listening to advice it does not want to hear.

Mr. Stevenson's offense comes down to this: he preferred "political negotiation to the alternative of military action" in Cuba. In the eyes of the authors of the article, and of their informants, as well as of Senator Goldwater (who had earlier raised a similar charge against Stevenson), such an attitude suggests a Munich-style "appeasement." Yet, as Mr. Stevenson pointed out on the NBC *Today* show, things have come to a sorry pass indeed if it is "considered better to advocate war to settle issues than peaceful means."

Mr. Stevenson is far too shrewd to accept without reservation the assurance that the President has offered. He must know that at the right moment he will be eased out, moved up or simply dropped — if it can be done without significant political damage. This is a harsh conclusion; we draw it with reluctance and in the hope that events will prove us wrong.

Sensible Words

If Adlai Stevenson is too moderate to represent the United States at the UN, President Kennedy could logically regret our support of U Thant as a candidate for the office of Secretary General. Thant was no sooner elected than he indulged himself in some utterances which can give little comfort to those who would have the world believe that our side represents all that is pure and holy in international relations, while the Soviet bloc comes straight from the jaws of hell and must be sent back there posthaste.

Thant's acceptance speech was notable for its simplicity and the absence of the high-brow rhetoric customary on such occasions, and especially for its reminder that we live in an imperfect world and must be content with imperfect solutions. It must seem, sometimes, that the arts of national self-praise and denigration of national enemies have alike kept pace with the advances in weaponry. Thant's later observation, in his Johns Hopkins speech, that the advent of the cold war, with its concomitant bipolarity in international relations, generates political tensions not only in the UN but everywhere in the world, was a much-needed corrective.

Even less welcome to many newspaper editors, and perhaps to the White House, was Thant's contrast between Stalin and Khrushchev. The notion that some sort of devil must be incarnate in Kremlin leadership is as hard to eradicate from the cold-war mentality of the West as the cognate Soviet belief that every capitalist is perforce a merciless oppressor of labor and an inveterate warmonger. It is not true, as *The Wall Street Journal* argued editorially, that Thant is among those who see no "moral or other difference between the U.S. and the Soviet regime." The very fact that Thant found it necessary to refer to the evils of Stalinism shows the contrary. He said in so many words that the concept of iron-clad alliance and the view of the world "purely in terms of black and white was, in essence, the Western response to Stalinism." But at the same time he credited Khrushchev with "a coherent philosophy of the world based on the thesis, not of the inevitability of war, but of the imperative of competitive coexistence."

To anyone whose mind is not hermetically sealed against new facts, Khrushchev's enemies within the Communist camp constitute convincing evidence that he and his supporters, for their own reasons, want peace and are prepared for some degree of compromise to get it. What has become of "international communism," the catchword used so effectively by the Nazis and by later witch hunters in the West? Today there is more acrimonious dissent in the supposedly monolithic Communist bloc than among the capitalist powers. With this development in full career, U Thant's counsel is not only wise and practical, but timely, and one may hope that it will not be rejected in Washington.

Is Peace Subversive?

As this issue goes to press, we learn that approximately twenty women — ten from the New York area alone — connected with Women Strike for Peace (including Dagmar Wilson, its founder) and other peace groups have been subpoenaed to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington on December 11 and 12. On an earlier occasion, an attempt was made to establish the fallacious proposition that peace is subversive when Senator Thomas Dodd called in certain New York "peacemongers" for a working over by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee. This attempt proved somewhat abortive, and for a time the peace groups were able to continue their activities without further harassment.

But the atmosphere has changed since the Cuban crisis. Previously, the "hawks" of Washington had regarded the "doves" of the peace movement as a mild nuisance without serious impact on their cold-war plans. To protest atmospheric and other tests was rather like protesting sin — a harmless metaphysical exercise. But as we move into a period of what appears to be an easing of cold-war tensions, the "hawks" are becoming increasingly jumpy, as the Stevenson affair shows, and they will tolerate *no* opposition insofar as they can prevent it. All who refuse to accept their lethal premises are smeared as "soft" or "soft liners" — euphemisms for subversive or treasonable. And, indeed, the very idea of peace, negotiation, settlements is truly subversive of the plans of the "hawks" — plans irrational to the degree that they will not stand up under persistent critical analysis.

It is beside the point to say that the arms-race addicts are the true subversives, that their activities, if left unchecked, will catapult us into a thermonuclear war that will "subvert" just about everything. Those who reject the "hawks' " claim to monopoly over the ongoing dialogue that is supposed to shape American policy should let their Senators and Representatives know how they feel. For our part, we hope that a small army of women will descend on the committee and explain to its politically retarded members why they stand for peace. The leadership of Women Strike for Peace has been notably inventive and imaginative; it is possible that the forthcoming hearings can be made the springboard for a major attempt to put the committee out of business when the 88th Congress assembles in January. Falconry has never been an accepted part of our roster of political sports.

Atoms for War, Yes; for Peace, No

Nine years ago President Eisenhower laid his atoms-for-peace program before the United Nations General Assembly. The hopes which had been dimmed between 1942 and 1953 rose once more. The International Atomic Energy Agency was to furnish radio isotopes and reactors to atomatically underdeveloped countries. The organization grew. It now has a staff of about 670, including some 200 scientists and engineers; some seventy-eight nations are members. It spends about $11 million annually. But almost everyone connected with it agrees that the results have been disappointing.

The basic trouble has been the cold-war rivalry and suspicion between the two great atomic-energy powers. Instead of looking on the IAEA as a means of benefiting mankind, they came to look on it as a means of outstripping a wicked and dangerous competitor. The United States already had bilateral arrangements for atomic assistance with a number of countries. It continued to add to these "bilaterals," short-circuiting IAEA. Today there are forty-four U.S. captives in this category, while the Soviets have fourteen of their own. The Soviets were never ardently in favor of the agency, which they regarded as a creation of John Foster Dulles, but they went along to see what would happen and so as not to appear more reluctant than the United States. Time has not made them more amenable.

Since no one is satisfied with the present state of affairs, the State Department organized a committee to look into the IAEA. The department could not have got a better chairman — Henry D. Smyth, the author of the Smyth Report, which told the world more about how the United States developed atomic energy than some Americans felt was prudent. According to Chalmers M. Roberts in *The Washington Post*, Dr. Smyth feels the basic question is whether the United States is "really going to use the agency, or are we going to continue to work largely bilaterally or through regional groups." He concludes that the atoms-for-peace program was "a fine idea based on an overly optimistic assessment about the cost of nuclear power"; and, it might be added, about the willingness of the great powers to look beyond their selfish — and self-defeating — interests.

If there is actually to be an improvement in East-West relations, the Kennedy Administration might do well to look at the IAEA as a starting point. In any case, the situation should not be allowed to drag on. Either the agency should be put in useful working order, or it should be dissolved.

Menace of the Hungarian Doll

A nation-wide drive to stop retailers from stocking goods imported from Communist countries is achieving considerable success. Merchants in a half-hundred cities are reported to have been forced to remove from their shelves such dangerous items as Yugoslavian baskets, Polish hams and Hungarian dolls. Instigator of the drive is the Birch-backed National Committee to Warn of the Arrival of Communist Merchandise on the Local Business Scene. The chief method used is to drop printed anonymous cards into grocery bags, or on shelves, of the targeted store; the cards accuse the shopkeeper of aiding communism and bankrupting America and urge shoppers to boycott the store until its shelves are "purged."

The right of direct boycott is well established in a democracy. But at issue here — quite apart from the odious methods used in this instance — is the wisdom of the objective. Both the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations have endorsed the principle of peaceful trade. The argument that imports "drain gold" or result in displacement of labor is without foundation with respect to Soviet-bloc countries, with which this country has had a heavily favorable trade balance for the last five years. Poland, for example, needs to sell us hams to earn dollars for the two to three times more that she buys from us. Further, trade with Communist countries is rigidly controlled by Congressional law; dollars they earn here cannot be used to buy any American product that even indirectly contributes to their military potential.

The mentality underlying the Birch-inspired boycott is part of an antiquated and dangerous ideology of blind militancy toward the "enemy." The fact is that given our position of strength, the politics of involvement — trade, economic assistance to Poland and Yugoslavia, cultural exchange—have netted us definite advantages to the extent that we have pursued them. These are the means by which we can hope to break the iron hold of communism on some members, at least, of the Eastern bloc, whose leaders are not altogether blind to economic and political realities. We have already, through the politics of involvement, contributed to institutional changes in the Communist world; increasingly, Communist intellectuals and artists are disposed to question some aspects of the authoritarianism under which they live. To boycott Polish hams and Hungarian dolls is to inhibit our ability not only to influence Eastern Europe, but to wage peace.

Revolt of the Spenders

Mortimer M. Caplin, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, apparently has not heard the adage that no one wants to kill Santa Claus just before Christmas. He found widespread expense-account abuses and bravely resolved to end them. "Most taxpayers," Mr. Caplin announced sternly, "do not have the opportunity . . . to claim [expense-account] deductions. Yet an element in our society has been charging family, living and personal entertainment costs to the Federal Government by way of tax deductions." And of course increasing the tax burden on the taxpayers less fortunately situated.

But Santa Claus fought back and was supported by 2,000 letter writers, as well as massive business and labor interests representing restaurateurs, the theatre, the call-girl industry, etc. It was intolerable, said these purveyors of joy and happiness, that the harassed businessman should be required to prove that tax-deductible spending was "directly related" to the pursuit of business, by reporting how the money was spent and attaching receipts and vouchers. The greatest outrage was the $10 minimum; at and above that figure, Mr. Caplin's office had decreed that information must be furnished. Sen. Jacob K. Javits (R., N.Y.) testified that nowadays $10 is "peanuts." This may be news to some of the Senator's constituents, who put in a day's work for that sum; even so, the embattled business interests were far from satisfied. Joel Barlow, director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, suggested a $25 minimum. The Internal Revenue Service has promised to reconsider the matter, and in other respects to pay heed to the anguish which Mr. Caplin's original proposals inspired in the heavy-laden.

Coincidentally, in New York City, where some of the biggest spending takes place, a gala event occurred — a special press preview of the latest and most lavish Playboy Club. To make amends and show that he is no kill-joy, the least Mr. Caplin can do is to join.

The Two Policies of Mr. Khrushchev . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

SOME VERY strange things have been going on in the "Socialist camp" for the last few months. In Moscow, on September 28, there was a celebration, at the Tchaikovsky Hall, of the 13th Anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic. Nobody of any great importance was present on the Soviet side, except the president of the Soviet-Chinese Friendship Society, while China was represented by Mr. Chan Te-tsun, described as "the acting *chargé d'affaires.*" The main Russian speaker at the meeting dwelt on the 200 industrial enterprises in China which had been built with Soviet help. Mr. Chan Te-tsun, on the other hand, spoke chiefly about the danger of American imperialism that threatened the great Socialist countries:

> You can be sure, dear comrades [he said], that in our struggle against our common enemy, the Chinese people will always stand shoulder to shoulder with the Soviet people, in any conditions, and however violent the tempest. If the imperialists ever dare undertake any adventure, you can be sure that they will smash their heads against the united front of China and the Soviet Union.

This speech was very fully reported in *Pravda* of September 29. One may well wonder whether, at that time, Moscow was preparing for a showdown with the United States—possibly in Cuba? Curiously enough, I had the personal distinction during that very same week of being violently taken to task in *Izvestia* (of September 27) for having dared to suggest, in an article in the London *Evening Standard,* that, after all that the Russians had suffered and endured during World War II, they not only hated war but were also *afraid* of it. Mr. Mikhailov of *Izvestia,* in denouncing me as a *provocateur* who was merely encouraging "the imperialists" to try to extract concessions and surrenders from the Soviet Union, fumed away for two columns in an effort to show that the Soviet people did not *want* war, but were certainly not *afraid* of it. My subsequent letter to Mr. Adjubei, the editor of *Izvestia* (and Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law), in which I pointed out that no sane person in the world was *not* afraid of a thermonuclear war was, needless to say, neither published nor even acknowledged.

THAT was before the Cuban crisis. Since then, the whole Russian tone has changed. At the Hungarian Communist Congress at Budapest, the principal Soviet delegate, Otto Kuusinen, did not mince his words:

> Comrades, to save humanity from a thermonuclear catastrophe—there is surely no other problem in the world that could possibly overshadow it!

This statement of an essential point of policy had been preceded by a violent tirade against the "Albanians," together with an explanation of what had happened in Cuba. Said Kuusinen:

> The aggressive circles of American imperialism went on preparing another invasion of Cuba. That was why the Soviet Government . . . decided to put aside for the defense of Cuba a small number of its missiles. . . . But in taking these measures, the Soviet Government was fully aware of the fact that, alongside the brazen warmongers, there were also large sections of the American population, as well as responsible leaders, who soberly assessed the catastrophic consequences of a thermonuclear war.

The speaker then went on to say that, by using the maximum restraint and a great power of persuasion, Khrushchev had reached a "reasonable compromise" with the United States on the Cuban crisis.

Not only Kuusinen but also Kadar of Hungary had much to say about the "Albanians" who, while "rattling their verbal swords," had shown themselves totally incapable of providing revolutionary Cuba with even the slightest practical aid against American imperialism. And then there came this extraordinary admission on Kuusinen's part that, in Cuba, the Soviet Government had followed in the steps of Lenin, who had realistically assessed the situation at Brest-Litovsk and, rather than go on with a hopeless war, had made peace with Germany.

All of which amounted to saying that the "Albanians"—i.e., the Chinese—were talking today the way Trotsky had talked in 1918, at the time of Brest-Litovsk. Here we find, in fact, the same old quibble that has gone on for years: the substitution of "Stalinism" for "Trotskyism" in the case of China—and Albania. The ideological confusion is, indeed, very widespread throughout the "Socialist camp." Mao Tse-tung's "permanent revolution" tendencies may well be described as "Trotskyite" rather than "Stalinite." On the other hand, the setting up of Soviet missile bases in Cuba, which met with great approval from the "Stalinite" Chinese, was, in fact, wholly contrary to genuinely "Stalinist" foreign policy, with its strong emphasis on "spheres of influence" (under which the Caribbean could not, by the widest stretch, be included in the Soviet sphere).

IT MAY be worth recalling that the real *rapprochement* between the Soviet Union and Cuba dates back to 1960, after the breakdown of the Paris Summit in May that year. In June, 1960, Khrushchev started all those boasts of his:

> The time is over when the United States can dictate its will to Cuba. Figuratively speaking, our gunners could, if necessary, support the people of Cuba with their missiles, which have a range of 9,000 miles.

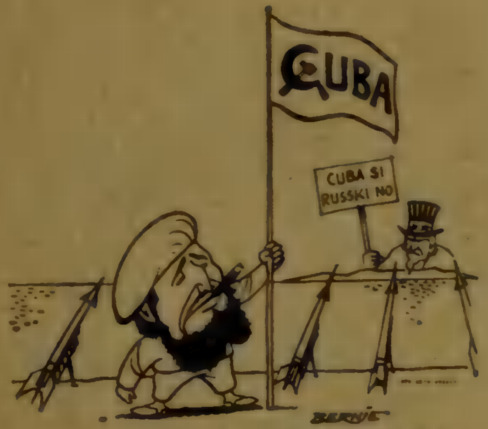
And a few days later, dropping the "figuratively speaking," Khrushchev said:

> We don't need bases in Cuba. We have bases in the Soviet Union, and we can hit *anything* from here.

Then came the famous UN Assembly, complete with Khrushchev's visit to Castro in Harlem, the shoe-banging incident and all the rest. For two years after that, there wasn't a country in the world that received as much space in the Soviet press as Cuba. The most famous Soviet reporters and poets were sent to the island; and Moscow, in turn, witnessed a ceaseless flow of bearded Cuban delegations. At the slightest sign of trouble, there were street demonstrations in Moscow complete with banners exalting the undying friendship of the Soviet and Cuban peoples.

Early in October, this year, the highest pitch of the verbal violence and emotionalism was reached in the Soviet press about Cuba; there were almost daily pieces from Mr. Gaidar, *Pravda's* Havana correspondent, and hyper-emotional poems written from the Cuban capital by Evgeni Yevtushenko, now promoted to No. 1 Official Soviet Poet.

And then, after a few very anxious (though not exactly panicky) days in Russia, came the news of the "reasonable compromise," of the "saving of peace and Cuba" by Khrushchev—and the revelation, highly startling to most Russians, of those Soviet missile bases in Cuba.



Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

The Cuban Situation

FOR many days afterwards, I learn, the main subject of a lot of rather bewildered discussions among Russians in Moscow was *why* the missile bases had been placed there at all. Here, needless to say, we are in the realm of speculation; but I understand that the prevalent view in Moscow today is that the bases were put into Cuba very much for the reason outlined by Charles D. Bolton in *The Nation* of November 17. They were *not* set up at Castro's request, but at the insistence of the Russians, who—apart from their immediate "poker-game" considerations — felt a perpetuation of intermediate-range missile bases in Cuba would (a) largely cancel American overall nuclear superiority and (b) represent an enormous saving by making it possible largely to dispense with the ruinously costly intercontinental missiles.

An interesting point which I get from Moscow is that Khrushchev himself was of two minds about the wisdom of the step, but that he finally allowed himself to be persuaded by the military—but *with the understanding that the bases would be withdrawn if they ever threatened to involve the Soviet Union in a nuclear war.*

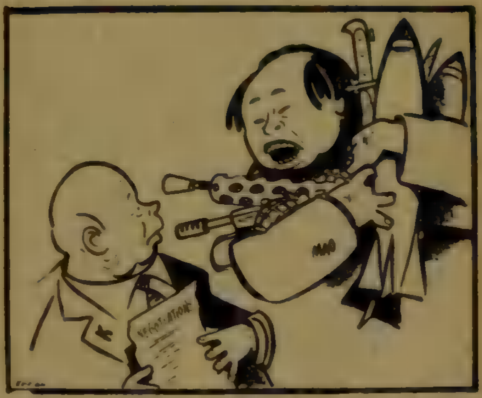
This very persistent Moscow story certainly fits in with the great speed and ease with which Khrushchev arrived at his "reasonable compromise" with President Kennedy.

The present Soviet doctrine that there is *nothing* so important as saving humanity from the catastrophe of a thermonuclear war covers, of course, a very wide field: it has a bearing on both Soviet-Chinese relations and also has a direct bearing on the Soviet Union's economic difficulties.

I THINK it may be said that Khrushchev has shown that he has two foreign policies. The first is the policy which he personally prefers, and which has enormous popular support in the Soviet Union; this is what might be called his "Western" policy. It was at its height in 1959, following his famous visit to the United States, when he never stopped talking about the "Camp David" spirit which would, if persisted in, lead to an amicable settlement of the Berlin question and, above all, to disarmament. This policy had already greatly incensed the Chinese (one of whose leaders, commenting on the Khrushchev-Eisenhower talks, had bitterly complained about "the two rich men getting together").

It was after the U-2 incident and the abortive Paris Summit of May, 1960, that Khrushchev switched to his "other" policy. He now came to the conclusion that, in 1959, Eisenhower had taken him for a ride, and what followed is too well known to need elaboration—the *rapprochement* with Cuba, the Berlin Wall and the rest. True, ideologically there continued to be sharp differences between Moscow and Peking, but these relations were marked by so many zigzags that it is difficult to generalize about them. On the one hand, there was the almost open breach with Chou En-lai at the twenty-second Congress; on the other, all kinds of friendship meetings and similar manifestations of mutual solidarity.

To China, it seems, Cuba was something of a test case for Soviet policy. And when the Russians "capitulated" — as the "Albanians" described events — over Cuba, all hell broke loose. During the past two weeks the polemics between Moscow and Peking have reached a hitherto unknown degree of harshness. A week or two ago, there were numerous articles "celebrating" the fifth anniversary of the international Communist Declaration in Moscow; at that 1957 meeting, where the declaration was signed, Mao Tse-tung recognized the "leading" role of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in the world Communist movement. But now, five years later, the positions of the Soviet and Chinese Communist parties seem further removed from each other than ever. The other day, the Peking *People's Daily* wrote: "The present-day revisionists are scared of imperialism and of all revolutionary struggle. Instead of this struggle, they prefer to talk about struggling for world peace." And (at Chinese instigation, no doubt), the Albanian paper *Zeri i Popullit* wrote about the same time that all true Communists should shake off the tutelage of "Khrushchev and his gang"; it even recalled how Lenin had not hesitated to split



San Francisco Chronicle

"What are you, some kind of imperialist nut?"

the Russian Social Democratic Party in order to get rid of its "opportunist element." After that, the Peking *Red Banner* went one step further and, though without mentioning any names, fumed against "Great Power chauvinism" which was threatening the unity of international communism. Like the Albanian paper, it recalled Lenin's intolerant attitude to all deviationists and hinted at the possibility of a split in the international Communist movement.

Needless to say, there continue to be more and more references in both China and Albania to Khrushchev's "secret correspondence" with Kennedy and to Kuznetsov's "secret talks" with Stevenson—with the clear suggestion that Castro is being thrown to the wolves.

It is curious to note that, since the beginning of this month, Cuba is being played down more and more in the Soviet press. No doubt there continued for a time to be almost daily reports of Mikoyan's visits to Castro's farms, factories and plantations, and of his "cordial" talks with Castro; but the Soviet reader was left to guess what lay behind these cordial talks and behind Mikoyan's abnormally prolonged visit to Cuba.

ALL THE indications, meantime, are that, so long as the United States sticks to its promise not to invade Cuba, Khrushchev's position inside Russia will remain unimpaired. It is true that he must have had some anxious moments: not without significance was the long article that appeared in *Pravda* on November 3 in praise of Khrushchev's Cuban policy signed "K. Voroshilov"; was this intended to appease the "old guard"?

That such an "old guard" exists may be guessed from the new and particularly virulent wave of "de-Stalinization" which culminated, first in the Yevtushenko poem in *Pravda* on "Stalin's Heirs," and second in the *Novy Mir* story by a survivor of a Stalinist concentration camp. Did not these two publications point to the clear possibility of a wave of physical repression against "Stalinites"—both at a high level ("Stalin's Heirs") and at a low level—the kind of "concentration camp cops" described in the *Novy Mir* story? Also, is not this new "de-Stalinization" intended as an anti-Chinese move as well as something designed to make a favorable impression in the West?

I am very far from suggesting what has already been suggested in a lot of European papers, namely, that Khrushchev's Russia is ready to "join the West" against what de Gaulle once described as "the yellow multitudes of China." But one thing seems reasonably certain: having discovered that his Cuban policy was much too risky, Khrushchev is desperately anxious to return to his "1959" positions—such as they were defined during his visit to the United States.

TODAY Khrushchev has stronger reasons even than then for taking up a policy of "peaceful coexistence" and "peaceful competition": some of these arise from the considerable economic difficulties that have been piling up in the Soviet Union, especially in the last two years. Khrushchev's speech at the Central Committee meeting last month was marked by a great deal of petulance and bad temper, suggesting that for a variety of adverse "administrative" factors (which will presumably be remedied by a vast reorganization of both the party and the country's economy), things have been getting into a worse and worse mess. But, whatever improvements may be brought by all the new changes and appointments decided upon at the end of the Central Committee meeting, the fundamental cause of all the difficulties was scarcely mentioned. Yet it is no secret to anybody in Moscow that rearmament is at the root of Russia's economic troubles. There are a few exceedingly significant facts:

¶The 1962 budget shows a certain slowing down (and this had not happened since the war) in capital investments in the chemical industry, in engineering, etc. Further, there was a slowing down in the growth of expenditure on housing and the health services.

¶In June came the austerity drive, with higher food prices; then came the maintenance of direct taxes, despite earlier promises to curtail them; now it is rumored in Moscow that there will be severe cuts in expenditures on sports and "culture," and that the "Stalinist" system of making the subscription to state loans compulsory (which means, in effect, wage cuts) will shortly be reintroduced.

ALL these sacrifices are naturally attributed to the appalling cost of rearmament and its corollary, the space program. As distinct from the United States, where the "community" derives certain benefits from the arms drive, in Russia such a drive merely absorbs the best technical equipment and the best brains, without providing the country with any economic benefits. The Cuban "missile-bases gamble" not having come off, Khrushchev clearly fears that, without a *détente* with the West, the possibility is strong that the armaments burden must grow.

Hence his hopeful return to his "1959" position, a position which, at heart, he always preferred to a more adventurous foreign policy as exemplified by his Cuban adventure. Khrushchev's biggest headache today is caused by the question whether Kennedy will play ball. It is amazing to think how very much depends on the will of one man—the President of the United States.

Significantly, since the Cuban crisis, there has scarcely been any further mention of Berlin in the Russian press. Everything tends to show that Khrushchev wants a vast deal with the United States covering disarmament, Berlin and much else—perhaps, in the first place, an undertaking by the United States not to give atomic weapons to Germany in return for a Russian promise to give none to China. There is much that could be talked about to mutual advantage.

I have no space left to deal here with the Chinese-Indian situation. In any case, there are far too many theories about what exactly led to the Chinese cease-fire announcement. Did Russia have any part in this Chinese move? Did China get scared, after Cuba, of becoming involved with the United States and Britain? Or were Chinese motives more complicated than that? Perhaps we shall know in a short time what really happened.

THE AEROSPACE WORKER . . *by Harry Bernstein*

Los Angeles

THE AEROSPACE industry is a unique kind of private enterprise which operates almost exclusively on government finances and is manned by a work force which some feel is more typical of the future than the present. It is difficult, then, to draw definitive conclusions from the conduct of the industry or its workers and to apply these conclusions to other industries.

Despite this difficulty, particular attention is being paid by top-echelon management and labor to the recent union-shop elections held in three aerospace firms in an attempt to determine the significance of these votes in terms of workers' attitudes toward organized labor.

To have put the union-shop clauses into effect, two-thirds of the employees voting in the elections had to approve. They did not. The results do not prove growing worker opposition to unionization, as some have contended. Obviously, the only proven fact is that a two-thirds majority of the voting workers, in these industries, did not want union-shop clauses.

But the defeat did raise serious questions about the effectiveness of union and management propaganda techniques; about the kind of appeals which are needed when aimed at workers whose educational levels are higher than average and who, for the most part, work in clean, modern, air-conditioned facilities as skilled technicians.

BEFORE these questions can be answered, the multiple causes of the defeats have to be recognized. Involved in the three separate elections were the International Association of Machinists, representing employees at General Dynamics (Convair), and the United Auto and Aerospace Workers (U.A.W.), representing workers at North American Aviation and Ryan Aeronautical Company.

In recent years, workers in the aircraft and missile industry (now usually known as the aerospace industry) have fallen somewhat behind in wages and fringe benefits compared to steel, auto and others. And while almost all other basic industries have full union-shop clauses in their contracts, less than one-third of the aerospace industry has such clauses.

This, the unions said, was to be the year to catch up, and the union-shop issue was put at the top of the list of demands. The union shop would require all employees in the bargaining units to become union members, a move the two organizations felt was vital if — as one U.A.W. official put it — "we are going to get off the ridiculous treadmill we're on."

BECAUSE of the fantastically high labor turnover in aerospace, as much organizational efforts had been going into keeping up membership in the unionized plants as in organizing non-union companies. At North American's plant in Los Angeles, in 1956, the U.A.W. had 14,202 members out of the 20,642 workers in the total bargaining unit. In the succeeding six years, 17,659 new members were signed up. But when negotiations began last summer, the U.A.W. had only 14,909 members out of a bargaining unit grown to 26,881. In other words, since 1956, despite a healthy success in organizing, the membership had increased by only 707.

Not only was the turnover high, but the composition of the work force at North American was undergoing drastic changes. In 1941, when the U.A.W. was first certified as bargaining agent, 85 per cent of all North American workers were in the bargaining unit, at the time composed primarily of production workers and some clerical and maintenance employees on airframe jobs. The remaining 15 per cent were in engineering, technical, clerical and supervisorial positions.

By 1962, 65 per cent of North American's total employment of 100,000 were outside the bargaining unit, only 35 per cent inside. Fewer production workers are needed when missile research and development is being emphasized.

The International Association of Machinists at Lockheed Aircraft Corp.'s Burbank facility added 1,821 new members to its rosters in 1961. But this netted the I.A.M. a membership gain of only 211. At Convair in San Diego, the I.A.M. organized 6,932 members in the last two years, but had a net loss of 2,389 members. This reflected not only the same problems seen at North American and Lockheed, but also the heavy drop in the total employment picture for Convair.

The change in the kind of workers employed at these plants was primarily, but not exclusively, due to the switch from airframe to missile work. The companies have also been expanding rapidly into other fields, such as electronics and atomic energy. One way or another, the old airframe-production lines, which provided large numbers of unskilled and semi-skilled jobs, were disappearing.

Other aerospace firms were going through similar changes. During the last five years alone, 100,000 workers have been laid off in the Southern California aerospace companies. In the same period, 150,000 workers have been hired for other jobs — primarily by the same companies, but also by the rapidly growing, separate electronics industry.

Many of the laid-off workers have been rehired in other capacities, but they were not generally rehired into the union bargaining units. The resulting confusion of this continuing conversion meant, from the union's viewpoint, that some action was essential — and the drive for the union shop was on in earnest.

AS THE negotiations dragged on, it became obvious the unions were not going to get much help from the Kennedy Administration in their efforts to win "catch up" wages and fringe benefits. These would have exceeded the loosely drawn guide lines set by the Administration. But the union shop was still possible.

HARRY BERNSTEIN is labor editor of the Los Angeles Times.

This, it was correctly assumed, would not be opposed by Kennedy and his advisers, such as former Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, a long-time advocate of the union shop. Indeed, if the government — the only really big aerospace industry customer — firmly supported the demand, victory for the unions seemed certain.

This logic, the union committees assumed, would prove as obvious to the companies as to themselves. But the companies would have no part of "compulsory unionism." It was a matter of "basic principles of freedom," the managements said in unison; they would refuse to "force any non-union worker into any union."

In 1958, Californians had rejected a "right to work" law, which would have prohibited the union shop, by nearly a million votes. But the companies said the absence of such a law did not mean union-shop clauses were therefore mandatory; furthermore, they insisted, there were no indications that the majority of workers urgently wanted such clauses.

THE negotiations proceeded separately, but the companies were presumed to be working together as closely as the two unions, which had agreed on a joint bargaining strategy from the outset.

Looking for a way out of the deadlock, the U.A.W. finally suggested to North American that the employees themselves decide the question. Management refused, arguing that even the minority had to be protected from "compulsory unionism." The idea lay dormant for several weeks.

In the meantime, the huge Douglas Aircraft Corp., in financial troubles and anxious for an agreement, broke the industry front and agreed to a compromise — the "agency shop," under which workers don't have to join the union, but do pay the equivalent of union dues to the union. The legality of the agency shop is still in question, and a test case is pending before the Supreme Court. If the court holds it to be illegal, Douglas has agreed to submit the full union-shop clause to a vote of its employees, with a two-thirds majority necessary for approval.

But the Douglas compromise failed to set a pattern for the other companies, and as a July 23 industry-wide strike date approached, President Kennedy appointed a three-man board to assist. It was headed by Dr. George Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, who had headed former President Eisenhower's fact-finding board in the 1959 steel dispute.

THE aerospace board was empowered not only to aid in mediation and make findings of fact, but also to make recommendations for a settlement, if necessary. A refusal by either side to accept such recommendations would mean heavy public pressure, built in large part by the Administration itself, against the recalcitrant party.

After weeks of futile mediation attempts, the board decided to put on the pressure. It made its recommendations, which included wage and fringe benefit hikes of approximately 25 cents an hour for a three-year period (boosts comparable to those already offered by the industry). And the board went back to the original U.A.W. idea of an employee vote on the real issue in dispute, the union shop. Kennedy publicly approved the idea. Lockheed continued its opposition, but the plan was accepted by North American, Convair and Ryan.

(The I.A.M. struck Lockheed on Nov. 28, after the firm rejected continued pleas of the President and others to permit an employee vote. Contending the national health and safety were in jeopardy, Kennedy invoked the Taft-Hartley Act's eighty-day injunction procedure to end the walkout. Lockheed said it would never yield "on the principle of compulsion," even if 99 per cent of its employees voted for the union shop.)

Despite some misgivings by the I.A.M. and some warnings from a Lou Harris poll at North American, both unions and management generally expected the elections at the three companies would result in approval of the union shop. But at North American, with more than 90 per cent of the 35,500 eligible workers voting, 60 per cent approved—about 6 per cent under the required two-thirds majority. This meant that 5 per cent of the union members had voted against—or, at least, hadn't bothered to vote in favor.

Next came the I.A.M.'s turn at Convair. There, only 54 per cent voted to accept the union shop, but the union could at least point with rueful pride to the fact that it had less than 50 per cent of the workers in the bargaining unit as members.

Finally, the Ryan vote was taken, and while U.A.W. membership was nearly 85 per cent of the total in that unit, only 60 per cent voted yes.

THERE are several explanations for the unexpected defeats.

From 1947 to 1950, Taft-Hartley required prior worker approval of union-shop clauses before they could be legally negotiated. The results were almost inevitably so overwhelmingly favorable—90 per cent and higher—that Congress dropped the requirement as a waste of time. (The majority needed in those elections was only 51 per cent.)

But a substantial distinction between the 1947-1950 elections and the ones this year lies in their timing. The earlier elections were conducted *before* contract negotiations were completed; the latest ones were held *after* all other issues in negotiations had been settled. Non-union workers were, in effect, being asked this year to pay dues of about $5 monthly with the knowledge that no matter how strong their payments might make the union, nothing could be added to their wages or working conditions for the duration of the new, three-year contracts.

The Lou Harris poll at North American (ordered by the U.A.W.) did not substantiate the contention of some that workers were turning away from the labor movement because of the charges of corruption leveled against it by the McClellan Committee. This turned out to be a relatively unimportant factor. More important, apparently, was the post-contract timing of the elections—an interpretation that will be partially tested this month when a vote on the union shop will be conducted among Boeing Aircraft Co. workers in Seattle. This may not be a clear-cut test, though, since the pattern of wage and fringe benefit boosts has already been set at the other companies, and even an overwhelming yes vote would be unlikely to change that pattern. The election will be only an "advisory" one, not binding on the companies as in the other three elections, but it does come while the contract is still under active negotiation.

Another major factor which differentiates this year's union-shop votes from the 1947-50 elections was the attitude of the companies. While the vigor of the firms' opposition varied from a "soft sell" approach at North American to an all-out battle at Ryan, none of the three made it a contest between the company and the union per se. The aerospace firms have all taken the position that the workers' loyalty to the union was not in question. If the union shop was defeated, the union contracts would still be in effect and management-labor relationships would remain intact. But in the 1940s the elections were often a reflection of management's fight against unionization, and a "no" vote then was interpreted by everyone concerned as a vote against the union.

THE BASIC factor in 1962, however, is a work force radically changed by the influx of trained technicians and white-collar employees without previous trade-union experience. And those in the bargaining units work often side by side with the majority of employees who are not unionized. The vast number of unorganized scientists, engineers, technicians, office and supervisory personnel in the aerospace industry makes it very different from autos or steel, where "everybody" is in the union.

Many company officials say another factor in the defeat of the union shop is the nature of workers attracted to the rather exotic aircraft-missile-electronics-atomic-energy field. "These people are more independent than those found in other industries," one management man said. "This doesn't mean they reject unionism. It means they are more adventurous types, with higher educational levels, who may well vote for a union, but like to feel it is their own decision, not something they are required to do. And yet many of these same people would vote against a 'right to work' law prohibiting the union shop."

The results of the elections, then, really emphasize the point so often made: union leaders must find out more about these "workers of the future," now grouped rather inaccurately but conveniently under the white-collar label, if the declining percentage of union membership in certain industries is not to drop even further.

U.A.W. President Walter Reuther says a union appeal cannot be made to the white-collar worker "strictly on the basis of improving his salary or economic conditions. . . . I think the labor movement has to take on the character of a social movement—give the workers a sense of consciously participating in shaping the great issues that will determine the kind of society in which we are all going to be living."

This notion, and others, will be given a concentrated test in Los Angeles in January, when the AFL-CIO starts a large-scale organizing drive. The drive would have been helped psychologically by approval of the union shop at the three aerospace firms, but the loss should have no negative effect.

And that loss has stimulated at least some union leadership to probe more deeply into the ailments of the labor movement — a probing that many feel is long overdue.

LIVING WITH APOCALYPSE

TWENTY YEARS of the ATOM . .

by Huston Smith

TWENTY YEARS ago, on December 2, 1942, under the west stands of Stagg Field at the University of Chicago, man initiated the controlled release of nuclear energy. Mind and matter, locked in the most intense and desperate embrace ever essayed, gave birth to a savior-monster the like of which man heretofore could contemplate only in story. Fire, steel and pestilence were welded into one: Prometheus, Daedalus and Pandora incarnated as Fermi, Compton and Zinn. Once again, myth became history.

As a result, man stands in the face of unknown things. Turning one's gaze along the arc of peril, back across the two decades that have intervened and forward toward the road ahead, what shall one say? What is the word for that day and this, the lesson from this score of years? First, surely, a word of praise—for we are still here, a fact which in itself is a near-miracle. But what after praise?

The light of an exploding atomic bomb is said to appear brighter than a thousand suns. The interesting question is: have its flashes thrown any light on the *human* situation? Against the backdrop of the mushroom cloud, does man stand silhouetted more distinctly? Five thoughtful comments on our new age which have been ventured over the past two decades help one ponder this question.

1. The first comes through Robert Oppenheimer. Deep within the soli-

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tary wastes of New Mexico's deserts on the morning of July 16, 1945, he stood, witness to the first test bomb which he had himself so largely engineered. As he watched the tremendous light envelop the heavens, followed by the deep-growling roar, two lines from the Bhagavad-Gita flashed across his mind:

> I am become death,
> The shatterer of worlds.

Peril—this was the age's first and obvious disclosure. Or rather reminder, for early man was aware of life's precariousness. But mankind had forgotten. The insulations of science—against cold through central heating, against famine through granaries, against disease through medicines—had bred illusions of security. Suddenly the props were removed and again man sees himself where, in fact, man's life has always been: suspended by a thread.

There is a wisdom which says that to be aware of life's precariousness is a gain. It is the wisdom which asks man to think how differently he would live the remaining hours of any day if he were to know that it was to be his last; the wisdom that understands how confrontation with death can dissolve the pettiness, pretense, selfishness and superficiality which characterize so much of a man's normal, unthinking years. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

2. If the first memorable words on the Atomic Age underscored man's peril, the second, understandably enough, proposed retreat. Lewis Mumford advised that nuclear weapons be treated as "unconceived and inconceivable." As I do not recall the full context in which Mr. Mumford used this phrase, it might be unfair to saddle him with its apparent implications. Yet these implications epitomize one important response to the Atomic Age: *It was all a mistake.* The power and possibilities nuclear energy make available to man are too much. Hubris having asserted itself, nemesis is inevitable.

To this position there are three replies: it is irrelevant now, it was impossible then, and it is unseemly whenever. It is irrelevant *now* because history cannot be repealed: the point of no return was passed before Mumford's words were uttered; by now the realities of the Atomic Age lap around us in missiles, medicine and power plants as part of daily life. It was impossible *then* because, had the United States left nuclear power untouched, the Nazis would not have shown equal forbearance. The basic point, however, is that this is no stance for man. Suppose some individual had been given dictatorial power in 1940 to mark the nucleus off-limits for mankind forever. Would he have done so? *Should* he have done so? Man wants to know; and he wants to enlarge the sphere of his autonomy, including autonomy over nature. Embedded in man's make-up, these drives will out: the fact that they involve risks cannot stop them. In this sense the irreversible decision was made, not on December 6, 1941, when the Metallurgical Project of the University of Chicago was authorized, nor in the summer of 1945, when the decision was made to drop the first bomb. The irreversible decision was the decision to create man.

3. A third notable word on man in the Atomic Age was spoken by Robert Hutchins. Appearing on the University of Chicago Round Table of the Air on the Sunday following the Hiroshima blast, President Hutchins picked up the phrase of the French philosopher, Leon Bloy, "the good news of damnation," to say:

> It may be that the atomic bomb gives the good news of damnation; that it may frighten us into the Christian character and those righteous actions and those positive political steps necessary to the creation of a world society not a thousand or five hundred years hence, but now.

Seventeen years have passed since those words were spoken; the hope they voiced has proved unfounded. It appears that man is not a creature easily frightened into virtue. For one thing, he can apparently get used to anything. "Total war," "the absolute weapon," "overkill" — how smoothly these words flow from his lips, how softly they fall on his scare-logged ears. How coolly one can now read Herman Kahn's guide to the playing of international Russian roulette. Live long enough under the sword of Damocles and eventually you ignore it.

The other flaw in the "news of damnation" theme lies in its exaggerated faith in the efficacy of negative motivation. Fear has fascination; at least it isn't dull. Moreover, its object is rarely inevitable. Consequently, fear alters behavior less than does desire or love. The moral would seem to be that man shall not get the world society he needs out of fear or what may happen in its absence; he shall get it when he wants it.

4. The fourth observation takes the form of an image. In his study* of the decision, first, to make the atomic bomb, and then to drop it, Robert Bachelder likens nuclear weapons to an irritant grain in an oyster. Just as the oyster constructs a pearly coat to protect itself against its irritating intruder, so the human race is now engaged in trying to build up a coat to contain the colossal irritant nuclear weapons represent in its body politic.

This image is suggestive. For one thing, just as the oyster can't expel the sand grain, the world can't get *rid* of nuclear weapons—can't dismantle them through disarmament agreements, say. The only hope is to *contain* them; that is, to get them turned over, eventually, to an international police force. For given the jungle atmosphere of international politics today, no nation is going to reduce its strength until there exists a supranational power to which it can look to safeguard its rights. Consequently, apart from some form of world government, disarmament is a mirage, and talk of it does no more than "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Whether the nations will succeed in evolving the requisite world authority is an open question. If they do, it will in truth be the pearl of great price.

**The Irreversible Decision* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1961).

5. Finally, there is the simple truth of Albert Einstein's reminder that "the real problem is in the hearts of men." Left alone, missiles will, of course, do nothing; they will rest quietly on their launching pads. What needs to be controlled is man.

Men's minds, however, should be added to their hearts in Einstein's statement: it should read, "The real problem is in the hearts *and minds* of men." It would be wonderful if mankind could "go critical" in humaneness—if a chain reaction of charity could lead to an explosion of global love. But this appears not to be a possibility. Instead, heart and head are going to have to work patiently and in complement in seeking to preserve this great and lovely world in which man has been given, thus far, to live.

How much influence the mind has upon the heart, reason upon virtue, is a moot question. But it is appropriate that the fact that it has some be reaffirmed. Facts don't give faith, but they certainly influence it: witness the numbers who are currently beguiled by certain findings of science into believing that mechanism, epiphenomenalism and behaviorism outline man's true status in the universe. Mind meshes with heart on more proximate levels as well: witness the accepted distinction between self-interest (a heart-directed way of life) which is enlightened (intelligent) and that which is not.

It has become an axiom of political theory that nations cannot act contrary to what they conceive to be in their self-interest. But no task is more important than to keep pushing the intellectual question: "How far can we move in the direction of humane action before our self-interest is in fact compromised?"

One specific will illustrate the point. In his prepared statement to the press two days before Thanksgiving, President Kennedy let pass a small, yet in its way fine, opportunity to contribute to the international good will which is as vital to American interest as to the Soviets'. Speaking on the Cuban crisis, with the eyes of the nation upon him through television, he said:

> May I add this final thought in this week of Thanksgiving: there is much for which we can be grateful as we look back to where we stood only four weeks ago—the unity of this hemisphere, the support of our allies, and the calm determination of the American people.

Why not be grateful also for the reasonableness of the Soviets during these weeks when the world swung low in its arc of danger? Grant that it was in the Soviet's self-interest to be conciliatory; the fact remains that not all nations have proved capable of acting in their own reasonable self-interest. Realism and appreciation are not contradictions. Mr. Kennedy had acted with great realism. It would have cost him little to crown this realism with generosity and appreciation. Unilateral disarmament may be bad politics, but the world has come to a sad pass if it holds no room for occasional ventures in unilateral nobility.

HAS THE Atomic Age thrown any light on man? The answer is yes. It provides no insights which are new, but it brings into relief things heretofore sensed only dimly, or once seen and now forgotten.

It underscores life's precariousness, clarifies the direction of human history, reveals the inadequacy of negative motivation and envisions the possibility of human history—the possibility of a genuine world order which has become infinitely relevant while remaining infinitely problematical. And it reveals where the human problem lies, how deeply inward that problem is, how radically free man is to do with his gigantic options what he will, and how mind and heart will mingle in every decision he makes.

(Continued from inside front cover)

India, Americans indulge the illogic and hypocrisy of crying "communism"! Bret Harte sensed the irony:

> That for ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar . . .

The day we stop regarding the Chinese as "peculiar" (translate "Communists") and recognize them as humans, there will be some hope that we have begun to accommodate ourselves to the historical realities affecting a quarter of the earth's population.

ERNEST T. NASH
Woodland, Calif.

Oversight

Dear Sirs: Aside from any personal judgment on my contribution, I thought your November 24 issue on "The Historian" an excellent one.

In connection with my own article, I found an error in one quotation which I thought I had corrected in the galleys. In the first paragraph of the first column of page 355, in the twenty-first line, the word "not" should have been omitted. The quotation would then read, correctly: "I did mean that my letter," etc.

LOUIS RUCHAMES
Northampton, Mass.

New Promise for Civil Liberties . .

by David Wesley

IT MAY NOT be an omen for the coming legislative year, but it is a comforting thought that the two civil-liberties heroes of the 87th Congress will be back in the Capitol lists when the 88th convenes. One a Republican Congressman, and the other a Democratic Senator, they led a handful of cohorts to an unprecedented pair of exploits in the civil-liberties field, and both followed up by gaining impressive re-election victories. The heroes were Representative John V. Lindsay in New York and Senator Joseph S. Clark in Pennsylvania.

In what began as a one-man crusade, Lindsay succeeded in defeating a bill that would have given statutory authority for arbitrary government firings of defense-industry workers and scientists. But of equal import to the libertarian cause was

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the fact that the bill's defeat involved the marshaling of the greatest Congressional show of force against the House Un-American Activities Committee in its history. The bill was committee-sponsored and authored by its heretofore unbeatable chairman, Representative Francis E. Walter.

Roughly half a dozen were the most anti-HUAC votes ever mustered before. Lindsay's battle array, when the final count was taken on Sept. 19, came to an amazing, bipartisan 132. This was enough to beat the bill because Walter, as he often does, was trying to slip his measure through on the suspension-of-the-Rules calendar, a "gag" device that limits debate time but requires a two-thirds vote.

Just a week after this milestone event in the House, Senator Clark set a similar record in the Senate. In fighting a mail-censorship provision in the postal rate-revision bill, Clark came up with an amendment that garnered thirty-three votes in its favor—a third of the Senate's membership. Although the provision stayed in the new Postal Act, thereby saddling the nation with the first censorship-of-the-mails law in its history, no less a Congressional authority than Vice President Lyndon Johnson observed when the battle was over that Clark's thirty-three Yeas "set an all-time high for a civil-liberties vote in the United States Senate."

WALTER'S bill, introduced as an amendment to the McCarran Act, would have made law out of former President Eisenhower's Executive Order No. 10865, under which more than five million American workers and scholars—those laboring in the vineyards of national defense—are subject to tough security-screening regulations that carry over into private enterprise the "faceless informer" and no-reasons-given dismissals formerly restricted to classified government employment (though Lindsay pointed out that even the supersensitive AEC provides better protection for employees about whom accusations might be made than do the industry regulations, including those in Walter's bill).

The little-known Industrial Security Clearance Review Program drops a security-clearance blanket over all wage- and salary-earners in every defense-connected private industry and, as HR 11363 said, "any industrial, educational or research organization, institution, enterprise or other legal entity" dealing in any way with "classified information." The private employer is compelled to fire at once anyone whose clearance is removed by the Defense Department, and while a departmental appeal procedure is provided (there is no judicial review as there is in the Administrative Procedure Act), this apparatus, at the discretion of the Department, need not be used.

ON July 27, 1959, when these regulations were in effect by Defense Department fiat alone, the Supreme Court threw them out on the ground that they had been authorized neither by the Executive nor the Congress (*Green v. McElroy*). In so ruling, however, the Court appeared to imply that the absence of due process in the procedures raised a potential constitutional question. In combating HR 11363 — which, like Eisenhower's Executive Order, was produced in response to the Court decision—Lindsay took up the constitutional issue where the Court had dropped it, and with prompt and vigorous backing from the AFL-CIO and the ACLU he formed a bipartisan team with five colleagues that undertook a swift lobbying job on the entire membership of the House.

While the size of the vote reflected the group's success in persuading many Congressmen that the HUAC bill was too important to be adopted without full debate, it was the Defense Department's sweeping authority over a sizable segment of the American labor force and scientific community, without the constitutional safeguard of due process, that agitated Lindsay and such other civil libertarians in the House as Roosevelt (D., Cal.), Reuss (D., Wis.) and Ryan (D., N.Y.). Under the bill, said Lindsay, "the government, for the first time, could come between a man and his private employment without due process of law." The fact is, of course, that it already can, and has, under the Executive Order program, and perhaps more than any other single thing this weapon of the military, held at the head of every employee, so to speak, in an industry that accounts for more than 10 per cent of the Gross National Product, provides a major underpinning for "the warfare state."

ANOTHER administrative program that has long lacked legislative sanction—though also legalized by an Eisenhower Executive Order — has been the practice of the Customs Bureau and the Post Office of detaining so-called "Communist propaganda" (the definition used is the much-criticized one in the Foreign Agents Registration Act) sent by other than first-class mail. This example of what Walt Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected officials" goes back to 1940, when the Attorney General, in response to a question from the Postmaster General, declared that the Postmaster was within his rights to exercise this arbitrary authority—a need having arisen to control a flood of Nazi propaganda. The program lapsed after the war, was picked up again with the Korean War—the target being switched from Nazi to Communist material—and finally formalized—for the first time in peacetime —by President Eisenhower.

Within three months after taking office—on March 17, 1961 — President Kennedy issued an order canceling the program, saying he thought "the American people are used to hearing all sides. . . ." This was the signal for the intrepid Mr. Walter to come to the rescue again, but this time he suffered a rare and still unexplained attack of Constitutionitis. His bill, passed by the House in September, 1961, dropped the detention feature and contented itself with warnings of "Communist propaganda" affixed to post-office walls and dispatched to recipients of such mail. This, announced the patriarchal guardian of Americanism to his startled associates, was "as far as we can constitutionally go."

It was not, however, as far as the House was willing to go. To the 87th's huge Postal Service and Federal Employees Salary Act of 1962, one Glenn Cunningham, a right-wing Republican Congressman from

Omaha, Neb., offered an amendment reinstituting the old postal-censorship program in more drastic form, which the House accepted.

When the Cunningham amendment reached the Senate, Senator Clark instantly went into action. In committee, his efforts were reinforced by critical testimony from Treasury Secretary Dillon, whose Customs Bureau would bear the brunt of the screenings and who shuddered at the enormity of the task (in St. Paul, Minn., some years ago, a hapless Customs employee was set loose in a warehouse bulging with accumulated "propaganda" armed only with a Russian-English dictionary); and from USIA Director Edward R. Murrow, who lamented the possibility that revival of the program might bring a Soviet retaliation just when the way was being eased for American propaganda in the Communist states.

As a matter of fact, statistics provided by a usually reliable source indicate that the propaganda scales are weighted these days somewhat differently than popularly imagined. At a press conference after House passage of the Cunningham amendment last January, President Kennedy noted: "I think in the last twelve months ending March 31, 1961, we sent a total of 16 million pounds of mail of all types to the iron-curtain countries, and food packages and all of the rest, and we were only receiving 2.3 million pounds." Not only that, but "there has been a drop in the mail coming in from Communist countries," he said, since cancellation of the censorship.

IN THE end, the committee found itself nonplused as to what to do about the situation. "Finally," Clark later revealed, "we were handed a proposed amendment and told verbally that some officers of the Administration thought it could be lived with, and we swallowed it hook, line and sinker by a vote of 6 to 3." The new measure abandoned the worst features of the Cunningham amendment and even improved on the Truman-Eisenhower system. Under the House proposal, matter determined by the Attorney General to be Communist propaganda would be limited to fourth-class distribution. This, of course, would entail total mail censorship, since even sealed letters would have to go through the X-ray machines. The Senate version kept the detention feature of the former program, under which addressees were notified of the detained matter and had to request its delivery, but it excluded: (a) first-class mail; (b) matter known to be desired, such as publications going to regular subscribers; (c) mail addressed to any government agency, public library or educational institution (but not, as the section was later amended in conference with the House, the students and faculty); and (d) any mail delivery that was part of a specific cultural-exchange program.

IN THESE exceptions, incidentally, Clark immediately noted a blow at freedom of the press: "There is no exception provided," he pointed out, "for radio broadcasters, television news analysts, newspaper reporters or anyone whose job it is to tell the American people exactly what propaganda is." All the same, except for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, the debate on the amendment in the Senate aroused little press interest—although another section of the act was all but turned into a *cause célèbre*, namely, the increase in the second-class mail rate, which applies to publications.

In the debate, Clark was eloquently seconded by Senators Randolph (D., W.Va.) and Yarborough (D., Tex.), who had joined in voting against the amendment in committee. Randolph insisted the measure was unconstitutional and declared that "A federal censorship imposed under any guise in time of peace is repulsive to me." Yarborough branded it a "police-state amendment." While Clark made much of the fact that those forced publicly to disclose an interest in certain information from Communist countries would provide a handy source of file-fattening names for the FBI, Yarborough pointed out that the detention system itself supplied a vastly larger roster of loyalty suspects, namely, all the addressees. If the Soviet Embassy, he suggested, wanted to embarrass anti-Communists, it need only place them on its preferred mailing list.

Declaring that "it would be wiser to rely on the common sense and patriotism of the American people to reject propaganda than to take the first small step toward a police state by creating . . . censorship," Clark introduced three successive amendments. The first called for outright repeal of the section, but there were so few Senators present that no vote was recorded on it. The second—wonder of wonders—incorporated the year-old Walter proposal, so, as Clark told them, "all Senators who wish to beat their breasts to let the country know how anti-Communist they are and how pro-American they are can vote with a clear conscience for the amendment." No less than twenty-three of them did, including Majority Leader Mansfield.

FOR HIS third attempt, Clark left the amendment intact, but his proposal would have given the President the authority to put its provisions into effect at his discretion. This time Mansfield spoke up in support and so did Senator Cooper, Kentucky Republican and former Ambassador to India, who made a strong constitutional plea against the Senate amendment. It was this final vote against Clark that showed the relatively narrow margin of 48 to 33. Having lost their good fight, Clark, Randolph and Yarborough wound up voting for the act as a whole, which was eventually signed by the President. But their feat, and that of their counterparts in the House, may well have raised the whole civil-liberties struggle in the Congress to a new level. Rarely have so many legislators in both Houses stood to be counted in favor of the U.S. Constitution.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Art Books of 1962: Part I

Hilton Kramer

The year-end survey of art books is being published in two parts. Next week, Mr. Kramer will deal with specialized studies of the old masters, prehistoric and primitive art, drawings, American painting and assorted picture books.

General Surveys

A CONCISE HISTORY OF PAINTING FROM GIOTTO TO CEZANNE. By Michael Levey. Praeger. 324 pp. $5.95.

This book is the best of its kind the reviewer has yet read. The author, Assistant Keeper of the National Gallery, London, manages to convey something essential about all the major (and many minor) artists of Western Europe in the period covered, and he has done this in a short space, employing a lucid style and a minimum of distracting detail. It is precisely what its title claims—concise history, not criticism or analysis. The book has moments of real eloquence, but the exigencies of space require (happily, I think) that these be confined to phrases or sentences rather than paragraphs or whole chapters. One is constantly aware of the writer as an intelligent and trained observer turning his attention to each artist and painting, selecting the salient features of both, and weaving in the process a credible tapestry of history and aesthetics. The 529 color plates, though small and not the best quality, are well integrated with the text and quite adequate to their purpose, which is referential rather than aesthetic.

ART AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN. By René Huyghe. Translated from the French by Norbert Guterman. Abrams, 526 pp. $15.

Professor Huyghe, a member of the French Academy, is one of the most prolific and dazzling writers on art in France today. The whole history of European culture is his province, and perhaps as the result of this, his style tends toward the rotund and the oratorical. Every *aperçu* (and he has a great many) must be dialectically adorned before he will let go of it. It is a difficult kind of writing to take in large doses; the thump of its high-minded rhythms somewhat dulls one's capacity to absorb the details. The present work, dealing with the style, history, psychology and philosophy of Western art, is a series of essays which follow a thematic (but no chronological) order, and can be read independently of one another. In fact, it is probably a good idea to do so. The author's straining for profundity at every turn of phrase is often exasperating, but taken in small quantities the text can be marvelously illuminating and suggestive. There are good discussions of Delacroix and Watteau, of Ensor and Gonçalvès, of drawing, symbolism and humanism as they affect style and expression. Still, one comes up for air after a session with this book yearning for some dull, hard facts. The 324 illustrations (16 in color) are excellent.

THE LOOM OF ART. By Germain Bazin. Translated from the French by Jonathan Griffin. Simon & Schuster. 328 pp. Special Christmas Price: $24.95; thereafter, $30.

Beware! This is a silly, expensive, overblown publisher's idea of what the ignorant and the affluent can be induced to give each other for Christmas. It bears a closer resemblance to the expensive gift wrappings in which it will undoubtedly pass from hand to hand than to anything that could be mistaken for a book. The text by the Chief Curator of the Louvre (are there no professional ethics?), taking us from the Lascaux Caves to Abstract Expressionism in less time than it takes to get from Times Square to the Village, is pure literary Musak. The layout is vulgar, the cropping of paintings unconscionable.

Impressionism

RENOIR, MY FATHER. By Jean Renoir. Translated from the French by Randolph and Dorothy Weaver. Little, Brown. 465 pp. $8.95.

This vivid and affectionate memoir of the painter Renoir by his son Jean, the distinguished film director, is one of the best written and most enjoyable books ever devoted to a painter. It abounds in brilliant vignettes of Renoir's family and friends, his models and work habits, and is saturated with the opinions and prejudices of the painter himself. Presiding over the whole work is the subtle and moving emotion of a gifted son, invalided out of the Army in the First World War, rediscovering the real character and quality of his father at a time when the artist himself was old and ailing, confined to a wheelchair and yet still pursuing his art with undiminished zeal. Jean Renoir, an accomplished artist and an old man himself now, has waited forty years to produce this book, and his own mature experience has obviously deepened his understanding of the man he came to "see" for the first time in 1915. But the author's emotions guide rather than obtrude upon the lucidity of his style; it is Renoir the painter who is constantly in the foreground. Although little is attempted in the way of aesthetic analysis, the account of Renoir's work habits and personal loyalties has much to tell us about the relation of his art—and French art generally—to physical sensation and sensuous experience. As a source book on the painter and his period it effectively replaces Vollard's memoir of Renoir. Included is a good selection of personal photographs.

RENOIR: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By François Fosca. Translated from the French by Mary I. Martin. Prentice-Hall. 271 pp. $6.95.

A conventional life-and-times survey of the artist by a Swiss critic and historian, this book is bound to be a casuality of its coincidental publication with Jean Renoir's memoir. It is not, in any case, a very distinguished work. A number of Renoir's drawings are well reproduced, but the color plates are poor and the text is unredeemed by a single moment of originality or fire.

PORTRAITS BY DEGAS. By Jean Sutherland Boggs. University of California Press. 142 pp., 145 plates. $15.

By reason of temperamental as well as artistic conviction, Degas always stood somewhat apart from the Impressionist group, even while he joined in their exhibitions and debates. Miss Boggs's careful study of the artist's portraits, which constitute more than a fifth of his total *oeuvre*, has the effect of un-

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HILTON KRAMER was the editor of Arts Magazine *from 1956 to 1961.* The Best in Arts, *an anthology of essays and reviews from the magazine in those years, edited by James R. Mellow with an introduction by Mr. Kramer, has just been published by Horizon Press.*

derscoring this separation and of locating Degas' achievement in the larger context of a French, and ultimately European, classical tradition. She makes a very brief and half-hearted attempt to include his style within a specifically Impressionist aesthetic, but the basis of her argument is moral rather than visual and it is quickly abandoned. Though dryly written, the book does give some very vivid glimpses into Degas' life and the peculiarities of his sensibility. The sitters and their relation to the artist are painstakingly researched, and thus what is intended primarily as an art-historical study becomes to some extent a portrait of Degas as well. The nine color plates vary in quality, but the black-and-white plates are excellent.

Twentieth-Century Art

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT: RUSSIAN ART 1863-1922. By Camilla Gray. Abrams. 327 pp. $25.

This is by far the most important book on modern art published this year—and in many a year. It covers in detail the principal artists and movements from Repin and Vrubel in the nineteenth century through the *fin de siècle* art of Bakst and Benois to that dazzling constellation of vanguard styles—Rayonnism, Suprematism, Constructivism, etc. —which once, if only briefly, made Russian art the most radical expression of modernism in all Europe. Artists and ideas, groups and manifestoes, are clearly delineated in a lucid and painstaking style, and the 257 plates (24 in color), excellent in themselves, contain a good deal of new material. Moreover, the crucial social context of modern art in Russia is not lost sight of, and the relation of Russian developments to the mainstream of modern art in Western Europe is handled with scholarly care. There are useful appendices of artists' statements, biographical summaries and a good bibliography. Miss Gray, a young English scholar, is the first writer to attempt a comprehensive history of this material, and the result is a work which is not only an indispensable contribution to the study of modern art but also an illuminating study of modern Russia.

LEGER. By Robert L. Delevoy. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert. Skira: "The Taste of Our Time" Series. World. 142 pp. $6.75.

Léger's art, with its clear bright color and blunt graphic forms, particularly lends itself to being reproduced in the garish manner of the Skira series. The fifty postcard-size color plates give a very straightforward account of his development, and his particular quality, as an artist. The style of Delevoy's text is not perhaps a similar model of clarity—the author is something of a name-dropper and likes to affix ponderous epigraphs to each of his very short chapters—yet for the most part it remains loyal to Léger's vision and gives a reasonably accurate report on its major statements. One senses a certain anxiety in Delevoy's commentary about the relevance of Léger's art to some currently fashionable ideas in Parisian literature and philosophy. At times, thus, the text becomes unnecessarily defensive about work that remains a thousand times more robust than anything that might be dominating café talk in Paris at the moment.

DICTIONARY OF MODERN SCULPTURE. Edited by Robert Maillard. Translated from the French by Bettina Wadia. Tudor. 311 pp. $7.95.

A number of distinguished writers on art—including Robert Goldwater, Carola Giedion-Welcker and Frank Elgar—are among the twenty-five contributors to this volume, which briefly discusses 412 sculptors and includes tiny black-and-white photographs of 453 works from Rodin to the present. Not quite a reference work nor on the other hand exactly a series of critical appreciations, the book varies a good deal from writer to writer. It will be most useful on lesser-known artists. American sculptors are included, but the emphasis is European and mainly Parisian. The style inclines toward art-talk rhetoric, but a great deal of factual material is included.

PAUL KLEE. By Felix Klee. Trans. from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Braziller. 212 pp. $7.50.

This "portrait" of Klee by his son is less a memoir than a selective anthology of documents interlarded with the author's commentaries. It makes a highly readable book, presenting Klee as an appealing personality and a serious artist. The principal events and preoccupations of his life are all touched on, and the main contours of his artistic development are given, if only briefly. Though needlessly fragmentary—there is a great deal more material now available to the German reader than Felix Klee has troubled to include here—the book is useful to anyone interested in either Klee or modern art generally.

Christmas Listings

Next week, in addition to the conclusion of Mr. Kramer's art-book survey, *The Nation* will carry a list of books published in 1962 by contributors to the magazine in that year, and a survey of paperbacks appropriate as gifts.

ABSTRACT PAINTING: FIFTY YEARS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT, FROM KANDINSKY TO THE PRESENT. By Michel Seuphor. Translated from the French by Haakon Chevalier. Abrams. 320 pp. $20.

Seuphor, once the chief critical spokesman for the geometrical school of abstract art in Paris, is gradually turning himself into a hack writer of slick art books. He was a friend of Mondrian and has written an excellent study of that artist's development, but his recent books have all been compromised by a garrulousness and ennui which make them useless to either the serious student or the newcomer to modern art. This new book, the most lavishly produced, is the worst of the lot. The text rambles on in an unedifying free association of names, dates and superficial ideas, and the plates—530 in all, with 382 in color—have been chosen in a helter-skelter manner that distorts both history and art. It is odd that, despite the immense popularity and influence of abstract painting just now, there is no serious general book on the subject currently available. For that reason alone Seuphor's book will probably enjoy a decent sale, but readers should be warned that it is a waste of time and money.

A SEA RINGED WITH VISIONS. By Oskar Kokoschka. Translated from the German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. Horizon. 274 pp. $5.

Not really an art book—except for the frontispiece photograph, there are no plates—nor a volume of conventional memoirs, these autobiographical prose sketches by the great Expressionist painter have some of the same quality and power of his best early portraits: intense emotional distortion and inventive exaggeration placed in the service of a keen and unhypocritical memory. Vienna and Berlin in the early days, then Djerba in the twenties, Cyprus, Ireland and Scotland after the war, are some of the settings, and the preoccupation throughout is that mixture of erotic encounters and visionary sense of experience that has been Kokoschka's abiding quality as an artist. Written in the convention of Romantic story-telling, the book is gentle and slightly mocking in tone and remarkably lacking in morbidity; there are flashes of delightful humor. It is very pleasurable reading, but it will necessarily be of most interest to those already familiar with the author's imaginative terrain.

Architecture

LOUIS I. KAHN. By Vincent Scully, Jr. *EERO SAARINEN.* By Allan Temko. *R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER.* By John McHale. *PHILIP JOHNSON.* By John M. Jacobus, Jr. *KENZO TANGE.* By Robin Boyd. Braziller: "Makers of Contemporary Architecture." Each vol. 127 pp.; $4.95.

This new series on contemporary architects is attractively designed and produced, with good plates, short texts and useful biographical summaries, chronological listings of buildings and projects and up-to-date bibliographies. As the architects vary in importance and accomplishment, so the writers vary in their literary and critical abilities. Two of the five books can be recommended enthusiastically: Scully's precise and eloquent essay on Kahn, and Temko's ambitious attempt to summarize and evaluate the life work of Saarinen, who died in 1961. Temko had, perhaps, the more difficult task, for he was writing about an artist whose life had ended but many of whose major designs—and in Temko's view, the designs upon which his stature as an architect will ultimately depend—are only now beginning to be realized in construction. Temko is frank in his criticisms of Saarinen's completed works, but this honesty leads him at times, I think, to indulge in some extravagant claims for the buildings which have yet to be built, as a way of compensating the reputation of a man he admires. All the same, one comes away from this short text with a very concrete grasp of Saarinen's accomplishment—its failures as well as successes. Scully, in writing about Kahn, faced the problem of characterizing an architect who has only in the last decade, while in his fifties, come into world prominence after decades in the architectural-academic wilderness. The result is one of the most moving and illuminating essays on an artist this reviewer has read in a long time. The intricate and highly compressed discussion of Kahn's relation to his contemporaries, to the great architecture of the past, to Wright especially, and to his own sense of himself as a man, is of a kind that leaves one's understanding of modern architecture — and art generally — permanently clarified. The three remaining texts are by comparison serviceable but pedestrian performances, though undoubtedly useful as reference works.

EERO SAARINEN ON HIS WORK. A Selection of Buildings from 1947 to 1964 with Statements by the Architect. Edited by Aline B. Saarinen. Yale University Press. 108 pp. Until January 1: $12.50; thereafter, $15.

This is a large, handsome, magnificently produced book consisting mostly of photographs. It is highly selective, and gives a rather more glamorous and less concrete sense of Saarinen's achievement than Temko's short book in the series above. Saarinen's notes, too, will be more meaningful for readers who come to them with a critical sophistication the book itself makes no attempt to encourage. Necessarily partial in its view, it is less an interim report than an act of piety and *hommage*, and as such is altogether beautiful in its way.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ARCHITECT. By Edward Durell Stone. Horizon. 288 pp. $15.

One's response to this book will necessarily be a response to its author's present status as an architectural eminence. If, as is the case with the present reviewer, you can only regard Stone as a flashy, flowery, overestimated designer of unreal structures, then nearly everything in this book will reinforce your view. The drawings of his New York buildings confirm one's feeling that the real life of the city was somehow obliterated from view in the conception. It is interesting to learn that Stone designed the decorative grille for his New York brownstone while on a visit to California; imaginatively, that is the usual distance that obtains between his ideas and the reality of the creative problem.

Arts and Sciences

THE BIOLOGY OF ART. By Desmond Morris. Knopf. 176 pp. $6.50.

From the reviews and polemics which this book has inspired, I expected it to be a rather glossy and provocative piece of journalism, but it turns out to be a work of great interest. Subtitled "A Study of the Picture-Making Behaviour of the Great Apes and Its Relationship to Human Art," and written by a member of the staff of the London Zoological Society, it gives a clear and absorbing account of the ape-art experiments (of "Congo," 'Betsy" and the others), traces out their formal morphology (both in terms of composition and calligraphy) with scrupulous care and observation, and establishes some illuminating comparisons with the art of children. The polemical battle which ranges around abstract art should not be allowed to distort the purpose of the book, which is modest and strictly scientific, having to do with problems of evolution. Art critics can learn something, however, from the author's ability to deal with each visual incident accurately and tactfully.

Golden Geese

THE CORRUPT JUDGE. By Joseph Borkin. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. 310 pp. $6.

Herbert Mitgang

IN *The Corrupt Judge,* a Washington attorney has blazed a trail through a dark legal forest — what some judges get away with. He is writing only about federal judges, but his broad findings apply to the state and lower courts — where they get away with much more. Although it should be noted that these facts and figures seldom grip the general reader's attention, Joseph Borkin's "inquiry into bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors in the Federal courts" opens up an unpleasant area that deserves fuller exploration. It is a valuable document.

Volumes could be written about crooked judges, hanging judges, dumb judges, political judges, crotchety judges and even show biz type judges (one or two are always on the scene in Brooklyn and Manhattan, with gutter language from the bench that gets editorial applause from the tabloids). And fatter volumes could be written about the many more honest and courageous judges: those sitting today, for example, in the United States Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans, and a number of District Court judges making decisions in civil rights cases in the Deep South. The same political system and motivations throw up the good ones and the bad ones. It is only fair to say that, regardless of which party is in power, justice is expected, and found (except in unusual instances of corrupt or venal judges), in the federal courts.

Mr. Borkin is talking about something which seems at first glance easier to cope with than the quality of the judges, namely, corruption. Mediocrity on the bench or, indeed, in other areas of public and corporate life, is too squashy to grasp; it's hard to wrestle with jellyfish. Too many judges and others in authority—the political hacks who are promoted, the steady and innocuous ciphers high in the structure of big business — suffer from mere competence. Therefore, so does justice.

And yet Mr. Borkin's examples indi-

HERBERT MITGANG, on the news staff of The New York Times, *has completed* The Man Who Rode the Tiger, *a biography of Judge Samuel Seabury and his investigations of New York City corruption, for publication by Lippincott in March.*

cate that even outright corruption is shadowy and evasive on the federal bench. Once a judge is sitting, it is hard to disrobe him and expose his nakedness. The author has dug into the records to disclose three cases of corrupt judges: Martin T. Manton, Senior Judge of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals who, by 1939, was regarded (after the Supreme Court Justices themselves) as the tenth-ranking justice in the United States; John Warren Davis, Senior Judge of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals, who resigned in 1941; and Albert W. Johnson of the Middle District Court of Pennsylvania, whose "mere survival as a federal judge for twenty years, from 1925 to 1945, stands as a monument to a legal tradition—the morbid reluctance to remove a corrupt and venal judge."

Judge Manton used to be known in New York legal circles as "Praying Manton." He employed fixers, approached litigants for loans, engaged in corrupt bankruptcy practices, and sold decisions. He had received his original appointment because of close Tammany Hall links; his bag man from time to time was the so-called "great mouthpiece," William Fallon, who, like Mayor Jimmy Walker, was whitewashed in a biography by Gene Fowler. Judge Manton was jailed for two years. The damage he caused in hundreds of cases is impossible to assess. In cahoots with him were some of the most respectable politicians and lawyers in New York. One of the author's points is that lawyers dare not expose judicial corruption for fear of reprisals. That is so, but another point to remember is that some of the most respectable law firms do not care to kill the golden goose — the judge who favors them with guardianships, trusteeships and other court amenities.

CUMULATIVELY, these three cases show that when judges become involved in private business and real estate deals, something's (or, rather, someone's) got to give. Needing more and more money to finance or pay off their deals, the judges become vulnerable. Mr. Borkin cites public sources in recent years showing that several federal judges were or are engaged in a lively business life. He adds that a judge should "certainly have the right to invest and manage his assets, for mere business activity itself is not inherently objectionable," but he feels that even judges should be judged. And here the author makes a concrete suggestion that sounds reasonable:

> For the Federal judiciary, at least, who is more able to make this judgment than the members of the Supreme Court? But at present this body is unable properly to make such a judgment, since it is not in possession of the necessary facts. The suggestion is proposed, therefore, that the Supreme Court, under its rule-making power, requires statements from all Circuit and District Court judges regarding their extrajudicial business activities. . . . Knowledge that such information is in the hands of the Supreme Court would tend to resolve doubts — and doubt is an eroding element in any judicial process. Lawyers, litigants, colleagues and the public generally could rest more securely, confident that a judge's private business activity is within the bounds of propriety and legality.

That is the main proposal in *The Corrupt Judge*, and it is well worth consideration in Washington. The same principle could apply to the state, county and inferior courts. This would be a safeguard against judicial corruption. As to selecting the best judges in the first place, removing the deadwood and ending political appointments which parcel out judgeships as if they were postmasterships, that is a next step — and another story,

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

WITHOUT being on the creative level of *The Caretaker* or his first play, *The Birthday Party*, Harold Pinter's *The Dumbwaiter* and *The Collection* extend our understanding of this interesting dramatist (Cherry Lane Theatre).

There is a paradox in the combination of these two one-acters. The more effective and the better played is *The Collection*, but I was more fascinated by the not so efficient *Dumbwaiter*. Though shorter than its companion piece (and earlier in composition than either *The Caretaker* or *The Collection*) *The Dumbwaiter* aims higher and its method is subtler. It is written as a comedy sketch, but is nevertheless wholly symbolic. Yet there are no "mists," none of the deeply intoned incantations, commonly associated with symbolism.

Two cockneys, speaking the monotonous, barren language of the uneducated and unimaginative, are discovered to be hired gunmen who kill without malice or personal motive apart from their "profession." (The failure to use an authentic London dialect in the production is unfortunate; it deprives the

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piece of a needed color.) The gunmen's victims are not only persons unknown to them but "objects" whose identity is hardly distinguishable by them. We see the gunmen in a dismal basement, lying on two miserable cots and waiting for orders to proceed to their murderous destination. They wait—and here there is an echo of the "waiting" in Beckett's plays—when strange things begin to occur. A packet of matches is suddenly slipped under the door. They do not understand the source or meaning of this "gift," but they decide to use it so they can boil water for the indispensable tea. But the gas range does not work. "Why did he send us matches," one of them asks, "if he knows there was no gas?" And we begin to perceive the play's drift.

Then, just as surprisingly, the dumbwaiter bangs down with a series of orders for all sorts of fancy foods. The place they are in, they surmise, must once have been a restaurant. Though it is now gutted of all provisions, they respond to the peremptoriness of the demand by sending up silly substitutes for the ordered dishes. The orders now come down faster and ever more furiously. They are in despair as they respond with hysterical impetus. They cry out to explain their inability to supply the orders and to find out who exactly is issuing them: "What's the idea! What's he playing games for?" There is no reply. It may be possible that the final order is for one of the men to kill the other: the impulse and tempo of obedience make it not at all improbable that this order too may be carried out.

The intention is clear. (Why does such a simple plot structure baffle so many in the audience—particularly those practiced playgoers who are expected to understand it?) Man immured in penury, discomfort and airless constriction, is bound to carry out the commands of a master whom he does not see, know or fathom — commands he obeys in mechanical haste as if he were gripped by a tic. And if this is not true of man in general, it might be inferred (for Pinter will not say) that it is certainly true of man today; and the play, if one wishes to ascribe to it something less than a metaphysical interpretation, might be set down as a protest, albeit a hopeless one, against the pressure of our industrial civilization.

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This, however, sounds more pretentious than is Pinter's spare treatment. His play is a swift image halfway between humor and horror. But its production is imprecise and undistinguished.

THE direction by Alan Schneider and the acting—particularly by James Ray and Henderson Forsythe—in *The Collection* are much more pointed and therefore, as I have indicated, make for a better "show." It is unnecessary to summarize the plot of *The Collection.* It too has its ambiguities — does not answer all our questions—but it plays on the themes of jealousy, adultery and the nightmare ambivalence of disturbed marital (or merely sex) relationships, not excluding the homosexual, and is sufficiently clear to almost everyone.

What is astute in Pinter's handling of his subject is that nearly all the impulses involved are only partially expressed, and thus emerge only as possibilities. There can be no Othello or Iago in such a situation because modern man (and woman) disapprove of jealousy and the acts of violence arising from it. They therefore attempt to repress them, so that finally they (and we) begin to doubt the reality of their feelings. Am I really "fit to be tied" because my wife has been unfaithful? Can my contact with that man be really considered "an affair," or did I just toy with the idea of such a contact? If I were certain that he or she has had an affair would I divorce, maim or murder, or would I go on living with my mate in tortured or "sophisticated" indecision, the possible infidelity forgotten or forgiven because I am unsure whether I also "transgressed"?

The Collection reveals another curious aspect of Pinter's technique. His plays work because they are constructed as *melodrama.* They possess a taut, suspenseful quality that serves to give intensity to the suggested emotions. These are rarely probed because, for emotion to be full-bodied and secure, clear values must exist and Pinter's theatre implies that we either have none or that those we have are peculiarly vague. The shadow of the suggested emotions keeps us theatrically excited even before we realize—and even if we don't realize—their specific substance. This technique is so marked in *The Collection* that we are led to suspect it of a certain slickness. The trick may conceivably end by deceiving its author. *The Caretaker,* for all its effort to suppress it, has feeling; *The Collection,* almost none. As a substitute, it employs tension.

I NOTICED a high-minded and most intelligent friend leave *Never Too Late* (The Playhouse) after the first act. This was understandable. The farce by Sumner Arthur Long is built on one simple situation: a sixty-three-year-old New England businessman (he is in lumber) learns that his somewhat younger wife is pregnant. The discovery causes consternation in him as well as in his grown-up daughter and son-in-law. It is obvious what sort of jokes will ensue.

Yet I was a little worried by my friend's reaction. This unassuming "commercial" play (a smash hit) is of more respectable stuff than many intellectuals will concede. There is a considerable amount of oblique (though possibly complacent) satire in it. The benign obtuseness (or plain stupidity) of the average American male in regard to his wife and family is exposed in a manner which might be called merciless if *Never Too Late* were anything but an entertainment. The audience recognizes itself (or its neighbors!) and cackles contentedly—I along with it. Lift your nose if you will; the facts are there as surely as in a report on Middletown.

Plays of this kind are not as easy to write or produce as we loftily assume. They used to be a staple of our theatre but our recently acquired tastes have all but driven them from the boards—and good riddance you will say. But you may be mistaken. When they are this well contrived, perfectly cast (with Paul Ford in his eloquent inexpressiveness, his wooden Republican honesty and his thick-headed astonishment playing the lead) and cunningly directed (by George Abbott) they are welcome. They are slight to the point of triviality, funny, and not without meaning. We cannot wholly know ourselves, our people and country, without having some appreciation of them.

I am never unhappy about the popularity of such plays; I am much more troubled by the emptiness of some of our presumably more "serious" plays (there are several on Broadway now which I prefer to ignore in these pages). Deep thinkers of the theatre who refuse to relate to its vulgar pleasures are off balance: they lack that essential ingredient of wisdom—the ordinary.

RECORDS of the YEAR

Benjamin Boretz

The records listed below seem of special interest among the past year's releases, either because they contain superior performances of major works, or offer at least reasonably accurate performances of important music not previously available in adequate recordings. Where several works are involved, each record is listed under the item of greatest interest. (S) indicates Stereo.

BABBITT: Composition for 12 instruments. Hartt Chamber Players; Ralph Shapey, cond. *Du* (song cycle). Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano. (Powell: *Electronic Setting No. 1.*) *Filligree Setting.* Claremont String Quartet. *Haiku Settings.* Beardslee, Helps. Son-Nova 1 (S).

BACH: *Brandenburg Concerti* (complete). Hugh Bean, violin; Adolf Scherbaum, trumpet; Gareth Morris, Arthur Ackroyd, flutes; Sidney Sutcliffe, oboe; George Malcolm, harpsichord. Philharmonia Orchestra. Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 3627 B (S).

BARTOK: Six String Quartets. Hungarian Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 138 650/52 (S).

BEETHOVEN: String Quartet No. 13, Op. 131. Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2626.

BERG: Chamber Concerto for violin, piano and thirteen winds. Israel Baker, violin; Pearl Kaufman, piano; Robert Craft, cond. *Der Wein.* Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Robert Craft, cond. *Lulu* (Four Symphonic Excerpts). Columbia Symphony. Robert Craft, cond. *Lyric Suite* (string orchestra version), Robert Craft, cond. Seven Early Songs. Bethany Beardslee; Craft, cond. Columbia M2L 271/M2S 620 (S).

BERGER: String Quartet (1958). The Lenox Quartet. WYNER: Concert Duo. Matthew Raimondi, violin. Yehudi Wyner, piano. CRI 161.

BERIO: *Differences* (1958-60). Jacques Castagner, flute; Walter Lewis, clarinet; Francis Pierre, harp; Walter Trampler, viola; Seymour Barab, cello. Luciano Berio, cond. (Also Maderna: Serenata No. 2. Nono: Polifonica-Monodia-Ritmica.) Time 8002 (S).

BERLIOZ: *Romeo et Juliette,* Op. 17. Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Cesare Valletti, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass-baritone. New England Conservatory Chorus. Boston Symphony Orchestra. Charles Munch, cond. RCA Victor LD 6098.

BIZET: *The Pearl Fishers.* Janine Micheau, Nicolai Gedda, Ernest Blanc, Jacques Mars. Chorus and orchestra of the Théatre National de l'Opéra-Comique. Pierre Dervaux, cond. Angel 3603 B/L (S).

BLOCH: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (1938). Roman Totenberg, violin. Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vladimir Golschmann, cond. (Also Bartók: Rhapsody No. 1.) Vanguard VRS/VSD 2110 (S).

BRITTEN: *Cantata Academica* (1960). Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Peter Pears, tenor; Owen Brannigan, bass. (Also Hymn to St. Cecilia; Hymn to the Virgin; Choral Dances from *Gloriana.*) Chorus of London Symphony. London Symphony Orchestra. George Malcolm, cond. London-Oiseau-Lyre (S) OL 60037 (S).

CARTER: Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras (1961). Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; Gustav Meier, cond. KIRCHNER: Concerto for Violin, Cello, Ten Winds and Percussion. Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; Leon Kirchner, cond. LC/BC 1157 (S).

COPLAND: Variations for Orchestra (1957). Hartford Symphony Orchestra. Fritz Mahler, cond. (Also Fanfare for the Common Man. Bloch: Three Jewish Poems.) Vanguard VRS/VSD 2085 (S).

Dance Symphony (1930). Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Akeo Watanabe, cond. (Also Stevens: Symphony No. 1.) CRI 129.

DEBUSSY: *Gigues. Rondes de Printemps.* L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Ernest Ansermet, cond. (Also *Ibéria.* Ravel: *Pavane.* Stravinsky: Symphonies of Wind Instruments.) London CM 9293/CS 6225 (S).

GESUALDO: Gagliarda for Organ. E. Power Biggs, organ. Canzon Francese. Carol Rosenstiel, harpsichord. Eight Madrigals and Two Responses. Robert Craft, cond. STRAVINSKY: *Monumentum pro Gesualdo di Venosa.* Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia KL 5718/KS 6318 (S).

HAYDN: Symphony No. 83. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Karl Münchinger, cond. (Also Symphony No. 100.) London CM 9297/ CS 6230 (S).

HINDEMITH: *Mathis der Maler* (Excerpts) (1932-34). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Donald Grobe, tenor. Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin. Leopold Ludwig, cond. Deutsche Grammaphon LPM 18 769/LPM 138 769 (S).

IVES: Second Piano Sonata: "Concord, Mass., 1840-1860." George Pappa-Stavrou, piano; Bonnie Lichter, flute. CRI 150.

JOSQUIN: *Missa Hercules Dux Ferrariae.* Motets: *De Profundis; Veni Sancte Spiritus. Missa Da Pacem: Et Incarnatus Est.* Wiener Kammerchor. Musica Antiqua Wien. Hans Gillesberger, cond. Bach Guild BG(S) 5042 (S).

LISZT: *Dante* Symphony. Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra. György Lehel, cond. Westminster WT/WST 14152 (S).

Faust Symphony. Budapest State Orchestra. János Ferencsik, cond. (Also *Les Préludes*) Deutsche Grammophon 138 647/48 (S).

Piano Transcriptions: *Adélaïde* (after Beethoven). Fantasie on two motives from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro. Mephisto* Waltz. Paraphrase on Wedding March and Elfin Chorus from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Waltz from Gounod's *Faust.* Egon Petri, piano. Westminster WT/WST 14149 (S).

Songetti di Petrarcax and other songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18 793/ SLPM 138 793 (S).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 3. Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; Women's Chorus of the Schola Cantorum; Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration. New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M2L-275; M2S-675 (S).

MENDELSSOHN: Incidental Music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 35881 (S).

Hebrides Overture. Symphony No. 3. Philharmonia Orchestra. Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 35880 (S).

Symphony No. 4. Philharmonia Orchestra. Otto Klemperer, cond. (Also Schumann: Symphony No. 4.) Angel 35629 (S).

SCHONBERG: *Book of the Hanging Gardens,* Op. 15. Bethany Beardslee, soprano. Robert Helps, piano. Son-Nova 2 (S).

SCHULLER: Music for Brass Quintet (1961). New York Brass Quintet. (Also Fantasy Quartet for four celli. Blackwood: Chamber Symphony.) CRI 144.

STRAUSS: *Salomé.* Birgit Nilsson; Eberhard Wächter; Gerhard Stolze; Grace Hoffman. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Georg Solti, cond. London A-4247/OSA 1218 (S).

STRAVINSKY: Concerto for two solo pianos (1935). Sonata for two pianos. Eight easy pieces. Arthur Gold, Robert Fizdale, pianist. ML 5733/MS 6333 (S).

The Flood (1962). Laurence Harvey; Sebastian Cabot; John Reardon; Robert Oliver; Elsa Lanchester; Paul Tripp; Richard Robinson. Columbia Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, conds. Mass (1948). Columbia Symphony Woodwinds and Chorus. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5757/MS 6357 (S).

Piano Concerto (1924). Seymour Lipkin, piano. New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein, cond. (Also *Pulcinella* Suite.) Columbia ML 5729 MS 6329 (S).

Renard (1915). George Shirley, Loren Driscoll, tenors; William Murphy, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; Toni Koves, cimbalom. Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Igor Stravinsky, cond. *Ragtime* for 11 instruments (1918). Toni Koves, cimbalom; Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Igor Stravinsky, cond. *Les Noces* (1923). Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, Roger Sessions, pianists. Mildred Allen, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Loren Driscoll, tenor; Robert Oliver, bass. American Concert Choir. Columbia Percussion Ensemble. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5772/MS 6372 (S).

Le Rossignol (1914). Loren Driscoll; Donald Gramm; Marina Picassi; Kenneth Smith; Herbert Beattie; Elaine Bonazzi, vocal soloists. Chorus and Orchestra of the Opera Society of Washington, D.C. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia KL 5727/KS 6327 (S).

Symphony in Three Movements (1945). Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Violin Concerto (1931) Isaac Stern, violin. Columbia Symphony. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5731/MS 6331 (S).

VARESE: *Arcana* (1927). Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Robert Craft, cond. (Also *Déserts* 1954.) *Offrandes* (1922). Columbia ML 5762/MS 6362 (S).

VERDI: *Aïda.* Leontyne Price; John Vickers; Rita Gorr; Robert Merrill; Giorgio Tozzi, vocal soloists. Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus. Georg Solti, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6158 (S).

Rigoletto. Joan Sutherland; Cornell Macneil; Renato Cioni; Cesare Siepi; Fernando Corena; Stefania Malagu, vocal soloists. Chorus and Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome. Nino Sanzogno, cond. London A-4360/OSA 1332 (S).

WAGNER: *Die Walküre.* Birgit Nilsson; Gré Brouwenstein; Rita Gorr; Jon Vickers; George London; David Ward, vocal soloists. London Symphony Orchestra. Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LD-6706.

WEILL: *Dreigroschenoper* (1928). Original Cast (Lotte Lenya, Kurt Gerron, Willy Trank-Trebisch, Erika Helmke, Erich Ponto). Excerpts from *Die Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (1927). Telefunken TH 97012.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

HAROLD CLURMAN has recently written with eloquence in these pages of Anton Chekhov, that most humane and approachable genius, and I shall not echo my affection and admiration. It may come as a pleasant surprise, though, to be shown that the Russians themselves, after almost half a century of what seems to us the most iron pragmatism, can still respond to Chekhov's passionate concern for individual sensibility, even that of the darling weaklings. That at least some of them do so respond is unmistakable in *The Lady With the Dog,* a quiet, elegant, very moving film made by Josef Heifitz from a Chekhov short story.

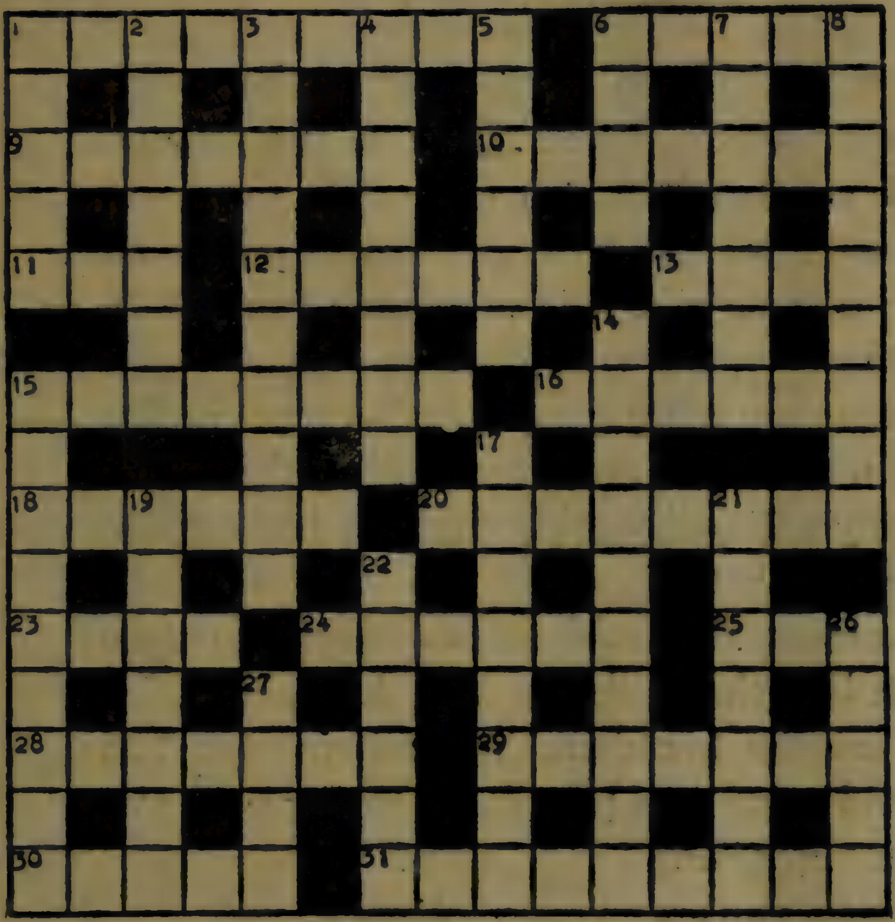
A gentleman on holiday and a lady convalescing at Yalta exchange gallantries in afternoon encounters. They are both idle, gently melancholy and far from home, and the flirtation moves quite rapidly into an affair. It lacks any quality of permanence, and is perhaps the sweeter for that; but when they return north, he to Moscow, she to a provincial city, each finds the accustomed life almost unbearably flavorless after the zest of their brief passion. He is the adornment of a rich, plain and pretentious wife; she is the wife of a rising functionary with the heart and manners of a flunky.

The two meet again, to torment themselves with the presence of each other. There must be a way, they say; if only we could think of it, there must certainly be a way. But for lovers who lack resolve there is no way—and they see the hopelessness of their love in each other's eyes.

The picture is made with a niceness of taste that is always present and never conspicuous. The scenes, whether of the resort coast or the snow-quieted cities; the subsidiary characters, whether comic or satiric; the gentle but ironic development of this irresolute, heartbreaking affair, are all conveyed with transparent love for the original. Chekhov's stories do not translate easily into film because they are insights into character rather than narrations of events. They begin almost accidentally and often end, as in this case, inconclusively. It takes great sympathy to preserve their quality and at the same time make them dramatically relevant. Mr. Heifitz, with a subtle and responsive cast headed by Iya Savvina and Alexei Batalov, achieves most beautifully this delicate transposition.

Crossword Puzzle No. 989

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 "Apprehend"? (Repeat it for effect!) (9)
6 Mild afflictions that in turn might prove back-breaking for some animals. (5)
9 Perhaps merely a matter of habit. (7)
10 6 down, if it goes out. (7)
11, 25 and 23 Execute through a favorite progress? (10)
12 and 13 Rages at the pitcher, but permits a certain amount of running off. (5, 5)
15 Were some Western towns, as well as the prairies? (4-4)
16 Is such a person the sole separator, in a way, of thousands? (6)
18 Fool around with a cheap dam builder? (6)
20 Building devoted to the press? (8)
23 See 11 across
24 Stretch of music? (6)
25 See 11 across
28 Extend the hand, but don't come to terms! (4, 3)
29 To sing a version of it might suggest an active contractor. (7)
30 City-dwellers of 15 spaces? (5)
31 New York—or a much older place in Greece? (4-5)

DOWN:

1 and 27 To bite on particles of it should be best. (9)
2 There should be a point to such things, but it's a nuisance with the parts out of order! (7)
3 Does one expect to find his fortune here? (10)
4 Spectator, such as Joaquin Miller's Columbus? (8)
5 See 17 down
6 Clean and dry? (4)
7 The re-establishment of the true surroundings of recent origin? (7)
8 Cattle drover, or driver? (9)
14 3 down are reputed to be by some, when upset, or not upset. (10)
15 What a duck's back does first to last is quite a drain on the country. (9)
17 and 5 Certainly not nightmares wished on one! (8, 6)
19 Irritated by something about the plant? (7)
21 Does it take a caliper to measure the copy? (7)
22 Unchanging, yet taken out of 31 when it is changed. (6)
26 Distinctive appellation a 1 down might hold. (5)
27 See 1 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 988

ACROSS: 1 Address book; 9, 24, 18 and 16 Two's company, three's a crowd; 10 Flour; 12 Utterer; 13 Banners; 15 Thoughts; 21 Recovers; 28, 29 and 11 Left at the post; 30 Eels; 31 Assessments. DOWN: 2 Desuetude; 3 Refresh; 4 Soon; 5 Barbara; 6 Orpen; 7 and 26 Switch hitters; 8 Escrow; 14 Usury; 17 Revetment; 19 Hooked; 20 Sensate; 22 Chinese; 23 Rarely; 25 Paths; 27 Otis.

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Peace on Earth?

We are in the time of year when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past few weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day after day, week after week, all through the year. There are many people and groups, in this country and elsewhere in the world, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space **The Nation** gives to reporting their varied activities. The programs of the peace movement, the problems of disarmament, the quest for the nuclear-test ban, the probings into the possibilities of negotiation — these are the bread-and-butter issues for **The Nation.** That is why **The Nation** is a peculiarly appropriate gift for the Christmas season. By giving a subscription to **The Nation,** you are contributing, however modestly, to the end that the efforts of those who work steadfastly for peace shall not go unnoticed.

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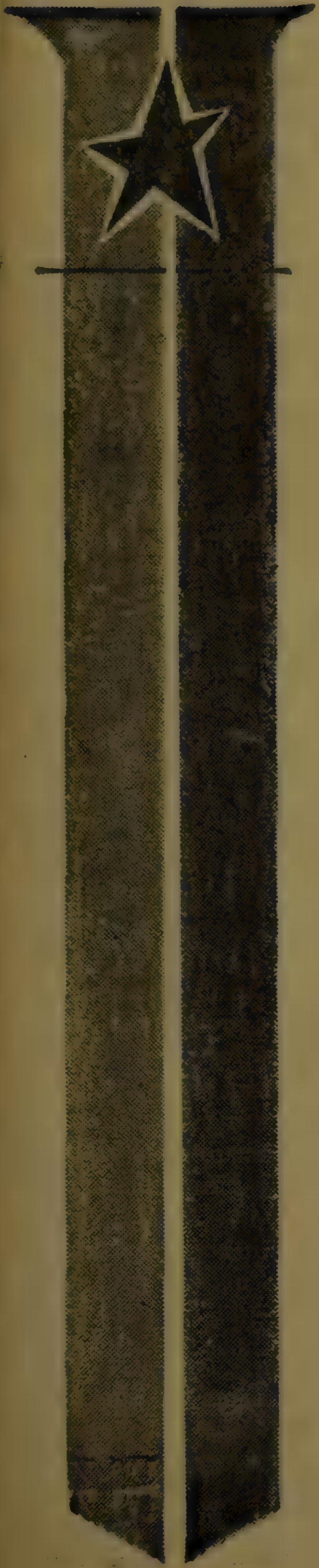

NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPER STRIKE

Donald Paneth and Herbert Shuldiner

Munitions-Makers at the Waldorf

BIGGER BANGS FOR PEACE

Dan Wakefield

New Light on Sacco-Vanzetti

The MISSING FINGERPRINTS

Fred J. Cook

LETTERS

The Great Unifier

Dear Sirs: Your Dec. 1 issue gives considerable support to a very durable thesis. The editorial "Castro: Life-Size" quotes Tad Szulc's observation that the Bay of Pigs landing was "one of the most valuable instruments of national cohesion ever obtained by the Castro regime," and the editorial's closing line implies that Castroism has performed the same service for the United States. On page 373 writer Stephen Hugh-Jones ends his piece on "India at War" by attesting that the Chinese invasion has so unified India as to have converted him from a "fairly cynical" man to a "moved and humble" one.

Three such testimonials to the psychological efficacy of war and threat of war in one issue of *The Nation* leave me more cynical than moved or humbled. Are there really no moral equivalents?

David L. Norton, Leader
The Ethical Society of Boston
Boston, Mass.

Mr. Hagerty's Liberalism

Dear Sirs: Though your editorial reference to Mr. Hagerty's liberalism ["Not Too Much Freedom, However," Dec. 8] is ironic, I wonder whether you noticed that his defense of freedom of the press proclaimed its own phoniness.

> To me it is just unthinkable . . . that Hiss . . . could possibly damage Richard Nixon. . . . If I had believed that—if I had any doubt as to that—I would never have permitted Hiss to appear on the program.—*The New York Times,* Nov. 19, p. 22.

Outright, honest suppression of freedom would be preferable to this piddling deception.

Carson Gibb
Farmville, Va.

Historian as Pleader

Dear Sirs: Louis Ruchames in "The Historian as Special Pleader" [*The Nation,* Nov. 24] has raised the old question about the Historian as Moralist. No one concerned with American slavery controversies can safely reject his statement that the abolitionists have been "falsely judged," their "achievements . . . unjustly denied." But Dr. Ruchames makes the historian out as a mere scholarly publicist when he assumes that only a favorable verdict on the abolitionists reveals an understanding of them. He doubts that historians who disdain fundamental social change can understand the anti-slavery movements. If they cannot do so, can historians who are dedicated to social change understand slaveholders' attitudes and the social characteristics of slavery? . . .

The moral question for the historian . . . might possibly not be the "pro or con" of slavery or abolitionism, but rather the nature of evil and men's relationship to it. Slavery as a social institution was idyllic, demonic, humane and barbarous. Even some abolitionists understood the ultimate evil of slavery to be revealed in its humaneness and acceptability. Thus the historian could raise questions about the abolitionists' responsibility and the slaveholders' immorality, point out the moral ambiguity of both positions, and still thank God for men like James Meredith.

Donald G. Mathews
Department of History
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Louis Ruchames is a very special pleader to whom we owe our thanks. Unlike the "special pleaders" with whom he deals in his essay, he raises the level of historical writing to the truth.

It is precisely in the history of the anti-slavery movement (and, I might add, in the history of labor and radical movements) that one finds the grossest distortions. Not only do the ideas of such movements become twisted, but their personalities become thoroughly unrecognizable in the hands of the "piecemeal tinkers" who enjoy reputations as objective historians. . . . Instead of men and women devoted to "values, ideals and programs that demand fundamental changes in society," we get "insane" John Brown, "vindictive and dictatorial" Thaddeus Stevens, "inferior and ignorant" Negroes struggling for equal rights.

We deserve something closer to the truth from historians.

Madison, Wis. Edward Magdol

Voiceless Pacifism?

Dear Sirs: Two articles in your Nov. 17 issue make an interesting juxtaposition. In "Cuba: Pivot to the Future," Charles D. Bolton (page 320) suggests in effect that pacifists, if they want to continue existing, should follow the example set by the University of Mississippi faculty, as described by Leo J. Hertzel in "The Silent Faculty" (page 326). Mr. Bolton carefully documents the paranoia of America, and then advises pacifists that, to be effective, they must act as if our Glorious Leader has acted in their interest and be careful in what they do. "There is no use wasting effort," he writes.

Is a pacifist a person who occasionally makes careful noises like a pacifist? Or is pacifism a moral position taken by a person as a way of life? I hope Mr. Hertzel is bothered by Mr. Bolton's confusion.

Paul W. Caton
Minister
Warren A. Simpson Methodist Church
Dickinson, N. D.

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The Nation, Dec. 22, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 21

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 21

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Bolt from the Sky

The difference between the threat to cancel the Skybolt air-to-ground missile and earlier missile flops (e.g., Navaho, $800 million; Snark, reputedly even more) is that the earlier casualties were quietly interred, while Skybolt's obsequies are almost as loud as the detonation of its warhead. One reason for this unseemly noise is that Defense Secretary McNamara's move coincided with Dean Acheson's tactful reference at West Point to the British Commonwealth as an organization "which has no political structure, unity or strength," and which "enjoys a fragile and precarious relationship" through monetary and trade ties, frequently marred by discord.

Indeed, to the British, the preparations to give up the Skybolt, coupled with Mr. Acheson's well-aimed kicks at the British lion's rump, must take on the aspect of a conspiracy against Her Majesty's government. The British have a much greater stake in the Skybolt than we have. For us, it merely promised to extend the life of our B-52 bombers; thus it gave solace to the air-minded generals of the Strategic Air Command. But everyone knows that B-52 or no B-52, there will always be an Air Force. It would just use ground-based missiles instead of B-52s: in particular, thousands of solid-fueled Minutemen ensconced in their underground silos. For Britain, however, Skybolt meant keeping up the pretense that she remained an independent nuclear power. Without the Skybolt or its equivalent, the Vulcan II bomber would not be a very frightening weapon system, except to recalcitrant colonials in North Borneo, Sarawak and the like.

So the British mortification is understandable. The impending action on the Skybolt also puts an underpinning of logic — of a sort — under the determination of General de Gaulle to make France a nuclear power. The logic is not very convincing, since neither Britain nor France has the industrial capacity to become a nuclear power comparable to the Soviet Union, not to speak of the United States (which, as matters are going, will forge far ahead of all present and future potential enemies). Nevertheless, even a smattering of nuclear power lends national prestige.

The peculiar, even weird, feature of the Skybolt controversy is that the British so gladly bought a pig in a poke. There was never any assurance that it would make a useful weapon system. True, the range is relatively short but, shooting from a moving platform with relatively unsophisticated means of guidance, it is hard to compete with surface-to-surface systems. After seeing $500 million go down the drain, Mr. McNamara, a hard-nosed realist, is apparently disinclined to continue investing. He trusts the promises of the aerospace interests as little as he fears their anger — or that of the British.

There may be a Kennedy compromise along the lines of the Eisenhower compromise on the B-70: let it live, but on a restricted budget. Douglas Aircraft Company, the father of the Skybolt, wails that 14,000 workers at Douglas and its principal subcontractors are employed on the ailing system. In the December 14 *Time*, the company has a two-page ad, in color, showing Skybolt triumphantly launched under the caption, "ON TARGET!" Skybolt, the ad maintains, "is expected to be one of America's most powerful deterrent weapons" and it will save *billions* (their italics) in taxes. If Mr. McNamara prevails over the Anglo-Douglas axis, he is even tougher than we thought.

The Great Teacher Sylvester

In William James's philosophy of pragmatism, the truth is that which works — at least, as James was careful to add, in the long run. In essence, that is what is wrong with the philosophy of Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, who has taken to instructing the nation in matters of ethics. No one will dispute his assertion that "information is power": Francis Bacon said that three or four centuries ago. But Sylvester can't stop with platitudes. In the recent Cuban crisis, he defended the use of news as a weapon. Then, in a speech before the New York chapter of the Sigma Delta Chi journalism society, he went farther. The government must not put out false information, he said, but: "I think the inherent right of the government to lie to save itself when faced with nuclear disaster is basic."

There is more than one Sylvester, apparently: Sylvester I recoils from giving out false information; Sylvester II gives out false information when the nation is faced by nuclear disaster. But aside from the contradiction of the first Sylvester by the second, we must evaluate the efficacy of official lying to avert nuclear disaster. Does the second Sylvester mean that at a time of acute crisis it is legitimate for the government to lie, but when the crisis subsides, it becomes illegitimate? If so, where is the cutoff point? We have been in a state of chronic crisis ever since the Soviets got the atomic bomb. And, as a matter of cold fact, we have done a good deal of lying when we were up against it, as in the U-2 incident and at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion, and also in the intervals. Only, until Sylvester came along, no one tried to defend the practice. It was what nations did, like spying and institutionalized murder. But Sylvester, as nearly as one can make out what he is driving at, wants us to do it with a good conscience.

If it is inherently right for the government to lie and for the news media to propagate the government's lies, then it must be unpatriotic to challenge those lies, both at the time of utterance and later: at the time of utterance, obviously, for then we are in danger; later, because the next time the government lies, it will not be believed. Therefore, anyone who utters the truth, as opposed to the official lie, is in the last analysis a traitor, for he is jeopardizing the survival of his country and its precious way of life, which includes among its freedoms the freedom to lie.

If *The Nation* may give Mr. Sylvester a kindly piece of advice, it is this: "If your job requires you to lie, go ahead, but don't talk about it so much. And don't lecture the press, because it knows quite as much about this moral dilemma as you do."

Dissent, *Si*; Dissenter, *No*

The Oakland branch of Michigan State University has notified Dr. Samuel Shapiro that it will not renew his contract which, had it been renewed, would have given him full tenure in April, 1963. The chancellor, speaking for the university, does not care to discuss the reason for the decision except to say that it was reached "at the administrative level, in a normal, routine, highly professional" manner. Unfortunately for this explanation, which has been rejected by the conservative Detroit *Free Press*, Associate Dean George Matthews injected the issue of academic freedom by saying that Dr. Shapiro "would have had a better chance" of being retained had he written and said less about Cuba (see his article, "Cuba Today: An Eyewitness Report," *The Nation*, September 22, 1962) and Latin American affairs generally, and more about his specific discipline, American history.

But Dr. Shapiro, who organized the History Department at the Oakland branch, has published widely in scholarly journals on aspects of American history; in fact, his list of scholarly publications would compare most favorably with that of any other faculty member of comparable teaching experience. He has also contributed to such varied publications as *The Economist*, *Columbia University Forum*, *American Heritage*, *The Reporter*, *Commentary* and *The Nation*. This year his book, *Richard Henry Dana, Jr.*, was published by his own university press, in itself recognition that this brilliant young historian, who acquired his Ph.D. at Columbia, has met the requirements of the "publish or perish" rule (oddly enough, not one member of the five-man faculty committee that voted against renewing his contract had bothered to read the book). Moreover, unlike some dissenters, Dr. Shapiro is not, and never has been, a joiner or signer; in other words, he does not have what is known as a "political background."

It is ironic to note that when the new campus was opened in 1959, the university administration made a point of announcing that the new liberal arts college would make every effort to create a lively atmosphere, with emphasis on abrasive discussion, controversy, stimulating lectures, etc., all designed to arouse student interest in ideas. But, like too many other American universities and colleges, Michigan State will proclaim in countless commencement and convocation addresses its deathless dedication to the proposition that Thomas Jefferson had a perfect right to hold the opinions he held — and it will defend his right in death to have held these opinions — but it will not defend the right of a young instructor to hold and express views on controversial subjects at variance with those of the American Establishment. At Michigan State, where football is king, the operating rule is all too clear: Dissent, *Si;* Dissenter, *No.*

Congress and Uranium

In 1948, the U.S. Government created a new industry — domestic uranium mining and processing — and a new way of life for those engaged in it. The infant was tenderly nurtured and it grew fat and strong. Now the problem is to shrink the multi-billion-dollar giant so that he will fit into the military and economic scheme of things; but the giant, apparently, will not be as easy to cut back as he was to build up.

Even the Atomic Energy Commission, the giant's loving nurse, now contends that he should be put on a diet. The Defense Department is in agreement — which is one indication of how far the overkill capacity has gone. The mining and refinement of uranium has not been adjusted to weapons requirements, generous as these have been; instead, the Defense Department has geared its atomic-weapons requirements to the AEC's production schedules. The more uranium the AEC made available, the more nuclear weapons the Air Force found it needed.

For the uranium producers, life was good. The AEC reveals that production costs of uranium oxide concentrate have run between $3 and $8 a pound. The producers, of course, have a guaranteed market and since 1958 have been getting a flat $8 a pound. The marginal producers managed to get along; the efficient producers had a bonanza. There is nothing like a few marginal producers to promote the health of an industry, when government is the sole customer.

The government is not obliged to buy uranium after 1966, but a stretch-out is in prospect. Unless the government buys its output, the industry feels it has no market and fears extinction. The fears are probably exaggerated. The AEC, after all, is only an agency. Standing over it, with a big stick, is the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Uranium-producing states are heavily represented on the committee. On a subcommittee which is considering the jeopardy of the industry, five of eight members are from the Far West, including the chairman, Rep. Wayne N. Aspinall of Colorado.

Also to be reckoned with is Senator Robert S. Kerr, nowadays conceded to be the most influential member of the Senate. Senator Kerr is known chiefly as an oil-and-gas baron, but he does not object to turning an honest dollar in other fields which beckon from time to time. According to John W. Finney, (*The New York Times*, Nov. 19), of the $2,274,000,000 worth of uranium the government will have purchased by 1966, 16.5 per cent, or about $375,000,000, will have come from mines owned or controlled by Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc., of which Senator Kerr is board chairman. It is a safe bet that Kerr-McGee is not a marginal producer.

Let there be no imputation of anything illicit in Senator Kerr's dual role. Still, while the uranium stretch-out is under consideration, it might be well to consider anew Senator Wayne Morse's oft-reiterated contention that it is wrong for members of Congress to promote or vote for legislation in which they have a financial interest. In fact, this would be a good time to ventilate the whole subject of the practical exemption of members of Congress from the conflict-of-interest statutes. At the least, it will keep tongues from wagging; at best, it might benefit those taxpayers who have never made any money out of uranium, or anything else the government buys.

BIGGER BANGS for PEACE . .

by Dan Wakefield

ALTHOUGH it may not be obvious from the name of the organization, the American Ordnance Association is "a peace society in purpose, in operation, and in fact." It says so in the official 1962-63 annual directory of the association. Even more striking than the incongruous title of this little-known "peace society" is its membership, which is composed entirely of leading U.S. military officials and top executives of corporations that build the weapons for our armed forces.

The suspicious nature of this unusual branch of the peace movement was further revealed when the members recently convened at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City for what was called the "Forty-Fourth Annual Industrial Preparedness Meeting" of the association—a title that cleverly disguised the group's true mission of peace. During the same week that this convention was held, the House Un-American Activities Committee announced that it had subpoenaed several New York members of Women Strike for Peace, as well as representatives of other peace movements throughout the country [see editorial, "Is Peace Subversive?", *The Nation*, Dec. 15]. Yet HUAC apparently planned to ignore the activities of the American Ordnance Association, none of whose members were subpoenaed to testify about *their* work for peace. This glaring oversight raises suspicions about HUAC itself. If the committee is truly interested in learning what threats to our democracy are posed by the peace movement, surely it could learn more from the members of an avowed "peace society," composed of top-ranking military and industrial leaders, than from interrogating some New York housewives.

Although the Ordnance Association and its work are not well known in the peace movement, its members heard at their recent convention the most ingenious and practical plan yet devised for insuring world peace. The scheme takes on added significance because of the fact that it was explained by a top-ranking member of the U.S. Defense Department. In his speech to a convention audience of generals, admirals and industrial executives, Dr. John L. McLucas, Deputy Director of Defense Research and Engineering, declared:

> In today's atmosphere of making weapons more and more destructive, a nation's strength and position can

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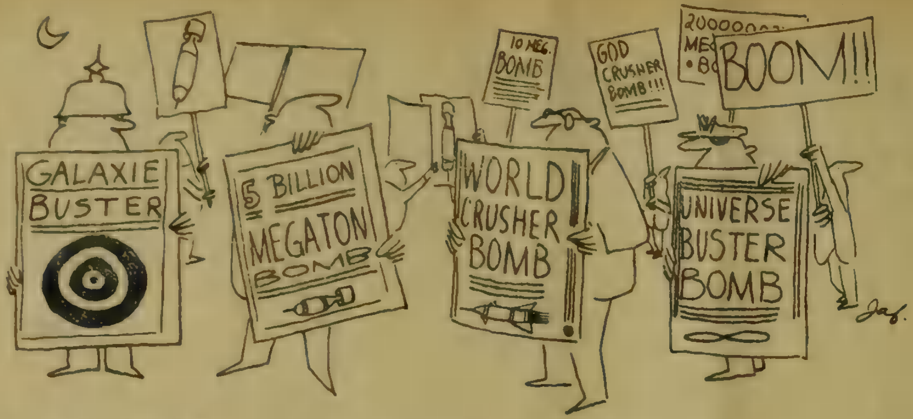

> often be affected markedly by the mere existence of a new weapon in its laboratories, without the necessity for its production and deployment. In some cases, it is necessary to demonstrate a single piece of equipment, but not go into production. In others, the announcement of the existence of the technological base is sufficient.

THE manifold advantages of this ingenious plan are easily apparent. Rather than polluting the atmosphere with further tests of nuclear weapons, governments can simply make announcements of the development of still more deadly superbombs—and, if it will help morale, they can even announce greater pollution of the atmosphere. When a crisis arises, competing governments may threaten one another with greater total destruction, while at the same time their citizens and the rest of the world will actually be safe, since the total-destruction weapons won't really have been produced, but only announced.

Not to be overlooked are the tremendous economic advantages of such a policy, which can be concretely seen from figures reported in Dr. McLucas' speech. While the "Research, Development, Test and Evaluation" portion of our defense program has risen in cost from "an annual rate of about $2 billion to the current 1963 rate of about $7.1 billion" in the last decade, it still only constitutes roughly 15 per cent of the total military budget. By merely confining our weapons progress to the laboratory and drawing board, we could eliminate the other 85 per cent of the defense budget. As the cost of research for devising new weapons has grown, so has the cost of producing them, as can easily be seen from the report of a Vice Admiral who told the ordnance convention that, for example, "Navy fighter aircraft in 1944 cost $120,000. They are now larger and more complicated and cost over $1,600,000 each." Of course, drawing-board costs also increase as weapons become more complicated, but what's a few thousand in extra expenditures when one can save millions—nay, billions? Moreover, since continued new research soon makes existing weapons obsolete, it seems only logical for governments to refrain from building them when merely announcing them would suffice.

But before hopes and fears are raised about the actual peace-potential of this radical suggestion, it has to be admitted that the military and industrial leaders attending the convention did not seem greatly interested in it. As a matter of fact, Dr. McLucas prefaced his brief but original plan with the words "To digress for a moment. . . ." This "digression" was not the kind of thing the association seemed most concerned about, even though it calls itself a "peace society." Perhaps the group can better be defined by the words of Dr. McLucas, who told his audience that "Together, we represent that group of military officers and civilians who, with the advice and assistance of industry, plan and execute a program of research and development which has come to have a very significant impact not only on the course and potentialities of military action, but through both direct and indirect means, to have far-reaching effects on the economy and direction of the country as a whole." The immediate concern of the group seemed to be a piece of the defense budget rather than the peace of the nation.

Dr. McLucas was there to explain current Defense Department policy on the placing of government contracts and to offer hope for those who had not yet received a very healthy slice of the pie. He explained that although the aircraft industry had grown up in sunny climes with good flying weather, and "the growth of the electronics industry has tended to follow the missile work" to these balmy locales, there are "several areas of the country which have successfully resisted the tendency of today's exotic military work to follow the sun to the South and West." He cited the Route 128 area around Boston, a place not known for its favorable weather conditions, but which nevertheless has drawn important defense contracts.

THE SPEAKER further encouraged the industrialists by noting that while the "more glamorous programs," such as missile work, have been the prime concern of the defense effort in recent years, President Kennedy's policy of building up tactical forces as an alternative to massive deterrence (we now have a "Limited War Laboratory") meant a new demand for research and development of the more "mundane" types of weapons. In the language of the military, "mundane" weapons seem to be those which can kill only a small number of people, while "glamorous" weapons are those which can destroy great populations.

There are compensations, however, for working on even the "mundane" weapons: they offer profits, too. For instance, the need for a new anti-tank missile light enough to be carried by a single soldier "is challenge enough for any designer," McLucas said, and "since such missiles are needed by the thousands, if not the hundreds of thousands, such programs can be of interest to even the largest industrial companies." Another piece of equipment that needs to be developed for the Army is "a lightweight device for seeing in the dark" (how about a flashlight?) and even though such a device may seem especially mundane (it cannot even kill a single person), it does offer its rewards: "Such a device, if practical, is needed in the hundreds of thousands, and can easily be worth several hundred dollars each."

Further inspiration for manufacturing the less glamorous war products was offered by Major General Chester W. Clark, Director of Army Research, who pointed out the importance of proper equipment for the individual soldier. He reminded the group that the individual soldier was still important, for "Weapons without men are like a computer without a programer. . . ." Our soldiers, he said, "are the warm human spirits that carry our reputation abroad." But nothing is left to chance, or even to warm human spirits, for "Our psychological and social scientists condition our soldiers so they will make a good showing for us in foreign lands."

Absolutely nothing is spared in the equipping and training of these warm and well-conditioned human spirits, and new devices have been introduced to make combat training more realistic, such as a "running man" target that is actually a dummy but looks so real that "some soldiers at first refuse to fire at him," General Clark explained (thus bringing the biggest laugh of the morning). Such soldiers were, of course, still trainees and had obviously not yet been conditioned by our psychological and social scientists. Devices such as the "running man" target supported General Clark's claim that "We are trying to make training as realistic as possible." He then added, with a smile, that "Of course, we can't start a war for this purpose."

THE assurance that we couldn't start a war for the purpose of more realistic military training was the last statement of the many lectures that seemed to bear any direct relation to "peace," and so one confused observer turned to the Ordnance Association's bimonthly magazine in hopes of learning more about the views of this "peace society." The magazine is handsome and thick, printed on slick paper and illustrated with photographs and color plates, featuring articles about the latest in weaponry ("Anti-Missile Measurement") and full of appropriate ads from businesses that deal in these matters, such as "Think Explosively with DuPont" and "Are You Testing Dangerously? Relax With Fleming Equipment."

BORES of 1962 . . *William Saroyan*

It is generally believed that only a bore can find another person boring.

Will Rogers is supposed to have said that he had never met anybody he didn't like, and one gathered that he imagined that everybody liked *him*, which in itself made him a bore. Mark Twain, on the other hand, near the end of his life seems to have found the whole human race contemptible, which certainly impels sympathy, respect and possibly even love.

Most of the time most of us stand somewhere convenient or courteous *between* these two extremes.

Anybody who has accepted without protest a theory that he is straight, humane or noble is an instantaneous bore, because if he isn't phony, he's stupid.

Sooner or later every man is a bore to himself — at least now and then. Selfness *is* boring. It can *become* killing.

If a man *never* finds himself boring, he is probably a monster. If he *always* finds himself boring, he is probably sick. If he finds himself and all other people *always* boring, he is probably dead, except for a flicker of life still in the body.

The following list of bores of 1962 is haphazard, impersonal, unmalicious and incomplete:

1. William Saroyan. He was always polite and frequently acted friendly.

2. Both Salingers, J. D. and Pierre: the writer for a reticence so controlled it was a *demand* for attention; the President's publicity agent for the kind of efficiency that can start a chain reaction *bound* to end in embarrassment or disaster for someone.

3. David Susskind.

4. Billy Graham. Unless it is desirable to belittle the doubts and anxieties of the human heart, it is not desirable to conceal absence of reasonableness or intelligence behind loud, swift, rhythmic, whiny, empty, emotional, ridiculous talk.

5. Bertolt Brecht's plays, religion, disciples and interpreters.

6. Culture, but especially the government's discovery of it.

7. Actors' Studio.

8. Refined, organized crime.

9. Publicity agents, their clients, and their lies.

10. Movie festivals.

11. All literary and art competitions and prizes.

12. The imbecile white South.

Pollsters and statisticians are invited to take over at this point.

Who or what might be said *not* to have been a bore in 1962? Well, not God, but perhaps the hidden secret helpless and incurable human race: our side, their side, anybody's, nobody's, everybody's side.

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S plays and writings, over the years, have evidently not *bored the producers and editors to whom they have been submitted.*

Politico-philosophical problems are also discussed in the magazine, and one article in its latest issue (November-December, 1962) reports on "History vs. the UN," demonstrating that the United Nations is a threat to peace and to the Western nations. The article's contentions are briefly explained in a table-of-contents summary prepared by the editors:

> From the futile plan of Hsiang Hsue in 558 B.C. to the impotent League of Nations, past events have proved the inability of man to abolish war by fiat. Reginald Hargreaves shows that the United Nations Organization is following a similar pattern and is, in fact, allowing the Western powers to be "nibbled to death" by fledgling nations.

Another article in the same issue warns against "Control of the Military" by civilians, for "while economy and efficiency are admirable in peacetime, they are no substitute in war for professional military experience and intuition acquired the hard way on the battlefield and supply line." Are we then, at war? No. Nor are we at peace. We are at what might be called war-peace, a state of affairs described in its economic aspects by John Dykstra, president of the Ford Motor Company, in his luncheon address to the convention gathering:

> Industry has had long experience in meeting the demands of peace. It has also, when required, risen to the challenge of wartime production. But its role no longer fits into two sep-

> arate compartments marked "war" and "peace." Today it must meet both demands simultaneously.

Mr. Dykstra's own company is ready to meet those demands, for it proposed last year to build the Saturn S-L booster, and even though the proposal was not accepted, Ford is undaunted: "We shall continue to seek major defense and space contracts." Mr. Dykstra pointed out that Ford was especially well equipped for such contracts, better so than a number of companies that presently have them.

Mr. Dykstra condemned some defense-contract firms for the

> . . . misleading practices of a minority of businesses aimed at securing profits at the expense of vital national programs. Industry cannot justify fighting to maintain production of obsolete military hardware. And it should be prepared to let efforts stand or fall on the basis of their merits, rather than upon how much political support can be rallied to a particular project or proposal.

Ford is prepared to throw its vast resources into the kind of "Industrial National Guard" that Dykstra says our new peace-war state demands, and is willing unselfishly to take over major defense and space contracts from the smaller companies that have been solely dependent on such contracts. If any further justification were needed for Ford's entry into this field, Mr. Dykstra noted that "Manufacturing, engineering and testing experience gained in production of consumer goods is in large part transferable to other products."

The application of auto-manufacturers' techniques in the consumer market to military weapons offers dramatic new horizons for the future: perhaps we may someday look forward to nuclear weapons with tail fins.

Our new state of peace-war existence is unprecedented, and although its future is unclear there are now certain indications of where it may lead. In the final address, General Curtis LeMay, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, discussed the recent Cuban crisis and concluded that "I think Cuba will move us farther down a path we are already walking." General LeMay described this as "a path that leads to effective and efficient joint forces with land, sea and air components that can handle jobs assigned them by the Commander-in-Chief."

While concise and surely accurate, that does not quite seem the end of "the path we are already walking," but perhaps General LeMay was somewhat restrained by the fact that he was addressing a "peace society."

NUREMBERG'S LONG SHADOW . . *by John Gimbel*

Wiesbaden, West Germany

HOW DEEPLY the shadow of Nuremberg, and the general denazification purge that accompanied the Nuremberg trials, affects West German society and thought was revealed in a dramatic and, according to West German press stories, sensational decision of the Third Federal Court in Karlsruhe on Friday, October 19, 1962.

The case itself was rather clear cut. Bogdan Nikolaevich Stashinsky, a Ukrainian national who surrendered to American and German authorities in Berlin just one day before the infamous wall went up on August 13, 1961, was on trial as the confessed murderer of two Ukrainian political *émigrés* in Germany. The victims, Lev Rebet and Stefan Bandera, had met death in Munich on October 12, 1957, and October 15, 1959. In neither instance was murder suspected: one death was attributed to heart failure, the other to suicide. But in August, 1961, Stashinsky made a confession, which he repeated in detail during the trial: he said he had killed Rebet and Bandera with a specially constructed air pistol that fired a capsule of liquid potassium cyanide through a device that created a fine mist or spray. The pistol (issued to him by the Russian secret service, Stashinsky said) killed without leaving external evidence of violence when fired at close range. Its discharge sprayed acid into the victims' faces, they breathed it in and, according to Stashinsky's testimony, they died within two or three minutes — apparently of natural causes.

The prosecutor asked for a judgment of murder on two counts, despite the fact that during the trial even the wives, and a daughter, of Stashinsky's victims—not to mention many others less interested—showed considerable pity and sympathy for the defendant. He told a fantastic, yet credible, story of a life filled with personal hardship, interrupted by fateful coincidences and blackmail, and marked by grief and personal confusion due to fear on the one hand and love on the other. The prosecutor demanded a sentence of life imprisonment for each murder, the maximum allowed under West German law.

After six days of hearings and testimony, covered in great detail (with diagrams of the pistol) by the German dailies, the Third Federal Court of Karlsruhe pronounced judgment on October 19. The president of the court, Mr. Jagusch, in a lengthy oral verdict, declared that the prosecutor's demand could not be justified; that Mr. Stashinsky was, in fact, not a murderer at all. He was merely the helping hand for the real murderers (not on trial at Karlsruhe), who had planned the crimes and ordered Stashinsky to commit them. For the aid he had given the "real" killers, and for engaging in treasonable activities against the Federal Republic of Germany, Stashinsky was to serve eight years in prison, fourteen

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months of which he had already served.

The court's president, outlining the basis for the judgment, said that the court could not find the defendant guilty of first-degree murder. Despite the fact that Stashinsky confessed to murder and that the evidence clearly indicated that his story was reasonably complete, Jagusch insisted that the prisoner had served only as a tool, an apprentice, in the deeds. The real murderers, the judge went on, were those who planned the acts and who rewarded Stashinsky for carrying them out. The time, the method, the place, and the victims were all determined in Moscow. Stashinsky was, in short, nothing more than the unfortunate victim of powerful international wirepullers.

It is quite true that the Soviet Union had no reason to love Stashinsky's victims. Rebet was one of the leading figures of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN), an international body—it has offices in the United States as well as in West Germany—seeking the "liberation" of the Ukraine. Bandera, another OUN leader, had been a Ukrainian Nationalist since 1921, was given a life sentence in Poland for complicity in the assassination of the Polish Minister of the Interior, Pieracki, in 1934, and was freed by the Nazis when they invaded Poland in 1939. For a time, he fought with Hitler's Army as chief of the Ukrainian partisan unit.

CONTINUING, Jagusch remarked that the German people have an especially deep understanding for the situation in which Stashinsky found himself. They know that in modern totalitarian states the individual is subject to a host of state-coordinated political, social, economic and ideological pressures arising from the masses. To resist these pressures is to stand alone — naked. Under these pressures, the individual is always in danger of being called upon to perform actions which are considered criminal by states or societies outside the totalitarian camp. Stashinsky was such a person, living in a dictatorship and subject to the powerful totalitarian machine. He was, thus, a typical misused tool who had to follow the orders of his Soviet masters and carry out their wishes. He was, in fact, a "poor devil."

EAST BERLIN BORDER

Ben Roth Agency

"Who said 'Go West, young man'?"

THE factors that influenced this unusual decision are, of course, complex and perhaps undisclosed. There is the fact that Stashinsky gave himself up and admitted freely his murderous deeds — a fact that might have moved the court to compassion, but hardly to a judgment of not guilty of murder. In addition, some West German dailies have editorialized on their suspicion that Stashinsky was offered a *quid pro quo* in which he would tell the gruesome details of Soviet political murder for the world to hear in return for a mild judgment. Furthermore, other newspapers have intimated that international pressures were applied, a suspicion that is based partly on the fact that one of Mrs. Bandera's lawyers, Charles J. Kersten, former Congressman from Wisconsin,* told reporters immediately after the trial that later this year he planned to accuse Mr. Khrushchev of murder before the UN Commission on Human Rights.

But there is another factor which was hinted at by the court, but which for some inexplicable reason was not discussed much in the West German press stories or editorials. (Perhaps by the time German editorial writers were prepared to discuss the wider implications of the case, they were suddenly distracted by the *Spiegel* affair.) That other factor is the complex legal political, sociological and psychological set of arguments and theories that Germans developed after 1945 to explain — before the Nuremberg Tribunal and the denazification tribunals — their own actions or inaction during the twelve years of Nazi rule.

During the early years of the Allied occupation in Germany, while the Nuremberg trials and denazification were in full swing, Germans — whether directly affected or not — argued, among other things, that all defendants must be permitted to plead that their crimes were committed under the peculiar conditions of totalitarianism; that they lived under the constant orders of Hitler, Himmler and company. It was argued that they, as individuals, were only "little people," that their individual actions could only be understood within the totalitarian framework; that if they participated in activities or in organizations sponsored by the Nazi government, they did so under duress, in ignorance, against their own moral, ethical and political principles, in the hope of reforming the system; that they lived under inconceivable social, psychological, economic and political pressures which exist only under totalitarian systems. They were, in a sense, pre-Riesman lonely crowders of unwilling, or unwitting, organization men before Whyte.

But the Nuremberg Tribunal, working under its own charter, and the denazification tribunals observed by Americans and working under a law partly enforced by Americans, refused to accept superior orders or the totalitarian context as legitimate defense pleas. Both assumed individual responsibility and demanded individual punishment for the activities of Nazi groups.

Thus, the German arguments and pleas, repeated endlessly and everywhere by street-sweepers and high

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*Charles J. Kersten (Rep.), a friend of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, served the Fifth Congressional District of Wisconsin intermittently from 1946 to 1954. While in the House he chaired the Select Committee to Investigate the Incorporation of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia into the USSR. Known as the Kersten committee, it held a series of sensational hearings, of broad scope, purporting to reveal Communist atrocities committed all over the world (see "Committee on Horrors: the Kersten Show," by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, Sept. 4, 1954).

officials, by lawyers and clerks, by businessmen and politicians, were to no avail — except that they did focus attention upon a set of ideas that have not been erased from the thinking of West Germans to any appreciable degree.

THE obvious link between the Stashinsky judgment and the futile German attempts at defense at Nuremberg and in the denazification cases is found in the following: First, the court's contention that Stashinsky was helpless before the orders of his superiors is, in effect, the argument that Germans were helpless in the face of the orders of Hitler, Himmler and company. Second, and more subtly, the court's contention that Stashinsky was a tool, a "poor devil" in the clutches of a totalitarian system that directed his actions, his thought and his morality is the argument that Germans used to explain how they could be members of the Nazi Party and/or its affiliated organizations, and still regard themselves as innocent of anything approaching individually punishable behavior.

But President Jagusch apparently saw clearly the trend of the court's decision. We are reminded of the National Socialist state and its Eichmanns, he said. But, probing to the very heart of the issue, he continued: Stashinsky is not an Eichmann type who followed the orders of his superiors willingly and who carried out their wishes without personal travail. He was not anxious. He was not enthusiastic. He was only a tool.

If Stashinsky was not an Eichmann type, what type was he? This question the court left open, except to say that he was a "poor devil" in the hands of international wire-pullers. But every German who read the West German press stories on Saturday morning, October 20, and who repeats the arguments against Nuremberg and denazification with about as much effort as it takes him to pump red blood through his veins (try him out and see!) could supply the answer: Stashinsky is a symbol, their symbol. He symbolizes the little party member who had been caught in the Nazi web; who had fed on Goebbels' propaganda; whose family, career, job and future welfare were at stake; who thought he was performing the duties of a good German citizen; who obeyed the orders of the powers that be. He is a symbol for those who had joined the Nazi Party because they wanted to protect themselves, to protect their jobs, get better ones, to reform the party — or because everybody else was doing it. He got off lightly in 1962 — for murder — for the same reasons that *they* should have gotten off completely in 1945 and thereafter for less than murder: not by virtue of an amnesty, a reprieve or by the mercy of the court, but because an individual in a totalitarian state cannot be judged in the same way that one is judged in a democratic state.

The shadow of Nuremberg continues to stretch over the West German Federal Republic today, and its ghostly image was made clearer at Karlsruhe on October 19, 1962.

NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPER STRIKE

by Donald Paneth and Herbert Shuldiner

THE SECOND New York newspaper strike within a month shut down the city's nine major newspapers, including two Long Island dailies, last week. A strike by the Newspaper Guild of New York (editorial and commercial employees) closed the *Daily News* for eight days during November. Last week's walkout by the printers' union threatened a long strike which, following the national pattern of dwindling dailies, might result in the permanent closing of one or more of New York City's papers.

The strike began with a walkout of printers at four of the papers and was followed by a publishers' lockout at the rest. It brought to a crisis the economic aspirations of the newspaper craft unions and the marginal cost-revenue situation of all but two of the papers, the *News* and the *Times*. It re-emphaized that contemporary newspaper publishing is big business and that publishing costs are enormous.

The publishers, sustained in part by strike insurance against revenue losses, presented a firm front to the printers. None the less, some of the publishers were plainly worried. Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the *Post*, appearing upset, declared over television on the first day of the strike that a long strike would close her paper. A long strike was expected to last six to eight weeks; a "short" strike, up to four weeks. If the strike was short, all of the papers were expected to reopen.

One of the hazards to the survival of a paper during a long strike is that its fixed overhead continues, diminishing its assets. Fixed overhead costs include certain services, executives' salaries, rent or taxes.

During the first week of the strike, negotiations continued deadlocked. Bargaining sessions were brief. Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, who had successfully mediated the Newspaper Guild stoppage at the *News*, met briefly in New York with both sides the fourth day of the strike, then returned to Washington. He said he did not think his participation in the negotiations at this point would hasten a settlement.

New Yorkers, meanwhile, read out-of-town papers; a strike extra of the weekly New York *Enquirer;* the recently revived *Brooklyn Eagle*, which increased its press run from 50,000 to 150,000. A small community week-

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DONALD PANETH and HERBERT SHULDINER are on the editorial staff of the New York Mirror.

ly, *Town and Village*, which serves a residential section on Manhattan's East Side, switched to daily publication for the duration of the strike and stepped up its run from 10,000 to over 200,000.

Department stores, concerned about the possible loss of millions of dollars in retail trade sales at the peak of the Christmas shopping season, bought huge blocks of time on radio and television to make up for the loss of newspaper space.

In 1958, a nineteen-day walkout during the same period by the newspaper deliverers resulted in sales losses estimated by the New York City Retail Board at $50,000,000. The publishers suffered a loss of revenue estimated at $25,000,000 and newspaper employees lost $5,000,000 in wages.

SIX other newspaper craft unions—the pressmen, deliverers, mailers, photoengravers, paper-handlers and stereotypers—are involved in the dispute in addition to the printers.

New York Typographical Union No. 6, known as Big Six, a powerful but conservatively operated union, representing 3,000 printers on the papers, called the strike—its first in seventy-five years against the Publishers Association of New York City. The other unions, including the guild, honored its picket lines.

Bertram A. Powers, president of the printers' local, said, "The membership has been building up to this strike for many, many years."

The central issues were the printers' demands for higher wages, increased vacation and sick leave, a thirty-five-hour week; their wish to safeguard jobs against the introduction of more machinery into the newspaper industry; and their resentment against the publishers for allegedly high-handed, arrogant treatment.

On the issue of wages, the printers asked for a raise from $141 on day shifts to $161. The publishers offered a package amounting to $4.25 a week the first year and $3.75 the second year. The package in the first year was made up of publisher contributions to pension and welfare funds and payments to substitutes and extras, leaving 55 cents a week to be added to the wage scale. In the second year, the $3.75 weekly increase would all go to wages.

The publishers' package also included a fourth week of vacation after fifteen years in the same shop. It did not offer any change in sick leave, which at present is one day.

An important factor in the negotiations on these issues was the craft unions' position that the Newspaper Guild had long ago won four-week vacations, a thirty-five-hour week, substantially better sick leave and other clauses that had left their own memberships behind. Asher W. Schwartz, counsel for the deliverers, said, "We're going to use our bargaining power to catch up."

Last month, the guild's strike against the *News* was settled on the basis of a wage increase averaging $4.25 the first year and $3.75 the second year, along with other gains. This also produced guild agreements at the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *World-Telegram and Sun*, *Mirror* and *Journal-American*. A dispute is still pending at the *Post*.

Within the framework of a guild-craft union "unity council," craft officials had urged the guild to reject the settlement, which they termed inadequate.

"We felt that we had achieved as much as we could expect to, without a prolonged strike and a city-wide lockout," said Thomas J. Murphy, executive vice president of the guild, discussing the agreement. "There's no question that the needs and problems of the guild are different from the craft unions. Each union hopes no other union will sit in judgment on its particular needs."

Powers and other craft officials acknowledged that the guild had its own needs, as their unions did; they accused the publishers of attempting to impose the guild's settlement on them.

Powers insisted on "full bargaining" in negotiating a new printers' contract. "Bargaining with one union is not negotiation," he said.

The printers' viewpoint also was influenced by the better contracts that 4,500 other printers, working in New York's job and book shops, have been able to obtain. The job-shop printers currently are making about $10 a week more than newspaper printers. Job shops won a $15 contract last year, while the newspaper printers got a $7 package in 1960.

Moreover, in general, the Big Six sets the contract pace for other locals of the International Typographical Union throughout the country. The other locals look to the New York local, use its settlements as arguing and bargaining points, and if New York settles for less, locals elsewhere cannot get more.

TO SPEED processes and reduce costs, New York publishers are discussing the introduction of two principal new machines into their plants—one, a photo-composition device which would make up ads much faster, the other a teletype setter in which a perforated tape runs directly from a teleprinter into a linotype machine and is set automatically.

The teletype setter, for example, could be used effectively to set and get quickly into an afternoon paper closing stock market quotations as they are transmitted from the Associated Press.

'Both are forms of automation," Powers says, "meaning decreased work opportunities. We have never objected historically to the introduction of new methods. If you stand in the way of new machines, you get run over. But, they are one of the reasons we're asking for shorter hours and thinking about such measures as early retirement."

While the introduction of new mechanical methods is posing a problem, it is not blocking a settlement. The publishers are not demanding the installation of the machines at the cost of jobs held by craft union members.

The printers have a historic fear of the loss of jobs through the advance of technology or, as in the past, because of a depression. This accounts for their steady refusal to relinquish the process called "reproduction" or "bogus." Under a standard reproduction clause in every local ITU contract, ads set and brought into a newspaper plant from an outside shop must be reset and paid for by the publisher even though the work is not to be used.

"However, more and more in recent years, the [international] officers have had good reason to suspect that a great many of the locals have been ignoring the reproduction clause in their practices," Paul Jacobs declared in a labor report this year to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. "There were rumors that a paper in Cleveland, Ohio, had fallen behind nine years in doing bogus, with the tacit approval of the local union, while another in St. Louis was allegedly backed up two years, again with the knowledge of the local union. Undone reproduction was evidently being exchanged for a variety of other benefits to the workers.

"No doubt the members exaggerate the amount of work gained through reproduction, but their fear of possible future unemployment keeps it as part of the union law," Jacobs said. "Even if doing 'dead horse' conflicts with his pride as a craftsman, or even if his local union never does it, the printer still wants it in the contract because some time in the future he may need it."

In New York, the publishers are seeking an extension beyond the present seven-day period in which reproduction must be done. The printers are not receptive to any change.

The printers' charges against the publishers on the level of overbearing personal treatment were an underlying cause of the strike. For example, they accused the publishers of frequently forcing them into arbitration even for minor disputes about working conditions. They said that in the past "talking things over" had been sufficient to satisfy both sides.

IT appeared that the results of the strike at best would be inconclusive, that if all nine papers survived, each expiring contract would renew the same struggle. "It should be noted," the Publishers Association of New York said, "that each dollar of added employment cost in a contract settlement is calculated to cost a total of $1,000,000 city-wide for all publishers."

The papers would continue to be preoccupied with the stabilization of costs, their staffs with the uncertainty of their employment.

Newspaper strikes, wild-cat walkouts, closings, one-paper cities have emerged as a staple of the American scene. Last week, as New York's printers marched on picket lines in 15-degree temperature, a strike by guild members and teamsters continued to shut down Cleveland's two dailies—the *Plain Dealer* and the *Press and News*. The publishers offered a $6 increase over two years. The Newspaper Guild asked for $15 and improvements in job security and seniority clauses.

In St. Louis, on Dec. 6, a sudden walkout by paper handlers curtailed the number of editions of the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch*.

During the past two or three years, newspapers have closed in Detroit, Los Angeles (two), Pittsburgh, Chicago. Once, New York numbered its dailies by the score.

No one foresees any reversal of this melancholy trend of decline.

Sacco-Vanzetti: The Missing Fingerprints . . *Fred J. Cook*

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, shortly after midnight in the morning of August 23, 1927, "the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish peddler" — Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti — went to their deaths in Massachusetts' electric chair in an execution that shocked the conscience of the civilized world. It is a tribute to the enormity of the deed that it gradually brought the electric chair in Massachusetts into virtual disuse and that even today, more than a third of a century later, it still retains the power sharply to divide in bitter controversy those moved by the tragedy of colossal injustice and those unable to conceive that authority ever could have been so blind, so wrong, so utterly perverted.

This clash between the conservative who clings to the sanctity of institutions and the liberal who clings to the sanctity of man is almost certain to be revived and stimulated to higher tempo by a new book by Francis Russell, *Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case*, a work that can only be described as a masterpiece of ambivalence. Here one finds, if not quite all, then nearly all, of the reasons for the deep-seated belief held by so many that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent; and here one finds also Russell's bland pronouncement that, had he been on the jury, he probably would have voted for their conviction. Here one finds Russell proclaiming that, from his own experience on a Dedham jury, he knew one thing — he would never have trusted the opinions of experts who usually testify for the side that pays them; and here one finds him relying in the end on the opinion of ballistics experts, whose partiality for the police had already been revealed, for his final split conclusion — Sacco was guilty, Vanzetti was not.

THE RUSSELL verdict is the last in a chain that, in recent months, has reappraised the Sacco-Vanzetti case from predominantly conservative viewpoints. The first of these late apologias for the officials and institutions of Massachusetts appeared in 1960 in *Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth*, by Robert H. Montgomery, a life-long Boston corporation lawyer, who concluded that, of all great lies, "the Sacco-Vanzetti Myth is the greatest lie of all." William F. Buckley, Jr., of the *National Review*, taking the Montgomery book for his bible, promptly proclaimed in an article in the *American Legion Magazine* that the trial had been fair and Sacco and Vanzetti

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were guilty. In a modification of this theme, James Grossman reasoned in a January, 1962, article in *Commentary* that Sacco was guilty, Vanzetti innocent. Now Francis Russell, fortified by new ballistics tests performed with the .32 caliber Colt found on Sacco when he was arrested, reaches the same conclusion which he qualifies only to this extent: he is certain the Sacco gun was one of two used in the brutal South Braintree holdup-murder, and if Sacco himself wasn't there, he must at least have known who was.

Such new assessments make it obvious that, after thirty-five years, the Sacco-Vanzetti case will not die. The fundamental questions that it posed then, it poses now. Were two utterly innocent men executed because a conservative society condemned them for their radical beliefs? Was justice twisted and perverted by those charged with its administration not because of what Sacco and Vanzetti had done, but because their beliefs made it seem that they were the kind of men who *could* have done it and so they *must* have? To ask such questions is to stir the old doubts and generate a compulsion, even at this late date, to hunt for the answers.

I

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case cannot be understood unless its basis is understood. It was not, as much Communist-inspired propaganda pictured it, a deliberate plot concocted by a capitalistic society to get rid of two dangerous immigrant anarchists. On the contrary, when it all started, the capitalistic society of Massachusetts was not even aware that two men named Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were in existence. The entire Sacco-Vanzetti case was a sheer accident of idea and circumstance, born in the brain of one man, Police Chief Michael E. Stewart of the town of Bridgewater.

The first plank in the platform of what became Stewart's theory resulted from an abortive holdup. On December 24, 1919, four gunmen tried to ambush a payroll delivery truck in Bridgewater. It was an amateurish, bungled attempt. The driver managed to jerk the payroll truck across the streetcar tracks; a convenient trolley intervened between truck and bandits; and the three highwaymen, who had been blazing away at the truck from the street, leaped back into their dark touring car and escaped. They left behind them two tenuous clues: their shotgun-firing leader was a man with a dark mustache; the license plates on the holdup car (the number had been jotted down by an eyewitness) had been stolen from Hassam's garage in Needham.

Chief Stewart was still following the vague trail of the Bridgewater holdup when, in the middle of his cogitations, on April 15, 1920, a far more heinous crime took place in South Braintree. Five men in a Buick touring car (Chief Stewart was already dedicated to the theory that the car used in Bridgewater was a stolen Needham Buick, though two witnesses had identified it positively as a Hudson) gunned down the paymaster and guard who had been carrying a $15,776.51 payroll to the Slater & Morrill shoe factory in South Braintree. The holdup killers, shooting up the town and spreading tacks on the road behind them to hinder pursuit, made good their escape.

As chance would have it, the South Braintree crime occurred at the precise moment when Chief Stewart, Pinkerton agents and immigration inspectors were turning up some curious angles that, Chief Stewart felt, might be related to the Bridgewater holdup attempt. The Pinkertons had located an improbable witness who claimed to have invented a crime machine. One look into this unlikely gadget, according to the inventor, would tell you just who committed any given crime. The Pinkertons, skeptical people, weren't very interested in the crime machine, but they were decidedly interested in the gossip its creator had picked up in the Italian community. According to this, the men involved in the Bridgewater holdup attempt had been Italian anarchists who had been living in a shack near the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy.

IN THE climate of the times, it was simple to picture anarchists as the authors of any and all crimes. U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer had launched his infamous Red raids, snaring in his indiscriminate dragnet all kinds of innocent bystanders. The anarchists had responded with widespread bombings of officials' homes, and deportations of radicals were an almost daily occurrence. It was a frenzy in which Chief Stewart himself had participated. He had assisted the Immigration Service in arresting six Italians charged with spreading literature advocating the overthrow of the government. One of them had been a man named Ferruccio Coacci.

Coacci had been employed in the Slater & Morrill plant in South Braintree, but after he was released on bail to await deportation, he had quit his job. He was to have reported to immigration officers in East Boston on April 15, 1920 — the day of the South Braintree holdup-murders — but he did not show up. He later telephoned immigration agents that his wife had been ill and he had stayed home to take care of her. Immigration contacted Chief Stewart, and the chief sent one of his men with an immigration inspector to an address in West Bridgewater where Coacci was living.

NOW OCCURRED the series of events that triggered Chief Stewart's suspicions. The Coacci family formerly lived in Quincy and had moved only relatively recently to West Bridgewater, occupying space in a house rented by another Italian, Mike Boda. Mysteriously, when the immigration inspector and Chief Stewart's patrolman called, it became apparent that Coacci's wife had not been so critically ill as to necessitate his absence in Boston on April 15. When the immigration official offered to have the deportation postponed for a week, Coacci wouldn't hear of it. He was packed and ready to go; he wanted, he said, to get back to Italy in time to see his sick father; and he left with the immigration man, his wife and children crying on the doorstep behind him. In the moment that Chief Stewart learned from his deputy of this strange conduct, the Stewart theory was born.

"Something hit me," he himself said in a 1952 interview. "The dates involved, the 15th deadline for Coacci's bond, the holdup and the phony illness."

Suspicion, so swiftly born, soon was fortified. The getaway Buick used in the South Braintree crime was found abandoned in a woods only about two miles from the house where Boda and Coacci lived. Its motor number showed that it was the Buick that had been stolen in Needham in November — the car, Chief Stewart already was convinced, that had been used in the Bridgewater fiasco. The license plates it had carried in South Braintree had also been stolen in Needham, just as had the plates used on the car in the Bridgewater holdup. Nothing more was needed to convince Chief Stewart that the Bridgewater and South Braintree holdups had been the work of the same gang — and that Coacci probably had had a hand in both. Unfortunately, Coacci was on the high seas, but Boda was still in West Bridgewater, still available, and Chief Stewart began to visit and question him.

Not welcoming these attentions, Boda skipped. But he left behind him a link: an old Overland car badly in need of repair. Chief Stewart, figuring that Boda would return for the car, arranged with the garage man to tip him off. It was a plan that was to produce two suspects of whom, at the time, Chief Stewart hadn't even heard. On the night of May 5, 1920, Boda called for his Overland. He was riding in the side seat of a motorcycle driven by one Ricardo Orciani; and, hovering in the background, were two mysterious, foreign-looking strangers. The garage man stalled about turning over the car to Boda because it had no license plates, and Boda and Orciani drove off into the night. The two mysterious strangers simply walked away, crossed a railroad bridge and boarded a trolley. Chief Stewart, alerted by a telephone call, had them picked up. They were Sacco and Vanzetti.

II

NOW began the torturing of evidence to fit the requirements of theory. There had been five men in the South Braintree payroll murders; and Stewart now had five suspects — Coacci, Boda, Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti. The Stewart theory was based on the proposition that the same five men had been involved at both Bridgewater and South Braintree, and authorities now set out to prove the validity of this idea.

Sacco and Vanzetti, when arrested, were both armed, Sacco with a .32 caliber Colt, Vanzetti with a .38 Harrington & Richardson. Sacco's Colt had eight cartridges in the clip, one in the chamber; in his pocket were twenty-three loose cartridges of various makes. Vanzetti's gun was also loaded, and in his pocket police found four shotgun shells.

Admittedly, in their first questioning, Sacco and Vanzetti both lied. Vanzetti insisted they had gone to Bridgewater on the night of their arrest to visit a friend whom he could identify only as "Poppy" and whose right name and address he admitted he did not know. Both Vanzetti and Sacco denied knowing Boda and Coacci; Sacco denied knowing anything about a motorcycle; he tried to explain the revolver in his waistband and the extra shells by saying he had thought he would have some fun with friends shooting at targets in the woods. The prosecution later was to build a cornerstone of its case on the contention that these transparent lies showed a "consciousness of guilt" when all they may really have shown was a consciousness of fear.

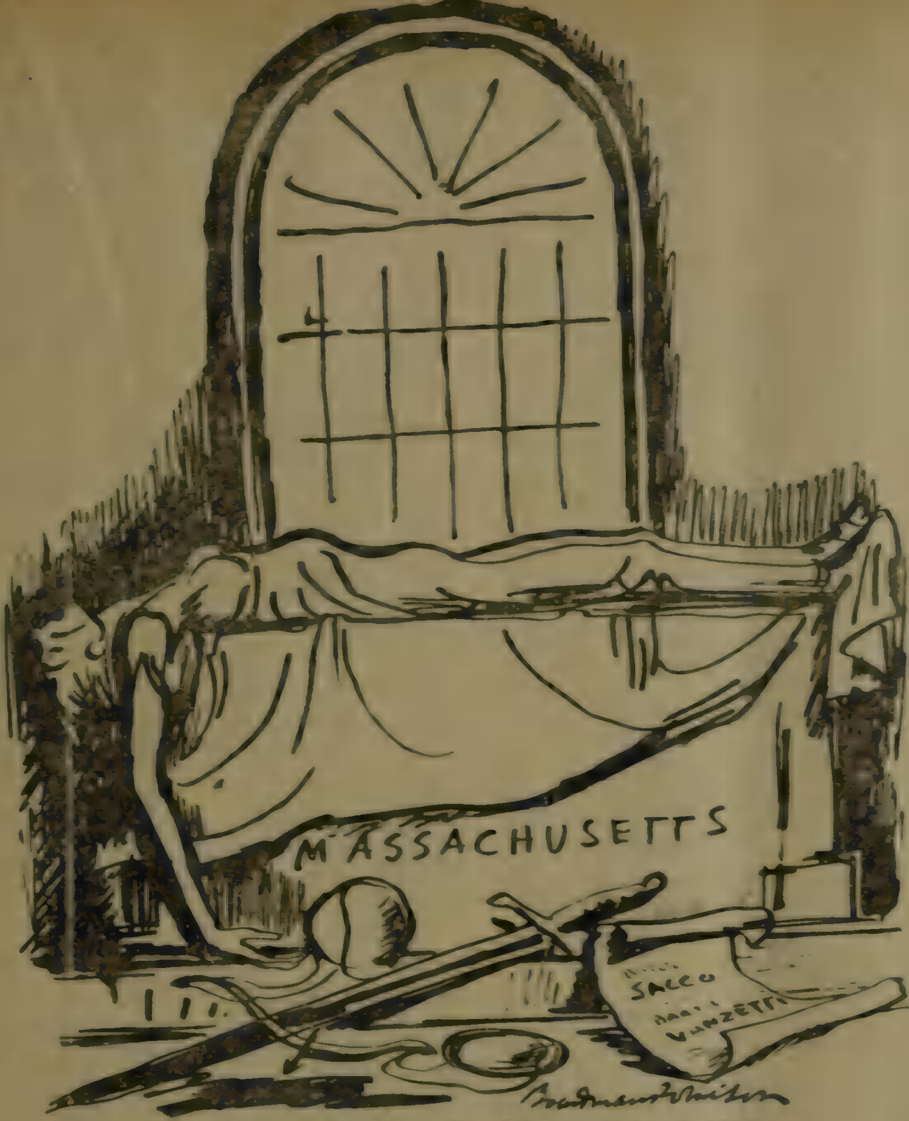
The Red raids against anarchists were still going on. Only two days before the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, an anarchist acquaintance, Andrea Salsedo, had plunged to his death from the window of the Department of Justice's offices in New York where he had been held incommunicado. Sacco and Vanzetti later were to contend that, as a result of Salsedo's death and the unrelenting drive against anarchists, they had been advised to collect and hide or destroy all incriminating radical literature possessed by themselves and their friends. It was for this purpose, they said, that they had wanted Boda's car, and they had lied when first questioned because they thought the police were persecuting them as anarchists and they did not want to involve their friends. It is an explanation at least as plausible as the state's dedication to "consciousness of guilt."

Convincing as this Stewart theory might sound in the abstract, it began to encounter difficulties almost the instant it was spot-checked against fact. One of the first and most significant of these conflicts involved the role of Orciani. The motorcycle driver was picked up on May 6, 1920, the day after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. Eyewitnesses positively identified him as one of the holdup men at both Bridgewater and South Braintree, and in Stewart's theory he was a key figure. Stewart has since insisted (as the prosecution, indeed, implied at one point during the Sacco-Vanzetti trial) that Orciani was one of the gunmen who shot down the South Braintree guard, Alessandro Berardelli; that he snatched Berardelli's gun, a Harrington & Richardson; and that this, indeed, was the very gun found in Vanzetti's pocket when he was arrested!

IN THIS reconstruction of the crime, Orciani was certainly a pivotal figure, and so it is instructive to see just what happened to him. Arrested on May 6, he was freed on May 12. Why? Because the time card in the small foundry where he worked gave him a perfect double alibi; it showed that he had been laboring at his regular job both on December 24, 1919, and April 15, 1920, the dates of the Bridgewater and South Braintree holdups.

Here, then, at the very outset, a warning flag was raised against the validity of the Stewart theory. Without Orciani, the theory could account for only four men where there had to be five; and if Orciani, so vital a figure in Stewart's calculations, could by a time card disprove those calculations, then logic clearly says the rest of the case of which he was such an integral part was infinitely suspect. But once the law embraces a theory and stakes its reputation upon it, logic no longer operates; rationalization takes over to sanctify what cannot otherwise be justified.

Chief Stewart had the perfect rationalization, one to which he has clung ever since. Someone, he theorized, "must have" punched the time clock for Orciani to give him an alibi —and "must have" punched it not



Boardman Robinson in The Nation, *Sept. 7, 1927*

on one day, but on two. It is a theory that Francis Russell seems to embrace *in toto*, yet it is a theory that flies in the face of reason. Anyone who knows how hard police can work to substantiate a hot theory and vindicate their own brilliance knows full well that no effort would have been spared in combing the Norwood foundry where Orciani worked to find his alleged accomplice and break down his alibi. And, indeed, the fact is that just such an effort was made—and it failed.

Tom O'Connor, the short and chunky dynamo of a newspaper man who first discovered the manner in which Stewart had built his theoretical case (See "New Light on an Old Story," *The Nation*, Sept. 22, 1926), recalls the police effort well.

> The foundry in which Orciani worked was a relatively small one [O'Connor says]. It probably employed something like twenty to twenty-five men, and state police checked with the owners and Orciani's boss trying to prove that someone had given Orciani a time-card alibi. But they couldn't do it. It would have been almost impossible in a small place like that, anyhow; a man would be missed. It's not like a shipyard with thousands on the payroll, where nobody would know the difference. But the police tried so hard to prove their theory the workers finally got up in arms. I remember on one occasion — I forget at just what stage of the case it was — the workers threatened to leave their jobs en masse and picket in support of Orciani. Can you imagine an entire factory doing this for an Italian immigrant if he was guilty?

Official imaginations, once committed, proved equal to the task. The freeing of Orciani, leaving a gaping hole in the Stewart version of events, did not shake faith in the overall verity of the version. Eyewitnesses had identified Vanzetti as the hold-up man who had run out into the street and fired both barrels of a shotgun at the Bridgewater payroll truck. And so Vanzetti went on trial in Plymouth.

NOT UNTIL long years afterward, almost on the eve of the executions, did the indefatigable Tom O'Connor make a momentous discovery—one that virtually destroyed the credibility of eyewitnesses in the entire Sacco-Vanzetti case. The journalist learned that the Pinkertons had been active in the investigation from the beginning, and following this trail he turned up original reports from Pinkerton agents about which prosecuting officials had been discreetly silent. One glance at these reports showed the reason for the reticence: the original recollections of eyewitnesses immediately after the event had little in common with the recollections they produced for the prosecution on the witness stand.

One witness, who had said originally he "did not get much of a look" and couldn't describe the shotgun-bandit's face, came into court and rendered a detailed and perfect description. Several others originally had described the distinguishing feature of the shotgun-sharpshooter's face as a black "close-cropped" mustache. Now there was nothing close-cropped about Vanzetti's mustache; it was probably one of the most luxuriant exhibits of its kind ever grown, and it drooped well down to the corners of his lips. And so, in the court testimony, a new word crept into the witnesses' lexicon. It is amazing how so many witnesses hit on the same word—"trimmed." The mustache, they all said, looked as if it might have been trimmed. Might have been! No one at any time ever produced any evidence that Vanzetti had ever indulged in such trimming, but in this case, against these anarchistic, radical foreigners, suggestion easily supplanted evidence.

Vanzetti did not take the stand in his own defense at Plymouth, relying entirely on alibi witnesses. These are usually as suspect and worthless as eyewitnesses, except in those rare cases where there is some positive, checkable point of reference. Vanzetti's was such a case. On December 24, from long custom, Italian immigrants dined on eels, and so this day was a big business day for fish-peddler Vanzetti. On the hour and day of the Bridgewater holdup, indeed, Vanzetti had such a demand for eels that he engaged his landlady's thirteen-year-old son, Beltrando Brini, to help him make deliveries on the streets of Plymouth. Brini testified for Vanzetti; and even today, more than forty years after the event, in an interview with Francis Russell, he appears utterly honest and convincing. Documentary evidence, later discovered, also supports Brini in establishing that Vanzetti could not possibly have been in Bridgewater. Shortly before the executions, pompous Cadillac-dealer and Governor Alvan T. Fuller sneered in disbelief at the Vanzetti alibi, remarking that the defense had not produced one shred of documentary evidence. Taking up the challenge, defense investigators scoured the Boston docks; and finally, among the fish dealers with whom Vanzetti dealt, they found one whose records disclosed a shipment of eels to Vanzetti—a shipment that, in time, coincided perfectly with Vanzetti's need to satisfy the traditional wants of his Italian clientele on December 24.

FROM these post-trial disclosures, there can be no doubt of Vanzetti's innocence in connection with the Bridgewater case. The implications of this are devastating. For the Stewart theory, the whole basis of the prosecution, was founded on the idea that the Bridgewater and South Braintree jobs were linked and that the same five men—Coacci, Boda, Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti—were responsible for both. First Orciani had torn a huge gap in the theory; Vanzetti, in the Bridgewater case, tears another. But it is a tribute to the fanaticism with which officialdom, once committed, acquires a vested interest in error that the theory stood as pristine in its purity as the day it was born. Vanzetti was convicted in the Plymouth trial. His nemesis, Judge Webster Thayer, sentenced him to twelve to fifteen years at hard labor. The first hurdle for the prosecution had been cleared. Ahead lay a second trial for the South Braintree murders; ahead lay the path to the electric chair.

III

THE TRIAL in the Dedham courthouse was a replica of the trial in Plymouth, only on a vaster, more tragic and more prejudiced scale. Life itself was now at stake for Sacco and Vanzetti. Reputations, too, were at stake for the officialdom of Massachusetts. In *Tragedy in Dedham,* Francis Russell makes light of this final factor. His thesis is that the case, up to this time, had not attracted great attention in the Massachusetts press; it was not the burning issue it later became; and so District Attorney Frederick Gunn Katzmann, if he had lost it, would not have suffered greatly in reputation. This is specious reasoning at best. A murder trial is the supreme drama of the American courtroom. It generates its own unique atmosphere of tension. Gladiators battling for life and death in the Roman arena perhaps created such drama, but nothing else. The prosecution is asking the life of a man; it cannot ask it unless it is utterly committed—it *has* to be right. Every spectator knows that life itself is the issue, and so every word and every witness acquires an importance no other words and no other witnesses, in other circumstances, could ever acquire. The air itself at vital moments becomes taut and electric, charged with passions, tense with the supremacy of the issue; and the opposing lawyers and witnesses are prisoners of this atmosphere which makes the trial, while it lasts, the supreme event of their lives. In such circumstances, they play for keeps. They play for blood.

To suppose otherwise is to ignore reality. One does not have to have been physically present in the Dedham courtroom to know that a Katzmann who could have been fair and judicious, once he had committed himself to the contest, is a figment of Russell's imagination. Indeed, in his own book, the evidence abounds. The times and the passions of the times, which Russell describes so well, rode herd upon the verdict.

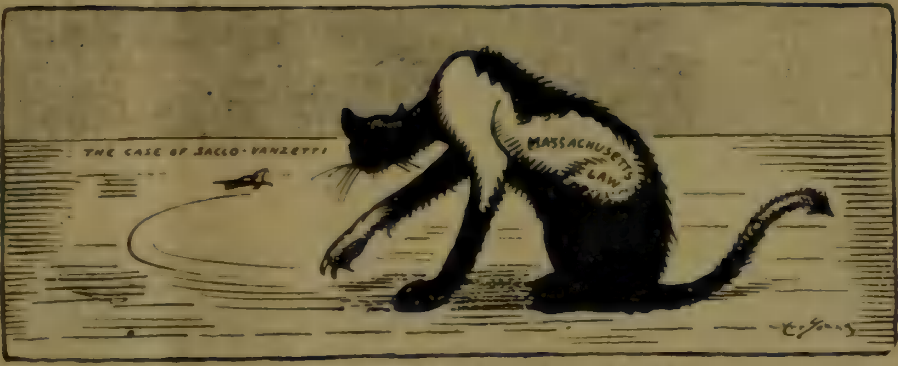
Lest there be any question, one has only to read the intemperate utterances of the presiding judge, the deity of the trial, the arbiter from whom the jury inevitably takes many a cue. From the opening day, it was obvious to observers in the courtroom that, for Judge Webster Thayer, Sacco and Vanzetti already had been judged guilty. Newspapermen and fellow members of the bar were shocked by the intemperate, off-bench remarks he dropped while the trial was in progress. Even in court, his bias was unmistakable. When a defense witness seemed to have scored a point, the judge took over the questioning from the prosecution, harrying the unfortunate victim on the witness stand with hectoring questions. At one point he made a remark so prejudicial and outrageous that he had it expunged from the official record and then demanded that newspapers that had printed it, retract. Capping all, of course, was his final, famous remark after he had denied defense motions for a new trial: "Did you see what I did with those anarchistic bastards the other day?" Such was the guardian of Massachusetts justice; and it is one of the most amazing examples of ambivalence in *Tragedy in Dedham* that Francis Russell, who reports all these incidents, nevertheless can conclude that Thayer "made an effort to conduct the trial fairly" and can pretend to believe that the obvious prejudice of the man on the bench did not wear off on the jury.

RUSSELL is equally charitable toward District Attorney Katzmann, whom he describes as a pompous man, but basically an "honest" one. This is a verdict that, it would seem, can be reached only by a strained definition of what constitutes honesty. Katzmann, trying men for their lives, could put a Pinkerton detective on the stand to testify from specially made "notes," never disclosing the existence of those basic, original reports that would have been so destructive to his case. Katzmann, trying men for their lives, could frame a question which misled judge and jury into the belief that a fatal slug had been fired from Sacco's gun. Capt. William Proctor, the State Police ballistics expert, disclosed in a post-trial affidavit that he had "repeatedly" told Katzmann he would say, if asked the direct question, he did *not* believe the shot came from Sacco's gun. So Katzmann had asked him if it was "consistent" with his findings that the shot came from Sacco's gun, and since Sacco's gun and the murder weapon were both .32 caliber Colts, Proctor could and did answer "Yes." But when Proctor filed his later affidavit for the defense, exposing the fraud, Katzmann did not deny it; he denied only that Proctor "repeatedly" had told him he did not think Sacco's gun was the murder weapon. One has to ask: Is this the kind of man on whom one bestows an accolade for honesty?

The ambivalence of Russell is graphically expressed in such judgments, in his conclusion that, had he been on the jury, he would probably have voted for conviction; for his carefully researched book presents at almost every turn the facts that deny his conclusions. Reading it, one is struck by the confusions and inconsistencies of the prosecution, by the palpable weakness of its case. Against Vanzetti, except for eyewitness testimony, there was nothing; and against Sacco, not very much.

The prosecution made a strenuous effort to picture Vanzetti as the driver of the getaway Buick, only to see this thesis shattered on the rock of fact. First, Vanzetti did not know how to drive. Second, just too many of the prosecution's own witnesses described the driver as a pale, thin-faced, sickly looking man—a description that did not fit Vanzetti at all, but one that even Katzmann in the end had to accept as valid.

With Sacco, the prosecution had somewhat better luck because it had two specific items of what seemed like evidence. The first involved a cap that had been found at the scene of the crime—and Sacco was known to wear just such caps. The second involved the much-disputed .32 caliber Colt. In trying to tie these two pieces of evidence together, Katzmann indulged in a phantasmagoria of logic that made each part of his case incompatible with the other part. To understand this, one has to have the picture of the climactic murder action as the trial unfolded it.



Art Young in The Nation, *Aug. 31, 1927*

THE Slater & Morrill paymaster, Frederick Parmenter, and his guard, Berardelli, had been carrying two cash boxes toward the factory when they passed a fence against which two dark, squat men were leaning. One man wore a felt hat, the other a cap. Keep an eye now on this man with the cap.

As the two payroll men passed, the man with the cap suddenly grappled with Berardelli. In the struggle, the attacker drew a gun and fired three shots into Berardelli's body. The guard crumpled. The man with the cap then whirled and fired twice at Parmenter, fatally wounding him. His partner, the man in the felt hat, dashed about the street, snatching up the cash boxes. While he was so engaged, the man in the cap whirled and pegged two shots at an eyewitness who seemed about to intervene.

At this juncture, the Buick touring car, its curtained sides flapping, came driving up. A man on the running board jumped off and ran toward the struggling Berardelli. He crouched over Berardelli and fired a final, fatal shot into the guard's body. Then he sprayed some shots at factory windows overlooking the site and jumped back into the touring car after the first two bandits.

Now, according to the prosecution, one of these three men active in this violent street scene was Sacco; but a peculiarity of the prosecution's case —and an indication of the irrational manner in which it was put together —may be found in the fact that, if you believe it, you have to believe Sacco was *two* of the men. First, he was the man in the cap who fired three shots into Berardelli. Katzmann labored mightily to prove that this man was Sacco. He showed that Sacco had had a cap of about the same size, color and appearance. He demonstrated from another cap found in Sacco's home that the two caps had a striking similarity. Sacco, when he went to work, hung his cap on a hook, and in putting it on the hook and taking it off, he had worn a hole in the back lining. Just such a tear in the back lining appeared in the cap found at the murder scene. So Sacco, for the prosecution, was the Man in the Cap. The only trouble was that the Man in the Cap had fired three bullets into Berardelli—and three bullets taken from Berardelli's body hadn't come from Sacco's gun; they had come from some strange, never-to-be-discovered revolver of different make and caliber. But the fourth bullet, the shot fired into Berardelli by the man who had leaped off the running board, was from a .32 caliber Colt just like Sacco's. So, if you believed the prosecution, Sacco had to be two men.

This is difficult enough to envision, but even more difficulties lay in the path of the prosecution. The Running-Board Sacco, as distinguished from Cap Sacco, climbed into the front seat beside the driver. As the getaway car moved off through South Braintree streets, he leaned out and touched off shots at every stray passer-by the car encountered. He snapped his pistol at one spectator the car almost ran down and bellowed, "Get out of my way, you son of a bitch!" A little later, when a railroad-crossing guard held up a stop sign and halted the Buick for a train, Running-Board Sacco leaned out and shouted, "What the hell are you holding us up for?"

The man who had been shot at and the gate tender both agreed that Running-Board Sacco had shouted at them in clear, unaccented, earthy English. But Sacco—the real Sacco —spoke only the most broken English. When he testified in court, he had to have the aid of an interpreter. It was a fact, one might think, that should have registered with the jury, that should have caused some vague qualms of conscience about sending two men to the electric chair. But it didn't.

What then was there left? Just two items of factual evidence, neither of which could be reconciled with the other: the cap and the gun.

IV

THE cap which the prosecution had tried so hard to tie to Sacco's head, which seemed at the time of the trial such a persuasive bit of evidence, turned out to be the most dubious evidence of all. In July, 1927, shortly before the executions, Tom O'Connor solved the mystery of the cap. He learned from ex-Chief Jeremiah F. Gallivan, of Braintree, that the cap had been given to Gallivan *two days after* the murder as one that had been found at the scene only *the night before*. Furthermore, that telltale tear in the back lining, of which the prosecution had made so much, hadn't been there when the cap was found. Chief Gallivan had made that tear himself, he said, looking to see if there were any identifying marks on the underside of the lining.

Gallivan was convinced that the cap had had no connection with the murder, but had probably fallen off the head of some spectator milling around the scene afterwards, and he so testified before the Lowell Advisory Committee that Governor Fuller had subsequently appointed. Chief Gallivan asked the committee: "Can any of you gentlemen make me believe that the hat lay there for thirty hours, with the state police, the local police and two or three thousand people there? . . . Do you mean to tell me that that hat lay on the ground for thirty hours with the state police there looking for shells, prints and anything else they could find?"

These questions, it would seem, effectively disposed of the cap. But if more were needed, it may be found in an artist's sketch reproduced in Russell's book, showing Sacco trying on the cap in the courtroom. The cap perches on top of his head, a tight and apparently poor fit. And yet, aside from the cap, in the category of positive evidence, there remained only the gun.

This should have been the most positive evidence of all, and it is one of the ironies of this tragic case that it became the most uncertain. Ballistics tests identify a gun. They are held by police experts to be infallible. Each gun, the experts assert, develops its own individual rifling and imposes its own individual trade mark on the bullets it fires. About this there should be no question, but about this, in the case at hand, there remain all kinds of questions.

THE doubts begin with Captain Proctor. He was one of the first ballistics experts in the nation, making his first test by shoving a bullet through the rifling of a gun. During the years, he had improved his technique and become the top-ranking expert in his field in Massachusetts. He knew that the fatal Berardelli bullet had been fired from a .32 caliber Colt like Sacco's, but he didn't believe it had come from Sacco's gun barrel. Even during the trial, he had remarked in the corridor of the courthouse that Katzmann was trying the wrong men. And, on another occasion, he told his friend, Harry C. Attwill, Attorney General of Massachusetts, "They've got the wrong men."

After Captain Proctor made his affidavit for the defense, it became quite the fashion—a technique Francis Russell adopts—to question his qualifications as an expert. It became the fashion to suggest that he had "other reasons" (and he may have had, as we shall see) for believing in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti—and that these reasons warped his pure scientific judgment. Whatever the truth of this, one of the oddest features of this case is the manner in which fate has dealt with the ballistics experts who have tried to show that the mortal bullet was fired from Sacco's Colt.

The first of these experts to be deflated was Charles Van Amburgh, a firearms expert who testified positively that Sacco's gun was the murder weapon. In 1924, though Massachusetts remained unaware of it at the time, Van Amburgh's qualifications were called into doubt in a Connecticut case. A Catholic priest had been shot through the brain on a street in Bridgeport. A suspect was picked up. The suspect owned a gun of the same make and caliber as the murder weapon. Van Amburgh gave a positive opinion that the fatal slug taken from the priest's brain had come from the suspect's weapon. But other aspects of the case began to instill doubt in the mind of Homer S. Cummings, later to become U.S. Attorney General. Cummings, fortified by dissenting reports from six other ballistics experts, confronted Van Amburgh, got him to try to match the pictures by which he had compared the marks on a test bullet with those on the murder bullet—and demonstrated that the comparison was most inexact. The suspect who, on Van Amburgh's evidence, might have gone to the electric chair, was cleared.

Next came the case of Major Calvin Goddard, an expert who was one of the first to use a comparison microscope technique for bullet examination. Goddard entered the case during the struggle to obtain a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti. He concluded from his tests that the fatal Berardelli bullet had been fired from Sacco's gun and could have been fired from no other. Shortly afterwards, in 1927, Goddard was tripped up in a Cleveland case. A bootlegger had been murdered; a suspect arrested. Cleveland police sent Goddard two of the murder bullets and several test bullets fired from the suspect's gun; Goddard gave it as his opinion that this gun had fired the fatal shot. Unfortunately for his ranking as an expert, the suspect subsequently proved that he had not even purchased the gun until a month after the murder.

SUCH contretemps, if they do not bring into question the entire science of ballistics, do at least demonstrate that the science is dependent upon the impartiality and interpretation of the men who make the tests. A committed expert often ceases to be expert.

Though obviously aware of this pitfall, Francis Russell decided to try to arrive at the final truth of the Sacco-Vanzetti case by arranging for a new series of ballistics tests with Sacco's gun. He tried, but failed, to secure an impartial expert from a national ballistics association. Finally, he selected two New Jersey experts: Jac Weller, Princeton realtor and engineer, firearms consultant and honorary curator of the West Point Museum; and Lt.-Col. Frank W. Jury (U.S.A., retired), formerly in charge of the firearms identification laboratory of the New Jersey State Police.

Jury and Weller test-fired Sacco's old pistol on October 11, 1961. Subsequently, they submitted to Russell a report in which they held that the mortal Berardelli bullet "was fired in Sacco's pistol and in no other." It is largely on the basis of this report that Russell concludes Sacco was guilty, though Vanzetti was not.

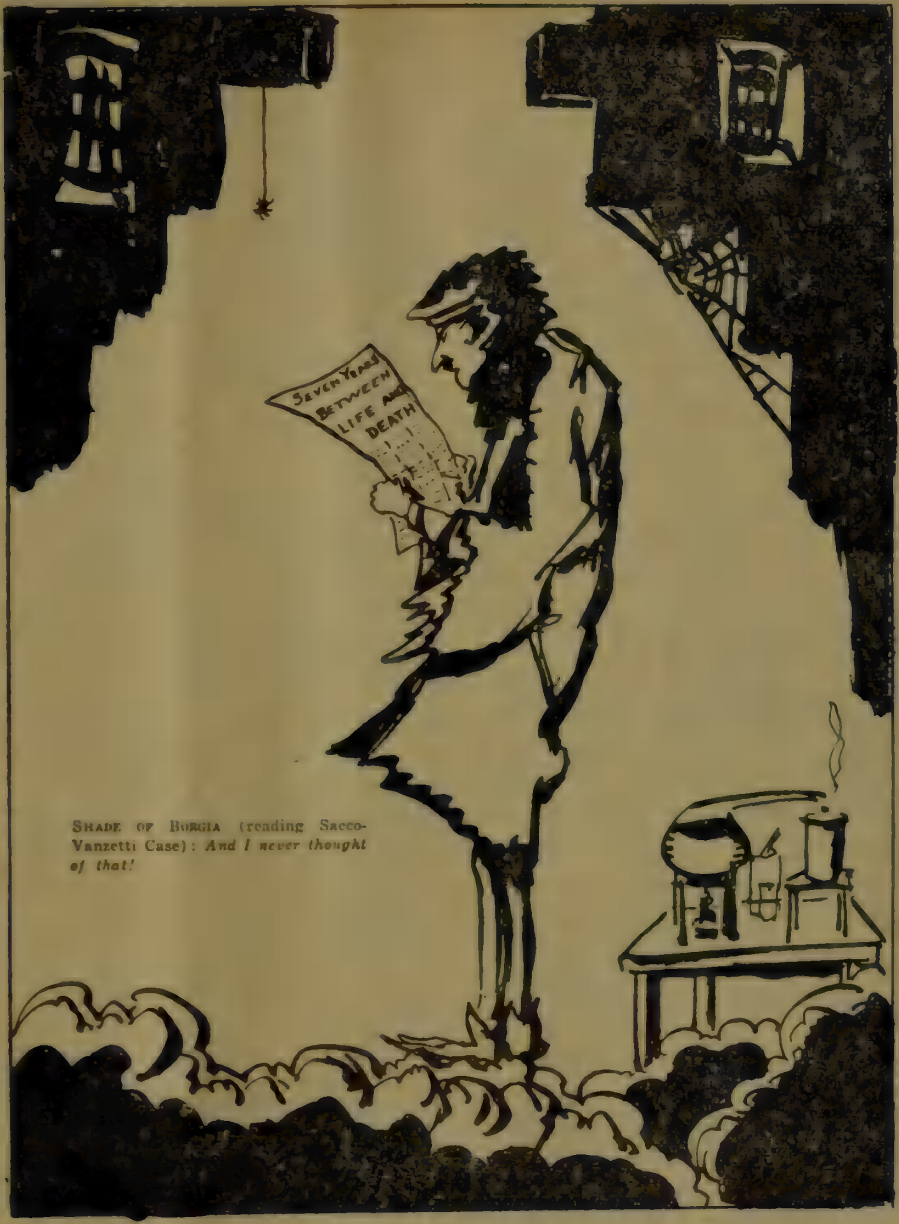
FOR Russell, this new verdict seems to remove all doubts, but for others there are reasons to be more skeptical. A major reason is that Weller and Jury coauthored a revision of a standard text, *Firearms Investigation, Identification and Evidence*, published in 1957. In the preface, they paid personal tribute to Colonel Goddard, "who generously gave us the benefit of his unique experience," and in the body of the text they also bestowed a bouquet upon Van Amburgh for work that "was of great value to the cause of justice in the famous Sacco-Vanzetti" case. One section of the book, contributed by the Massachusetts State Police, contains comparison photographs of bullets designed to show that the mortal slug came from Sacco's gun. The whole tenor of the text in this section is that the ballistics evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was unimpeachable. What this sequence says clearly was that the two experts whom Russell selected to make the 1961 test were men already aligned in sympathies with the two most controversial state experts in the case, Van Amburgh and Goddard; they were men who had already accepted as final truth the police version of the case. In such circumstances, their impartiality has to be called into question.

In the final analysis, then, one is left with a single fact—and a badly tarnished fact at that. If one is to decide that Sacco was guilty, as Russell does, one has to accept at full face the questionable ballistic evidence; one has to let this outweigh all else, all of the many bits of evidence that speak persuasively for Sacco and Vanzetti. For example, one must be able to ignore a happenstance alibi that, even in the atmosphere of the trial, one might have thought would have spoken most persuasively for Sacco.

Sacco had testified that he had gone to Boston on April 15 to arrange for his passport to Italy, and on the train ride back he had sat across the aisle from a man whom he did not know who had gotten off the train with him at Stoughton. Later, during the trial, Sacco recognized this man among the spectators in the courtroom. He turned out to be James Hayes, a mason and contractor in Stoneham and a town highway surveyor. Put on the stand, Hayes verified that he had been in Boston on April 15; he even had a time book to prove it, for, on that day, his brother had paid him $50 and he had gone into Boston to buy parts for his car. He testified, too, that he had been sitting in the train in the exact position that Sacco had described and that there had been a man sitting across the aisle from him; but he hadn't paid any attention to the man, he hadn't been aware of Sacco. His story, like many other details of the defense, has the ring of truth.

To all of this, there must now be added one other vital item, the most important that could be adduced—fingerprints.

READING Russell's exhaustively researched book, anyone familiar with police techniques is struck at once by this enormous, significant, incredible gap in the prosecution's evidence. The Buick getaway car, abandoned immediately after the South Braintree holdup, was found within two days. Since there was no testimony that any of the holdup



SHADE OF BORGIA (reading Sacco-Vanzetti Case): *And I never thought of that!*

H. W. Van Loon in The Nation, *Aug. 31, 1927* men were wearing gloves—in fact, there was abundant evidence to the contrary, one witness even describing how Sacco's hairy hand had rested on the back of the front seat—there should have been fingerprints. And, if there had been, these should have established beyond question the identity of the men in the murder car. What had happened?

With the cooperation of Tom O'Connor who, as secretary to the Committee for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti, has devoted most of his lifetime to the case, I researched the contemporary newspaper files. These quickly disclosed that fingerprint experts had examined the Buick and, apparently, had had considerable success. *The Brockton Times* of April 20, 1920, reported: "The car was brought to the Brockton police garage in City Hall Square, from where it was later taken to Boston by the state officers. *Photos of fingerprints were first made.*" (Italics added.)

ON THE following day, April 21, *The Brockton Times* returned to the theme. It wrote:

> The experts of the identification bureau of the state police were busy today making records of the fingerprint tracings and photographs taken from the bandit auto at the Brockton police station Monday noon in an effort to learn by this system if any one of the bandits had left a trace to indicate an identity as a man known to the criminal identification bureaus of the country as a professional "gun" in holdup or other work.

The wording of this paragraph would seem to indicate that several different sets of fingerprints had been obtained from the murder car. Significantly, the same news article discloses that Captain Proctor himself was at the time in overall charge of the detective work. On April 25, *The Brockton Times* was reporting that Captain Proctor and his detectives were hoping the fingerprint evidence would turn up some suspects. "This work represents one of the keener elements of the job of fixing the identity of the bandits," the *Times* reported. "If fingerprints from the bandit car show favorably in comparison with those of any gunman known to the criminal experts, a most valuable clue will have been obtained."

Clearly, fingerprints had been secured in sufficient number and clarity to represent, for trained detectives, the major hope of breaking the case. Then, out of the blue, as a result of Stewart's theory, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested. What happened next remains one of the most significant, yet generally ignored, aspects of the case.

On May 6, the day after the arrests, *The Brockton Times* reported that Inspector George C. Chase was "at the State House" making a comparison of the fingerprints of Sacco and Vanzetti "with the fingerprint records taken off the South Braintree bandit car April 20 at the Brockton police station." This reference, obviously, was no journalistic slip, for the following day the *Times*, in the last two paragraphs of a long story, spelled out the angle involving the comparison of fingerprints far more explicitly. It reported that a conference of officials of the district attorney's office and high police officials had been held, and it added:

> Inspector George C. Chase has completed the comparisons of fingerprints taken since the arrest of the suspects and the marks obtained off the bandit car as directed by Eddie Sherlock, the state police expert on criminal identification. Nothing is stated about the result. It is kept a close secret. . . .

And it has remained a close secret ever since. From that day to this, fingerprints have never been mentioned in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In the six-volume, two-and-one-half-million-word record of the trial and subsequent motions, there is no mention of fingerprints. In all the books and literature on the subject, no writer appears to have been aware of this long-hushed-up matter of the fingerprints.

Francis Russell, when apprised of this gap in his account, dismissed it. "As for the matter of the hidden fingerprint report that Mr. Cook makes so much of," he wrote, "there isn't any. The fact is that the getaway car was driven and handled by so many people before the state police arrived to make fingerprint examinations that the result was negative. Any pertinent fingerprints had long since been obliterated—if they had existed."

This may indeed be the official version, but it simply does not square with the facts as they existed *before* the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. On five different occasions, *The Brockton Times* made specific reference to the existence of fingerprints; its information, obtained from police sources, indicated indeed that they represented the major hope for breaking the case. Then with the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, "comparisons" were made—and, after that, silence. This has to be judged the single most important aspect of the Sacco-Vanzetti case; for, in all its implications, it is utterly destructive of the prosecution's thesis.

Certainly, if Sacco's and Vanzetti's prints had been obtained from the murder car, the fingerprint evidence would have become the major, irrefutable item in the state's arsenal of proof. Obviously, Sacco's and Vanzetti's prints were not on the murder car. This is negative evidence, but logic does not stop here. There had been five men in the Buick. Stewart's theory accounted for five men—not just Sacco and Vanzetti, but Boda and Coacci and Orciani as well. If Stewart's theory was correct in *any* of its particulars, it is inconceivable that the fingerprints of some of those five would not have shown.

HOW important this would have been to the prosecution, how gleefully the prosecution might have been expected to introduce such irrefutable, corroborative evidence may be understood only if one understands how hard the state labored at the trial to support Stewart's theory. At the outset, during an initial tour of the scene, the jurors were shown Coacci's house, which was described to them as "the headquarters of the bandit gang." During the trial, the prosecution strove desperately to spell out the links between Sacco and Vanzetti on the one hand, and Boda, Coacci and Orciani on the other. Boda's name is mentioned on thirty-two pages of the record, Orciani's on eleven, Coacci's on eight. Yet, in the end, even the state had to admit it had no positive proof of the alleged connection.

Fingerprints should have provided that proof, and the crowning hallmark of an unprincipled prosecution may be found in the extreme care the state took to avoid all mention of the issue. Inspector Chase, for example, was summoned to the witness stand. Was he asked what his comparison study of the fingerprints showed? He was not. His direct examination takes only a half page of the record; he was asked only to tell how Sacco and Vanzetti were photographed after their arrest. No questions were asked Chase or other police witnesses about the development of fingerprints from the bandit car — the prints that, as we learn from *The Brockton Times*, were developed and were considered probably the most important single clue in the case up to the very moment of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti.

THE picture that emerges is quite clear. There were five men in the Buick. It is possible that, by a freak of chance, the prints of the cardinal two, Sacco and Vanzetti, might have been obliterated. But it is hardly conceivable that the prints of *all five* men whom Stewart's theory placed in the Buick would fail to show; nor is it conceivable that, if *any* of them had showed, the state would have refrained from introducing into evidence this vital corroborative detail to support its highly tenuous thesis. That fingerprints were never mentioned at the trial, before the Lowell Committee, before Governor Fuller—that they were buried and forgotten, never produced—can mean only one thing: those prints must have placed other men, men for whose presence the state could not account, in the car that the Stewart theory had already crammed to its running boards with Boda, Coacci, Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti.

Viewed in this perspective, the performance of Captain Proctor takes on new meaning and significance. He had been in complete charge of the investigation in its early stages. He knew about the fingerprints; he knew what they did — and didn't — disclose. It is known that he warned Katzmann before the trial that Stewart had the wrong men. He muttered during the trial that Katzmann was trying the wrong men. It has been generally assumed that this dissent by Proctor was based upon his skepticism about the ballistics evidence and some vague feeling he had that a professional underworld gang had pulled the South Braintree job. Unfortunately, Proctor died shortly after signing his post-trial affidavit for the defense, before he could be questioned by the Lowell Committee; but the discovery of the trail of the long-suppressed fingerprints puts his conscientious demurer against the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti in a new light. Captain Proctor was not just guessing about their innocence. Of a certainty, he *knew*.

V

WITH THE conviction, the highest officials in Massachusetts achieved a vested interest in error. Throughout the world, Massachusetts and Massachusetts' justice were being denounced. Communist agitators touched off angry demonstrations in front of American embassies abroad. Anarchist bombings at home menaced officials who had had any connection with the case. This agitation, this violence, this virtual world-wide frenzy, forced the officialdom of Massachusetts, like a turtle, into its hardened protective shell. Officialdom now could not afford any frank acknowledgment of error; it had to justify itself, it *had* to be right. And so Sacco and Vanzetti *had* to die.

Admittedly, they were two quite different men: Sacco, more of a peasant type, a man who had to work with his hands, a man more limited in intelligence than Vanzetti and the more radical anarchist (his wife was harboring the sister of the bomb-planter killed in the bombing of Attorney General Palmer's home in Washington); Vanzetti, the intellectual, the philosopher, a poor fish peddler touched with genius and possessing, even in the unfamiliar English tongue, a poet's feeling for the sheer cadence and beauty and meaning of words. Facing extinction for a crime he had not committed, he could express himself to Phil Stong, a visiting reporter, in words that have been compared for their eloquence to the Gettysburg Address:

> If it had not been for this thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident.
>
> Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives — lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler — all!
>
> That last moment belong to us — that agony is our triumph.

Francis Russell comments that even this final and hideous triumph was a delusion; that Sacco and Vanzetti died believing that their martyrdom would further the cause of anarchism, a faith that is now utterly dead. In this he sees the final futility of their tragedy; but this, again, is not the whole story. For Vanzetti was not so far wrong when he envisioned that final moment of a hideous death as a force that would work "for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man."

Shortly after the executions that so shocked the world, the Massachusetts Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty was formed. A prime mover in its organization was Mrs. Herbert H. Ehrmann, wife of the assistant counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, and the original support came from many conscientious citizens whose sense of justice had been outraged in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Through the years, the movement thus launched has gathered force in Massachusetts. On two occasions the Legislature actually passed bills softening the provisions of the first-degree murder statute, but the measures died on the Governor's desk.

What the council has not been quite able to accomplish by legislation, however, it has virtually accomplished in practice by the force of public opinion. Executions in Massachusetts, as a result of its forceful campaigning, have diminished gradually in number; and, since 1947, the death penalty has not been invoked—the electric chair has sat silent and unused. It is no trifling legacy to have been left by "the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish peddler" who died "for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man."

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Well-Tempered Cogitator

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS. Edited by W. H. Auden and Louis Kronenberger. The Viking Press. 405 pp. $6.50.

Robert Hatch

THIS Anglo-American editorial collaboration is a pleasant book to have around the house. It is handsome, with a blue binding liberally stamped in gold and one of those luxurious silk place ribbons; the type is clean and given space on the page, and my only objection is to the paper, which is the color of coffee ice cream and a note of artiness in an otherwise elegant volume.

In a brief foreword, Mr. Auden and Mr. Kronenberger distinguish between the aphorism and the more familiar epigram. An epigram may be singular in its application (the editors cite: "Coolidge opened his mouth and a moth flew out."), whereas an aphorism must be universal, or at least invariably true within its area of reference. An epigram must be brief and witty; an aphorism may extend itself, and need not grin.

Aphorisms, the editors continue, are an aristocratic form of expression; a form that disdains argument or explanation. For this reason, they add, an aphorist who adopts a folksy style or "democratic" diction is a "cowardly and insufferable hypocrite." This judgment is so sharp as to suggest that the editors have in mind some exceptionally odious offender—not, I hope, Petroleum V. Nasby or Finley Peter Dunne.

A final distinction that Mr. Auden and Mr. Kronenberger might have noted is that a collection of aphorisms is much easier to live with than a similar volume of epigrams. In the mass, the latter are so bright and crisp, so self-satisfied and relentlessly one up on the reader as to be truly insufferable.

THE BOOK is organized, as is usual with such compilations, under a number of headings that relate to widely shared human experiences: "Religion and God," "Nature," "Education," "Love, Marriage and Friendship," "Ages of Man," etc. Some such arrangement is indispensable as an editorial ground plan for a labor that would otherwise sprawl to chaos; it also has the virtue that a reader who wishes to ruminate on, say, "History," or "Life's Minor Pleasures and Trials," can readily turn to a concentration of wisdom on the topic. I find that I rarely have this impulse and that a gathering of noble and succinct observations on a single theme soon becomes monotonous and depressing. I prefer to work from the index, pursuing a mind through many fields, meeting new intelligences, or being surprised by new facets of familiar ones. I should not, for example, have expected from Bismarck the candor of: "When you say that you agree to a thing on principle, you mean that you have not the slightest intention of carrying it out in practice."

Oscar Wilde is an obvious name to check and it is no surprise to find a long list of citations (25). What may be surprising, given Wilde's reputation for verbal annihilation, is the sobriety, even melancholy, of his aphoristic tone. "One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing," and "No man is rich enough to buy back his past," are examples.

Wilde is by no means the top scorer in the Auden-Kronenberger sweepstakes: Nietzsche, Samuel Johnson and Goethe, in that order, are the winners. "The thought of suicide," says Nietzsche, "is a great consolation: with the help of it one has got through many a bad night." It might be added that much reading of Nietzsche's aphorisms conduces to thoughts of suicide.

Other wits and sages whose insights appear with predictable frequency are Samuel Butler, G. K. Chesterton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, La Rochefoucauld, George Santayana, George Bernard Shaw and Alfred North Whitehead. Saint Augustine, Max Beerbohm, Disraeli, Dean Inge, Macaulay, Lady Mary Montagu, Shakespeare, Sydney Smith and Voltaire are all represented, but not with the frequency that their reputations for apt phrasing might lead one to expect.

A very frequent contributor (forty-four items) is Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, whom I had known only as a name. I have now looked him up and find that he was an eighteenth-century German physicist who directed a penetrating wit against certain scholastic contemporaries and wrote an appreciation of Hogarth's engravings. It is not obvious to me why Auden and Kronenberger quote him so generously; his aphorisms, I feel, often lack another essential of the form — a directness and clarity that enforce instant acceptance. Lichtenberg leans toward this sort of fancy work: "We don't see words in nature but always only the initial letters of words, and when we set out to spell, we find that the so-called new words are in their turn merely the initial letters of others." I find myself spelling that out with some resentment; on the other hand, I am much in his debt for: "Astrology fosters astronomy. Mankind *plays* its way up."

Eric Hoffer appears in the volume eighteen times, and I am glad of it, for the author of *The True Believer* is endowed with an implacable perspicacity that is too little known. Here is a sample of how he thinks: "Great evils befall the world when the powerful begin to copy the weak. The desperate devices that enable the weak to survive are unequaled instruments of oppression and extermination in the hands of the strong."

THE gift for aphoristic expression does not seem to be deserting us, notwithstanding widespread opinion that the style of our thought and speech has sadly declined. Running hastily through the index, my eye picked out, in addition to Hoffer, the names of twenty people now living; there are undoubtedly more, since a good many of those listed are unknown to me. Even allowing for the fact that contemporaries may have an advantage in the topical force of their utterances, this is a respectable showing in a book that draws on more than 2,000 years of Western culture.

The contemporary entries provide the most surprises: for example, who would expect fifteen contributions from Hannah Arendt and only four from Aldous Huxley? Dr. Arendt is a very adept practitioner, viz: "Poets are the only people to whom love is not only a crucial, but an indispensable experience, which entitles them to mistake it for a universal one."

There is no tidy way to end this review. The book has the fascination of peanuts; one could roam back and forth through its pages, jotting down comments, as long as time and space permitted. I shall seek out three more aphorisms and call it a day:

> Truth is beautiful. Without doubt; and so are lies. *Emerson.*
>
> When a man dies, he does not just die of the disease he has; he dies of his whole life. *Charles Pierre Péguy.*
>
> Watch the faces of those who bow low. *Polish Proverb.*

Art Books of 1962: Part II

Hilton Kramer

Ancient, Prehistoric and Primitive Art

THE ETERNAL PRESENT. Vol. I: The Beginnings of Art. By S. Giedion. Pantheon. 588 pp. $12.50.

Probably the most important theoretical work published this year. The celebrated author of *Space, Time and Architecture* and *Mechanization Takes Command*, heretofore known primarily as an architectural historian, undertakes an ambitious re-definition of prehistoric (or what the author usually calls primeval) art, the art of the paleolithic epoch. The book is thus an inquiry into the origins of art, but an inquiry written out of the aesthetic and historical consciousness of modern culture and which seeks above all to establish [illegible] fundamental relation between constancy and change in man's creative impulse. The roles of abstraction and symbolism, the concepts of space and materiality, the use of line and color and mass, and their direct relation to the rituals and material conditions of prehistoric culture are explored in exacting detail. The book may be seen as an elaborate continuation of Worringer's *Abstraction and Empathy* (1908), written in the light of a half-century of abstract art, cultural anthropology and psychoanalysis.

Professor Giedion's formal analyses of paleolithic art are those of a connoisseur whose eye has been trained by Cubism and Expressionism, and his speculations are those of a mind trained in German philosophy and saturated in the symbology of Jungian archetypes. Noting that Worringer was of the same generation as Picasso and Braque, Giedion remarks: "The historian who — in his own field—is nourished and tormented by the same forces as the artist fulfills a special function: he can give many searching minds direction and confidence"; and he obviously takes this role for himself. The book contains more than 500 illustrations, ranging from line cuts to color plates to special photographs supervised by the author himself in the caves of France and Spain. Volume II will deal with Sumer and Egypt.

PERSIAN ART: The Parthian and Sassanian Dynasties, 249 B.C. — A.D. 651. By Roman Ghirshman. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert and James Emmons. Golden Press. 344 pp. $25.

Though an independent and beautiful volume on its own, this book constitutes Volume III in the series called "The Arts of Mankind," edited by André Malraux and Georges Salles. It is said to be the first full-scale survey of the 900-year period, from the death of Alexander the Great to the Moslem conquest, during which the Parthians and Sassanians extended Persian rule from the Danube to the Chinese frontier. The art of this civilization — mostly sculpture, but also including a wide variety of reliefs, wall paintings and decorative objects — is an amazing and monumental synthesis of Greek and Asian elements. The author is an archaeologist and historian who also has a keen eye for aesthetic detail; his style is factual and clear, and happily [illegible] given to Malrauxesque flights of metaphysical speculation. The plates —538, with 142 in color—are magnificent, and follow the clear graphic style, with the emphasis on mat black-and-white contrasts, of *The Voices of Silence*. Some of the bronze objects, printed in metallic inks, are particularly well done. *Aficionados* of sculpture will find the book of special value, quite apart from its historical interest.

GREEK BRONZES. By Jean Charbonneaux. Translated from the French by Katherine Watson. Viking. 164 pp. $5.

A useful handbook on the history and techniques of Greek bronzes by a curator of the Louvre. The book includes information on reproductions and fakes as well as a guide [illegible] the principal collections. The plates are small and indifferently printed, but are a necessary adjunct to the text. Anyone who has peered into those crowded museum cases of bronze figurines and felt some curiosity about their relation to the monumental works of Greek art will find all the obvious (if not the ultimate) questions answered by a scholar.

PRIMITIVE ART: Its Traditions and Styles. By Paul S. Wingert. Oxford. 421 pp. $7.50.

Writings on primitive art tend to suffer from a schizophrenic division of loyalties between pure and unfettered aesthetic response and a flattening, highly unaesthetic fidelity to anthropological fact. Professor Wingert's study succeeds in bridging the gap between these approaches by establishing for the reader exactly what it meant to be an artist in each of the areas he covers. Africa, Oceania and Indian America form the main focus, and the emphasis throughout is on the motives and morphology of style within the functions of each individual culture. It is a book written for the layman by a specialist; the style is not always felicitous, but a great deal of information is conveyed in a relatively short space. The 126 black-and-white plates are not well printed, but they serve well enough and are usefully integrated with the text. Likely to become a basic book on the subject.

PRIMITIVE ART. By Douglas Fraser. Doubleday. 320 pp. $7.50.

A shorter book covering much the same material as Professor Wingert's, written by a former student of Wingert, now a colleague, at Columbia. It includes fifty-nine color plates, rather brassy and artificial-looking, in addition to mediocre black and whites. Fraser extends his study to include the pre-Columbian art of Mexico, Central and South America, omitted from Wingert's book. The volume as a whole is an uneasy compromise between its gift-book packaging and a text which is serious but constantly strains to encompass more material than can be fitted into its modest scale.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE. By Denise Paulme. Translated from the French by Michael Ross. Viking. 160 pp. $5.

The author is director of the African section of the Paris Musée de l'Homme. The book, like its companion volume above, is primarily a factual guide to the technical, regional and stylistic aspects of the subject. It will be useful to readers who already have an aesthetic interest in African sculpture but wish to gain a more scientific understanding of its physical and tribal origins.

Studies of the Masters

HOGARTH AND HIS PLACE IN EUROPEAN ART. By Frederick Antal. Basic. 270 pp. 301 plates. $15.

It is unlikely that any other English artist, major or minor, has been subjected to such a painstaking effort to integrate his work into the mainstream of European art. The late Frederick Antal was a sociological art historian, more or less Marxist in orientation, who always took a large, panoramic view of his subjects, locating the specifically visual components of art history within the context of all the political, economic, social and literary forces most likely to have affected their destiny. Hogarth, as an artist of pre-eminently social subjects, lends himself to this approach more readily than most artists, and this study, left unfinished at the time of Antal's death a few years ago, places Hogarth's art in the world of eighteenth-century art and ideas with a clarity no other writer has attained. But Hogarth's artistic achievement is assumed from the start, and not really argued; the materials on which to base an aesthetic valuation are assembled, but it has been left to others to make the case for Hogarth as an artist who not only represents his era in a particularly crucial way but transcends it as well. My own opinion is that Antal exaggerated Hogarth's achievement out of all proportion to its actual effect on the development of European art. Yet the book is immensely valuable. Anyone interested in eighteenth-century English literature will also find it of great interest.

CARPACCIO, PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS. By Jan Lauts. Translated from the German by Erica Millman and Marguerite Kay. New York Graphic Society. 309 pp. $18.

The latest addition to the Phaidon series of definitive catalogues of the old masters. The short text is a concise study of the Venetian painter, and there are detailed comments, with bibliographical references, to each of the plates. The 260 illustrations (eighteen in color) are very good.

American Art

THAT WILDER IMAGE: The Painting of America's Native School from Thomas Cole to Winslow Homer. By James Thomas Flexner. Little, Brown. 407 pp. $15.

The series of books on American art, including *First Flowers of Our Wilderness* and *The Light of Distant Skies* as well as studies of Copley and Stuart, which Flexner has produced over the years constitutes the only thing we have in art history comparable to Van Wyck Brooks's "Makers and Finders" series on American literature. This latest addition to the series is in some ways the most ambitious, covering as it does so many central figures: Cole, Durand, Church, Bierstadt, Hunt, Inness, Homer and, in fact, all the major painters of the Hudson River school, of the Indians, and of the other principal themes of the period. An enormous amount of material is encompassed, and the emphasis is always on the relation of the art to its social milieu. Considering the poor state of writing on American nineteenth-century art, we should perhaps be grateful for this ambitious study. Yet it embodies so many of the traits that make most writing on this period an irrelevant bore — above all, the refusal to look at the paintings themselves with the heightened vision of our time, or indeed, with anything approaching modern sophistication — that even its virtues leave one exasperated. The writing is gentlemanly and unemotional, full of interesting facts and dull observations, and in the end not really equal to the excitement of the material. Yet what else is there to recommend on this period? We shall undoubtedly go on reading Flexner until some more enterprising writer, who feels more at home in the twentieth century but no less interested in the art of the nineteenth, turns his attention to this crucial native tradition. The illustrations, in black and white, are mediocre but follow the text in a useful way, and the text is handsomely printed.

THE ARTIST'S VOICE. By Katharine Kuh. Harper & Row. 248 pp. $7.50.

What should have been a valuable record of talks with seventeen artists living in America turns out to be very disappointing. It will interest only those who have not yet studied very deeply the art of the participants, who include Albers, Calder, Stuart Davis, Duchamp, Gabo, Hofmann, Hopper, Lipchitz and Tobey among the more celebrated. Miss Kuh is herself a sophisticated observer of the contemporary scene and currently art critic for the *Saturday Review,* but for some reason she has adopted a posture of cultural innocence in these talks which insures their never straying from the superficial. If she had been more willing to be herself in these exchanges, perhaps the artists would have felt more of an obligation to probe something deeper than the tops of their heads. As it is, we are given a pleasant, chatty book which tells us nothing we did not already know.

Drawings

MASTER DRAWINGS: In Private Collections. By Eric Van Schack. 90 pp. *EXTRAVAGANT DRAWINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: From the Collection of the Cooper Union Museum.* By Richard P. Wunder. 107 pp. Lambert-Spector. Dist. by So. Illinois Univ. Press. $8.75 ea.

Elegant and beautiful books devoted to elegant and beautiful examples of the draftsman's art. Each contains a knowledgeable introduction and interesting notes on each drawing. About seventy-five drawings in each, well printed. The volume of eighteenth-century extravagances from the Cooper Union collection will be of interest to specialists in decorative detail. The volume of *Master*

(*Continued on page 456*)

THREE POEMS . .

IN THE "new wave" of Soviet Russian poets Andrei Voznesensky, 28, and a graduate from an architectural college, is considered the most inventive, original and "modern" even by his now world-famous rival and friend Yevgeni Yevtushenko. Voznesensky's first book of poems, *Mosaica,* appeared three years ago—"winning," as Yevtushenko tells us, "instant acclaim and rising like a rocket into the starry firmament of poetry." Space-travel metaphors seem to be popular with Russians trying to describe his work: the Soviet critic Korneli Zelinski has called him "a poet of the generation of cosmonauts," and he himself does sometimes seem to be obsessed by geometrical and astro-technical terminology.

To a Western reader, Voznesensky's poetry seems strongly influenced by such great classics of European modernism as Apollinaire, with his Cubist mind-jumps and juxtapositions, and Eliot of the "composite image." It is also probable that Voznesensky knows contemporary Polish poetry, as some of his own poems get into print only in Polish translations.

However, Voznesensky's other, less self-consciously progressive and futuristic vein, represented here by a poem on railroads, women and the moon, has produced work of striking simplicity and "blues" feeling. It seems even closer to contemporary concerns in American poetry than his long sequence on his visit (with Yevtushenko) to New York in 1960, "The Three-Cornered Pear," which appeared in the Russian literary magazine *Znamya* early this year.

The young woman referred and spoken to in the other two poems is a kind of recurrent "dark lady" in his poems: "There was a girl once/in our street,/ she studied, too/we passed through exams/hand in hand./But then/theDevil took me . . ./Above me now/the Tiflis sky/and its ambiguous jewels. . ." She obviously represents Russian youth in the present period of transition, its doubts, quandaries, general "lostness"—but also, its strong belief in progress toward a new, and clearer, way of life, based on a "humanized technology." The references to "builders" and "pygmies" in the poem "Who Are You?" correspond to terms commonly used in the Soviet version of the Two Cultures controversy, humanist culture vs. the New Men. Voznesensky, being an architect, and one with an almost fanatical distaste for the Stalinist neo-Victorianisms, feels himself to be a personal synthesis of these, to him, largely imaginary antipodes.

Anselm Hollo

. . ANDREI VOZNESENSKY (Anselm Hollo, Translator)

Who Are You?

What are we: poker chips or great men?
Cells of genius in the blood of this planet —
Indivisible: no "builders," no "poets"
"Pygmies" — or hipsters, passing the word:

Whatever we do, the smallpox of time won't get us!
"Who are you?" — it is like a punch in the face,
All of a sudden: sucked forward, we go
The cinders are flying back from our heels.

Who are you, who are you? Then, all of a sudden?
Aphrodite is itching to cast off her cloak. . . .
Starlings scurry to mate with strong crows —
Architects! open your mouths, to build a new poem.

And the poet-girls, running, running, the thaw
in their palms
Toward the trembling black grove. . . .
But you?
For months on end you've been aiming at stars
& tramping the roads. You finished your school
You cut off your tresses, became a sales girl and
gave that up.
And again & again, repetitiously, like children's games. . . .
I see you
there, surrounded by posters and slogans
A lost, tiny woman, and out of breath. . . .

Who are you? who? as sadly you stare at the books
Into the windows — but who, who are you there?
Or bending, over a microscope, or likewise over
The pupils, immobile, of those men's eyes. . . .

But I am with you, lost with you, Vera, Vega!
Even I am impossible, among the avalanches of white —
As impossible to track down as the Snowman
In the great Himalayas.

Where Are You?

You live with your aunt.
She loves *canzoni.*
She sneezes.
She likes to wear masculine
Underwear.
O we hate her,
The damned old hag. . . .

O we're good friends with the old couch.
As one is friends with a peacably-minded bear.
It keeps us warm, like a breast in a palm
And there's this smell
Of beehives,
Beehives among the trees

—but in Susdal it's Easter!
but in Susdal there are great crowds
there is laughter, there are wheeling
swarms of crows —

Through my cheek you are telling me your childhood
Whispering, of a child in that village, of suns
And horses, and beehives, resplendent like icons.
That sheen of honey is still on your hair. . . .

I live in Russia — surrounded by snow and Saints.

You Sit There

You sit there, big with child and pale.
There have been changes made.
You sit there, tugging at your skirt and
wanting to cry.

Yes. What on earth
do they get out of it? Women
falling, letting us enter as they fall
upon us — then, later, running to see us
go by at the crossing, then, later, staying
staying, when the last carriage has passed.

How you ran, after that train.
Staring at windows blurred into streaks of black glass.
Chabarowsk, Lyuberetzk
express trains, mail trains, all go
rumbling by.

And from Moscow to Ash'habad
— stricken: to the point of muteness
stone-like, these women stand
offering their big bellies to the moon.
And, as it is turning toward the light
in its nightly existence, unlived,

How well it can understand them,
that planet
heavy with an enormous pale belly. . . .

(Continued from page 454)

Drawings is a more general survey from Fra Bartolommeo to Bonington.

EPSTEIN DRAWINGS. Notes by Lady Epstein. Introduction by Richard Buckle. World. 150 pp., 64 plates. $7.50.

Anyone with an interest in Epstein's sculpture will naturally want to look at these drawings, yet the book itself is a curiously insubstantial affair. The short introduction says nothing the educated reader is not already likely to know, and Lady Epstein's notes are scattered and incomplete. The drawings are of great interest, but expensive at this price, and one surely wants to see them in much greater numbers.

Picture Books

LONDON PERCEIVED. Text by V. S. Pritchett. Photographs by Evelyn Hofer. Harcourt, Brace & World. 116 pp. $15.

Pritchett's text is so very much alive with the past history and present life of London that it quite reverses the usual order of interest in books of this type. He is, of course, an accomplished travel writer as well as a critic and short story writer, and in turning to his native capital he has produced a small classic. Miss Hofer's photographs, though magnificently printed, are not really in the same class. She does well with parks and trees, or wherever the human element can be by-passed, but she has a lamentable tendency to photograph people as if they were a species of decaying sculpture. Miss Hofer will be remembered for her photographs in Mary McCarthy's book, *The Stones of Florence*, which made that lovely Italian city look as if nobody lived there. London yields very little to her photographic style, and Pritchett's rich evocation of London life makes a mockery of it.

LES PAVILLONS: *French Pavilions of the Eighteenth Century.* Text by Cyril Connolly. Photographs by Jerome Zerbe. Macmillan. 211 pp. $15.

Here again the text is all. Watching Connolly have a go at eighteenth-century French elegance — somehow it is more like a rare sporting event than a literary performance — is a pleasant enough diversion for a winter afternoon, but who wants to pay $15 for what is essentially a short magazine piece? The photographs are good, but not outstandingly so, and they are indifferently printed. There must be an audience for this sort of book that I don't know about.

A TIME OF GODS: *A Photographer in the Wake of Odysseus.* By Roloff Beny. Viking. 272 pp., 148 plates. $20.

Preposterous! A photographic confection which sums up everything that is most pretentious and effete in the current fads of touring Greece and producing picture books for Christmas. The juxtaposition of selections from Chapman's Homer with Beny's slick shots is sickening where it is not just hilarious.

THE WONDERS OF SPAIN. Introduction by Jacques Lafaye. Text and Notes by Yves Bottineau. Translated from the French by Katherine Delavenay. Viking. 284 pp., 164 plates. Until Dec. 31: $22.50; thereafter, $25.

More of the same. This time, a tourist's view of Spain, with a Musak-like text. Books of this sort are masterpieces of book production, but have literally nothing to say about anything *but* the way they are produced. (Here the text is printed on beautiful ochre sheets about the thickness of fine cardboard.) Perhaps it is all an allegory on the way technology has overtaken the mind, even in the making of books. In any event, if some generous but misguided relative gives you this for Christmas, you can exchange it for half a dozen books that you will actually be able to — you'll excuse the expression — *read!*

What's Wrong With the Ivy?

THE COLLEGE NOVEL IN AMERICA. By John O. Lyons. Southern Illinois University Press. 208 pp. $4.50.

Saul Maloff

THE NOVEL deals with the real social world, with man in society, in community, however misshapen, however close to disintegration that society may be. Community need not be dramatically present, as it characteristically is in the classical novel; its *felt* presence — in Trilling's felicitous phrase: "a culture's hum and buzz of implication" — is sufficient, and provides the novel's action with a larger radiance of significance, makes it emblematic.

For the novelist, the academic community would seem to provide spectacular advantages as "material." At a time when the very word "community" has become a key term of contemporary discourse, token of a longing peculiarly modern, of an anguish widely felt, academe would seem the splendid exception to the general chaos, a reminder of what community was, and can be. The log has not disappeared entirely, and there are still teachers and students to sit on it; it is non-technological, relatively; its population and the area it occupies are small enough to allow of face-to-face encounters.

Moreover, it is, or seems to be, coherent, self-contained, a common enterprise within which people work and dwell, live and grow old and die. It has its own rituals and ceremonies, legends and myths, a holy language and a sacred tradition, a kind of secular religion with devotees whose sole calling it is to tend the flame in the temple. The conjunction, then, of such a community and the novelists who since the war have flocked there in droves seemed to be a happy one for the art of the novel. If we could not expect a divine comedy, we had reason to hope for a human comedy.

Yet Santayana wrote in 1950 (in a letter): "To judge from my experience I should say that Harvard yields no good materials for fiction." There lies the sad and surprising story, and we may read "Harvard" (here as elsewhere) as symbolic of the general condition. The evidence, as set out in John O. Lyons' useful and nearly comprehensive book, *The College Novel in America*, leads overwhelmingly to the conclusion that, apart from a very few books, the record is one of dismal artistic failure; and even those few books are not *"college* novels" in the sense that their central action would be inconceivable in some other context — say a suburb, or a board room.

WHY is this? The two best-known college novels — Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* and Randall Jarrell's *Pictures in an Institution* — are little more than extended funny stories of a familiar kind, the lore of the faculty lounge. Neither novelist, one is certain, would ever think of poising against the "progressive" colleges of their jokes ideal ones of their imagining which would serve the moral purpose of reproach and corrective. In the absence of so much as a hint of that other, ideal, community which this one violates, the satiric intention results in farce — of the classroom, as well as the bedroom, variety. Robie Macauley's *The Disguises of Love* is about an affair between a middle-

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aged man who is said to be a professor and a girl who is said to be a student. Shirley Jackson's *Hangsaman* is damaged precisely by an affirming sentimentality (though Miss Jackson's is a fine, strong, original, unsentimental talent). Certainly Bernard Malamud's *A New Life* (which Lyons fails to deal with, or even perceive, in its own terms) will not yield to so gross a category as "college novel": Malamud's vision is intransigent and idiosyncratic, his landscape is grotesque and desolate, a place for fable and fantasy and nightmare, the drama of the heart, not of quotidian reality. Surprisingly, Lyons ignores George P. Elliot's *Parktilden Village* and John Barth's *The End of the Road.*

When a novel attempts to affirm the *official*, professed values of the academy (by taking its rhetoric, its public "image" for granted, as in Theodore Morrison's *Stones of the House* or Carlos Baker's *Friend in Power*), it turns out to be a sanctimonious bore as well as a bad novel in all other respects. All the others — whether they are told from the point of view of the teacher or of the student — are either sneers or cries of rage, mocking laughter or screams of pain and affliction. Something human, they all say, is being killed here, by an inhuman machine that is a horror and a travesty; human life is possible only when the maimed protagonist leaves the college to seek whatever community he can find in the world without. The college, represented by the Philistine-professor and the Philistine-official, inflicts death to the spirit; and in these novels it is there, rather than at home or in the provincial town, that one learns of the world's treason. Salinger's novel about a boy who leaves prep school differs from the others only in the manner of the telling.

IF IT IS to have any importance, the college novel must succeed as a novel; and in order to do so, it must achieve the formal end of the novel (and any other work of art), which is unity, coherence, seamlessness. The setting cannot be haphazard, incidental: it must be organic, it must work, not only literally, but emblematically, metaphorically, as Dostoevski's Petersburg does, and Dickens' London, and Brontë's heath, and Hardy's moor, and Jane Austen's country house. There must, that is, be a profound relatedness between actor and act and scene of action. When this is not so we "skip" the descriptive passages, as school children do, because they do not matter, and because dialogue is easier to read. Before a writer can succeed in this way, he must understand his scene profoundly and render it exactly, in its essence; and this the college novelist has typically failed to do. Perhaps what we are really pointing at is the community itself.

Community creates the widest spectrum of possibility: that is what community is, and that is what it affords the novelist. Yet the college, we sense in these novels, restricts possibility so severely as to eliminate significance. Despite appearances, despite theory and rhetoric, it is possible that the college may be no community at all, an anti-community; or a most unnatural and inorganic one, in which the aging do not grow old and die but merely go on sabbaticals, in which the young (in the words of the poet W. D. Snodgrass) grow "younger and pinker every year" and "bloom gradually out of reach." It is possible that, for the novel, the college's characteristic conflicts are mean and trivial; that nothing much is really at stake, certainly not the life of the mind and spirit.

Perhaps that is why, thrown back on itself, seeking for its *distinctive* identity as a community, the college novel reverts again and again to a very few situations: a struggle for power in a bureaucracy; a conflict between a sensitive teacher (or student) and some wicked (or foolish) antagonist; a professor's affair with an undergraduate. Where power is at issue, nothing we really care about is at stake; and as for sex, its distinctive possibilities for the novel seem exhausted — or, worse, uninteresting. Perhaps the undergraduate-as-lover is simply too limited, and limiting, a figure.

Carlyle once said, in a relatively philanthropic moment, that all young men ought to be kept under barrels between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. (He knew nothing of women's colleges.) On the evidence, so far as novelists are concerned, they might as well be there.

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1962 by writers who also contributed to The Nation *in that year. This compilation has become a year-end feature of the magazine — a service to readers and authors. Books published in England are listed for the record. However, they are available on special order from most booksellers.*

Nelson Algren. *Book of Lonesome Monsters.* Lancer. 60c paper.
Chicago: City on the Make. Contact Editions. 95c paper.

Marston Bates. *The Prevalence of People.* Scribner's. $1.65 paper.

Carleton Beals. *Cyclone Carry: The Story of Carry Nation.* Chilton. $6.

Carol Berge (with Diane Wakoski, Barbara Moraff and Rochelle Owens). *Four Young Lady Poets.* Corinth. $1.25 paper.

Peter L. Bernstein. *The Price of Prosperity.* Doubleday. $4.50.

Sol Biderman. *What Shall I Do in Summer? and other Poems.* Macmillan. $1 paper.

Robert Bly. *Silence in the Snowy Fields.* Wesleyan. $3.50. $1.45 paper.
The Lion's Tail and Eyes. Sixties Press. $2. $1 paper.

Andrew Boyd. *United Nations: Piety, Myth, and Truth.* Penguin. 85c paper.
Atlas of African Affairs. Praeger. $3.50. $1.75 paper.
Atlas of World Affairs (revised edition). Praeger. $1.65 paper.

Urie Bronfenbrenner. *Man Alone.* Dell. 95c paper.

Kenneth Burke. *A Grammar of Motives* and *A Rhetoric of Motives.* Meridian. $2.95 paper.

Hayden Carruth. *The Norfolk Poems.* Prairie Press. $3.

Fred J. Cook. *The Warfare State.* Macmillan. $4.95.
P. T. Barnum. Encyclopedia Britannica Press. $2.95.

Robert C. Cook. *Population and Food Supply.* U.N. 50c paper.

Robert Creeley. *For Love: Poems 1950-1960.* Scribner's. $3.50. $1.45 paper.

David Daiches. *White Man in the Tropics.* Harcourt. $1.95 paper.
Willa Cather. Collier. 95c paper.

Jonathan Daniels. *The Devil's Backbone: The Story of the Natchez Trace.* McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

Irving Dillard, editor. *The Spirit of Liberty: Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand.* Vintage. $1.25 paper.

Harry W. Ernst. *The Primary That Made a President: West Virginia 1960.* McGraw-Hill. 50c paper.

Victor C. Ferkiss. *Communism Today: Belief and Practice.* Paulist Press. 95c paper.

Georges Friedmann. *The Anatomy of Work.* Free Press. $5.

Jack Gilbert. *Views of Jeopardy.* Yale. $3. $1.25 paper.

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Norman A. Graebner. *Cold War Diplomacy.* Van Nostrand. $1.25 paper.

John Greenway. *Primitive Music.* Univer. of Colorado. $4.50.

Peoples and Cultures of Australia. Univer. of Colorado. $4.50.

Joseph Heller. *Catch-22.* Dell. 75c paper.

Anselm Hollo, editor and translator. *Red Cats: Yevtushenko, Kirsanov, Voznesensky.* City Lights. $1 paper.

Editor and translator. *Some Poems by Paul Klee.* Scorpion Press/City Lights. $1.75 paper.

Edwin Honig. *The Gazabos: 41 Poems and the Widow.* Clarke & Way. $1.45 paper.

Editor (with Oscar Williams). *Mentor Book of Major American Poets.* New American Library. 95c paper.

Roy Hoopes. *A Report on Fallout in Your Food.* New American Library. 50c paper.

What the President Does All Day. John Day. $2.50.

State Colleges and Universities: A Guide for Prospective Students. Robert Luce. $4.95. $3.95 paper.

Irving L. Horowitz. *Radicalism and the Revolt Against Reason.* Humanities Press. $6.

Philosophy, Science and the Sociology of Knowledge. Charles C. Thomas. $7.75.

Clive Jenkins. *Powêr Behind the Screen.* McGibbon and Kee. 25s.

Frederick R. Karl. *The Contemporary English Novel.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95.

George Kauffman. *The Other Man: Poems.* Kept Press. $1 paper.

William Melvin Kelley. *A Different Drummer.* Doubleday. $3.95.

Christopher Lasch. *The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution.* Columbia. $6.50.

Robert Lax. *New Poems.* Journeyman Books. $1.50 paper.

Michael Lewis. *Napoleon and His British Captives.* Allen & Unwin. 42s.

A History of the British Navy. Penguin. 8/6.

Translator, *The Spanish Armada.* Payot. 15 fr.

Saul Maloff. *Avon Treasury of Great Poetry.* Avon. 50c paper.

Eve Merriam. *Basics: An I-Can-Read Book for Grownups.* Macmillan. $2.50.

There Is No Rhyme for Silver (poetry, juvenile). Atheneum. $3.25.

Walter M. Miller, Jr. *Conditionally Human.* Ballantine. 50c paper.

Earl Miner (with Robert H. Brower). *Japanese Court Poetry.* Stanford University Press. $8.75.

Assoc. editor. *The Works of John Dryden.* California Univer. $10.

Herbert Mitgang. *Lincoln As They Saw Him.* Collier. $1.50 paper.

Editor. *Lincoln's Time.* Collier. 95c paper.

Fred Warner Neal. *War & Peace & Germany.* Norton. $3.95.

James R. Newman. *The Rule of Folly.* Simon & Schuster. $1 paper.

Editor. *The Harper Encyclopedia of Science.* Harper & Row. $24.95 (after Christmas, $30).

George Oppen. *The Materials.* New Directions. $1.25 paper.

Joel L. Oppenheimer. *The Love Bit.* Totem/Corinth. $1.25 paper.

Raymond Postgate. *Revolution from 1789 to 1906.* Harper & Row. $1.95 paper.

David M. Potter. *Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis.* Yale Univ. Press. $1.95 paper.

Trail to California. Yale Univ. Press. $1.75 paper.

J. F. Powers. *Morte d'Urban.* Doubleday. $4.50.

The Presence of Grace. Atheneum. $1.25 paper.

Kenneth Rexroth. *Assays.* New Directions. $2.25 paper.

Poems from the Greek Anthology. Univer. of Michigan. $1.75 paper.

Jerome Rothenberg (with Michael Benedikt and Ralph Gladstone). *Max Jacob: Selected Writings.* New Fresco. $1 paper.

Karl Ruppenthal. *The Air Line Dispatcher in North America.* Stanford Univ. Graduate School of Business. $5.

Transportation Frontiers. Stanford Univer. Graduate School of Business. $5.95.

James Schevill. *Private Dooms & Public Destinations: Poems 1945-1962.* Alan Swallow. $1.65 paper.

Samuel Shapiro. *Richard Henry Dana Jr.* Michigan State Univ. $5.

Roger L. Shinn. *The Sermon on the Mount.* United Church Press. $1.45 paper.

J. David Singer. *Deterrence, Arms Control & Disarmament.* Ohio State Univ. $5.50.

Bradford Smith. *Portrait of India.* Lippincott. $5.95.

William Stafford. *Traveling Through the Dark.* Harper & Row. $3.50.

George Steiner, editor (with Robert Fagles). *Homer: Critical Essays.* Prentice-Hall. $1.95 paper.

Robert Sward. *Uncle Dog and Other Poems.* Putnam's. $1.25 paper.

Thomas H. Uzzell. *The Twilight of Self-Government.* Bruce Humphries. $4.

Diane Wakoski (with Carol Bergé, Barbara Moraff and Rochelle Owens).

Four Young Lady Poets. Corinth. $1.25 paper.

Coins and Coffins. Hawkswell Press. $1 paper.

ARTHUR I. WASKOW. *The Limits of Defense*. Doubleday. $2.95.

America in Hiding. Ballantine. 60c paper.

ALEXANDER WERTH. *Russia Under Khrushchev*. Hill & Wang. $5. Fawcett. 75c paper.

HARVEY WHEELER (with Eugene Burdick). *Fail-Safe*. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

EDWARD ZIEGLER. *Men Who Make Us Rich*. Macmillan. $4.95.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Art and Criticism

The Sense of Quality and *Rudiments of Connoisseurship* by Bernard Berenson (Schocken, $1.95 ea.; cloth, $4.50). On the taste and disciplined competence reflected in these fifteen essays on Italian Renaissance art and the title essay, "Rudiments of Connoisseurship," most great American collections were assembled. With these essays from the nineties one should remember Sir William Rothenstein's portrait of Berenson in 1907. He is in an Italian landscape, bareheaded, his eyes abstracted and turned aside, his beard still dark, his right hand well manicured, competent and sensitive as it is exposed against his cape. The portrait and the essays illuminate American culture at an important stage as well as the Italian art which was Berenson's explicit subject. The eighty-five plates have lost definition in offset. Also *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* by Mr. Berenson at eighty (Indiana, $1.50).

The Renaissance: Six Essays by Wallace K. Ferguson, Robert S. Lopez, George Sarton, Roland H. Bainton, Leicester Bradner, Edwin Panofsky (Harper & Row, $1.65). Metropolitan Museum papers of 1951-52 on backgrounds of the art.

Carolingian Art by Roger Hinks (Michigan, $1.95; cloth, $4.40). The emergence of a new art, in subject, form and structure, in the Carolingian renaissance, from Mediterranean and northern origins; twenty-four plates.

Egyptian Wall Paintings from Tombs and Temples, introduction by Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt; *Persian Miniatures from Ancient Manuscripts*, introduction by Basil Gray; *Russian Icons from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century*, introduction by Victor Lasareff; *Spanish Frescoes of the Romanesque Period*, introduction by Juan Aimaud (Mentor, 95c ea.). Mentor-UNESCO Art series on 6½" x 4¼" pages; compact, informative introductions with black-and-white half tones plus twenty-eight color plates in each, sometimes fuzzy but excellent at the price.

The Happy Critic by Mark Van Doren (Hill and Wang, $1.45). Thirteen pointed, comfortably informed pieces, 1945-59, from short *Nation* essays to three lectures on *Don Quixote*.

George Eliot: Her Mind and Art by Joan Bennett (Cambridge, $1.45). A durable pattern of concentrated novel criticism, the stimulating analysis of formative influences, reputation, ideas and artistic form and effect.

English Satire by James R. Sutherland (Cambridge, $1.45). A pleasing informal survey in seven lectures, not attempting such probing as Ewald's on Swift or Mudrick's on Jane Austen.

Literary Opinion in America, Morton Dauwen Zabel, editor (Harper & Row, 2 vols., $2.45 ea.). The 1951 edition with its useful analytical introduction and anthology of seventy-seven essays plus new selections on Sherwood Anderson and Fitzgerald; a ten-page bibliography of criticism, 1951-61.

Also: *Artistic Theory in Italy 1450-1600* by Anthony Blunt (Oxford, $1.25). *What Is Art? and Essays on Art* by Leo Tolstoy (Oxford, $1.75). *Music in American Life* by Jacques Barzun (Indiana, $1.75).

Biography

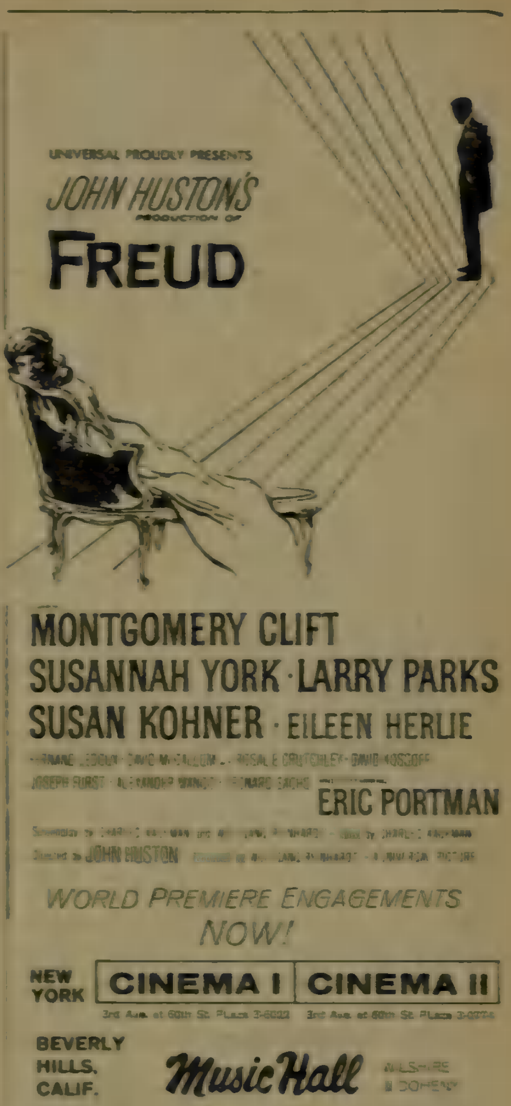
Karl Marx: The Story of His Life by Franz Mehring (Michigan, $2.95). An exceptionally successful combination of narrative with explorations of Marx's thought by a leading German Marxist, 1892-1919.

Albert Einstein, His Work and Its Influence on Our World (Scribner's, $1.25). A non-mathematical study for general readers; covers Einstein's generalized theory of gravitation.

Picasso: His Life and Work by Roland Penrose (Schocken, $2.45). A full-length biography and critical study by a personal friend, chairman of the British Institute of Contemporary Arts.

Mozart, His Character, His Work by Alfred Einstein (Oxford, $2.65). Searching, lively, standard; a source of new understanding for informed readers and listeners, now corrected by the German edition of 1953.

Toulouse-Lautrec by Henri Perruchot (Collier, $1.50). A close-packed, vivid, intimate life of great compassion and



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The Life of Lewis Carroll by Florence Becker Lennon (Collier, 95c). Usefully revises and expands the Freudian *Victoria Through the Looking Glass* of 1945; illustrated.

Aubrey's Brief Lives, edited by Oliver Lawson Dick (Michigan, $2.25). One hundred thirty-four brilliantly revealing gossipy sketches, chiefly of seventeenth-century Englishmen, with useful headnotes and Dick's lively account of John Aubrey and his times.

Politics and History

The United Nations as a Political Institution by H. G. Nicholas (Oxford, $1.75). Origin, development and operation of the United Nations as a functioning organization; revised and extended through Hammarskjold's death.

The Peoples and Policies of South Africa by Leo Marquard (Oxford, $2.25). Historical background and gripping treatments of the people and problems, with predictions of extensive policy changes.

An Introduction to the History of West Africa by J. D. Fage (Cambridge, $1.45). Nigeria to Senegal; sketchy till 1500; fuller on slave and colonial periods, now covering the independence movement since 1945.

The Myth of the Ruling Class: Gaetano Mosca and the "Elite" by James H. Meisel (Michigan, $2.25). Based largely on writings of Mosca not yet translated into English, Meisel's work traces the progression of his ideas relating to rule by elites from his youth to old age.

A Study of History by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford, Vols. 4-6, $2.65, $2.75, $2.45). Concludes Toynbee's sober but not fatalistic interpretation with his two volumes on "The Disintegration of Civilizations."

Also: *Nehru on World History,* condensed by Saul K. Padover from *Glimpses of World History* (Indiana, $2.45). *Indian Idealism* by Surendranath Dasgupta (Cambridge, $1.65). *Mohammedanism: A Historical Survey* by H. A. R. Gibb (Oxford, $1.25). *The Social Structure of Islam* by Reuben Levy (Cambridge, $2.95).

Miscellaneous

The New Jazz Book: A History and Guide by Joachim E. Berendt (Hill and Wang, $2.45; cloth, $5). The leading German treatment of American jazz styles and performers and the elements and character of jazz; photographs.

The Ship of Fools by Sebastian Brant (Dover, $2). Edwin H. Zeydel's sinewy, apt translation of Brant's widely influential satirical sketches with the hundred superb woodcuts of the Basel edition of 1494; good commentary.

The Beggar's Opera by John Gay, Benjamin W. Griffith, editor (Barron's Educational Series, 95c). The music, line drawings and a useful introduction to the eighteenth-century satire that made the producer Rich gay and Gay rich.

A Short History of Scientific Ideas to 1900 by Charles Singer (Oxford, $2.45). An authoritative basic account greatly expanding *A Short History of Science* and stressing ideas and attitudes rather than masses of data as the distinctive mark of science; heavily illustrated.

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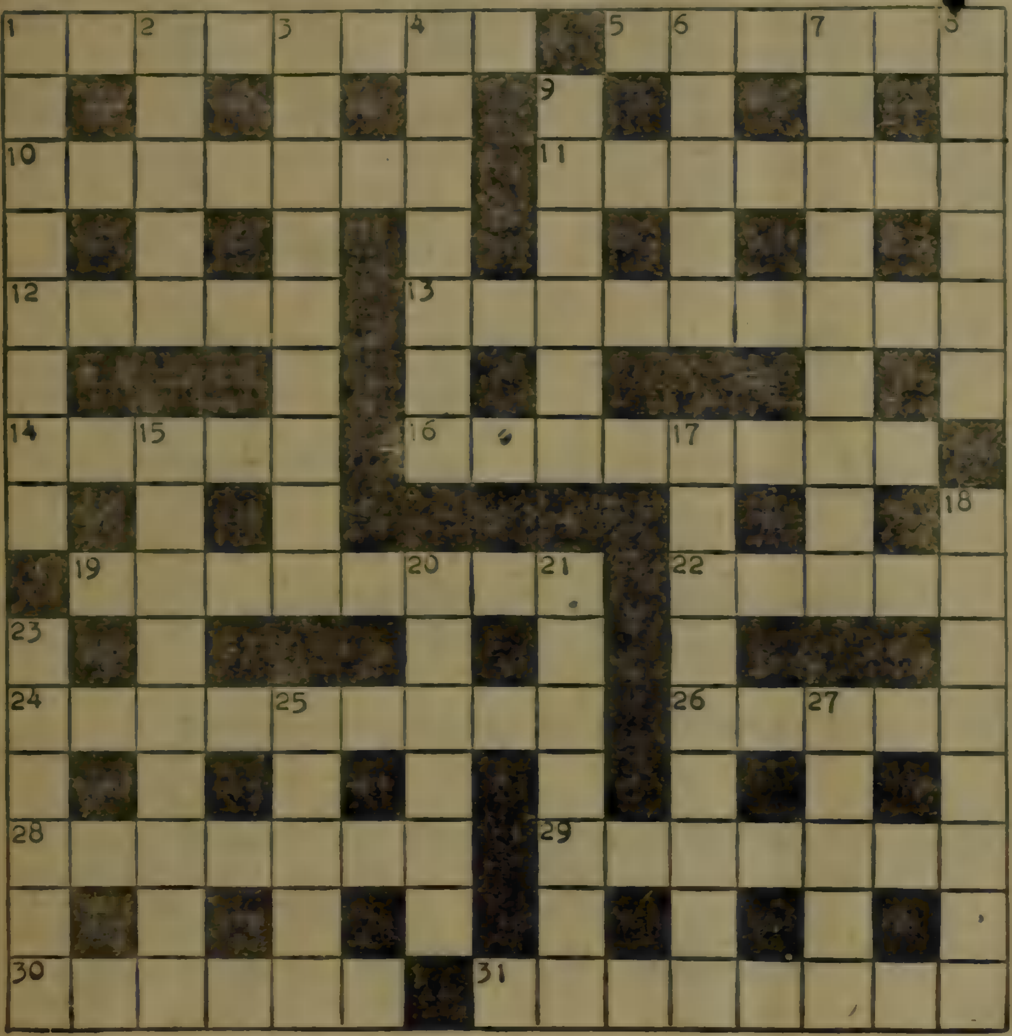
Crossword Puzzle No. 99

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Don't wipe this spot where dampness shows up! (3, 5)
5 Toy dog to fondle? (6)
10 Stuffy—or perhaps just flat! (7)
12 Something new in electronics sounds as though it doesn't work. (5)
13 The source of the flag, in one sense. (5, 4)
14 and 22 Shakespeare for the very young? (6, 4)
16 Try one of many beers—it might set a precedent. (4, 4)
19 Steers in the correct direction, as one may infer. (8)
24 Give point to a neatly turned phrase, when the joke boomerangs. (7, 2)
26 and 11 Implying no loss of virtue. (5, 7)
28 It made the poet's pumper a jumper. (7)
29 Somewhat less than an adult member of the pack, or material for one. (7)
30 and 31 Amateurs in this category should pull down the shades. (6, 8)

DOWN:

1 Having lost its vitality, hair and things might be tied up this way. (8)
3 Goes past one's stop? (9)
4 Cyrano had to stick his, and get barely beat. (4, 3)
6 The character of the first-run cast —presumably the last one. (5)
7 Certainly not an amateur foreign agent! (9)
8 Equivalent to how journeys end, if they're secret. (6)
9 Starve such a condition? One turns away the thought! (6)
15 and 2 The political bailiwicks of America-Firsters? (9, 5)
17 Part of the look-out of law partners? (9)
18 How to get on, in the case of two-wheelers, might present quite a blow. (8)
20 Subscribe again to that concerning the latest? (6)
21 His clothes were unsightly! (7)
23 A deed delivered. (6)
25 Father starts to blow, but he knows his instrument. (5)
27 One's partner sounds rough! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 989

ACROSS: 1 Catchword; 6 Warts; 9 Apparel; 10 Expunge; 11, 25 and 23 Perpetrate; 12 and 13 Storm sewer; 15 Wide-open; 16 Moslem; 18 Tinker; 20 Flatiron; 24 Strain; 28 Hold out; 29 Agonist; 30 Dudes; 31 City-state. DOWN: 1 and 27 Champions; 2 Tapered; 3 Horoscopes; 4 Onlooker; 6 Wipe; 7 Renewal; 8 Steersman; 14 Portentous 15 Watershed; 17 and 5 Pleasant dreams; 19 Nettled; 21 Replica; 22 Static; 26 Title.

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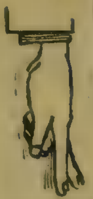
"Let your  do the walking," goes the Yellow Pages' admonition. Our version is slightly different: "Let your fingers do the shopping" — especially when there is so little time left. Sign on the dotted line below and let the do the walking. He'll deliver THE NATION weekly and each time the recipient of your gift will be reminded afresh of your thoughtfulness — and of your good sense when it comes to Christmas giving.

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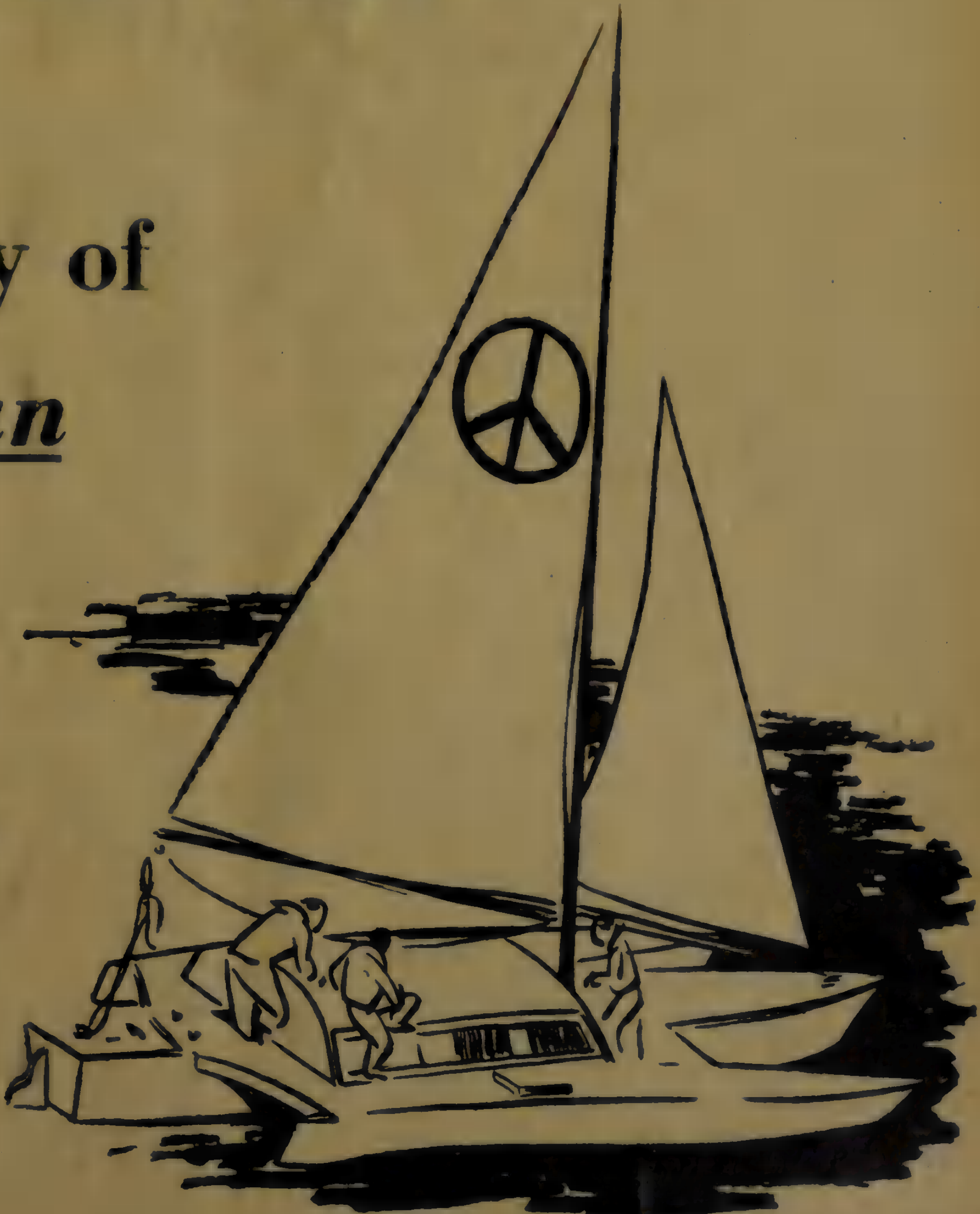
ACT of CONSCIENCE

The Story of *Everyman*

W. S. Merwin



LETTERS

Danger Ahead

Dear Sirs: One may agree with your editorial "Revolution in Reverse" [*The Nation*, Dec. 8] that the myth of "the closed income gap" should be exploded. And in view of seemingly increasing economic inequalities and political problems entailed thereby, one may also agree that it is a sad thing "to be beguiled by roseate visions."

However, it is not at all clear that "a Kefauver-type investigation to clarify and dramatize the issues" is called for or, indeed,. desirable. Such an investigation, with clearly stated *legislative* aims, may be in order; but "clarification and dramatization" is an entirely different matter—a matter, in fact, beyond the scope of a valid Congressional committee. After all, "clarification and dramatization" may also be another way to state the purposes of a HUAC "hearing," and the same arguments one would presume *The Nation* would raise against such "hearings" may apply here. ROBERT CAMMER

Providence, R.I.

Peace Probe Protest

Dear Sirs: In a telegram sent to Speaker John W. McCormack and Congressman Francis E. Walter, more than fifty academic and other intellectual leaders have protested the recent HUAC investigation of Women Strike for Peace and other peace groups. The signers [a partial list—Ed.]: Stringfellow Barr, Carleton Beals, Derk Bodde, Dorothy Brewster, Helen L. Buttenwieser, Edmond Cahn, Thomas I. Emerson,. the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Harburg, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Matthew Josephson, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Kazin, Freda Kirchwey, Denise Levertov, the Rev. John A. MacKay, Mrs. Lewis Mumford, Erwin Panofsky, Clarence E. Pickett, Norman Redlich, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, Aubrey W. Williams. SYLVIA CRANE

New York City

Rewards for Courage

Dear Sirs: The criticism in your Nov. 17 issue of the silence of the faculty at Ole Miss would be more convincing if the critic had presented some plan for those who benefit from the courage of individuals who speak up, to share their hardships with them. It is all very well for outsiders to cheer the troops on who are going into battle, but the outsiders must not turn their backs on them afterwards. The government provides death and disability benefits, mustering out pay and retraining for employment, dislocation allowances and hardship bonuses, for its soldiers, sailors, fliers and Marines. If free-speaking and individual courage, in the American tradition, are still to be considered a social advantage, does not American society owe its civilian fighters for liberty and the rule of law as much as it owes its military fighters? R. WULIGER

Wiesbaden, Germany

Point for Sobell

Dear Sirs: Attorneys for Morton Sobell and astute questioning by Circuit Court Judge Thurgood Marshall have elicited a major concession from U. S. Attorney Robert J. Geniesse in the appeal of Morton Sobell in the Federal Courthouse in New York. Mr. Geniesse, arguing against Sobell's plea, conceded that if Ethel Rosenberg's appeal were held now—particularly in the light of the Supreme Court decision in the *Grunewald* case—her conviction would "probably" have to be reversed. While Mr. Geniesse did not extend this concession to cover Julius Rosenberg, it is clear that the reversal would have had to apply to him, too.

The unfairness which victimized the Rosenbergs can never be undone. Their co-defendant, Morton Sobell, is still around, however, now spending his thirteenth year in prison at Atlanta Penitentiary, in Georgia. Since his "guilt" was predicated upon that of the Rosenbergs, he is entitled to the same reversal which fair play, admittedly, would have required for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

A new trial or freedom for Sobell is even more urgent when we recall that Sobell's conviction rested on the totally uncorroborated testimony of only one witness, a confessed perjuror, testifying in hopes of not being punished (he never was) for his own crimes.

Brooklyn, N.Y. AARON KATZ

German Democracy

Dear Sirs: Your editorial comments on the *Der Spiegel* affair [November 24] seem to me to draw the wrong conclusion. That the proceedings violated commonly accepted Western standards of freedom of the press seems clear. Such violations can be found in countries with a far more liberal tradition than Germany's. But when during the reign of William II (whose chancellors were not responsible to Parliament) or that of Hitler (who permitted no meaningful Parliament at all) did a civil-liberties issue ever topple a cabinet or lead to the downfall of so influential a minister as Franz Josef Strauss? The outcome of the affair would seem to be eloquent testimony that post-World War II German democracy, however imperfect, is much more than a sham.

Chicago, Ill. WALTER L. ARNSTEIN

Graduate Studies

Dear Sirs: The article by Jack Levine in the October 20 issue of *The Nation* ("Hoover and The Red Scare") has inspired six of the graduate students here at the University of Oklahoma to form our own Communist cell. We will then all sell our services to the FBI, and thus, totally without work on our part, we will be able to augment the extremely small salary paid by the university. . . . C. L. CYPERT

Norman, Okla.

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The Nation, Dec. 29, 1962. Vol. 195. No. 22

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 22

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Conscience of the Country

In Puritan, Colonial and even Victorian times, ordinary men worried a good deal about their consciences. They worry less in our day. The conscience of the country — which can only be the consensus of the individual consciences of its citizens — has atrophied. In matters of peace and war, and everything morally important, the conscience of the country has been entrusted to a few men still willing to stick their necks out, like the Rev. Maurice McCracken of Cincinnati (who refused to pay income taxes as a protest against the militarization of the country), or the heroes of the *Everyman* saga, reported in this issue.

In proportion as the national conscience has waned, the power of the government has waxed. In the *Everyman* case, the action of the government was clearly illegal by previous standards, but in the name of national security anything goes. Although not as baldly stated or brutally executed, the action of the government was of a piece with the violation of Belgium by the Germans in World War I. The government blocks out vast areas on the high seas, asserts jurisdiction by rules of its own making, and does all this in the name of the freedom-loving peoples of the earth, with the utmost assurance that only a handful of its own freeborn nationals will protest.

The crowning irony is that these few, whose consciences had not been swallowed up in the general apathy, were not even able to make their protest effective. They were willing to sacrifice themselves. They were not permitted to do so; the heavy hand of Big Brother was laid on them before they could reach the test zone. And the press, which suffers from the same debility of conscience, took as little notice as if they had been harmless lunatics escaping from an asylum.

HUAC in Trouble

The self-proclaimed mission of the House Un-American Activities Committee is to protect American freedoms by exposing Communists. Its actual purpose, clearly delineated in the nearly thirty years of its existence, is to impose conformity by equating dissent with disloyalty. A group of Westchester clergymen came close to saying as much when they declared that two great dangers threaten American democracy: one "an appalling insensitivity to the moral dimensions of the problems of political action . . . the other . . . the pressure to conform to the image by which the majority defines American loyalty."

Westchester is one of the wealthiest counties in the country, and one of the most conservative. The occasion for the pronouncement by these spiritual leaders was the investigation of Women Strike for Peace by a HUAC subcommittee. As *Newsweek* said in reporting the event, almost from the first bang of the gavel the chairman, Rep. Clyde Doyle (D., Calif.) seemed to sense he had bitten off more than he could chew. By taking a principled stand on the right of freedom of association, Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, the chief witness, added to Mr. Doyle's discomfiture. Pressed to declare that — if she had the power — she would not permit a Communist to exercise leadership in W.S.P., she declared that she had no desire to control those who join in the crusade for peace. "Unless everyone in the world joins in this fight, then God help us," said Mrs. Wilson. For the first time in years, an American citizen boldly declared that even Communists have a right to protest their immolation. Communists are members of the human race. Could heresy go farther?

Several possible or probable past Communists were duly ferreted out, but the HUAC operators must have regretted monkeying with W.S.P. The press generally viewed the subcommittee's ordeal with glee. This episode could be the beginning of the end for HUAC. The committee has become not merely malignant, but absurd. On January 9, when new "rules" are slated for adoption in the House, as many as fifty or sixty votes may be mustered against renewing HUAC's mandate. *The Nation* is convinced that HUAC cannot be reformed, cannot be fumigated, cannot be made acceptable to Americans who believe in the guarantees of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Every citizen has a Representative, and every Representative should hear from so many constituents sympathetic to the W.S.P. stand that he will think twice before voting to continue HUAC's tenure.

Behind the Tax Cuts

No important political measure is ever proposed solely, or even primarily, for the reasons publicly proclaimed by its sponsors and supporters. To assume otherwise would be to believe that men have no interests, and that interests do not conflict. Actually, democracy is a push-pull affair, and the contest is rarely conducted on the basis of candid argument. It is in this light that the proposed tax cuts must be viewed.

Some of the most ardent tax-cutters are just as fervent in their desire to cut federal spending. They would have us believe that, taken together, these measures will insure prosperity. That the economy needs stimulation is probable enough, but in that case spending should be maintained — or even increased — at the same time that taxes are being cut. Of course, this skirts the edge of inflation, but it is a consistent policy. Both government spending and tax relief tend to increase individual and corporate spending and to activate the economy.

But this government spending that is to be sustained or increased — is it to go for warfare or welfare? During his first two years in office, President Kennedy has shown alacrity in boosting spending for armaments. He has talked a good deal, also, about spending for education, medical care, etc., but in this sector has had little success with the Congressional groups that hold the purse strings. By all indications this process will continue: the economy will become still more dependent on military spending, and the tax cuts will relieve mainly the large taxpayers and big corporations.

The argument that since the government will be cutting its income it must also cut its expenditures appeals to many citizens who themselves are finding it hard to make ends meet. They are told that the federal budget is like a family budget, and they believe that in some mysterious way what the government spends is taken away from them. These taxpayers will, accordingly, support cuts in welfare spending, and that is precisely the purpose of those who have been against welfare spending since, in the years of the depression, it assumed a large role in the federal economy.

Many interests are for a tax cut primarily for such reasons. They may love the tax cut for itself, but they love the chance to do in some competing interest even more. For example, the American Farm Bureau Federation (if not all its members) would like to see farm subsidies hacked. If there is a tax cut, their chances of applying the ax are improved. The bureau has its reasons, which may be good or bad, but the reasons are hidden behind such rhetoric as, "Who will run the farms of America? Will it be farmers or political bureaucrats?"

For the ordinary citizen who may be exchanging a small cut in his income tax for fewer benefits, it is a time to be realistic, suspicious and wary.

WPA, New-Style

The 1930s have become a sort of taboo period in American history. That was when a third of the nation was ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed. What a contrast with the American of today! Today, almost every deserving person eats his fill of delicious food packed with all its natural goodness, resides in a commodious house, dresses fashionably and, in general, lives the good life. Yet there are some residual ties between the glowing sixties and the gloomy thirties, and the WPA is one of them. In the time of Franklin D. Roosevelt and that horrible Harry Hopkins, WPA stood for Works Progress Administration, and the purpose was to give jobs to people who were too feckless to find employment in private enterprise. Now it might stand for War Production Administration, and practically no one is against it. It still gives jobs, most of them in private enterprise; and the government is relegated to its proper role — that of financing the whole gigantic, beneficent effort.

For a while, of course, the War Production Administration was naively thought to provide for the common defense, as the Constitution says, but this notion has long since been discarded. The common defense was provided for some time ago, as a result of the patriotic labors of the inventors of the missile gap and other lacunas in our military posture. There are, after all, only so many Russians to kill, and though each one may be killed several times over, a limit is reached all too soon. The best way out of the dilemma is to stop pretending that the armament program has anything to do with defense. A certain number of jobs are to be created. Production of missiles, aircraft, ships, etc., should be computed accordingly, without any extraneous parameters.

On this basis, there would be no question of canceling the Skybolt air-launched ballistic missile merely because it doesn't work, and substituting Minutemen, some of which probably won't work either. The specious argument is offered that 408 Skybolts will cost $2.8 billion, while the same number of Minutemen will cost only $2.0 billion. So what? The emphasis should be on the fact that one out of every six employees of Douglas Aircraft's Missiles and Space Division is working on the Skybolt, and many others would lose jobs at Northrup, Aerojet-General and General Electric. And think of all those small subcontractors and their employees! No; let us have the Skybolt and the Minutemen too— and an end of all this niggling about "defense."

Japan Reviviscent

During the recent visit of Foreign Minister Masayoshi Ohira and other members of the Japanese cabinet, President Kennedy let fly with a maladroit toast at a White House lunch party. Japan and the United States, said Mr. Kennedy, should consider how to contain Chinese Communist expansion "so that we do not find the Chinese moving out into a dominant position in all Asia." The Japanese gentlemen no doubt took this in with their traditional politeness, but in Tokyo the reaction was sharply adverse. Yes indeed, said Prime Minister Ikeda, Japan is committed to a policy of anti-communism — but it has no intention of halting trade with Red China. To the same effect, the talks in Washington ended with assurances that no understandings were reached to contain the Chinese Reds.

For once, a post-conference communique meant something. It meant even more than it said. The time is approaching when Japan will once more pursue an independent foreign policy. It could not do so until it had regained economic independence, but that has been achieved in large measure. Political independence will follow. The result, far from Japanese adherence to the U.S. policy of trying to isolate Red China, will be trade between the two countries on a larger scale.

In fact, conditions are ripening for a Chinese-Japanese economic concordat. It will be on the only sound basis possible — the needs of both countries. Trade between the Soviet Union and Red China in 1962 will be at the lowest level since 1951. According to some reports, Cuba, with seven million people, will be carrying on a larger volume of trade with the Soviet Union than China, with almost 700 million. Japan needs to do business in the Chinese market. Trade with the United States is not, and will not be, at a level which can absorb Japan's rapidly growing industrial capacity. Japan is our second biggest foreign customer (Canada, only semi-foreign, is the first), but our purchases from Japan are only about 60 per cent of our sales. We will not buy more because in many fields American goods are in competition with Japanese goods, and the United States has a labor surplus. Looking toward Europe, Japan sees the tariff barriers which are the principal *raison d'être* of the Common Market. Only in China is there a practically virgin market.

The emergence of Japan from its "low posture" may be one of the principal international developments of 1963. On balance, it will probably be a good thing. A Japanese note of realism in Asia will tend to counteract the unreality of our relations with China.

THE STORY of *EVERYMAN*

ACT OF CONSCIENCE . .

by W. S. Merwin

IT WAS as well for its reputation that the wind was hesitant, slipping across San Francisco Bay toward the Pacific on the early morning of May 26, 1962—and that it was not a citizen of the place whence it was blowing. In moving the thirty-foot sailing vessel *Everyman* from a mooring in Sausalito toward the boat's published destination in mid-ocean, it was helping to violate an order of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California, and other accessories in the departure would shortly be unable to prove that the sailing was not an act of criminal contempt.

The three men on board the *Everyman* were used to considering their proposed voyage in other terms. It was their illusion that they were acting in contempt of no one—they supposed that there was some possible distinction between disobedience and scorn. They had stated repeatedly and publicly what they took to be their purpose: to sail their craft into the "danger area" which the United States Atomic Energy Commission had defined around Christmas Island, in the Pacific. Somewhere in the area, the commission was currently engaged in carrying out the *Dominic* series of nuclear tests, which President Kennedy, with a statement of his exceeding regret, had announced in late April. The crew of the *Everyman*, and the people who had sponsored and abetted the departure, conceived of the trip as a protest against the resumption of nuclear testing by any government, even their own. Once in the "danger area," the sailors said, they intended to stay there until they were themselves destroyed, or removed, or until the tests had stopped. If they survived, they had further plans for sailing toward the Soviet Union to protest the nuclear expolsions which the Russians said would follow the American ones.

Participants in the *Everyman* project, most of whom were affiliated in some way with the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) which had organized it, had claimed from the start that their activities were dictated by their consciences, for which they professed remarkable respect in spite of the fact that these consciences were at variance, here and there, with the incentives of duly elected government.

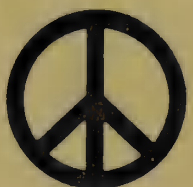
They had built, then, this plywood

W. S. MERWIN, poet (and former poetry editor of The Nation*), has long been a sympathetic observer of the peace movement. His latest book of poems is* The Drunk in the Furnace *(Macmillan).*

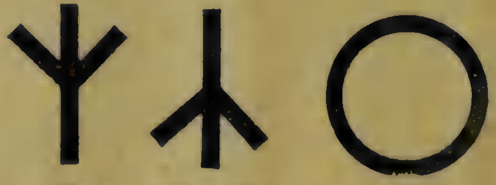
sailboat: a three-hulled affair officially classed as a trimaran. Symbolism, it is said, had nothing to do with the decision. They had merely considered that this sort of craft would be fast and, they were persuaded, seaworthy, and that it would be possible to build it more quickly and cheaply than any more conventional rig which could possibly carry three men three thousand miles into the Pacific. It was their opinion that, with the use of local materials and the donation of local skills, it would be less expensive to build such a boat than it would be to buy one. So they had done it themselves, putting the vessel together in the course of a few weeks, earlier in the spring.

Logic of the Symbols

But symbolism was never far from their efforts, as perhaps is inevitable with acts of conscience, and the builders were early reduced to consoling themselves with considerations of what their project might signify, rather than what it might accomplish. Some of their symbols were simply given to them. It did not take much discussion, for instance, to decide that the mainsail would serve as backing for a large cut-out of the Aldermaston insignia, dark blue on the white cloth. This mark was already traditional to world peace movements, and the CNVA may have entertained hopes that it would mean something to such members of the general public as might have it brought to their attention, but events were to show that any expectations of this sort were over-optimistic. The sign:



This character is most frequently explained as a representation of the semaphore code letters N for "nuclear" and D for "disarmament." At one point when the symbol was being evolved in 1958, a cross had been suggested, but it was pointed out that the cross had been used to sanction violence by the Crusaders, had been a military decoration in several countries, and had been invoked to bless the dropping of A- and H-bombs over Japan. But with the arms of the cross shown drooping as a symbol of human grief, the figure was the same as the combined semaphores for N and D. Apparently the sign had been anticipated in older symbology, as well. Lanier C. Greer, in a letter to *The Nation* (June 23, 1962) refers to Robert Krock's *The Book of Signs*, where the following interpretations, dating from the Middle Ages or earlier, are given:



The suggestion is that the sign stands not for an abbreviation which is necessarily exclusive to the English language, but can be read (and for that matter might have been so read, in cultures that were in ruins before ours began) with a more ample interpretation, to mean "Man Dies in Fire" or "Man Dies Unborn." It was to these ambiguities, at any rate, that the CNVA invited the wind.

The Christening

Then there was the naming of the boat itself. The keepers of the free world have had the luck to find places called Holy Loch and Christmas Island ready to hand for their uses in opposing a godless ideology. Obviously the same facilities were not available to the CNVA and its abettors, and their christenings were open to plain eclecticism. The naming of boats, like the naming of most things, is apt to be a sympathetic rather than a strictly rational process, and the naming of the craft that was meant to sail into a bomb-test area as a protest would require special sympathies. And this was not the first time the problem had arisen.

In the spring of 1957, when the British were conducting a series of nuclear tests at Christmas Island, a British Quaker named Harold Steele had tried to assemble a crew and acquire a vessel to sail into the restricted area. He himself had got no farther than Japan, and his project had never had a boat to name, but his plan had received admiring attention from some Americans who frowned on nuclear tests, too, and who were planning dissident gestures of their own. When in September, 1957, the United States Government announced that it planned to set off a series of nuclear experiments off Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands, in April, 1958, certain members of a committee which was then called Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons began to work out details for a protest voyage. The captain would be Albert Bigelow, who had commanded warships in both the Atlantic and the Pacific theatres of action during World War II, and had become a Quaker some years after the bombing of Hiroshima. With him would sail William Huntington, as mate, and George Willoughby and Orion Sherwood as crew, in a thirty-foot ketch named, after many suggestions had been considered, *Golden Rule*.

At Honolulu, on Thursday, April 24, 1958, the *Golden Rule* was restrained by a federal court from so much as leaving the dock. Its sailing, the restraining order declared, would violate an Atomic Energy Commission regulation. The captain and crew appeared on May 1 before Judge Jon Wiig, who welcomed the chance to justify the ways of the AEC for the record, and to turn the temporary restraining order into a preliminary injunction. The *Golden Rule* sailed anyway, and was overtaken by the Coast Guard, whereupon those responsible for the sailing were given sixty days to consider it in the Honolulu jail. (Mr. Bigelow wrote a book about the whole thing.) One effect of their venture had been the impairment, for further possible use, of the phrase they had sailed under; for Judge Wiig, in preparing to sentence them, had announced to history that they had "tainted the golden rule." Their successors, making for Christmas Island in 1962, would do well to find another name.

Other possible names had been more or less ruled out, too. Before the 1958 tests had finished, Dr. Earle Reynolds, an American anthropologist, had deliberately sailed his ketch *Phoenix* (full name *Phoenix of Hiroshima*) into the AEC prohibited zone. Dr. Reynolds, who at one time had done major research on the radiation effects of the Hiroshima bomb on the surviving children, had with him his wife, their two children and a Japanese yachtsman, when he was boarded by the Coast Guard and forced to sail (or be towed) out of the area and through admittedly unrestricted international waters to a Trust Territory. He had spent over two years and a good deal of money and effort before the Court of Appeals in San Francisco had ruled unanimously that the regulation he was convicted of violating was itself invalid.

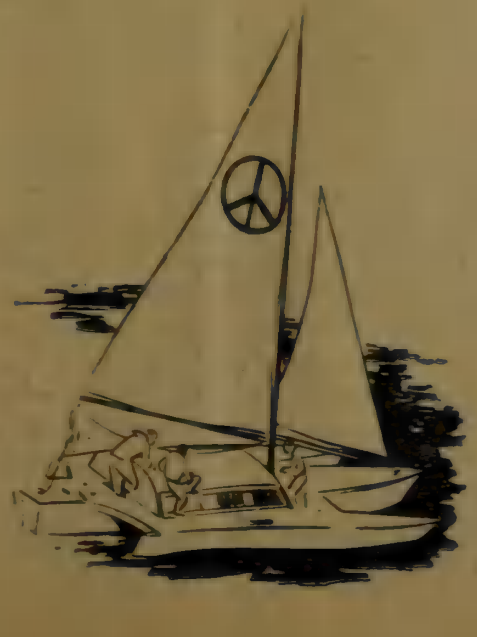
Emulators, considering the treatment Dr. Reynolds was accorded by different departments of the government, may well have questioned the luck of repeating the name *Phoenix*, even if they were deliberately trying to establish a tradition. Besides, even in legend the bird that rose from its own ashes was said to be rare, and the relation of Hiroshima to the first *Phoenix* was one which no American city was yet qualified to imitate.

It was, finally, an old suggestion which persisted and settled itself as the name of the new boat even before construction was under way. When the planning of the 1962 protest voyage was in its first stages, Albert Bigelow, who had been the *Golden Rule's* captain, had flown to the West Coast to help with the organizing of it, taking the experience of the earlier sailing to the fitting out of the projected one. The vessel they would build would bear a name which had been proposed originally for *Golden Rule*. It would be called *Everyman*.

The Launching

The name speaks to its own source, obviously, which no doubt is why it was used in the first place in a mystery play, or Interlude, at the close of the Middle Ages. The protestors must have hoped that it would convey something of what they thought of as their cause even to observers to whom history means nothing; in any case, the allusion was considered to be relevant, and it went on conversing with their purpose. "The somonynge of Everyman called it is . . ." (I quote from an edition printed in the first part of the sixteenth century by Richard Pynson); "The story sayth: man, in the begynnynge/Loke well and take good heed to the endynge. . . ."

They had hoped to have the boat in the water in early May. The launching itself was planned as a gesture: it was to take place on May 8, the same day that a nuclear-powered Polaris submarine was to go down the ways, with the graceful blessings of Mrs. J. F. Kennedy, on the country's opposite coast. But the schedules of the two boats had not been joined in heaven, and it took considerable effort to get them to approach each other. It looked as though *Everyman* would be late, with the press waiting and everything. (Or at least with reporters waiting: it is in the tradition of the American press to recount "peace activities" as local news, when they are so far dignified as to be considered news at all, while many war activities, reasonably enough, are by contrast national and international features.) Some of the participants in the *Everyman* project were oddly uninterested in the public-relations angle and went on with preparations for the voyage rather than for its image in the papers. Finally, the elements of a ceremony were asssembled just the same, but where officialdom is likely to be well practiced in this sort of thing, individuals are as apt to betray that they are amateurs, and this is roughly what happened.



The first swing of the bottle missed *Everyman* and felled an onlooker —the boat's official owner, Carl May. On the second, glass flew and first aid had to be applied to the nose of the pretty girl who had performed the rite. The trimaran was barely afloat and the photographers were not yet finished, when hands started to haul it ashore again: the first coat of paint, hastily administered the night before so that the boat could be launched at all, was scarcely dry and would not be improved by a real soaking. Altogether it is doubtful whether the dipping of the three plywood hulls stirred any more of the citizenry to apprehensions of man's fate than did the smooth christening in Groton, Connecticut, of the blunt instrument named as an honor to Lafayette and designed to use two-thirds of the globe as its ambush.

(It was a week which had had a full complement of futile gestures: on May 6—that was the Sunday—an elderly Japanese, Seiichi Matsushima, who had been irradiated at the bombing of Hiroshima in 1945 and had been a patient at Hiroshima University Hospital, had stood in front of the tomb erected to the memory of the victims of the Hiroshima bombing, in the Peace Memorial Park there, and had committed suicide. He had left behind him a note addressed to the American and Russian embassies asking why men could not live peaceably, and declaring that all his survivors are brothers. Local news.)

Publicizing the Crime

From the moment that the CNVA had begun to organize the 1962 protest voyage, it had made its plans public. The members of the committee shared a belief that nonviolent actions should always be performed "in a spirit of openness"; the authorities concerned should be informed in advance, in as much detail as possible, of exactly what they might have to deal with. This approach is considered to be more than simply an extension of the protestors' own exercise of nonviolence; it is supposed that, in some cases at least, it may help the authorities to a measure of nonviolence of their own. For instance, at a demonstration at the AEC building in New York City, in March, 1962 (while bruises were still fresh from the famous club-swinging charge of the mounted riot squad into a gathering of demonstrators, men, women and children, some of them sitting down, in Times Square), Bradford Lyttle, former National Secretary of the CNVA, had put the principle in his own way. "We must make sure," he had told some fellow demonstrators, "that the police are aware of the full limits of our intentions, and we must do nothing to surprise them, because if you watch their faces you'll see that they're frightened. If they're startled, they're liable to behave like frightened men. We must try to help them not to." At that time, with the riot squad's action still uncondoned by the city officials, the police were reluctant to comment on anything at all, and it is not known what they thought of Mr. Lyttle's sympathy for their faces.

The practice of notifying the authorities of plans as soon as they were formed had become a matter of tradition as well as one of principle. In January, 1958, George Willoughby and Lawrence Scott, for the CNVA, and Albert Bigelow and William Huntington, for the crew of the *Golden Rule,* had sent identical letters to President Eisenhower, John Foster Dulles, Lewis Strauss of the AEC and leading officials of the United Nations, including Dag Hammarskjold and the chairman of the United States delegation to the United Nations, Henry Cabot Lodge, setting forth in detail their decision to sail a boat into the test area and the reasons therefor. The letter and an accompanying statement giving further information were released to the press twenty-four hours later. The material evoked no official response from the American incumbents, at the time, but was used later by the government's prosecutor to prove that the government had known all along of the plans for the *Golden Rule's* voyage. In view of the tardy and, in the end, uninspired use which the authorities had made of that knowledge, it might seem rather surprising that they were willing to call attention to how long they had had it, but they may have been confident of some final invulnerability in their case.

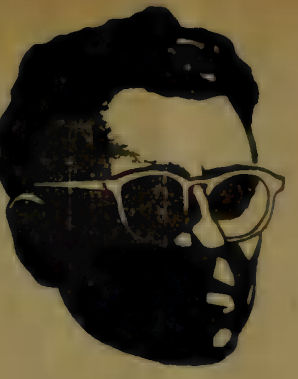
In the Reynolds sailing, the decision to enter the test area had been made when the *Phoenix* was actually on the high seas, proceeding from Honolulu to Japan on the most convenient course, which if kept to, would pass straight through the 400,000-square-mile forbidden zone. It was not until they were nineteen days out of Honolulu and less than two days' sailing from the restricted area that the Reynolds family and Nick Mikami, the Japanese yachtsman who was sailing with them, had all made up their minds to continue on their course and sail into the zone. On the same night they had communicated their intention to a Coast Guard vessel which had nearly run them down, and on the following day they had broadcast a statement of their plans on the ship's radio. Dr. Reynolds was actually well inside the test zone when the *Phoenix* was halted by a Coast Guard vessel and boarded, and he was put under arrest and forced to change course and sail to Kwajalein.

Dr. Reynolds' unarmed invasion of the forbidden area is not known to have affected the course of the 1958 test series, to have jeopardized the national defense, nor to have disclosed to the American people knowledge which might have endangered their welfare — eventualities which had seriously perturbed several branches of the government. On the other hand, the fact that Dr. Reynolds actually had managed to get inside the zone itself, and that he had done so by stating his plans when he was already on the high seas, were points which figured in many later discussions of protest voyages.

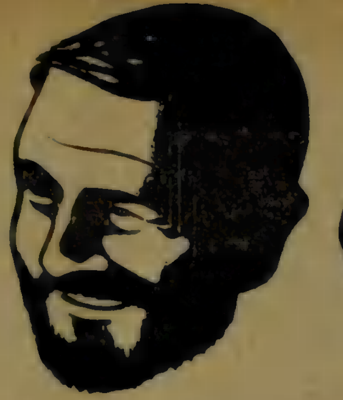
Argument for Secrecy

It was not necessary, for instance, for protestors or their sympathizers to be able to answer critics of the principle of openness who, in due course, would declare that the organizers of protest voyages had no real intention of ever having to face the unpleasantness and dangers of a long sea journey followed by exposure to radiation and possible blast effects—that, in fact, they did not mean to risk having to carry out the voyages they projected, and that they announced their intentions in order to make sure that they would be stopped. But it must have been convenient to be able to point to the fact that one group of protestors had actually carried out their stated plans. (There were other answers, too, of course. Harold Stallings, of *Everyman,* in 1962, would say that other people might, if they chose, decide that he never expected to go through with the voyage, but that for his own part he could remember how scared he'd been.) Still, the evident likelihood that Dr. Reynolds had made it only because he had announced his purpose when he was already at sea and close to the test area lent persuasiveness to those who believed that the only way to get into the zone in 1962 would be to keep any such purpose secret until the last possible moment. Many who shared this opinion went so far as to suppose that the government had set itself absolutely against any such challenge as might be implied by a sailing into a test area, and would prevent such a voyage by any means it might consider necessary, legal or not. But other organizers of the *Everyman* voyage, accustomed to addressing themselves to the best in everybody, clung to a notion that the authorities were not yet so arbitrary in their use of force.

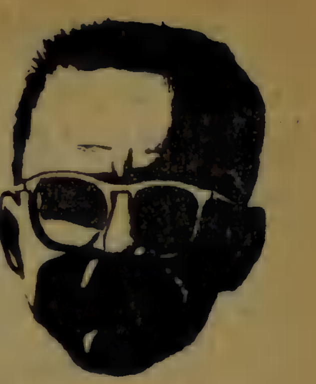
It was not a comfortable position to defend, in view of the histories of the earlier test series and voyages. Some of the Marshall Islanders, for instance, might not have agreed that the United States had been visibly scrupulous about observing any law, national or international, once it had decided to use their islands (a Trust Territory, consigned by the United Nations to the United States for safe keeping) for the 1958 tests. Again, the AEC, in arrogating to its peculiar uses hundreds of thousands of square miles of the Pacific Ocean, had never been made to hesitate by the existence of Article 13 of the Laws of Maritime Jurisprudence in Times of Peace, which reads: "No state or group of states may claim any right of sovereignty, privilege or prerogative, over any portion of the high seas, or place any obstacle to the free and full use of the seas." (Admittedly, international law is hard to enforce.)



Edward Lazar



Harold Stallings



Evan D. Yoes, Jr.

Again, at the time of the Reynolds arrest and during much of his subsequent treatment, the representatives of the U.S. Government had behaved with a disregard for the processes of law, which, in an ordinary citizen, might have been considered dangerous. Among other things, upon arresting him in a place where their jurisdiction was eminently debatable, they had issued no warrant, refused to inform him of the charge against him, neglected to remand him from military to civil custody until it suited them to do so, interfered at the same time (and on the high seas) with a citizen of another country (Japan), failed to allow the defendant to introduce evidence in his own behalf at his hearing and made it impossible for him to have the counsel of his choice. These violations, and others like them, were apparently not in contempt of anything which the law necessarily protects, and no one had been troubled by them except their victims.

Even so, some of the CNVA would have contended that the government wanted to obey the law if it could, and they might have reminded skeptics that when the authorities had decided to stop the *Golden Rule* in the spring of 1958, and had had no law to invoke in order to do so, they had gone so far as to enact a special AEC regulation — three months after the project had been announced and three weeks after the boat had actually sailed for its avowed destination — aimed at preventing it from continuing. The regulation, officially designated as "U.S. AEC Title 10, Part 112, Section 112.4, *Prohibition*," had read: "No United States citizen or other person who is within the scope of this part shall enter, attempt to enter, or conspire to enter the danger area during the continuation of the Hardtack test series (the name of the tests has been brought up to date since 1958 and the statute has been amended) except with the express approval of the appropriate officials of the Atomic Energy Commission or the Department of Defense." (As time had been short and the sailboat constituted an emergency, the AEC and the Department of Justice had even waived the public hearing and the statutory waiting period which would otherwise have been necessary before such a regulation could have been enforced.)

The organizers of the voyage had fitted out *Everyman* with water and supplies for weeks at sea — food for forty days, water for sixty: they thought it would be best not to risk putting in at Hawaii on the way to the zone. There were seventeen days between the launching of the trimaran and the date of the proposed sailing. The time was spent in checking off the supply lists which had been compiled by Albert Bigelow and others, in working on the craft's radio equipment and in shake-down cruises in the bay and open ocean. The preparations were slowed up a little by the fact that the *Everyman* project was news by now — locally — and that visitors kept appearing at the boat-yard with questions.

The Crew

The crew could well have used months. Quite apart from the readying of the boat itself, there was the problem of sailing experience. Crew members for a voyage such as this—or at least such had been the view of the CNVA — ought to have clear convictions on the relations between individual conscience and nuclear tests, the arms race and what Lewis Mumford (*The Atlantic*, Oct., 1959) has called "the morals of extermination," and they should have some basic sympathy with the essential aims and principles of nonviolent resistance. Then, of course, they should be experienced sailors. But the moral and philosophical qualifications, or so the committee believed, were indispensable, whereas it should be possible for one member of the three-man crew, at least, to pick up a rudimentary but perhaps sufficient nautical experience in the weeks before *Everyman* was due to sail.

And the final make-up of the crew bore witness to this opinion. One of the original choices for the project was Edward Lazar, whose experience of opposition to institutionalized violence was extensive and the result of careful deliberation. Mr. Lazar is a quiet, steady, twenty-seven-year-old New Yorker who had graduated from Columbia and served in the Army. In the early fifties, a sojourn on Formosa in a military capacity had convinced him of the criminal futility of force, and in 1959 he had joined a civil-disobedience protest at a missile base in Nebraska and had been imprisoned for five months. He had also spent six months in India studying the achievements of Gandhi and his followers, and had been a member of the San Francisco-to-Moscow walk and participated in a demonstration against Soviet testing held in Red Square at the end of the walk. But the first sail in his life was on board *Everyman*, some days after its launching.

Harold Stallings, the thirty-year-old captain, represented a more even balance of sailing experience and nonviolent principles. He is a Quaker and had served on the staff of the Pasadena office of the American Friends Service Committee. And he had once owned and sailed a boat of his own, somewhat larger than *Everyman*; it had been offshore and not open-ocean sailing, but it had been sailing. Mr. Stallings was the least conventional looking member of the crew: all his actions display the directness of a gentle bear, and he confronts the world through a rust-colored Ulysses Grant beard. He was also the one family man on *Every-*

man; he was leaving behind him a wife and four children — sailing, as he explained, not in spite of them, but as a step toward providing his children, and those of other men who were unable to do such a thing, with a world in which they might reasonably expect to be allowed to grow up. He was also leaving behind him a good job as Director of Pacific High School in Palo Alto, California.

The member of the crew with the most considerable experience at sea had come most recently to a personal moral position on the subject of nuclear weapons and individual protest. He was Evan Dedrick Yoes, Jr. — serious, unobtrusive, a graduate of the University of Texas, who had studied electrical engineering at Stanford University and served in the Navy (he would later write "Prison is rather like the Navy. 'Now all the following named men, lay down to the [Guard] Captain's office . . .' ") where he had learned navigation. After his discharge, he had worked as a radio engineer and as an announcer. He had felt for years that the arms race, nuclear weapons and testing were regrettable, but had thought that individual opposition to them was pointless. He had read, for instance, of the Nevada protest on Hiroshima Day (August 6), 1957; on that date eleven men, including Albert Bigelow, after standing in meditative silence for some time outside the gate of an AEC test site near Las Vegas, and after informing the authorities of their intentions, had walked onto the site as a protest and had been arrested.

At the time, Mr. Yoes had thought their action was rather silly. A little over four years later, in the winter of 1961, he found himself working as a radio announcer in a small town in the mountains of northern California: little to do, nowhere to go, plenty of time to read. He read. The more he read and reflected on history and on the development of the cold war and the race in nuclear weapons, the more he was drawn to an opinion which had been expressed in *Life* magazine (though he had not read it there) in the issue of August 20, 1945: "Our sole safeguard against the very real danger of a reversion to barbarism is the kind of morality which impels the individual conscience, be the group right or wrong. The individual conscience against the atomic bomb? Yes, there is no other way." He realized that he no longer thought the Nevada protestors had been silly.

In the spring, when he had quit his job and gone down to Berkeley, some of his friends there had mentioned the *Everyman* project and he'd thought it an admirable idea. A while later he had heard that the organizers of the project needed crew members and he'd hoped they would find them. Later it had crossed his mind to send his name to put on their list, but he had dismissed the thought: he had felt awed by his notion of the kind of men who would undertake such a venture. He was sure that they must be saintly and rather heroic types who would not be interested in his offer.

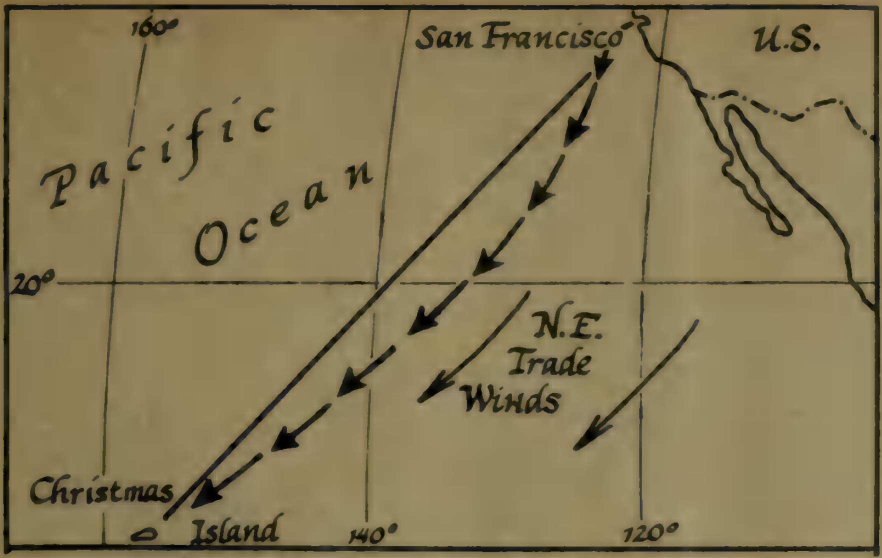
A Matter of Conscience

Then one evening at a party he had heard that what the *Everyman* organizers were really looking for was a navigator, and he had felt at once that this brought the matter to his doorstep. He found himself asking himself where he got off pretending to approve of what these people were doing if, when he was perhaps in a position to give them the help they needed, he didn't at least offer to do so. (The lines had been waiting in *Everyman*, numbered 237-8, saying it for Felowshype — who defected later—and for him and others who did not: "For he that wyll saye and nothynge do/Is not worthy with good company to go. . . .")

Once again he told himself that acts of this kind were futile, and the thought stopped him, and then he recalled the 1957 Nevada project and reflected that he was himself a proof that the action had not been entirely futile, for if he was standing there at that moment pondering a step that might lead him to participate in a similar venture of unknown scope and consequences, the example which had stayed in the back of his mind for four years and had gradually impelled him, as much as anything else, to his present position, was that same protest action at the base outside Las Vegas, which at the time he had thought was silly. He had picked up the telephone and told the voice at the CNVA office (they do not keep regular hours — some of their detractors are quite right) that his acquaintance with the history and principles of nonviolent resistance was limited, but that he was sympathetic and would like to discuss the matter, and then he had outlined his qualifications as sailor, radioman and navigator, and had offered them to *Everyman*. They might, he said, if they wished, put him on their list. They told him the list of possible navigators was very short and that if he was in fact essentially in agreement with their aims and means and would present himself the next morning, his chances of qualifying were excellent.

He took his qualifications along, and it was clear before long that he was being allowed to include himself in the project, and not long after that it was plain that he would be the third member of the crew. Not that many questions were put to him directly. The CNVA is not a Quaker organization, but some of its members are Quakers, and a great many of its ways of approaching situations and decisions have been molded by Quaker traditions. It is not consistent with the Quaker view of the dignity which is available to human conduct for a person or a group to grill someone about his beliefs. Besides, in this case the circumstances themselves were revealing: no one but a heedless adventurer or exhibitionist would have been likely to volunteer for the *Everyman* project, with its stated purpose of "putting men under the bomb," unless he had some basic sympathy with what they were trying to do. And having volunteered, it would be unlikely that an intelligent person could pass the whole of the shakedown period in complete unconcern about why he had made his decision and was doing what he was doing. It was a fair guess that, during the two weeks that Mr. Lazar would be concentrating on picking up as much seamanship as possible, Mr. Yoes would probably be applying himself to a scrutiny of his own motives and their implications.

Meanwhile the plans were worked out in final detail. On Saturday morning, May 26, the boat would



Arrows indicate proposed voyage.

sail across the bay to pass near Marina Green, at the foot of Fillmore Street, San Francisco, where any who wished to wave good-by would have been asked to assemble. From there the craft would turn and pass out to sea under the Golden Gate Bridge. Ahead of them to the southwest would lie 2,500 miles of open ocean before they reached the nearest edge of the Christmas Island test area; 750 miles out, the vessel should run into the northeast trade winds, which should take it toward the restricted zone at an average speed (estimated on the basis of other Atlantic and Pacific passages made by this class of sailing vessel) of around 175 miles a day.

First Legal Blow

If they managed to get outside the three-mile limit, onto the high seas, without official interference, the crew planned to continue toward their destination unless physically compelled to stop. In the weeks before the announced departure date, the Coast Guard had been approached on the subject, and a spokesman had stated that they had no grounds for preventing the sailing.

But the government had evolved its own traditions for dealing with this sort of gesture. As in the *Golden Rule* sailing, where the regulation which was to be used to obstruct the voyage had been enacted after the voyage was in fact already well under way, so here the authorities had waited until the last possible minute—and then a little bit longer—before producing their impediment. This was a further reminder of *Golden Rule*: a restraining order, based on a new AEC regulation resembling that which the San Francisco Court of Appeals had ruled invalid in the Reynolds case. It forbade Messrs. Stallings, Lazar, Yoes, Carl May (owner of *Everyman*) and Roger Moss and Robert Swann of the CNVA, as well as the committee itself, to move *Everyman* from its berth at Sausalito harbor. The order had been requested of Judge William T. Sweigert of the U. S. District Court for the Northern District of California by the office of the U. S. Attorney, Cecil Poole, who had submitted that the proposed voyage of the boat into the test area would be "an interference with the conduct of operations engaged in by the United States of America in its sovereign capacity to provide for the common defense and security and to protect the health and safety of the public." Furthermore, "the United States of America, the plaintiff herein, will suffer immediate and irreparable injury for which it has no adequate remedy at law." As far as is known, this restraining order had been asked for with a straight face and granted in like spirit—after office hours on Friday, May 25, 1962, the evening before *Everyman* was to sail. The lateness of issue meant that the order could not be contested before the following Monday, at the earliest.

At the same time the U.S. Attorney had filed a complaint asking for an injunction against the same defendants, for the same reasons. This too was granted, and it too, as the judge later pointed out, might have taken its turn and been contested in the courts. The papers containing these official restraints were accompanied by a solemn document from the AEC recounting its regulation and professing its legitimacy, and by another from Vice Admiral Herbert D. Riley, U.S.N., Director of the Joint Staff, Joint Chiefs of Staff, stating his belief that the sailboat in question would ruin the nuclear explosions he was supposed to take care of.

Bundles of these informations were made up for the defendants, one for each individual named and one for the CNVA, "their agents, servants and employees, and all other persons in active concert or participation with them. . . ."; and the bundles were, as the phrase goes, served on the defendants. This meant that the United States Marshal, Edward A. Heslep, and his assistants saw to it that the people named got the orders which referred to them. The U. S. Attorney's delay in asking for the papers, and the fact that they were finally issued less than thirteen hours before the announced departure time, gave the marshal a lot to do that Friday evening.

A thankless job, too. At the harbor Mr. Lazar, for one, declared that he was not interested in the literature which the marshal had brought him, and there was nothing for that officer to do but to lay the writs on *Everyman*, where they promptly blew off. (It was not Marshal Heslep but another who had been bespoken to take the word to *Everyman* in the first place, viz., 1.63: "Where arte thou, Deth, thou mighty messengere?") It was after midnight, according to the office of the U. S. Attorney, before most of the papers had been delivered, and on that point the CNVA would contend that it had been "improperly served" since there was no indication of who, in particular, the papers had been addressed to.

Decision to Defy

The committee was convinced of its moral right to sail; but this move on the part of the government surprised no one. Knowing what they were dealing with, they had not only foreseen the possibility of such an action (though its timing seemed exaggerated even to their experience), but those concerned had just about decided what they would do if such an eventuality occurred. It seemed clear to them that the authorities were planning to use the courts to delay their sailing until it would be too late for them to reach the test zone. They themselves had no way of knowing how long the tests would continue, and the U. S. Attorney could not know either, exactly, though he might have the benefit of some official estimates. But they had had some experience of judicial delay. They remembered Dr. Reynolds' case — the judges shrugging him on from court to court. If they stayed to contest the order, they might be kept in the bay area until the end of the test series was in sight, and then the case might be shelved. Their protest, conceived in moral and human terms, would have been diverted into legalities and nullified. And if they were to go into court, discover that some such process was entangling them, and then decide to cut loose in the middle of it and sail, they would be in a far weaker position than they were in now. These were some of the reasons why Mr. Lazar was not as friendly as he might have been when Marshal Heslep, in cowboy hat (his summer one) and modified cowboy boots, arrived with the message.

The committee's interpretation of the government's intention was fortified by the manner in which the authorities had acted quite as much as by what they had actually done. Of course, it may have been impossible to get a restraining order at any time except after office hours and the late newspaper editions of the Friday afternoon before the Saturday morning on which the boat was to sail, but it did seem unlikely, considering that the authorities had known of the committee's intentions —and had made a point of the fact that they were familiar with them and took them seriously—for nearly two months. Whether or not a restraining order might have been obtained earlier (in which case it might have been contested earlier, with less danger of the legal process delaying the sailing until it was too late), it was customary and would have been courteous for U.S. Attorney Cecil Poole to warn the committee that he intended to apply for such a paper. It was plain that he would have had time to do this much, at least, for the affidavit from Vice Admiral Riley which accompanied the restraining order was dated May 5—nearly three weeks earlier.

Mr. Poole, when asked on May 26 why he had waited until so late to apply for the order, declared that he had not known until that late when the boat was really going to sail. It was true that the departure date had been postponed from the 13th of May; on the other hand, the sailing had been announced for the 25th some two weeks before, and Mr. Poole had had notice of it. He did not explain why he was willing to take the committee's word about its intention of sailing into the test area, but was reluctant to believe it on the subject of the departure time. Mr. Poole might have acted no differently if he had been under some obligation to present the committee with a surprise order, synchronized to catch it within a few hours of the announced departure. After a brief consultation, the crew and the committee announced their determination to sail in spite of the order.

The Sailing

It was not an elegant part of the harbor, where the *Everyman* was moored. In the cold, early morning light, on the 26th, a Coast Guard boat passed close, at intervals, on a patrol which might have been routine. Shortly after daybreak there were already spectators. One woman was standing by herself, in silence, conducting what was described as a vigil in sympathy for the enterprise that was about to begin. Mr. Lazar was already on board *Everyman*; Mr. Stallings arrived. The departure was scheduled for 7 A.M. Near the hour, Mr. Yoes arrived. The Coast Guard vessel moved in very close, but then moved out again. A few minutes after seven the mainsail went up, the lines were cast off and *Everyman* stood out into the bay.

It sailed past Alcatraz to Marina Green, where a demonstration with placards and banners was waiting to wave good-by. A press boat, the *New Merrimac*, followed. At nine o'clock *Everyman*, on a port tack, passing close to an atomic submarine, slipped under the Golden Gate Bridge into the ocean named for peace. A Coast Guard cutter, the *Taney*, and the *New Merrimac* moved out to sea behind it, keeping it in sight.

The sea was rough, there was an overcast and a stiff wind. Bright-colored oilskins and life preservers appeared on the white sailboat. When it was nearly 10:30 and it seemed that *Everyman* had made it and was happily beyond the three-mile limit, in international waters, the press boat turned back. There were lawyers on board; they might have known that the three-mile limit does not apply to U.S. citizens (on vessels registered in the United States, at least) if the United States Government chooses to extend its care to them beyond that point.

And so, when the U.S. Attorney had been informed that *Everyman* had sailed, he had at once requested of the court an order for the three crew members to return and show cause why their sailing was not in contempt of the Temporary Restraining Order. The "show cause" order, as it was called, also named the other defendants: the officials of the CNVA, their agents, servants and all those other instruments. It was granted, according to the U.S. Attorney's office, at around noon on the 26th, and with it there was an order attaching *Everyman* (which the judge would say he had thought necessary in order to insure that the defendants would show up in court). The U.S. Attorney and his assistant had then hastened across town in the company of the marshal and a deputy; some time around 2:20 they had boarded a ninety-five-foot Coast Guard cutter at the Fort Point Life Boat Station, and the chase was on.

The Boarding

It was nearly 4:30 in the afternoon when all the vessels drew together: *Everyman*, doing seven or eight knots in the rough sea, the large Coast Guard vessel *Taney*, the press boat *New Merrimac* and the *CG95310* carrying the marshal with the orders and a U.S. Attorney suffering from qualms such as the administration of the death penalty had not been known to rouse in him when he had served as Governor Brown's clemency secretary. Overhead a small seaplane had been circling for a half hour or more in the low overcast. Land was out of sight. The wind, which had dropped shortly before noon, was up again, and bitterly cold. The *Taney* lowered a motor whaleboat with a five-man crew, which made its way over to the cutter, picked up the officers of the law, and made for the trimaran. All the vessels moved closer to *Everyman*, the several Coast Guard craft signaling to one another with semaphore flags. With some difficulty the whaleboat narrowed the gap between itself and the trimaran, and hailed it. Mr. Yoes, on board *Everyman*, asked the officials their purpose, and said, "Ours is to sail into the nuclear-test area of Christmas Island." He was told that theirs was to serve him with papers, which they described into the wind.

The three crew members had foreseen such a possibility and had discussed what each of them hoped he would do in the circumstances. They had planned not to stop unless physically compelled to do so; they were on the high seas and clung to a quaintly literal belief in "freedom of the seas" and in the San Francisco Appellate Court's ruling that the earlier AEC regulation was invalid; they were convinced that they had a legal right to refuse to stop, and that the government had no right to detain them. On the other hand, the marshal had made plain his intention of boarding them, and with a rough sea running it seemed apparent that someone might be injured in the process unless the *Everyman* crew cooperated. In the end they hove to and allowed the authorities to board their sailboat.

The marshal had come equipped with enough handcuffs to go around and enough chains to have taken a light truck over the Rockies in winter, but in the end they went unused. He had left his Stetson behind, but he was still the man who does not mind informing the telephone that he is "not afraid of the devil in his own backyard," and he raised one cowboy boot to be the first aboard *Everyman*. At that point the trimaran shied, and it was nothing but the natural promptness of a Coast Guardsman in grabbing him by the belt that saved him from going in. As it was, he sat down hard in the bilges of the whaleboat. But Marshal Heslep loves his job and the thing to do is to get right back on it, and he did, followed by his deputy, who is proud of his job, too, and shows it by wearing a tie clasp replete with a motif of handcuffs.

This time, when the marshal got aboard the boat with papers, he did not entrust them to *Everyman*. The crew members behaved as they had planned to behave. They heard him out, and Messrs. Stalling and Yoes, realizing that the marshal was not responsible for the legality or lack of it in his action, agreed to accompany him. Mr. Yoes showed a Coast Guardsman a few details to help him sail *Everyman* back into the bay. Mr. Lazar, however, as a protest against what he regarded as an illegal restraint made upon him in international waters, went limp, and while not resisting the men consigned to remove him, refused to cooperate and had to be carried from the vessel. It was Mr. Yoes's and Mr. Stallings' impression that when the marshal had requested them to go along to the Coast Guard cutter, they had asked him whether or not they were under arrest and had been told that they were. This was an impression which the marshal could not later account for. There was no doubt about Mr. Lazar's arrest, but he was indifferent to whatever name the authorities might choose to give to their action.

The First Hearing

All the boats returned to the bay and Mr. Lazar, that same night, was removed to the county jail. On the following day, a Sunday, he was arraigned before a U.S. commissioner and charged with "willfully obstructing a duly authorized officer in serving proper court process." Bail was set at $1,000, but Mr. Lazar, for reasons which he would give later, was not interested.

On the same day, all three defendants appeared in court in answer to the "show cause" order. Mr. Stallings and Mr. Lazar spoke for themselves without attorneys. Mr. Yoes was represented by Allen Anderson, who was appointed by the court, and Marshall Krause of the ACLU. A spokesman for the CNVA informed the court that Mr. Lazar had been brutually treated in jail, when he remained limp; judo holds and knees in the back had been used to encourage him to move. The U. S. Attorney declared that this was not called for and directed the marshal to make inquiries; but the report, some days later, had not yet been made, nor had the complaint been dropped.

The first main hearing, however, was put off until the following Thursday, the 31st, in the morning session. The corridor outside the courtroom was crowded that morning and barricades had been put up to contain the waiting crowd. In San Francisco, the Federal Building houses the post office as well as the federal law courts; downstairs on the sidewalk a picket line was already filing back and forth past the recruiting posters, with placards reading "Free *Everyman*" and "Free Ed Lazar." Mr. Lazar, convinced that his individual consent had been treated with contempt, still refused to give it to the authorities, and since he would not walk he had been brought into court this time, as on the previous Monday, in a wheel chair. The suit came up after one involving peculation in Laos and another whose protagonist was a soldier from Connecticut who pleaded guilty to charges of mail theft and forgery, and expressed through his counsel a belief that the discipline of the Army was helping to straighten him out. When Mr. Lazar's case was announced, Judge Sweigert called for a recess.

During the respite, a young man entered the courtroom who stood up, when court resumed session and the rest were seated, and unfolded a paper banner reading, "Freedom Cannot Survive Nuclear War." He was taken in hand by the marshal's deputies, whereupon he went limp and was dragged and carried from the room and from the building and deposited outside.

Legal Fencing

A great part of the morning's session was taken up with sorting out the question of legal representation for the three crew members in the several criminal and civil suits which had been instituted against them. The chief addition in this matter was the presence of A. L. Wirin, one of the most distinguished civil-liberties lawyers in the country, who was there to assist Mr. Stallings and to help with the presentation of the argument against the restraining order and the AEC regulation. The restraining order and the order attaching *Everyman* expired that morning, and Mr. Wirin mentioned the fact that legally a restraining order could not be extended without a showing of good cause. He himself requested a week's continuance of the case. The judge extended the restraining order and the attachment. The U. S. Attorney also desired a continuance of the criminal action; it was granted, and the trial was fixed for the following Thursday, June 7.

Before the session ended, the judge raised the question of Mr. Lazar's bail. It had been fixed at $1,000, he said, but Mr. Lazar had declined to make any promises. The judge remarked that he was now considering releasing Mr. Lazar, since the court could, after all, issue a bench warrant for the defendant's arrest if it seemed likely that he was trying to escape. Would Mr. Lazar, the judge asked, return? Mr. Lazar answered that since he had been seized outside the jurisdiction of the United States, he felt no obligation to return. The judge, it was plain, would have been happy, nevertheless, to see Mr. Lazar out of jail at that point, but the possibility disturbed U. S. Attorney Poole. Judge Sweigert so far yielded to Mr. Poole's scruples as to confine himself to suggesting to Mr. Lazar the reduction of his bail to $250. Mr. Lazar replied that, in his own view, he was a free man who had been brought to court unjustly and would refuse to buy something which was freely and rightfully his. In a level voice he told the judge that if the amount of his bail were reduced to one dollar he would not pay it. When the other two crew members left the courtroom, he was wheeled back to the ministrations of his jailers.

Having achieved the first part, at least, of what he wanted, and got everybody together, Mr. Poole dropped the proceedings against the CNVA and its vaguely enumerated abettors. The government, he said (having instituted the case), was not sure that it had sufficient information to represent that these defendants participated in aiding the sailing. This sounded like willful ignorance in view of the fact that accessories from all over the country had been recording their names and addresses to help him out, indicating as they did so that they should be included in the suit against *Everyman*, for they had given the voyage whatever support they had been able to manage. Whether or not Mr. Poole read them, the declarations were no longer of service to him.

Outside the Courtroom

Outside the post office, the picket line had grown. The placards reading "Free Ed Lazar" and "Free *Everyman*" were still there and had been joined by others, among them "Bomb Tests Are in Contempt of People," "Resist Tyranny With Your Own Life, Not With That Of Mankind," and "Humanity Is Everyman's Concern." The picketers had small signs, bearing their name, pinned to their clothes. Some of these included *Everyman* as a Christian name, so to speak. There was a certain amount of discussion among the demonstrators about the likelihood of being arrested, or of an incident of some kind occurring. On the raised stones flanking the post office doors, and along the sidewalk, stood lines of spectators—male for the most part, and for the most part hostile.

Around the curb sat the city police in cars, several of them nursing shotguns. Here and there among the picketers was a beard — one of the natural growths which so enrages the familiar type of American male who is anxious to demonstrate his masculinity by displaying the fact that he is exceptionally like everyone else. "Bums," one of these gentlemen remarked, looking for any eye to dodge; "they're bums, the lot of them, nothing else to do."

They had planned something else and the authorities had been notified. At 2:30 a small number of demonstrators intended to go into the building to the U. S. Marshal's office; once there they meant to sit down on the floor as an act of civil disobedience in support of *Everyman*. If they were not allowed into the office itself, they planned to sit wherever they were stopped. Of course they expected to be arrested.

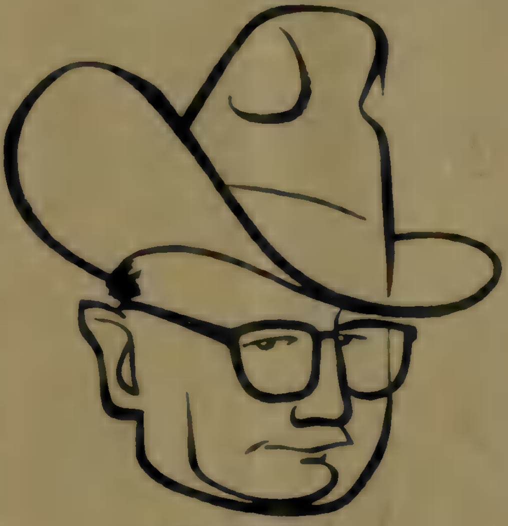
When the civil-disobedience protest was planned, it had seemed likely that not more than five or six demonstrators would take part, including the unofficial leader of the action, Ira Sandperl, a high school teacher from Palo Alto. But well before the time when they were to enter the building, it was plain that there would be more participants than had been expected; in the end there were more than twenty of them who filed in and, when civilly requested not to make a difficult situation for the staff by blocking up the small office, sat down in the corridor outside it. "Now," said a mail shifter as they walked slowly past him, "you're messing with the government. Mess with the city all you like, but now you're messing with the government." He pronounced this discovery many times and it yielded him an inexpensive pleasure; he seemed to expect that if he waited long enough, he might witness a public execution.

In the narrow hall the seated demonstrators, expecting to be removed to the jail at any moment, scribbled notes to friends instructing them whom to call up, where the keys were, what errands had not been finished; they handed the missives to sympathizers standing crammed among the photographers, to be passed on. They had been sitting there for some time when it was announced that they would be allowed to stay there, unarrested, until five o'clock. It was rumored that a telephone call from Robert Kennedy's office in Washington had discouraged more arrests than might be necessary. *The Catholic Worker*, bearing a large woodcut of the Crucifixion on the front page, began to pass from hand to hand and was caught in the pictures. A woman who, with her husband, had been on the San Francisco-to-Moscow walk, sat with her small baby asleep in her lap. One spectator remarked that it was a mistake to bring the child along, and a demonstrator replied that everyone there would do what he could to see to the child's safety, and asked why anyone should be more concerned about the protection of this one baby than about the millions whose futures were being jeopardized by bomb tests and the arms race.

Night Vigil

At five o'clock the expected mass arrest was again postponed; the marshal, wearing his Stetson to protect him from photographers' flash bulbs, reminded Mr. Sandperl and the sit-ins that they were on federal property and could be arrested at his pleasure, but said that they would be allowed to stay in the building until it closed if they would move out into the main corridor. The demonstrators complied, picking up their possessions and themselves and taking them to a broader stretch of corridor facing the post office boxes. There they spent the evening watched over by General Service Administration guards. It must be made plain, to the credit of these civilized officials, that they are in all respects distinct from the San Francisco police force — the shotgun cherishers whose barely repressible boyishness had had a moment of public fulfillment a year earlier when they had turned fire hoses onto a crowd of demonstrators at the City Hall hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee. These guards rarely wear firearms and appear to have been selected with a view to keeping the peace by other means, including force of example.

Between the beginning of the sit-down and the end of the day, some of the guards and some of the demonstrators had reached a degree of mutual sympathy which no one had expected. And at midnight, when the marshal asked the demonstrators to leave so that the building could be closed, again reminding them that they were liable to be arrested, and they explained that they had come to stay until removed and had expected to be arrested when they came in, the guards removed them — lugging them out to the sidewalk on stretchers—with unimpaired civility.


Marshal Heslep

The picketers who had been on the sidewalk since the afternoon, and the crowd of spectators who had assembled at the back door of the post office, on a side street, to watch the removal of the sit-ins, were used to the cold of the San Francisco night by this time. The sit-ins piled on clothes, deciding what to do next. They had considered some of the possibilities before they had known for certain what would happen to them at midnight, and now agreed on one for which tentative preparations had already been made: they would stay outside the building all night and go back in as soon as doors were opened the next morning.

Along Seventh Street, between the sidewalk and the front of the post office, there is an area six or seven yards wide, paved with black and white marble tiles, which is federal property; at the back of it a ledge low enough to sit on and perhaps a yard deep runs along the building itself. During the course of the day, the tiled area in front of the building had become a gathering place for demonstrators, their sympatherizers and their hecklers, and the ledge had turned into the place they went back to. In the afternoon it had begun to look lived on: books, clothes, hampers, picketers' signs (turned face downward, in accordance with a regulation about non-federal signs on federal property) had settled there, taking their chances under the pigeons on a higher ledge. As it grew colder, after the sun had gone, blankets and, eventually, sleeping bags began to appear, and well before midnight the front of the post office had begun to look like an encampment. After midnight it became one. More sleeping bags arrived; some of the picketers and most of the sit-ins (including several students who had final examinations on the following day) arranged themselves as comfortably as they could on the stone, and some went to sleep, while others sat up and talked, and a few kept a thin picket line going.

The Delilahs

At eight o'clock the next morning, when the post office opened, those who prepared to sit in and others who were simply cold picked up their gear and went back into the corridor that runs past the mail boxes. Some spread out blankets and went on trying to sleep; the rest sat along the wall. They were asked to keep the middle of the corridor clear, and they tried to. Ladies in crisp hats and men with ventilated shoes and little identities in their lapels picked their way past to collect mail. Some of the demonstrators, catching the eyes of these citizens, ventured to wish them good morning, but either their civility did not elicit much pleasure or the citizens were shy about showing it. Some passers-by went so far as to ask the guards what the government thought it was doing, allowing this sort of thing; and their criticism of the authorities and of the Constitution itself, in some cases, attained a pitch of free-wheeling dissent which left the demonstrators themselves far behind, and started the guards on a week-long course in learning how to explain to Americans about the essential rights of Americans.

Already on that first morning the demonstration, both inside and outside the post office, had more or less the appearance that it would keep as long as it was there. Most of the participants, though by no means all, were under twenty-five: many were students and spent a good bit of the time studying for finals, surrounded by a small high-water mark of belongings; almost all looked tired and untidy (they could hardly have looked otherwise, sleeping on the street). The post-office sanitary facilities were denied them, but the Greyhound terminal, across Seventh Street, was more public-spirited. The need for baths was taken care of by the demonstrators themselves: those who had apartments or rooms nearby offered the use of them to the others. They had this one worked into a system and were taking turns departing with keys and coming back washed some days before the ladies in eyeleted gloves began to suggest that only the bathed have rights.

The ladies developed a principle which implied, among other things, that all men with beards except Abraham Lincoln and that Jew before whom Pontius Pilate washed his hands automatically smelled. They defended their own sex against the rising danger of uncut, unrinsed, unpermed and unnetted hair, and for unnecessary reinforcement in their cause they recruited passing husbands, and were joined by a flying squad of plain-clothes persons from the League of Decency, who had come along to keep an eye open for That Sort of Thing, too. The ladies spoke out as though they had arrived only recently at a discovery, but their viewpoint had been foreseen by many of the protestors long before this demonstration and was the recurring subject of one of the never-resolved discussions with which veterans of the peace movement were familiar.

One faction had long argued that they should make their point by doing what they could, as far as appearances went, to "make a good impression." The other side of the argument saw nothing in this notion but compromise; they believed that nothing lasting or valuable would be gained by giving in to the conformist ideals of the public and being "more middle class than thou," and they insisted that some of the best energy in the movement came, and inevitably would come, from the kind of individualism which insisted on its right to such harmless freedoms as the freedom to dress as the dresser pleased, whether conventionally or not.

The U. S. Attorney's point of view on this subject was no more surprising than was that of the aroused ladies. It was not very different, either, in anything except vocabulary. Mr. Poole's job involves knowing how to align himself with power. After the second night and the second carry-out (in which fifty-three demonstrators had been lugged from the building), he told the press that he had conferred by telephone with his superior in Washington, and was not contemplating further arrests at the moment. He did not express joy at the decision, but felt called upon to produce justifications for his clemency. He preferred, he told the press, not to turn personality problems into criminal problems. Someone was interested in knowing what he meant. "Go look at them," he said. "Some of them are sick."

Signs of an Epidemic

The sickness was catching, whether or not it was frightening. One of the guards who had been exposed to it for a day was approached by a woman who asked him what these people were demonstrating about and he answered that they were intelligent and articulate people, and suggested that she try asking them herself. Another guard, after talking with a few of the demonstrators for some time, expressed sympathy with their purpose and asked some of the older and more experienced ones what they thought would happen to him (he was looking forward to a pension in a few years) if he were to join the sit-in or the picket line when he was off duty and out of uniform. Still another guard's wife asked to be allowed to join the pickets. Obviously a free society cannot be guarded if this sort of freedom is tolerated, and one of the guards was eventually removed and transferred to another beat for a time, and when he returned to his duties at the demonstration, he was in disgrace. As a mark of his shame, he had been ordered to wear a gun. It is not all American law-enforcement bodies that regard a weapon as a degradation.

On the fourth night of the sit-in, the patients decided to help their keepers. There were some thirty of the protestors in the corridor waiting for the usual carry-out, and with them were perhaps as many more who were friends or fellow demonstrators who planned to do as they had done before, i.e., to leave under their own power when they were officially asked to do so. (The marshal's nightly request that the demonstrators leave had become part of a ritual; those who remained after that, though they might not be arrested, were technically committing civil disobedience, and regarded their act as such.) Toward the end of the evening four large young men in black leather jackets stepped into the corridor.

Judging from the appearance and manner of these four, the demonstrators supposed that they themselves were about to receive some of the physical punishment which the picketers outside the building had been promised by angry hecklers since the beginning of the demonstration. Instead, the new entrants engaged them in conversation, asked in detail what their pitch was, and before long decided to join them. One of them announced that these were the first people he had met in a long time who weren't phony. On the other hand, the leaders of the sit-in thought that the newcomers, however interesting, were liable to present a problem. It seemed doubtful that their allegiance to nonviolence was either considered or dependable; their sympathy with the demonstration appeared to stem less from a profound dismay at nuclear weapons and the arms race than from a desire to make things hard for the authorities and not get arrested for it. The finer points of the difference between the post-office guards and the city police, and of the arrangement that had developed between the guards and the marshal's men, on the one hand, and the sit-ins on the other, did not at once appeal to the new entrants; they were determined to get themselves carried out with the sit-ins, as a gesture of their own.

In the circumstances, the demonstrators conferred and decided that they themselves should not stay to be carried out that evening, but should walk out when asked to leave, rather than have the seriousness of their protest called into question. A few minutes later when the marshal requested them to go so that the building could be closed, they did so. The new entrants left, too—their faith shaken—and did not spend the night, nor come back again.

The Fixed Core

By Sunday it was possible to work out an overall plan for the demonstration. It would continue, unless prevented, until the trial, or until Mr. Lazar was released from jail. A further decision was made with the seriousness of the protest in mind. Mr. Sandperl and the demonstrators discussed the possibility of fasting as long as the demonstration continued; the fast would be a voluntary and individual act, and no one would take any pledges or do anything of the kind. Its purpose would be to intensify the protestors' own sense of what they were doing, rather than to try to put any further pressure on the authorities.

By the time the fast was begun, it was plain who made up the more or less fixed core of the demonstration. The total of picketers and sit-ins varied, and at one time there were well over a hundred, but there were not more than thirty or thirty-five who stayed at the post office day and night and were determined to go to jail when the government decided that it was no longer politic to be patient with them.

Of this number, more than half were students, but there were also a handful of laboratory technicians, an elevator operator, several painters, a frame-maker, a carpenter, a teacher and a truck driver. One of the younger demonstrators still belonged to a street gang; he came with a friend and spent his nights in a blanket in front of the building. Members of the gang would come during the day and visit him, teasing him a bit, with an eye on the cops; his brother had been in the service, he said, and had been exposed to radiation from nuclear explosions. His brother's child had died of leukemia. The connection between the two facts, of course, could not be proved, but the possibility of it could not be forgotten (so it is, we are told, that superstitions are born) and when the uncle of the dead child had stumbled on these people building their boat over in Sausalito, he had thought they seemed to make sense. He had thought about it, and when they got in trouble he had felt like helping them. That was what he was doing there.

There were other unexpected representatives of the American tradition. One demonstrator who ended in jail was named James Thurber, a clerk. And another, who also went to jail and was brutally treated there by the police to punish him for "going limp" was named Tom Sawyer, a laboratory technician. Mr. Sawyer had been at college in Walla Walla, Washington, until he had led a demonstration there at a time when the Vice President of the United States was visiting the campus, whereupon the college had taught him its final lesson by expelling him. He had begun his own fast on May 26, the day of the seizure of *Everyman*, so that he was a week ahead of the others when they began.

The truck driver was a burly man from a small town in Idaho, and obviously he had not often fasted before. He said that he had worked his way in his mind from a distaste for killing to a distaste for capital punishment, and eventually he had decided that nuclear explosions were not commendable even if they were ours. He had found some people in his home town who felt the same way—about ten of them. And they had made placards and got ready to have themselves a little demonstration. Only, when the police chief (an old friend of the family, too) heard about it, he had come along and said, "You go out there with those placards and I'll give you thirty days," and after a little while it had seemed best to leave town. But this time, the truck driver said, he would go to jail, he would fast, he would go all the way. Fast or no fast, he was heavy on the stretcher every night when the guards carried him out.

As the stretchers came through the door at midnight, the rest of the demonstrators would be waiting, surrounded by a crowd of spectators, some sympathetic, some hostile. Then those who would spend the night there would drift around to the front of the large building to start assembling some bedclothes.

Questions in the Night

By two in the morning, most mornings, the sidewalk would be nearly empty. Often a few of the demonstrators, usually including Mr. Sandperl, would walk up and down for hours after that, in no organizational capacity but simply because they did not feel like sleep. Sometimes they would dutifully carry placards, sometimes not. They would talk; they would address themselves to the question of what they were doing there; what made them believe that their way of acting was the right way? They were aware that their gifts and knowledge and their characters were quite ordinary, and that they were trying to do something—among other things, to bring themselves to a kind of behavior, a way of confronting circumstances, which was probably beyond their capacities.

U.S. Attorney Poole was not the only critic who had suggested that "these people" thought they had all the answers: they were concerned, themselves, over the twin perils of a closed smugness, on the one hand, and of hopeless resignation on the other. It began to get light, some mornings, as they walked back and forth past the sleeping bags, accompanied finally by nothing but the mist coming in off the Pacific. What would they do, they would ask, if they were confronted by such and such unpleasant but possible circumstances? Most days they were faced with no tests more searching than could be supplied by angry hecklers threatening violence, but there were other moments which called their principles into question, and some of them had nothing to do with the arms race.

There was a man, for example, who sat every day, all day, in front of the post office, with the demonstrators and slept on the stone among them at night. He got into conversation with no one, so for some days no one knew anything about him. Then one of the guards told a demonstrator that he was known to the police, and was using the demonstration so as to be able to spend a few days loitering without being disturbed. It was also said that he had a psychopathic history, would almost certainly steal if he thought he could get away with it, and that it was likely that he was armed. The information was not accepted without question, but it probably did affect subsequent conversations, such as they were, with the figure sitting there on the ledge in dark glasses and baseball cap, with his knees drawn up.

The Face of Nonviolence

Then one night he appeared, stepping among the sleepers, smelling of alcohol, stumbling over guitars and books and a set of crutches, fumbling among belongings, muttering to himself. First one and then another of the men in front of the building spoke to him, but he ignored them. They went closer to him and began to talk to him, asking him what he was looking for, but when he answered it was violently and he went on with what he was doing. After a while he went over to the ledge and sat down, and when the men who had been talking to him went away he got up and started over again. This time he began to pick up the corners of blankets, whether or not there were sleepers under them, and examine them. It became plain that several of the men were awake and watching him. A few more got up. Mr. Sandperl was awakened; they discussed what they should do. Mr. Sandperl, whose education in nonviolent resistance surpassed that of most of the others, was opposed to calling the police. No one wanted to put himself, or the others, under that kind of protection. Most of the men went back to their sleeping bags, but stayed awake, watching; a few stayed up to learn how you protect, if you have to, nonviolently.

The man went on with his activity. Finally, he began to haul a blanket off a sleeper. The men who were standing nearest him pushed themselves between him and the person whom he had awakened; they pointed out that the blanket was not his and offered him his choice of bedclothes elsewhere if that was what he wanted. He turned on them with a knife. They continued to stand there, talking to him quietly, ignoring the weapon. After some time he stepped back and walked away. Later the police themselves kept the man away from the post office, but by that time a few of the demonstrators, at least, felt that they had perhaps learned a little about facing threats without violence. They reminded themselves that things had not been quite fair, since there had been several of them, and the man with the weapon had been alone. They were wary of exaggerating the importance of the incident. But they thought they had learned that it was possible, in some circumstances at least, for a person to confront a weapon simply by putting himself between it and other possible victims, without preparing or intending counterviolence. And they thought they had found out that it was possible to act in this strange way even when thoroughly frightened. It was, as one of them remarked, an awkward and maybe rather a dangerous thing to have learned. But then there was no reason to assume that nonviolent resistance must be less physically dangerous, for its practitioners, than the exercise of violence itself.

They were there, they kept telling themselves, to "awaken consciences" —and first of all their own. "I don't know anything about conscience really," one of the picketers who was there every day said; "I'm here mostly to protest against the violence in myself."

The Lookers-On

To those waking up early in the morning, lying there watching the citizens of San Francisco emerge one at a time on their way to the day, no assumptions seemed safe. A man in a good summer suit, not a person to pay attention to this sort of thing, would come along the sidewalk, slow down, seeing them all asleep there, and sneak up close for a good, long, slow look. Then he would suspect that he was being watched, straighten up looking scornful, and walk on. One of many. It was in the first daylight that the question would walk boldly up and down the street: are *you* your brother's keeper, and who said so, and if you are, how do you go about it, how do you talk to your brother in *his* world, of which you don't know any more than you do about your own? At least I have at first-hand that this question was met there at that hour, and no sudden conversions of skeptics and scorners the night before (there were quite a few) and no recollection of single acts of sympathy or faith or any of those other creatures were proof against the encounter.

Echoes of the question, it has been said, would be heard during the day too, but the destruction that wasteth at noonday was different. It was not composed of the bitterness of the daily increasing number of hecklers: the anti-Semite who declared that all demonstrators were Jews and should be boiled to death as Hitler would have done, the militarists shouting Obey in all its conjugations and variants, the Pole calling out "U.S. citizens" and laughing, and then saying, "I wish I had a machine gun, I'd mow you all down." It was made up of the mixed complacency and despair which seemed to characterize the public whether or not they showed any awareness of the demonstration and what it was about.

The complacency needs no citation. The despair was most economically summed up by a man on a park bench in front of City Hall, one lunch time. The demonstrators, he had said, were utterly futile, and it seemed that that was his last word on the subject. He picked up his reading matter; and then he put it down again and looked at the ground and said, "But I guess they're the conscience of the country. On the other hand a conscience is a liability. You can't run a business with a conscience. I've compromised with mine all my life. We see things that are wrong, but we don't do anything about it. A conscience is a thing to brag about at banquets, but it's too uncomfortable to live with, for most of us. Those people down there, they're trying to wake up our consciences, but it won't work because what most of us want is to deaden them. Maybe that's why the human race isn't justified in looking forward to a long and happy future. They've temporized with everything. It's too late for an act of conscience, any act of conscience, to be effective any longer."

The gentleman's counterpart was a middle-aged Negro woman on a bus who used the same facts to arrive at slightly different conclusions. She said first that those bombs were just the worst thing that could be. Put them, she said, in the ocean and what do you think the ocean's finally going to do? Going to rise up. Going to blow up and destroy the whole beautiful earth God gave them, and God is going to let them do it because they don't care for each other at all any more. Those people at the post office, she said, she felt for them, giving themselves over to hardship to free everyman who was in bondage. (The lady was not aware of the boat, unfortunately.)

The Trial Opens

On June 7, Mr. Lazar and his crew mates came up for trial for threatening their country with irreparable injury. Somebody, one of the hecklers had said, has got to be government. For the next two days, as far as *Everyman* was concerned, somebody consisted of U.S. Attorney Cecil Poole.

Mr. Yoes's lawyer, Marshall Krause, suggested that there had been irregularities in the seizure of the boat and the returning of the crew, that the government had been acting beyond its jurisdiction and that a notice of arrest had been improperly given. He cited a phrase meant to regulate criminal procedure: "The government may not use the fruits of wrongdoing in its officers." Mr. Krause went into detail about its being illegal to serve processes outside the territorial limits of the United States; he objected to the manner in which the court order had been got up, with the U.S. Attorney alleging an emergency when, in fact, he had had weeks to act. Mr. Krause said that the U.S. Attorney, through this delay, had effectively removed the possibility of a hearing before the announced departure time. Secrecy, and this sort of underhanded procedure, he said, had characterized the government's actions in this case from the start; evidently Mr. Poole had had so little confidence in his legal power to restrain *Everyman* that he resorted to these sleights to avoid a hearing and invoked an emergency of his own contriving.

Mr. Wirin, for the defense, then declared that the restraining order was void. The AEC regulation on which it was based, he pointed out, had been pronounced invalid by the San Francisco Appellate Court. He moved that the show cause order be quashed, and there were other motions for the defense. All were heard in full, and denied. Then there was a recess.

After that, the government read from its affidavits concerning how dangerous the trimaran would have been to the United States if it had been allowed to sail. The marshal, when asked about how he had worded things at the time of the seizure of the boat, said that he had told Messrs. Stallings and Yoes that he was "taking them into his physical possession"—which, of course, was not the same, as they should have realized, as saying that he was placing them under arrest, which he had done in the case of Mr. Lazar. In the course of the questioning that brought this verbal precision to light, there were those in court who thought they had heard Mr. Stallings address the marshal as "Friend Heslep," but the marshal, later, had not received that impression.

At the noon recess, the press caught a rumor and asked a CNVA representative whether or not it was true that another sailing was planned on another vessel. They were told that it was and given details. When court resumed session, Mr. Poole, for

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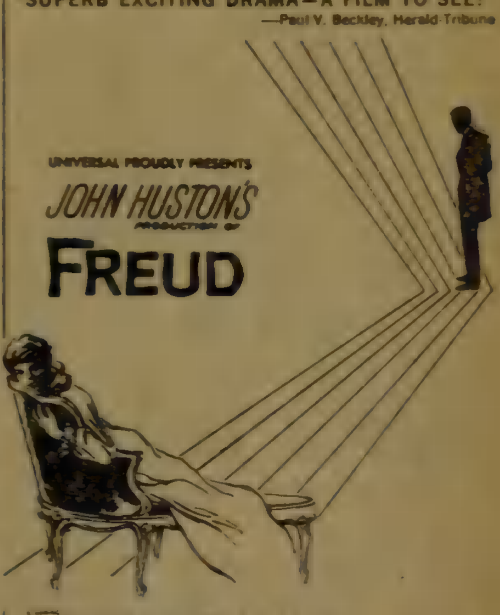

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the government, called Roger Moss, of the San Francisco office of the CNVA, and cross-examined him about the committee's intentions. He learned, for the record (over a number of objections), of the plans for *Everyman II*, a ketch, formerly the *Patsy Jean*. This vessel, the committee hoped, would sail from Honolulu within a few days. The crew would consist of Dr. Monte Steadman (a distinguished San Francisco physician and head of a department of the Kaiser Foundation Hospital there), George Benello (a teaching assistant at San Francisco State College and former Harvard classmate of Robert Kennedy) and Franklin Zahn (prison secretary for the Pacific Southwest Office of the American Friends Service Committee). Mr. Poole also asked whether the committee planned to sail the trimaran for the test area again if they could, and the committee admitted that they hoped to do just that.

An Unlawful Law?

Having established that the defendants were incorrigible, Mr. Poole turned to his affidavits again, and then with a single easy slur he ran through the list of freedoms which had been mentioned in the course of the affair—freedom of the seas, conscience, etc.—and dismissed them.

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They were not relevant. The AEC regulation, he said, gives the United States jurisdiction over its citizens and its vessels in areas restricted by the AEC anywhere in the world.

It was again Mr. Wirin's turn to argue the validity of the AEC regulation. The Atomic Energy Act, he says, nowhere empowers the commission to carve out a section of the high seas and forbid people to enter it. The United States Court of Appeals had made this point in the Reynolds case. Furthermore, he said, the act requires the Atomic Energy Commission to comply with administrative procedure which had been violated in this case by the manner in which the restraining order had been arrived at, among other things. Then the law pertaining to freedom of the seas was brought up, and the sense in which the regulation in question—and the action of the government which, in this case, had been based upon it—violated that law. And then it was submitted that the regulation violated several specific guarantees which are set forth in the Constitution of the United States.

Again referring to the second Reynolds case, Mr. Wirin submitted that the court had no jurisdiction to prevent the crew from sailing *to* the test area, whatever might have been the position about their entering it.

As the regulation had been used here and in the earlier protest sailings, Mr. Wirin argued, the government has simply found a formula for jailing inconvenient protestors without trial by jury. No citizen, he reminded the judge who was the representative of the citizenry, had had a chance to pronounce on the AEC regulation in question before it had been adopted. A powerful process of government had been invoked against citizens without notice having been given to them. Mr. Wirin adverted to the secret processes of the Star Chamber. The court, by issuing the restraining order, he said, in effect had made the AEC regulation apply not only to the testing area, but to the whole Pacific all the way to Sausalito Harbor. And before he had finished, Mr. Wirin had said what could be said, in the circumstances, about the dangers to freedom of speech and of religion which, he declared, were being threatened by the government in this case.

Mr. Poole, in denying the relevance of the Reynolds case, was anxious to point out that amendments to the Atomic Energy Act were there specifically to regulate the relations between private industry and the AEC. The AEC, he contended somewhat later, has the normal rule-making powers of other government agencies, and these are sufficient to let the commission do what it wants to do to further its purposes. It is true, he admitted, that this is the only civil agency with jurisdiction of this kind over such a large area (Mr. Wirin had mentioned that the 1962 test areas approach in size the land area of the United States, exclusive of Hawaii and Alaska). Mr. Poole said that it was presently the position of the Attorney General of the United States that under the said act, the commission can do all that he wants it to do, and that the Reynolds decision did not represent the Attorney General's point of view. (The relevance of the Attorney General's opinion in the matter escaped some of the people of the United States assembled in the court, but perhaps it was clear to their representative on the bench.) Having argued that the Atomic Energy Act was quite adequate, Mr. Poole then went on to argue that it was not as strong as it should be and therefore should be enforced with the utmost possible strictness.

Marshall Krause, for the defense, spoke of the dangerous vagueness of interpretation with which the government had applied the regulation in question. And then the judge found all three defendants guilty of willful disobedience and contempt of the restraining order and allowed them each to make a statement.

The Accused Speak

Harold Stallings made his first. Nothing that he said, he told the court, should be misconstrued as a defense intended to mitigate the penalties to himself that might result from his act. He said that he could lay no claim to absolute certainties, but that he found himself "on a path the walking of which is becoming more important to me than its destination." He set about trying to dispel what he thought were some current misconceptions about his character. He had been referred to as a Captain: the image conveyed was one of command and resource, and "did not even hint at the seasick guy unable to even think for his own fear, willing to have his friends endanger themselves on that boat before himself." Words such as "conscience," "morality," "Quaker," had been used in referring to him and his actions, invoking an image of "the gentle religios, the other-worldly searchers after truth and salvation," and not "the greedy child—the guy who postures and grimaces—the one who delights in hiding from tough daily decisions behind a façade of big words and then runs to escape the consequences of his own indecision. . . ." But the weaknesses were there, and how could someone who knew that there were such flaws in him find any justification for being there in court under such circumstances:

> Why didn't he run in shame from the hypocrisy of presenting himself there? Simply because I am a man. . . . Cecil Poole's question yesterday always hits me with fresh new import. "Hal Stallings—are you flagrantly doing what you 'durn well please?' Where did you get the *right* to think you alone might be right?" I don't *know* that I'm right. Here is the paradox I find in myself: recognizing . . . that I am terribly human . . . I have had to try to act. I have tried to indicate my weakness, my propensity for selfishness. There is another side. What do I aspire to? To once in a while put some other person's comfort and safety before my own. I can't tell why . . . but sometimes I yearn to love another person as much as I do myself.

He indicated a desire for a world in which his children had a fair chance of growing up, and his sense of indebtedness to the orphans of a Japanese policeman who had died as a result of radiation received after the Hiroshima bomb blast there, when he had gone into the city to help the hurt.

> Once in a while [Stallings said], it comes hard into me that there are fathers all over the world who have heard it said in my name that for various reasons if the situation so develops I will burn up their homes and their families. I yearn to tell them different. Sometimes I yearn to go unarmed to them and promise with my whole heart that no matter what may come into my hands, no matter what the threat to me or mine, they are safe to live in the same world with me. Pretentious as it may seem . . . I feel that I have acted out of my humanness. I hold no contempt for law, this court, or any person involved. . . . Yet I have come to that place where there are no alternatives. What may seem terribly complex to some seems terribly simple to me. I must not kill or hurt or threaten to kill or hurt. I must not, insofar as I have any power, let any be killed or hurt. These bomb tests and the getting ready for war are killing and hurting. I must go in weakness and confusion to put myself in the path of that killing.

Then he told the judge that he would accept the judge's decision and penalties "in the same spirit of good will with which you've accepted what I feel I must do."

It was Mr. Lazar's turn. His view of his arrest had not changed and he would not stand to speak. He said he believed that he should not cooperate with injustice. The judge consented to hear him even so. His tone was level, deliberate and rational. He said that this was simply in the nature of a comment; the voyage had been his real statement. He had felt that he must act, that words were no longer enough. Our defense of freedom, he said, is robbing us of our freedom. We are becoming a centralized military state in which armaments and their institutions are considered to be of more importance than are individual rights. He knew, he confessed, that the United States was freer than some other countries and that freedom could not be absolute. But the tendency in this country is toward a continuing lessening of freedom. In opposing totalitarianism, we are becoming totalitarian ourselves. That, he suggested, was one thing which the voyage had been trying to say. By what right, he asked, did the government's attorney presume to speak (as he had done) for the "free world"? Would Japan, if asked, have approved of bomb testing? Would India, among others? Would the UN (whose Secretary General had openly condemned the present test series—most recently on June 5, only three days before)?

The Pacific Ocean, Mr. Lazar said, is not a laboratory. Every test kills and pollutes and leads closer to a nuclear war, and the people have not been consulted. Is testing, he asked, adding to our security? The nuclear club is growing. The dangers of small wars turning into a nuclear war is increasing. Was this, the judge asked, relevant? Mr. Lazar said that he had been accused of behavior likely to cause irreparable injury to the United States and that he was addressing himself to that charge. He continued with suggestions for disarmament, foreign aid and conversion to a peacetime economy. He said the voyage had been an attempt to appeal to people all over the world to challenge the military preparations of their governments. He had been called irresponsible, he said, but he believed that it was a citizen's responsibility to challenge irresponsible government. He asked to be released so that he could continue the voyage.

Mr. Yoes made a short statement. He said he believed he was standing in court representing other people who were unable to be there. He was asked whether, if he were released, he would observe the conditions of the restraining order, but he answered that as long as men like Mr. Stallings and Mr. Lazar were prepared to undertake acts such as these and could use his help, he could not promise not to help them.

Everyman had already made his statement some time earlier. He had said:

> Indede, deth was with me here. . . .
> Methynke, alas, that I must be gone

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To make my rekenynge and my
dettes paye,
For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye.

The government had one more motion to make. It asked to have the demonstration at the post office forbidden until the end of the test series, on the grounds that the demonstrators were acting in concert with the organizers of the voyage; according to Mr. Poole the word "conspiracy" might be applied to them. But the court decided to risk it just the same — anyway, Mr. Poole had other means at his disposal.

The Sentence

After lunch, Judge Sweigert made his statement. The government, as he emphasized, had composed the Atomic Energy Act and was carrying out the Dominic tests. The law, he said, could not satisfy all consciences. The assassination of Lincoln, after all, could be described as an act of conscience. The struggle for religious liberty appeared to him to be a record of the state's attempt to accommodate itself to the demands of conscience. From this remarkable view of history he turned to the Constitution of the United States and said that that document and its interpreters had tried to respect conscience "as far as possible" —even in war. In this case, however, no such former accommodations need apply, for the defendants had not been encroached on by the law, but had willfully and gratuitously gone out of their way to break the law. The courts, he said, are the zealous guardians of individual liberties, and the defendants have enjoyed the benefits of their protection. Nevertheless, the defendants' rights to freedom of speech, religion, travel and the like were not involved in this case. But even if they had been, they would have to be exercised within limits imposed by the courts. The courts were the people's protection against dictatorship, he said, and the defendants had committed an act of violence upon the law and therefore against the whole of society. He sentenced them lightly—to thirty days each, but he had sustained the AEC regulation in question, and in the Pacific the United States Government, respecting law in its own fashion, and unmenaced for the moment by sailboats or consciences, could continue to defend the free world with nuclear tests whether the free world wanted to be defended that way or not.

Not the Last Word

And around the post office itself, once the trial was over, a shift in feeling occurred. Marshal Heslep told Mr. Sandperl that the authorities would now have to get tougher and Mr. Sandperl replied that the demonstrators would have to get gentler. The marshal said that that was just what he was afraid of. A little later the demonstrators and some of the press heard the marshal announce that they would be charged with a felony if they remained in the building. The announcement later turned out to be incorrect. Thirty of the demonstrators sat in, in the familiar corridor, until they were dragged out. When they returned, under warning, they were arrested. Some walked and some were carried to the paddy wagons. (They would be booked on a charge of committing a nuisance—not a felony.) The picket line continued. The crowd blocked streets around the post office. Some of the crowd and some of the demonstrators were singing; the shouts of hecklers ("I was the toughest Marine in my outfit and I'd like to show the sons-of-bitches") and of the city police cracked above the songs. That afternoon a record peacetime arms budget was approved in Washington and the fifteenth test bomb in the series was exploded.

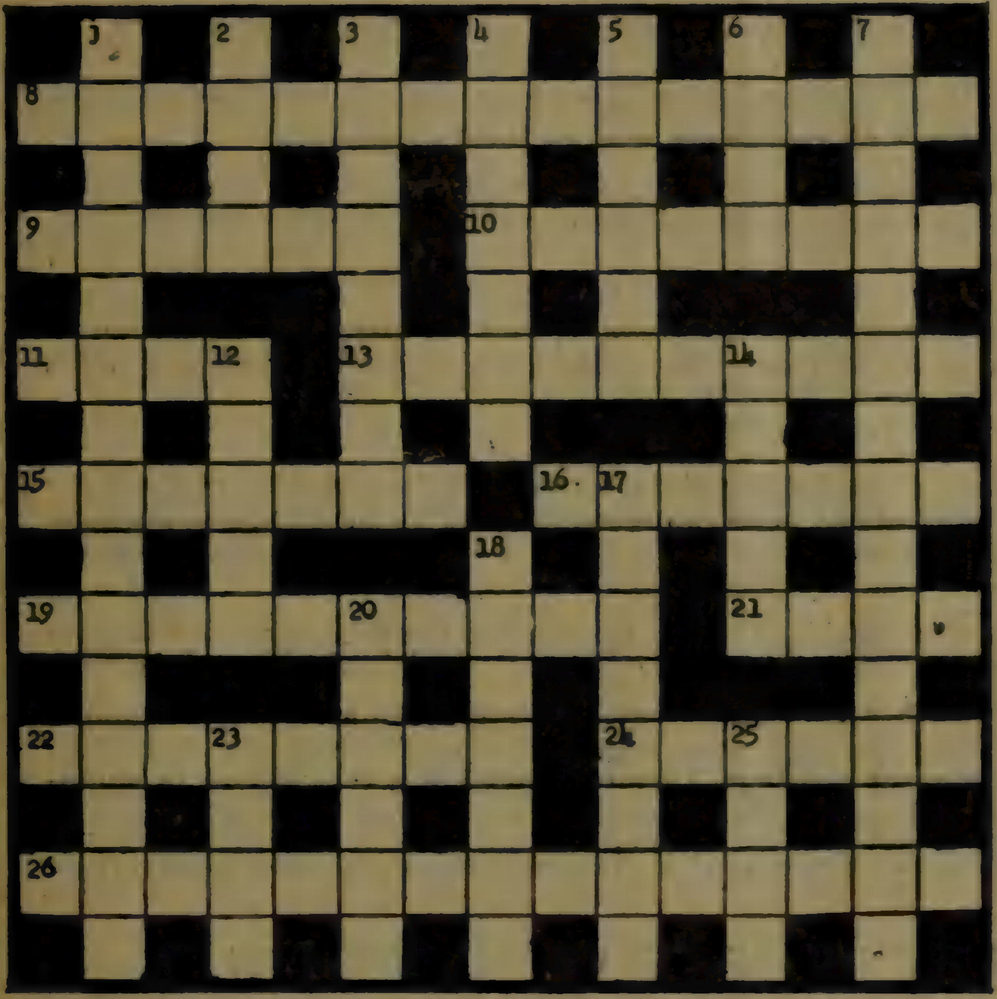
AT THE END of the play, after *Everyman* is dead and the angel has spoken, a learned Doctor comes on stage to propound the moral. As befits his office, he is dreadfully certain:

None excuse may be there for
Everyman,
Alas! howe shall he do then?
For after dethe amendes may no man
make,
For then mercy and pyte doth hym
forsake. . . .

But we have not reached that point yet. The angel has not even spoken. Or if he has, he has not been heard.

Crossword Puzzle No. 991

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 It takes rather big things to make Bing sing, or a band arrangement that is different. (15)
9 Where Luanda is found along a different route. (6)
10 Silences, or concedes freedom of speech?(8)
11 Is 9 such a place for us? (4)
13 You say it won't go for less? (It's not the penalty for becoming irritated.) (5, 5)
15 What the cavalry did with a sort of torpedo? (7)
16 Where snuff might be appropriately related to tobacco. (7)
19 Certainly not indicative of high-handedness. (10)
21 Dog-eared, but not with a colorful individual such as an old republican. (4)
22 Ash, perhaps, or leading to it? (8)
24 and 1 down Arline Lanier responsible for such mathematical terms? (6, 15)
26 The understanding of politics? (7, 8)

DOWN:

1 See 24 across
2 Flowing robe? (4)
3 Bad issue set right? Set right! (8)
4 One way to find your sea-legs? It's a never-ending problem! (7)
5 Blood letter? (6)
6 Such a manner sounds rather crude! (4)
7 Go from line to line quite competently? (15)
12 The shape of a better Homburg. (5)
14 Assigned position. (5)
17 Holmes said the world's great men have not commonly been great ones. (8)
18 What one shouldn't do to a cat on landing? (The clue is just a plant!) (7)
20 What the twist does to torsos gets set for the rest. (6)
23 Something 4 down goes on for this. (4)
25 The one which lost the battle wasn't driven, obviously. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. [illegible]

ACROSS: 1 Dew point; 5 Puppet; 10 Airless; 12 Laser; 13 Orris root; 14 and 22 Child's play; 16 Test case; 19 Construe; 24 Sharpen up; 26 and 11 Moral victory; 28 Rainbow; 29 Ratteen; 30 and 31 Window dressers. DOWN: 1 Deadlock; 3 Overrides; 4 Nose out; 6 Uncas; 7 Proconsul; [illegible] Trysts; 9 Averts; 15 and 2 Isolation wards; 17 Casemates; 18 Cyclones; 20 Renews; 21 Emperor; 23 Escrow; 25 Pablo; 27 Reeve.

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December 15th Marks the 171st Anniversary of the Ratification of The Bill of Rights*

The Bill of Rights is in our Constitution to insure the widest possible freedom of opinion and expression. Of necessity it protects all Americans and all sorts of opinion.

During this Human Rights Week, housewives and mothers have been subpoenaed by the Un-American Activities Committee because the women have devoted their time and effort to win peace.

Intimidation of any citizen by any government body because of beliefs or association is a violation of basic rights guaranteed by the First Amendment and threatens the most essential American values. A citizen's refusal to cooperate is justified by both the First and Fifth Amendments.

On the Fifth

Attempts have been made to convince the American people that the assertion of the Fifth Amendment in refusing to reply to questions is an indication of guilt. To the contrary, the highest legal authorities and the Supreme Court have repeatedly said that the Fifth Amendment is for the protection of the innocent.

The Fifth Amendment, which also provides the basic protection for private property, guarantees the right not to testify if the testimony may cause you to stand trial, whether guity or not.

The McCarran Act makes the Fifth Amendment more important than ever. The Act allows the Subversive Activities Control Board to stigmatize organizations as "Communist fronts" or "Communist infiltrated," with consequent penalties. Therefore, there is a real danger in admitting membership, before governmental investigatory bodies, in any protest organization.

The First and the Fifth Amendments are vital if free expression and association are to continue in this country.

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